

Adventures of Roderick
Random
1880

Sas.
Librarian

Itarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

have got no money to send you, but what of that?—Mr Potion will take care of you, for the love he bears to me, and let you want for nothing, and it shall go hard but I will see him one day repaid. No more at present, but rests, your dutiful uncle and servant till death,

“THOMAS BOWLING.”

This letter (which, with the other, was dated from Port Louis, in Hispaniola) I had no sooner read, than the apothecary, shaking his head, began: “I have a very great regard for Mr Bowling, that’s certain,—and could be well content—but times are very hard. There’s no such thing as money to be got—I believe ’tis all vanished under ground, for my part. Besides, I have been out of pocket already, having entertained you since the beginning of this month without receiving a sixpence,—and God knows if ever I shall,—for I believe it will go hard with your uncle. And more than that, I was thinking of giving you warning, for I want your apartment for a new ’prentice, whom I expect from the country every hour. So I desire you will this week provide yourself with another lodging.” The indignation which this harangue inspired, gave me spirits to support my reverse of fortune, and to tell him, I despised his mean selfish disposition so much, that I would starve rather than be beholden to him for one single meal. Upon which, out of my pocket-money, I paid him to the last farthing of what I owed, and assured him I would not sleep another night under his roof. This said, I sallied out in a transport of rage and sorrow, without knowing whither to fly for shelter, having not one friend in the world capable of relieving me, and only three shillings in my purse. After giving way for a few minutes to the dictates of my rage, I went and hired a small bed-room, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per week, which I was obliged to pay per advance, before the landlord would receive me. Thither I removed my luggage; and next morning got up, with a view of craving the advice and assistance of a person who had on all occasions loaded me with caresses, and made frequent offers of friendship, while I was under no necessity of accepting them. He received me with his wonted affability, and

on my breakfasting with him, a
I did not think fit to refuse
communicated the occasion of
heard so disconcerted, that I
wonderfully affected with the
condition, and looked upon
the most extensive sympathy
He did not leave me long
before covering myself

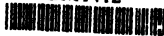
regard to my leaving his house, this pretended friend affected a stare, and exclaimed, “Is it possible you could behave so ill to the man who had treated you so kindly all along?” My surprise at hearing this was not at all affected, whatever his might be; and I gave him to understand, with some warmth, that I did not imagine he would so unreasonably espouse the cause of a scoundrel, who ought to be expelled from every social community. This heat of mine gave him all the advantage he desired over me; and our discourse, after much altercation, concluded in his desiring never to see me again in that place, to which desire I yielded my consent, assuring him, that had I been as well acquainted with his principles formerly as I was now, he never should have had an opportunity of making that request. And thus we parted.

On my return, I met my comrade Squire Gawky, whom his father had sent some time ago to town, for his improvement in writing, dancing, fencing, and other modish qualifications. As I had lived with him, since his arrival, on the footing of our old intimacy, I made no scruple of informing him of the lowliness of my circumstances, and asking a small supply of money, to answer my present expense upon which he pulled out a handful of half-pence, with a shilling or two among them, and swore that was all he had to keep his pocket till next quarter-day, he having lost the greatest part of his allowance the night before at billiards. Though this assertion might very well be true, I was extremely mortified at his indifference, for he neither expressed any sympathy for my mishap, nor desire of alleviating my distress, and, accordingly, I left him without uttering one word but, when I afterwards understood that he was the person who had formerly betrayed me to the malice of my cousins, to whom likewise he had carried the tidings of my forlorn situation, which afforded them great matter of triumph and exultation, I determined with myself to call him to a severe account, for which purpose I borrowed a sword, and wrote a challenge, desiring him to meet me at a certain time and place, that I might have an opportunity of punishing his perfidy, at the expense of his blood. He accepted the invitation, and I betook myself to the field, though not without feeling considerable repugnance to the combat, which frequently attacked me in cold sweats by the way but the desire of revenge, the shame of retracting, and hope of conquest, conspired to repel these unmanly symptoms of fear, and I appeared on the plain with a good grace, there I waited an hour beyond the

not ill pleased to
ect me, because I
of exposing his
own courage, and
reasoever I should
head of the conse-

and me. Wh

BM1412



quence Elated with these suggestions, which entirely banished all thoughts of my deplorable condition, I went directly to Glawky's lodgings, where I was informed of his precipitate retreat, he having set out for the country in less than an hour after he had received my billet and I was vain enough to have the whole story inserted in the news, although I was fain to sell a gold-laced hat to my landlord for less than half price, to defray the expense, and contribute to my subsistence

CHAPTER VII

I am entertained by Mr Crab—a description of him—I acquire the art of surgery—consult Crab's disposition—become necessary to him—an accident happens—he advises me to launch out into the world—assists me with money—I set out for London

THE fumes of my resentment being dissipated, as well as the vanity of my success, I found myself deserted to all the horrors of extreme want, and avoided by mankind as a creature of a different species, or rather as a solitary being, nowise comprehended within the scheme or protection of Providence. My despair had rendered me almost quite stupidified, when I was one day told, that a gentleman desired to see me at a certain public-house, whither I immediately repaired, and was introduced to one Mr Launcelot Crab, a surgeon in town, who was engaged with two more in drinking a liquor called *pop-in*, composed by mixing a quart of brandy with a quart of small-beer. Before I relate the occasion of this message, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the reader, if I describe the gentleman who sent for me, and mention some circumstances of his character and conduct, which may illustrate what follows, and account for his behaviour to me.

This member of the faculty was aged fifty, about five feet high, and ten round the belly, his face was capacious as a full moon, and much of the complexion of a mulberry, his nose, resembling a powder-horn, was swelled to an enormous size, and studded all over with carbuncles, and his little grey eyes reflected the rays in such an oblique manner, that while he looked a person full in the face, one would have imagined he was admiring the buckle of his shoe. He had long entertained an implacable resentment against Potion, who, though a young practitioner, was better employed than he, and once had the assurance to perform a cure, whereby he disappointed and disgraced the prognostic of the said Crab. This quarrel, which was at one time upon the point of being made up by the interposition and mediation of friends, had been lately inflamed beyond a possibility

of reconciliation, by the respective waves of the opponents, who, chancing to meet at a christening, disagreed about precedence, proceeded from invectives to blows, and were with great difficulty, by the gossips, prevented from converting the occasion of joy into a scene of lamentation.

The difference between these rivals was in the height of rancour, when I received the message of Crab, who received me as civilly as I could have expected from one of his disposition, and, after desiring me to sit, inquired into the particulars of my leaving the house of Potion, which, when I had related, he said, with a malicious grin,—“There’s a sneaking-dog!”—I always thought him a fellow without a soul, d—n me!—a canting scoundrel, who has crept into business by his hypocrisy, and kissing the ass of every body.” “Ay, ay,” says another, “one may see with half an eye that the rascal has no honesty in him, by his going so regularly to church.” This sentence was confirmed by a third, who assured his companion, that Potion was never known to be disguised in liquor but once, at a meeting of the godly, where he had distinguished himself by an *extempore* prayer an hour long. After this preamble Crab addressed himself to me in these words: “Well, my lad, I have heard a good character of you and I’ll do for you. You may send your things to my house when you please. I have given orders for your reception. Zounds! what does the booby stare at?—if you have no mind to embrace my courteous offer, you may let it alone, and be d—d.” I answered, with a submissive bow, that I was far from rejecting his friendly offer, which I would immediately accept, as soon as he should inform me on what footing I was to be entertained. “What footing? d—n my blood,” cried he, “d’ye expect to have a footman and a couple of horses to be kept for you?” “No, sir,” I replied, “my expectations are not quite so sanguine. That I may be as little burdensome as possible, I would willingly serve in your shop, by which means I may save you the expense of a journeyman, or porter at least, for I understand a little pharmacy, having employed some of my leisure hours in the practice of that art while I lived with Mr Potion. neither am I altogether ignorant of surgery, which I have studied with great pleasure and application.” “O ho! you did?” says Crab. “Gentleman, here is a complete artist! Studied surgery! what, in books, I suppose? I shall have you disputing with me one of these days on points of my profession. You can already account for muscular motion (I warrant), and explain the mystery of the brain and nerves—ha! You are too learned for me, d—n me. But let’s hear no more of this stuff. Can you bleed and give a clyster, spread a plaster, and prepare a potion?” Upon my answering in the affirmative, he shook his head, telling

me he believed he should have little good of me, for all my promises, but, however, he would take me in for the sake of charity. I was accordingly that very night admitted to his house, and had an apartment assigned to me in the garret, which I was fain to put up with, notwithstanding the mortification my pride suffered in this change of circumstances. I was soon convinced of the real motives which induced Crab to receive me in this manner: for, besides the gratification of his revenge, by exposing the selfishness of his antagonist, in opposition to his own generosity, which was all affectation, he had occasion for a young man who understood something of the profession, to fill up the place of his eldest apprentice, lately dead, not without violent suspicion of foul play from his master's brutality. The knowledge of this circumstance, together with his daily behaviour to his wife and the young apprentice, did not at all contribute to my enjoying my new situation with ease. However, as I did not perceive how I could bestow myself to better advantage, I resolved to study Crab's temper with all the application, and manage it with all the address, in my power. And it was not long before I found out a strange peculiarity of humour, which governed his behaviour towards all his dependents. I observed, when he was pleased, he was such a niggard of his satisfaction, that, if his wife or servants betrayed the least symptom of participation, he was offended to an insupportable degree of choler and fury, the effects of which they seldom failed to feel. And, when his indignation was roused, submission and soothing always exasperated it beyond the bounds of reason and humanity. I therefore pursued a contrary plan, and one day, when he honoured me with the names of ignorant whelp and lazy raggamuffin, I boldly replied, I was neither ignorant nor lazy, since I both understood and performed my business as well as he could do for his soul, neither was it just to call me raggamuffin, for I had a whole coat on my back, and was descended from a better family than any he could boast an alliance with. He gave tokens of great amazement at this assurance of mine, and shook his cane over my head, regarding me all the time with a countenance truly diabolical. Although I was terribly startled at his menacing looks and posture, I yet had reflection enough left to convince me I had gone too far to retract, and that this was the critical minute which must decide my future lot in his service, I therefore snatched up the pestle of a mortar, and swore, if he offered to strike me without a cause, I should see whether his skull or my weapon was hardest. He continued silent for some time, and at last broke forth into these ejaculations: "This is fine usage from a servant to a master,—very fine!—damnation!—but no matter, you shall pay for this, you dog, you shall

I'll do your business,—yes, yes, I'll teach you to lift your hand against me." So saying, he retired, and left me under dreadful apprehensions, which vanished entirely at our next meeting, when he behaved with unusual complacency, and treated me with a glass of punch after dinner. By this conduct, I got the ascendancy over him in a short time, and became so necessary to him, in managing his business while he was engaged at the bottle, that fortune began to wear a kinder aspect, and I consoled myself for the disregard of my former acquaintance, with the knowledge I daily imbibed, by a close application to the duties of my employment, in which I succeeded beyond my own expectation. I was on very good terms with my master's wife, whose esteem I acquired and cultivated, by representing Mrs Potou in the most ridiculous lights my satirical talents could invent, as well as by rendering her some christian offices, when she had been too familiar with the dram-bottle, to which she had oftentimes recourse for consolation, under the affliction she suffered from a barbarous husband. In this manner I lived, without hearing the least tidings of my uncle, for the space of two years, during which time I kept little or no company, being neither in a humour to relish, nor in a capacity to maintain, much acquaintance for the Nabal, my master, allowed me no wages, and the small perquisites of my station scarce supplied me with the common necessities of life. I was no longer a pert unthinking coxcomb, giddy with popular applause, and elevated with the extravagance of hope; my misfortunes had taught me how little the caresses of the world, during a man's prosperity are to be valued by him, and how seriously and expeditiously he ought to set about making himself independent of them. My present appearance, therefore, was the least of my care, which was wholly engrossed in laying up a stock of instruction that might secure me against the caprice of fortune for the future. I became such a sloven, and contracted such an air of austerity, that every body pronounced me crest-fallen, and Gawky returned to town, without running any risk from my resentment, which was by this time pretty much cooled, and restrained by prudential reasons so effectually, that I never so much as thought of obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had done me. When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I began to cast about for an opportunity of launching into the world, in hope of finding some provision that might make amends for the difficulties I had undergone, but, as this could not be effected without a small sum of money to equip me for the field, I was in the utmost perplexity how to raise it, well knowing that Crab, for his own sake, would never put me in a condition to leave him, when his interest was so much concerned in my stay.

But a small accident, which happened about this time, determined him in my favour. This was no other than the pregnancy of his maid-servant, who declared her situation to me, assuring me, at the same time, that I was the occasion of it. Although I had no reason to question the truth of this imputation, I was not ignorant of the familiarities which had passed between her master and her, taking the advantage of which, I represented to her the folly of laying the burden at my door, when she might dispose of it to much better purpose, with Mr Crab. She listened to my advice, and next day acquainted him with the pretended success of their mutual endeavours. He was far from being overjoyed at this proof of his vigour, which he foresaw might have very troublesome consequences, not that he dreaded any domestic grumbings and reproaches from his wife, whom he kept in perfect subjection, but because he knew it would furnish his rival Potion with a handle for insulting and undermining his reputation, there being no scandal equal to that of uncleanness, in the opinion of those who inhabit the part of the island where he lived. He therefore took a resolution worthy of himself, which was to persuade the girl that she was not with child, but only afflicted with a disorder incident to young women, which he would easily remove. With this view (as he pretended) he prescribed for her such medicines as he thought would infallibly procure abortion, but, in this scheme, he was disappointed for the maid, being advertised by me of his design, and at the same time well acquainted with her own condition, absolutely refused to follow his directions, and threatened to publish her situation to the world, if he would not immediately take some method of providing for the important occasion, which she expected in a few months. It was not long before I guessed the result of his deliberation, by his addressing himself to me, one day, in this manner—"I am surprised that a young fellow like you discovers no inclination to push his fortune in the world. Before I was of your age, I was broiling on the coast of Guinea. Damme, what's to hinder you from profiting by the war, which will certainly be declared in a short time against Spain? You may easily get on board of a king's ship, in quality of a surgeon's mate, where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize-money." I laid hold of this declaration, which I had long wished for, and assured him I would follow his advice with pleasure, if it was in my power, but that it was impossible for me to embrace an opportunity of that kind, as I had no friend to advance a little money to supply me with what necessaries I should want, and defray the expenses of my journey to London. He told me that few necessaries were required, and as for the expense of my journey, he

would lend me money sufficient not only for that purpose, but also to maintain me comfortably in London, until I should procure a warrant for my provision on board of some ship. I gave him a thousand thanks for his obliging offer (although I was very well apprised of his motive, which was no other than a design to lay the bastard to my charge, after my departure), and accordingly set out in a few weeks for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen of ruffled shirts, as many plain, two pairs of worsted, and a like number of thread stockings, a case of pocket instruments, a small edition of Horace, Wiseman's Surgery, and ten guineas in cash, for which Crab took my bond, bearing five per cent interest, at the same time giving me a letter to the member of parliament for our town, which, he said, would do my business effectually.

CHAPTER VIII

I arrive at Newcastle—meet with my old school-fellow Strap—we determine to walk together to London—set out on our journey—put up at a solitary ale-house—are disturbed by a strange adventure in the night

THERE is no such convenience as a wagon in this country, and my finances were too weak to support the expense of hiring a horse, I determined, therefore, to set out with the carriers who transport goods from one place to another on horseback, and this scheme I accordingly put in execution on the first day of November 1739, sitting upon a pack-saddle between two baskets, one of which contained my goods in a knapsack. But, by the time we arrived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I was so fatigued with the tediousness of the carriage, and benumbed with the coldness of the weather, that I resolved to travel the rest of my journey on foot, rather than proceed in such a disagreeable manner.

The ostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter time, a journey which, he believed, I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when, one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus—"Sir, I presume you are a Scotchman." I answered in the affirmative. "Pray," continued he, "from what part of Scotland?"—I no sooner told him, than he discovered great emotion, and not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at this

profusion, that, starting up, I asked him what the d—l he meant by using me so? He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a countryman had occasioned some confusion in him, and craved my name. But when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed, in a rapture,—“How! Rory Random?” The same, I replied, looking at him with astonishment. “What,” cried he, “don’t you know your old school-fellow, Hugh Strap?” At that instant, recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and, in the transport of my joy, gave him back one half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance, so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shopmates, who were witnesses of this scene. When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved, but the poor fellow’s nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting, that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which, nevertheless, he found means to cut me in three places, in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his place, and, after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me. We retired immediately to my lodgings, where, calling for some beer, I desired to be informed of his adventures, which contained nothing more, than that his master dying before his time was out, he had come to Newcastle about a year ago, in expectation of journey-work, along with three young fellows of his acquaintance who worked in the keels, that he had the good fortune of being employed by a very civil master, with whom he intended to stay till the spring, at which time he proposed to go to London, where he did not doubt of finding encouragement. When I communicated to him my situation and design, he did not approve of my taking a passage by sea, by reason of the danger of a winter voyage, which is very hazardous along that coast, as well as the precariousness of the wind, which might possibly detain me a great while, to the no small detriment of my fortune; whereas, if I would venture by land, he would bear me company, carry my baggage all the way, and, if we should be fatigued before we could perform all the journey, it would be no hard matter for us to find on the road either returning horses or wagons, of which we might take the advantage for a very trifling expense. I was so ravished at this proposal, that I embraced him affectionately, and assured him he might command my purse to the last farthing, but he gave me to understand, he had saved money sufficient to answer his own occasions, and that he had a friend in London, who would soon introduce him into business in that capital, and might possibly have it in his power to serve me also.

Having concerted the plan, and settled our

46*

affairs that night, we departed next morning by day-break, armed with a good cudgel each (my companion being charged with the furniture of us both, crammed into one knapsack), and our money sewed between the lining and waistband of our breeches, except some loose silver for our immediate expense on the road. We travelled all day at a round pace, but, being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge ale-house, that stood on a by-road, about half a mile from the high-way. There we found a pedlar of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, a hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight o’clock, we were all three, at our own desire, shown into an apartment, furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedlar occupied the other, though not before he had trayed a considerable time extempore, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use. I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phenomenon I joggled my companion, whom, to my no small astonishment, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb. He told me, with a low faltering voice, that we were undone, for there was a bloody highwayman loaded with pistols in the next room, then bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thick-set brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him. I listened with great attention, and heard him say, in a terrible tone,—“D—n that son of a b— Smack the coachman!—he has served me a fine trick, indeed!—but d—n—n seize me, if I don’t make him repent it! I’ll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others, while he is under articles with me.” Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach, and that, if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunity enough to atone for his lost trouble. “I’ll tell thee what, my dear Bet,” replied he, “I never had, nor ever shall, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day. Z—ds! there was 400*l* in cash to recruit

men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money belonging to the passengers. Had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would." "Well, well," cries Betty, "we must trust to Providence for that. But did you find nothing worth taking which escaped the other gentleman of the road?" "Not much, faith," said the lover; "I gleaned a few things, such as a pair of paps, silver mounted (here they are), I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch which he had concealed in his breeches. I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion, but what I value myself mostly for, is this here purchase, a gold snuff box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid, which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock."

Here, as the devil would have it, the pedlar snored so loud that the highwayman, snatching his pistols, started up, crying, "Hell and d—n—n 'I am betrayed' Who's that in the next room?" Mrs Betty told him he need not be uneasy, there were only three poor wearied travellers, who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. "Travelers!" says he, "spies, you b—h!" But no matter, I'll send them all to hell in an instant!" He accordingly ran towards our door, when his sweetheart interposing, assured him there was only a couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion, and the third was a presbyterian pedlar of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before. This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedlar, for he wanted some linen. Then, in a jovial manner, he put about the glass, mingling his discourse to Betty with caresses and familiarities, that spoke him very happy in his amours. During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear, so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to awake the pedlar, and inform him of what he had seen and heard. This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, called, as loud as he could, "Thieves, thieves!—Lord have mercy upon us!" And Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door, to kill the first man that should enter, for he verily believed himself beset, when his dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him that the poor pedlar, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep. Meanwhile, my

comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him, upon which, getting up softly, he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that, falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to heaven, to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. Whether or not his disburthening his conscience afforded him any ease, I know not, but he slipped into bed again, and lay very quiet, until the robber and his mistress were asleep, and snored in concert. Then, rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity. Then he moved gently to our bedside, and bade us farewell, telling us, that, as we run no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape, and, lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside. Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension, when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedlar's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind, but, on the contrary, so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us, as accomplices of the pedlar's elopement. But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested, that, if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look upon us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way. I told him withal my confidence in Betty's good nature, in which he acquiesced, and, during the remaining part of the night, we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out,—“Ods bobs! sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions, to lie all night with the window open, in such cold weather.” I feigned to start out of sleep, and, withdrawing the curtain, called,—

“What’s the matter?” When she showed me, I affected surprise, and said,—“Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed.” “I’ll be hanged,” said she, “if Sawney Waddle the pedlar has not got up in a

dream and done it, for I heard him very obstrepulous in his sleep. Sure I put a chamber-pot under his bed." With these words she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and, finding the sheets cold, exclaimed,—"Good lack a daisy! the rogue is fled!" "Fled!" cried I, with feigned amazement, "God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us?" Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand, which having reckoned, I said,— "Heaven be praised, our money is all safe — Strap, look to the knapsack!" He did so, and found all was right. Upon which we asked, with seeming concern, if he had stole nothing belonging to the house!—"No, no," replied she, "he has stolen nothing but his reckoning," which, it seems, this pious pedlar had forgot to discharge, in the midst of his devotion. Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew, and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedlar, if ever he should set eyes on him again.—"for," said he, "the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue and cry against me." Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it. While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured, by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or not we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse, but as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust, when, all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that, with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried,— "O Lord! there's the highwayman returned!" Our landlady, staring at these words, said,— "What highwayman, young man?—do you think any highwaymen harbour here?" Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols, and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since. She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade, but I could perceive (not without great concern) that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

CHAPTER IX

We proceed on our journey—are overtaken by a highwayman, who fires at Strap—is prevented from shooting me by a company of horsemen, who ride in pursuit

of him—Strap is put to bed at an inn—adventures at that inn

AFTER having paid our score, and taken leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves that we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognised to be no other than the formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was? My astonishment had disconcerted me so much, that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats, but I remained as mute as before. Strap, seeing my discomposure, fell upon his knees in the mud, uttering, with a lamentable voice, these words — "For C—st's sake, have mercy upon us, Mr Rifle, —we know you very well." "Oho!" cried the thief, "you do!—but you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!" So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat upon the ground, without speaking one word. My comrade's fate, and my own situation, rivetted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection, so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away, or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me, but before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who (as I afterwards learned) was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket pistols the day before, and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him his non-resistance was altogether owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain scampered up to me with great address, and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard. As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground, at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced, with a faltering tongue,— "Gentlemen, here's murder committed! let us alight!" "No, no," said one of his followers, "let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?" By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them, that he could not be a quarter of a mile before and to beg of one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred. The captain, foreseeing that, in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began

to curb his horse, and give him the spur at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out his horse was frightened, and would not proceed, at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroking his neck, whistling and wheedling him with—"sirrah, sirrah, gently, gently," &c. "Zounds!" cried one of the servants, "sure my lord's sorrel is not resty!" With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and sorrel, disdaining the rein, sprang forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth (happily for him) given way, by which means he landed in the dirt and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile, one of the three, who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm, and breathing, upon which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover, he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raised him upon his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed, and, in a little time, the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could. This gentleman of the sword, upon his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall and, on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half a crown.

The time between this event and dinner, I passed in observing a game at cards between two farmers, an exciseman, and a young fellow in a rusty gown and cassock, who, as I afterwards understood, was curate of a neighbouring parish. It was easy to perceive that the match was not equal, and that the two farmers, who were partners, had to do with a couple of sharpers, who strip them of all their cash in a very short time. But what surprised me very much was, to hear this clergyman reply to one of the countrymen, who seemed to suspect foul play, in these words,—"D—n me, friend, d'y'e question my honour?"—I did not at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, this being a character frequent in my own country, but I was scandalized at the indecency of his behaviour, which appeared in the oaths he swore, and the bawdy songs which he sung. At last, to make amends, in some sort, for the damage he had done to the unwary boors, he pulled out a fiddle from the lining of his gown, and, promising to treat them at dinner, began to play most melodiously, singing in concert all the while. This good humour of the parson inspired the company with so much glee, that the farmers soon forgot their losses, and all

present went to dancing in the yard. While we were agreeably amused in this manner, our musician, spying a horseman riding towards the inn, stopped all of a sudden, crying out,—"Gad so! gentlemen, I beg your pardon, there's our dog of a doctor coming into the inn." He immediately concealed his instrument, and ran towards the gate, where he took hold of the vicar's bridle, and helped him off, inquiring very cordially into the state of his health. This rosy son of the church (who might be about the age of fifty) having alighted, and entrusted the curate with his horse, stalked with great solemnity into the kitchen, where, sitting down by the fire, he called for a bottle of ale and a pipe, scarce deigning an answer to the submissive questions of those who inquired about the welfare of his family. While he indulged himself in this state, amidst a profound silence, the curate approaching him with great reverence, asked if he would not be pleased to honour us with his company at dinner? To which interrogation he answered in the negative, saying, he had been to visit Squire Bumpkin, who had drank himself into a high fever at the last assizes, and that he had, on leaving his own house, told Betty he should dine at home. Accordingly, when he had made an end of his bottle and pipe, he rose and moved with prelatical dignity to the door, where his journeyman stood ready with his nag. He had no sooner mounted, than the facetious curate coming into the kitchen held forth in this manner, "There the old rascal goes, and the d—l go with him. You see how the world wags, gentlemen. By Gad, this rogue of a vicar does not deserve to live, and yet he has two livings worth £400 *per annum*, while poor I am fain to do all his drudgery, and ride twenty miles every Sunday to preach, for what? why, truly, for £20 a-year. I scorn to boast of my own qualifications but—comparisons are odious. I should be glad to know how this swag-bellied doctor deserves to be more at ease than me. He can loll in his elbow chair at home, indulge himself in the best of victuals and wine, and enjoy the conversation of Betty, his housekeeper. You understand me, gentlemen. Betty is the doctor's poor kinswoman, and a pretty girl she is, but no matter for that—ay, and a dutiful girl to her parents, whom she visits regularly every year though, I must own, I could never learn in what county they live—my service t'ye, gentlemen." By this time dinner being ready, I waked my companion, and we ate all together with great cheerfulness. When our meal was ended, and every man's share of the reckoning adjusted, the curate went out on pretence of some necessary occasion, and mounting his horse, left the two farmers to satisfy the host in the best manner they could. We were no sooner informed of this piece of finesse, than the exciseman, who had been

silent hitherto, began to open with a malicious grin —“ Ay, ay, this is an old trick of Shuffle. I could not help smiling when he talked of treating. You must know this is a very curious fellow. He picked up some scraps of learning while he served young Lord Trifle at the university. But what he most excels in is pimping. No man knows his talents better than I, for I was valet-de-chambre to Squire Tattle, an intimate companion of Shuffle's lord. He got himself into a scrape, by pawning some of his lordship's clothes, on which account he was turned away, but, as he was acquainted with some particular circumstances of my lord's conduct, he did not care to exasperate him too much, and so made interest for his receiving orders, and afterwards recommended him to the curacy which he now enjoys. However, the fellow cannot be too much admired for his dexterity in making a comfortable livelihood, in spite of such a small allowance. You hear he plays a good stick, and is really diverting in company. These qualifications make him agreeable wherever he goes, and, as for playing at cards, there is not a man within three counties a match for him; the truth is, he is a d—ble cheat, and can shift a card with such address, that it is impossible to discover him.” Here he was interrupted by one of the farmers, who asked why he had not justice enough to acquaint them with these particulars before they engaged in play. The exciseman replied without any hesitation, that it was none of his business to intermeddle between man and man, besides, he did not know they were ignorant of Shuffle's character, which was notorious to the whole country. This did not satisfy the other, who taxed him with abetting and assisting the curate's knavery, and insisted on having his share of the winnings returned. This demand the exciseman as positively refused, affirming, that whatsoever slights Shuffle might practice on other occasions, he was very certain that he had played on the square with them, and would answer it before any bench in Christendom, so saying, he got up, and having paid his reckoning, sneaked off. The landlord thrusting his neck into the passage to see if he was gone, shook his head, saying,—“ Ah! Lord help us, if every sinner was to have his deserts. Well, we victuallers must not disoblige the excisemen. But I know what — if parson Shuffle and he were weighed together, a straw thrown into either scale, would make the balance kick the beam. But, masters, this is under the rose,” continued Boniface, with a whisper.

CHAPTER X

The highwayman is taken—we are detained as evidence against him—proceed to the
3 X*

next village—he escapes—we arrive at another inn, where we go to bed—in the night we are awaked by a dreadful adventure—next night we lodge at the house of a schoolmaster—our treatment there

STRAPE and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road, coming towards us, shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and, after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopped at our inn to join their companion, and take refreshment. When Rifle was dismounted, and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that, going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared he would either cudgel or box with him for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough. But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity, was our being detained by the captors as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy, we were obliged to comply, and, accordingly, joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow. About the twilight we arrived at the place of our destination, but as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom (we understood) he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret, three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. This, nevertheless, was the case, for next morning, when they went up stairs to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window upon the roof, from whence he continued his route along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep, at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street door, which was found open. This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of

the reward, but gave me great joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey, without any further molestation - Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here, having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued, that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to inquire if there were any wagon, return horses, or other cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed that the wagon from Newcastle to London had halted there two nights ago, and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at farthest the day after the next. This piece of news gave us some satisfaction, and, after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shown to our room, which contained two beds, the one allotted for us, and the other for a very honest gentleman, who, we were told, was then drinking below. Though we could have very well dispensed with his company, we were glad to submit to this disposition, as there was not another bed empty in the house, and, accordingly, went to rest, after having secured our baggage under the bolster. About two or three o'clock in the morning, I was waked out of a very profound sleep, by a dreadful noise in the chamber, which did not fail to throw me into an agony of consternation, when I heard these words pronounced with a terrible voice — "Blood and wounds! run the halbert into the guts of him that's next you, and I'll blow the other's brains out presently!" This dreadful salutation had no sooner reached the ears of Strap, than, starting out of bed, he ran against somebody in the dark, and overturned him in an instant, at the same time bawling out,—"Fire! murder! fire!"—a cry which in a moment alarmed the whole house, and filled our chamber with a crowd of naked people. When lights were brought, the occasion of all this disturbance soon appeared, which was no other than our fellow-lodger, whom we found lying on the floor scratching his head, with a look testifying the utmost astonishment at the concourse of apparitions that surrounded him. This honest gentleman was, it seems, a recruiting sergeant, who having listed two country fellows over night, dreamed they had mutinied, and threatened to murder him and the drummer who was along with him. This made such an impression on his imagination, that he got up in his sleep, and expressed himself as above. When our apprehension of danger vanished, the company beheld one another with great surprise and mirth, but what attracted the notice of every one, was our landlady, with nothing on but her shift and a large pair of

buckskin breeches, with the backside before, which she had slipped on in the hurry, and her husband, with her petticoat about his shoulders, one had wrapped himself in a blanket, another was covered with a sheet, and the drummer, who had given his only shirt to be washed, appeared in *cuerpo*, with the bolster rolled about his middle. When this affair was discussed, every body retired to his own apartment, the sergeant slipped into bed, and my companion and I slept without any further disturbance till morning, when we got up, went to breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set forward, in expectation of overtaking the wagon, in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We inquired for a public house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long gray hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire in a very neat paved kitchen, and, with a cheerful countenance, accosted us in these words — "*salvete, pueri ingredimini*" I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language, I therefore answered, without hesitation, "*dissolve frigus, ligna super foco—large reponens*" I had no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman, running towards me, shook me by the hand, crying,—" *filii mi dilectissime! unde venis? a supers, ne fallor*" In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough, but ordered his daughter, a jolly, rosy-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum*, repeating, from Horace, at the same time,—" *deprope quadrimum sabina, O Thaliarche merum diota*" This *quadrimum* was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. "I am this day," said he, "the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week, but the two chief pleasures of my life are these—(pointing to the bottle, and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table) I am old, tis true,—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises — *tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint*

Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero" As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which, when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us, that he was no stranger to the deceptions of mankind. In the meantime, he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends,—*permittens divi cætera*. While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drank several bottles of his *quadrumum*, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us that we should overtake the wagon by noon next day, and that there was room enough in it for half a dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that convenience. Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. "Don't you observe," said he, "that he has conceived a particular affection for us, nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?" I was partly of Strap's opinion, but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. "Biddy will let you know, gentlemen," said he, "for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan—*crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam*." Meanwhile, Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8s 7d. "Eight shillings and seven pence!" cried Strap, "tis impossible—you must be mistaken, young woman." "Reckon again, child," says her father, very deliberately, "perhaps you have miscounted." "No, indeed, father," she replied, "I know my business better." I could contain my indignation no longer, but said, it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering—"ay, ay, let us see the particulars—that's but reasonable." And, taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items—"To bread and beer, 6d—to a fowl and sausages, 2s 6d—to four bottles *quadrumum*, 2s—to fire and tobacco, 7d—to lodging, 2s—to breakfast, 1s—Total, 8s 7d." As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he

deserved, therefore, I contented myself with saying, I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo*, and keep off *importuna pauperes*. My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition, but swore he should either take one-third of the money, or go without. While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and, conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done, than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught, but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half-distracted on account of this piece of expense, went up to the schoolmaster, and grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis,—"*Semper avarus eget*." To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile,—"*Aurum rege, qui nisi paret, imperat*."

CHAPTER XI

We describe the wagon—get into it—arrive at an inn—our fellow-travellers described—a mistake is committed by Strap, which produces strange things

WE travelled half a mile without exchanging one word, my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed, and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish. At length Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus—"Well, fools and their money are soon parted. If my advice had been taken, that old skinflint should have been damned before he had got more than the third of his demand. 'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money, when you squander it away in this manner. Ah, God help you, how many bristly beads must I have swallowed before I earned four shillings and three-pence halfpenny, which is all thrown to the dogs! How many days have I sat weaving hair, till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramped, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig that hung over the door! What the devil was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows that came in, for a guinea. I'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them." And indeed my companion would have fought any body, when his life was in no danger, but he had a mortal aversion to fire-arms, and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him no part of this extraordinary expense should fall upon his shoulders at which declaration he was affronted, and told me,

he would have me to know, that although he was a poor barber's boy, he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land. Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we desisted, towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the wagon about a quarter of a mile before us, and, by the time we reached it, were both of us so weary, that, I verily believe, it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile farther. We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey, to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling, at which place we should meet the master of the wagon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly, the conveyance stopped, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap (being loaded with our baggage) mounted first, but, just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words.—“God’s fury! there shall no passengers come here!” The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity, and a countenance as white as paper. Joey, perceiving our astonishment, called in an arch sneer,—“Waunds, captain, whay woant you suffer the poor wagoner to meake a penny? Coom, coom, young man, get oop, get oop, never mound the captain—I’s e not afeard of the captain!” This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed upon to venture up again, upon which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering like distant thunder,—“hell and the devil confound me, if I don’t make you smart for this!” However, I crept in, and by accident got an empty place in the straw, which I immediately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap, following with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and, by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly upon the stomach of the captain, who belaboured out in a most dreadful manner,—“blood and thunder, where’s my sword!” At these words, my frightened comrade started up, and at one spring bounced against me with such force, that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak, who intended to press me to death. In the mean time, a female voice cried,—“bless me, what is the matter, my dear?” “The matter,” replied the captain, “damn my blood! my guts are squeezed into a pancake by that Scotchman’s hump.” Strap, trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened upon the jolting of the wagon, and the woman who spoke before went on,—“ay, and my dear, it is our own fault; we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniences we meet with. I thank God I never travelled so before. I am sure, if my lady or Sir John was

to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation. I wish to God we had wrote for the chariot, I know we shall never be forgiven.” “Come, come, my dear,” replied captain, “it don’t signify fretting now—we shall laugh it over as a frolic—I hope you will not suffer in your health. I shall make my lord very merry with our adventures in the diligence.” This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady that I durst not venture to join in the conversation. But immediately after, another female voice began.—“Some people give themselves a great many needless airs—better folks than any here have travelled in wagons before now. Some of us have rode in coaches and chariots, with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it. What then? we are now all upon a footing, therefore let’s be sociable and merry. What do you say, Isaac? is not this a good motion, you doating rogue! speak, you old cent per cent fornicator. What desperate debts are you thinking of? what mortgage are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively you shall never gain my favour till you turn over a new leaf, grow honest, and live like a gentleman. In the mean time, give me a kiss you old fumbler!” These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed to such a degree that he cried, in a transport, though with a faltering voice,—“Ah! you wanton baggage—upon my credit you are a waggish girl, he, he, he.” This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer (such, we afterwards found, was the profession of our fellow-traveller). About this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap, till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the wagon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head, instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit trimmed with silver, very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came limping an old man, with a worsted night-cap, buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a thread-bare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy, his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peaked and prominent, so that, when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers. He supported himself on an ivory headed cane, and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine and avarice.

But how was I surprised when I beheld

the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped he wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head, when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's. Having laid aside his great coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war he was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck, his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drumsticks, two feet and a half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed the remainder, so that, on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et præterea nihil*. His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches, reaching half way down his thighs, worsted stockings, rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person, but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's woman. We were all assembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse, and told the landlord they would sup by themselves. The innkeeper replied that he could not afford them a room by themselves, and, as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the wagon, without respect of persons, but if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said, than all of us declared against the proposal, and Miss Jenny (our other female passenger) observed, that, if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done. At this hint, the captain put on a martial frown, and looked very big, without speaking, while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about—"creature!"—which Miss Jenny overhearing, stepped up to her, saying,—"None of your names, good Mrs Abigail, creature, quotha—I'll assure you No such creature as you, neither—no ten pound sneaker—no quality coupler." Here the captain interposed, with a—"damme, Madam, what do you mean by that?" "Damn

you, sir, who are you?" replied Miss Jenny, "who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler?" "Sdeath! the army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions—what, I suppose you think I don't know you? agad you and your helpmate are well met—a cast-off mistress and a bald valet-de-chambre are well yoked together." "Blood and wounds!" cried Weazel, "d'ye question the honour of my wife, madam? Hell and damnation! no man in England durst say so much. I would flea him—carbonado him! Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper." So saying, he drew his sword, and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap, while Miss Jenny, snapping her fingers, told him she did not value his resentment a louse. In the midst of this quarrel, the master of the wagon alighted, who, understanding the cause of the disturbance, and fearing the captain and his lady would take umbrage, and leave his carriage, was at great pains to have every thing made up, which he at last accomplished, and we sat down to supper altogether. At bed-time we were shown to our apartments the old usurer, Strap and I, to one room, the captain, his wife, and Miss Jenny to another. About midnight, my companion's bowels being disordered, he got up, in order to go backward, but, in his return, mistaking one door for another, entered Weazel's chamber, and without any hesitation, went to bed to his wife, who was fast asleep, the captain being at another end of the room, groping for some empty vessel, in lieu of his own chamber pot, which was leaky. As he did not perceive Strap coming in, he went towards his own bed, after having found a convenience, but no sooner did he feel a rough head, covered with a cotton night-cap, than it came into his mind that he had mistaken Miss Jenny's bed instead of his own, and that the head he felt was that of some gallant, with whom she had made an assignation. Full of this conjecture, and scandalized at the prostitution of his apartment, he snatched up the vessel he had just before filled, and emptied it at once on the astonished barber and his own wife, who, waking at that instant, broke forth into lamentable cries, which not only alarmed the husband beyond measure, but frightened poor Strap almost out of his senses, for he verily believed himself bewitched, especially when the incensed captain seized him by the throat, with a volley of oaths, asking him how he durst have the presumption to attempt the chastity of his wife. Poor Strap was so amazed and confounded, that he could say nothing but—"I take God to witness, she's a virgin for me." Mrs Weazel, enraged to find herself in such a pickle, through the precipitation of her husband, arose in her shift, and, with the heel of her shoe, which she found by the bed-side, belaboured the

captain's bald pate till he roared—"Murder!" "I'll teach you to empty your stink-pots on me," cried she, "you pitiful hop-o'-my-thumb coxcomb! What! I warrant you're jealous, you man of lath! Was it for this I condescended to take you to my bed, you poor withered, sapless twig?" The noise occasioned by this adventure had brought the master of the wagon and me to the door, where we overheard all that passed with great satisfaction. In the mean time, we were alarmed with the cry of—"Rape! murder! rape!" which Miss Jenny pronounced with great vociferation. "O! you vile abominable old villain!" said she, "would you rob me of my virtue? but I'll be revenged of you, you old goat! I will! Help! for heaven's sake! help! I shall be ravished, ruined! help!" Some servants of the inn, hearing this cry, came running up stairs with lights, and such weapons as chance afforded, when we beheld a very diverting scene. In one corner stood the poor captain shivering in his shirt, which was all torn to rags, with a woful visage scratched all over by his wife, who had by this time wrapped the counterpane about her, and set sobbing on the side of her bed. In the other end lay the old usurer, sprawling on Miss Jenny's bed, with his flannel jacket over his shirt, and his tawny meagre limbs exposed to the air while she held him fast by the two ears, and loaded him with execrations. When we asked what was the matter, she affected to weep, told us she was afraid that wicked rogue had ruined her in her sleep, and bade us take notice of what we saw, for she intended to make use of our evidence against him. The poor wretch looked like one more dead than alive, and begged to be released, a favour which he had no sooner obtained than he protested she was no woman, but a devil incarnate, that she had first seduced his flesh to rebel, and then betrayed him. "Yes, cockatrice," continued he, "you know you laid this snare for me, but you shan't succeed, for I will hang myself before you shall get a farthing off me." So saying, he crawled to his own bed, groaning all the way. We then advanced to the captain, who told us,—"Gentlemen, here has been a damned mistake, but I'll be revenged on him who was the occasion of it. That Scotchman who carries the knapsack shall not breathe this vital air another day, if my name be Weazel. My dear, I ask you ten thousand pardons, you are sensible I could mean no harm to you." "I know not what you meant," replied she sighing, "but I know I have got enough to send me to my grave." At length they were reconciled. The wife was complimented with a share of Miss Jenny's bed, (her own being overflowed), and the master of the wagon invited Weazel to sleep the remaining part of the night with him. I retired to mine, where I found Strap mortally

afraid, he having stole away in the dark, while the captain and his lady were at logger-heads.

CHAPTER XII

Captain Weazel challenges Strap, who declines the combat—an affair between the captain and me—the usurer is fain to give Miss Jenny five guineas for a release—we are in danger of losing a meal—the behaviour of Weazel, Jenny and Joey, on that occasion—an account of Captain Weazel and his lady—the captain's courage tried—Isaac's mirth at the captain's expense

NEXT morning I agreed to give the master of the wagon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk. At the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatened, with many oaths, to sacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed. But it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while the more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him, or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him, it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon, but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him. To which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying, he would box with him for a guinea. Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing, in any respect, with such a fellow as Strap. "Oddsbodkins!" cried Joey, "sure, captain, yaw would not commit moorder!" Here's a poor lad that is willing to make atonement for his offence, and an that woan't satisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw fairly. An yaw woan't box, I dare say he will coodgel with yaw. Woan't yaw, my lad?"—Strap, after some hesitation, answered,—"Yes, yes, I'll cudgel with him." But this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character, and, tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons: this, therefore, being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise on the head of my companion, that he would even fight Captain Weazel at sharps, but it should be with such sharps as Strap was best acquainted with,

namely, razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve, whispered, with great eagerness,—“No, no, no, for the love of God, don't make any such bargain. At length Weazel, recovering himself, turned towards me, and, with a ferocious countenance, asked,—“Who the devil are you? will you fight me?” With these words, putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast, and, springing to one side, snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-longes, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and, seeing her husband in these dangerous circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream, in this emergency, Weazel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling upon his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed. This affair being ended without bloodshed, we went to breakfast, but missed two of our company, namely, Miss Jenny and the usurer. As for the first, Mrs Weazel informed us, that she had kept her awake all night with her groans, and that when she arose in the morning, Miss Jenny was so much indisposed, that she could not proceed on her journey. At that instant, a message came from her to the master of the wagon, who immediately went into her chamber, followed by us all. She told him, in a lamentable tone, that she was afraid of a miscarriage, owing to the fright she received last night from the brutality of Isaac, and, as the event was uncertain, desired the usurer might be detained to answer for the consequence. Accordingly, this ancient Tarquin was found in the wagon, whither he had retired to avoid the shame of last night's disgrace, and brought by force into her presence. He no sooner appeared than she began to weep and sigh most piteously, and told us, if she died, she would leave her blood upon the head of that ravisher. Poor Isaac turned up his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from the machinations of that Jezebel, and assured us with tears in his eyes, that his being found in bed with her, was the result of her own invitation. The wagoner, understanding the case, advised Isaac to make it up, by giving her a sum of money to which advice he replied with great vehemence,—“A sum of money!—a halter for the cockatrice!” “Oh! 'tis very well,” said Miss Jenny,—“I see it is in vain to attempt that flinty heart of his by fair means. Joey, be so good as to go to the

justice, and tell him there is a sick person here, who wants to see him on an affair of consequence.” At the name of justice, Isaac trembled, and bidding Joey stay, asked with a quavering voice, what she would have? She told him, that, as he had not perpetrated his wicked purpose, she would be satisfied with a small matter. And though the damage she might sustain in her health might be irreparable, she would give him a release for a hundred guineas. “A hundred guineas!” cried he, in an ecstasy, “a hundred furies! where should a poor old wretch like me have a hundred guineas? If I had so much money, d'ye think I should be found travelling in a wagon at this season of the year?” “Come, come,” replied Jenny, “none of your miserly artifice here. You think I don't know Isaac Rapine, the money broker in the Minories. Ah! you old rogue! many a pawn have you had of me and my acquaintance, which was never redeemed.” Isaac, finding it was in vain to disguise himself, offered twenty shillings for a discharge, which she absolutely refused under fifty pounds. At last, however, she was brought down to five, which he paid with great reluctance, rather than be prosecuted for a rape. After which accommodation the sick person made shift to get into the wagon, and we set forward in great tranquility, Strap being accommodated with Joey's horse, the driver himself chusing to walk. This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him, tweaked a drawer by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time, and that he had moreover challenged a chessmonger, who had the presumption to be his rival—for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he said, and observed,—“The last affair happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from squire Gobble, and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans, when my lord Diddle took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed that she had well nigh fainted.” “Yes, my dear,” replied the captain, “you know my lord said to me with a sneer, ‘Billy, Mrs Weazel is certainly breeding.’ And I answered cavalierly,—‘My lord, I wish I could return the compliment.’ Upon which the whole company broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and my lord, who loves a repartee dearly, came round and bussed me.” We travelled in this manner five days, without interruption, or meeting any thing worth notice. Miss Jenny (who soon recovered her spirits) entertaining us every day with diverting songs of which she could sing a great number, and rallying her old gallant, who, notwithstanding, would never be reconciled to her. On

the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the wagon. To which information they had replied,—“The passengers in the wagon might be damned, their betters must be served before them—they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine upon bread and cheese for one day.” This was a terrible disappointment to us all and we laid our heads together how to remedy it when Miss Jenny observed that captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted. But the captain excused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a wagon, swearing, at the same time, that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. Upon this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her, than he cried,—“Ha! Jenny Ramper! what the devil brought thee hither?” “My dear Jack Rattle!” replied she, running into his arms, “is it you? then Weazel may go to hell for a dinner—I shall dine with you.” They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy, and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen, with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the wagon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey, when the landlord interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers, and we sat down to table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch. He informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl upon the town, who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison, upon which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me, likewise, that one of the gentlemen’s servants whom we left at the inn, having accidentally seen Weazel,

immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character. That he had served my lord Frizzle in quality of valot-de-chambre many years, while he lived separate from his lady but, upon their reconciliation, she expressly insisted upon Weazel’s being turned off, as well as the woman he kept, when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he would procure a commission for him in the army, this expedient was agreed to, and Weazel is now, by his lordship’s interest, ensign in ——— regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments with regard to Weazel’s courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of—“a highwayman” as soon as a horseman should appear. This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the wagon, that he was afraid we should all be robbed, than a general consternation arose. Strap jumped out of the wagon, and hid himself behind a hedge. The usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it. Mrs Weazel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries and the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore, but this artifice did not succeed, for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out,—“Sdeath! captain, is this a time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour.” Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. “D—n my blood! what are you afraid of?” continued he, at the same time trembling with such agitation, that the whole carriage shook. This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried —“D—n your pitiful soul, you are as arian a poltroon as ever was drummed out of a regiment. Stop the wagon, Joey,—let me out, and, by G—d, if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also.” So saying, she leaped out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentleman’s servant, well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little farther, by going up to the wagon, and questioning those within. The stranger consenting, for the sake of diversion, approached it, and, in a terrible tone, demanded,—“Who have we got here?” Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice,—“Here’s a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world where-withal, but these fifteen shillings, which if you rob me of, we must all starve together.”

"Who's that sobbing in the other corner?" (said the supposed highwayman) "A poor unfortunate woman," answered Mrs Weazel, "upon whom I beg you, for Christ's sake, to have compassion." "Are you maid or wife?" said he. "Wife, to my sorrow," cried she. "Who or where is your husband?" continued he. "My husband," replied Mrs Weazel, "is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined." "You must be mistaken, madam," said he, "for I myself saw him get into the wagon this afternoon. But pray what smell is that? sure your lap-dog has befouled himself,—let me catch hold of the nasty cur, I'll teach him better manners." Here he laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor trembling captain, being detected in this inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and, affecting to wake out of sleep, cried, "What's the matter?—what's the matter?" "The matter is not much," answered the horseman, "I only called in to inquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain." So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself, but at length, re-assuming the big look, he said—"D—n the fellow! why did he ride away before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do?—don't you remember Tom, my dear?" addressing himself to his wife. "Yes," replied she, "I think I do remember something of the fellow, but you know I seldom converse with people of his station." "Hey day!" cried Joey, "do yaw knaw the young mon, captain?" "Know him," said Weazel, "many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my lord Trippet's table." "And what may his name be, captain?" said Joey. "His name!—his name," replied Weazel, "is Tom Rinser." "Waunds!" cried Joey, "a has changed his own name then! for I'sc lay a wager he was christened John Trotter." This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted, when Isaac broke silence, and said,—"It was no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected, and we ought to bless God for our narrow escape." "Bless God," said Weazel, "bless the devil for what? had he been a highwayman, I should have eat his blood, body and guts, before he had robbed me, or any one in this diligence." "Ha, ha, ha," cried Miss Jenny, "I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain." The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice that captain Weazel seemed to be a good christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation instead of carnal weapons, and worked out his salvation with fear and trem-

bling. This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expense, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatened to cut Isaac's throat. The usurer, taking hold of this menace, said,—"Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in danger from this bloody-minded officer. I'll have him bound over to the peace." This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crest-fallen during the remaining part of our journey.

CHAPTER XIII

Strap and I are terrified by an apparition—Strap's conjecture—the mystery explained by Joey—we arrive at London—our dress and appearance described—we are insulted in the street—an adventure in an ale-house—we are imposed upon by a waggish footman—set to rights by a tobacconist—take lodgings—dine for a dinner—an accident at our ordinary

WE arrived at our inn, supped, and went to bed, but Strap's distemper continuing, he was obliged to rise in the middle of the night, and taking the candle in his hand, which he had left burning for the purpose, he went down to the house of office, whence in a short time he returned in a great hurry, with his hair standing on end, and a look betokening horror and astonishment. Without speaking a word, he set down the light and jumped into bed behind me, where he lay and trembled with great violence. When I asked him what was the matter, he replied with a broken accent,—"God have mercy on us! I have seen the devil." Though my prejudice was not quite so strong as his, I was not a little alarmed at this exclamation, and much more so, when I heard the sound of bells approaching our chamber, and felt my bed-fellow cling close to me, uttering these words—"Christ have mercy upon us! there he comes." At this instant a monstrous overgrown raven entered our chamber, with bells at its feet, and made directly towards our bed. As this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and in a violent fright shrunk under the bed-clothes. This terrible apparition leapt upon the bed, and, after giving us several severe dabs with its beak through the blankets, hopped away and vanished. Strap and I recommended ourselves to the protection of Heaven with great devotion, and, when we no longer heard the noise, ventured to peep up and take breath. But we had not been long freed from this phantom, when another appeared that had well nigh deprived us both of our senses. We perceived an old man enter the room

with a long white beard that reached to his middle, there was a certain wild peculiarity in his eyes and countenance, that did not savour of this world, and his dress consisted of a brown stuff coat buttoned behind, and at the wrists, with an odd fashioned cap of the same stuff upon his head. I was so amazed that I had not power to move my eyes from such a ghastly object, but lay motionless, and saw him come straight up to me when he reached the bed he wrung his hands, and cried with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature,—“Where is Ralph?” I made no reply, upon which he repeated, in an accent still more preternatural,—“Where is Ralph?” He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I heard the sound of the bells at a distance, which the apparition having listened to, tripped away, and left me almost petrified with fear. It was a good while before I could recover myself so far as to speak, and when at length I turned to Strap, I found him in a fit, which, however, did not last long. When he came to himself, I asked his opinion of what had happened and he assured me, that the first must certainly be the soul of some person damned, which appeared by the chains about his legs (for his fears had magnified the creature to the bigness of a horse, and the sound of small morrice-bells to the clanking of massy chains). As for the old man, he took it to be the spirit of somebody murdered long ago in this place, which had power granted it to torment the assassin in the shape of a raven, and that Ralpho was the name of the said murderer. Although I had not much faith in this interpretation, I was too much troubled to enjoy any sleep, and in all my future adventures never passed a night so ill. In the morning, Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter, by telling him the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years, and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartment in the night, and induced him to follow it to our chamber, where he had inquired after it, under the name of Ralpho.

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which continued six or seven days longer at length we entered the great city, and lodged all night at the inn where the wagon put up. Next morning all the passengers parted different ways, while my companion and I sallied out to inquire for the member of parliament to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Crab. As we had discharged our lodging at the inn, Strap took up our baggage, and marched behind me in the street with the knapsack on his back, as usual, so that we made a very whimsical appearance. I had dressed myself to the

greatest advantage, that is, put on a clean ruffled shirt, and my best thread stockings—my hair (which was of the deepest red) hung down upon my shoulders, as lank and straight as a pound of candles, and the skirts of my coat reached to the middle of my leg, my waistcoat and breeches were of the same piece, and cut in the same taste, and my hat very much resembled a barber's basin, in the shallowness of the crown and narrowness of the brim. Strap was habited in a much less awkward manner, but a short-crop-eared wig, that very much resembled Scruo's in the play, and the knapsack on his back, added to what is called a queer phiz, occasioned by a long chin, hook nose, and high cheek-bones, rendered him on the whole a very fit subject of mirth and pleasantry. As we walked along, Strap, at my desire, inquired of a carman whom we met, whereabouts Mr Cringer lived, and was answered by a stare accompanied with the word—“anan!” upon which I came up in order to explain the question, but had the misfortune to be unintelligible likewise, the carman damning us for a lousy Scotch guard, and whipping his horses, with a—“gee ho!” which nettled me to the quick, and roused the indignation of Strap so far, that after the fellow was gone a good way, he told me he would fight him for a farthing. While we were deliberating upon what was to be done, a hackney coachman driving softly along, and perceiving us standing by the kennel, came up close to us, and calling, “a coach, master!” by a dexterous management of the reins, made his horses stumble in the wet, and bedaub us all over with mud, after which exploit, he drove on, applauding himself with a hearty laugh, in which several people joined, to my great mortification, but one more compassionate than the rest, seeing us strangers, advised me to go into an ale-house and dry myself. I thanked him for his advice, which I immediately complied with, and going into the house he pointed out, called for a pot of beer, and sat down by a fire in the public room, where we cleaned ourselves as well as we could. In the meantime a wag, who sat in a box smoking his pipe, understanding by our dialect that we were from Scotland, came up to me, and, with a grave countenance, asked how long I had been caught? As I did not know the meaning of this question, I made no answer, and he went on, saying, it could not be a great while, for my tail was not yet cut, at the same time taking hold of my hair, and tipping the wink to the rest of the company, who seemed highly entertained with his wit. I was incensed at this usage, but afraid of resenting it, because I happened to be in a strange place, and perceived the person who spoke to me was a brawny fellow, for whom I thought myself by no means a match. However, Strap, having either more courage

or less caution, could not put up with the insults that I suffered, but told him, in a peremptory tone,—“he was an uncivil fellow for making so free with his betters” Then the wit going towards him, asked what he had got in his knapsack?—“Is it oatmeal or brimstone, Sawney?” said he, seizing him by the clun, which he shook, to the inexpressible diversion of all present My companion, feeling himself assaulted in such an opprobrious manner, disengaged himself in a trice, and lent his antagonist such a box on the ear, as made him stagger to the other side of the room, and, in a moment, a ring was formed for the combatants Seeing Strap beginning to strip, and my blood being heated with indignation, which banished all other thoughts, I undressed myself to the skin in an instant, and declared, that as the affront that occasioned the quarrel was offered to me, I would fight it out myself, upon which one or two cried out,—“that’s a brave Scotch boy, you shall have fair play, by G—d” This assurance gave me fresh spirits, and going up to my adversary, who, by his pale countenance, did not seem much inclined to the battle, I struck him so hard on the stomach, that he reeled over a bench, and fell to the ground Then I attempted to keep him down, in order to improve my success, according to the manner of my own country, but was restrained by the spectators, one of whom endeavoured to raise up my opponent, but in vain, for he protested he would not fight, for he was not quite recovered of a late illness I was very well pleased with this excuse, and immediately dressed myself, having acquired the good opinion of the company for my bravery, as well as of my comrade Strap, who shook me by the hand, and wished me joy of the victory After having drank our pot, and dried our clothes, we inquired of the landlord if he knew Mr Cringer, the member of parliament, and were amazed at his replying in the negative, for we imagined he must be altogether as conspicuous here as in the borough he represented, but he told us we might possibly hear of him as we passed along We betook ourselves, therefore, to the street, where, seeing a footman standing at a door, we made up to him, and asked if he knew where our patron lived? This member of the party-coloured fraternity, surveying us both very minutely, said he knew Mr Cringer very well, and bade us turn down the first street on our left, then turn to the right, and then to the left again, after which perambulation we would observe a lane, through which we must pass, and at the other end we should find an alley that leads to another street, where we should see the sign of the *Thistle and three pedlars*, and there he lodged We thanked him for his information, and went forwards, Strap telling me, that he knew this person to be an honest friendly man by

his countenance, before he opened his mouth, in which opinion I acquiesced, ascribing his good manners to the company he daily saw in the house were he served. We followed his directions punctually, in turning to the left and to the right, and to the left again, but, instead of seeing a lane before us, found ourselves at the side of the river, a circumstance that perplexed us not a little, and my fellow-traveller ventured to pronounce that we had certainly missed our way By this time we were pretty much fatigued with our walk, and not knowing how to proceed, I went into a small souff-shop hard by, encouraged by the sign of the Highlander, where I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, the shopkeeper was my countryman He was no sooner informed of our peregrination, and the directions we had received from the footman, than he informed us we had been imposed upon, telling us Mr Cringer lived in the other end of the town, and that it would be to no purpose for us to go thither to-day, for by that time he was gone to the house I then asked if he could recommend us to a lodging He readily gave us a line to one of his acquaintance who kept a chandler’s shop not far from St Martin’s lane, there we hired a bed-room, up two pair of stairs, at the rate of 2s per week, so very small, that, when the bed was let down, we were obliged to carry out every other piece of furniture that belonged to the apartment, and use the bedstead by way of chairs About dinner-time, our landlord asked us how we proposed to live? to which interrogation we answered, that we would be directed by him “Well, then,” says he, “there are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition, the one more creditable and expensive than the other the first is, to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only, and the other is called diving, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally” I gave him to understand that, provided the last was not infamous, it would suit much better with our circumstances than the other “Infamous!” cried he. “God forbid! there are many creditable people, rich people, aye, and fine people, that dive every day I have seen many a pretty gentleman with a laced waistcoat dine in that manner very comfortably for three pence half-penny, and go afterwards to the coffee-house, where he made a figure with the best lord in the land—but your own eyes shall bear witness—I will go along with you to-day, and introduce you” He accordingly conducted us to a certain lane, where stopping, he bade us observe him, and do as he did, and walking a few paces, dived into a cellar, and disappeared in an instant I followed his example, and, descending very successfully, found myself in the middle of a cook’s shop, almost suffocated with the steams of boiled beef, and

surrounded by a company of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, draymen, and a few footmen out of place or on board wages, who sat eating shin of beef, tripe, cow-heel, or sausages, at separate boards, covered with cloths which turned my stomach. While I stood in amaze, undetermined whether to sit down or walk upwards again, Strap in his descent missing one of the steps, tumbled headlong into this infernal ordinary, and overturned the cook as she carried a porringer of soup to one of the guests. In her fall, she dashed the whole mess against the legs of a drummer belonging to the foot-guards, who happened to be in her way, and scalded him so miserably, that he started up, and danced up and down, uttering a volley of execrations that made my hair stand on end. While he entertained the company in this manner, with an eloquence peculiar to himself, the cook got up, and, after a hearty curse on the poor author of this mischance, who lay under the table scratching his rump with a woful countenance, emptied a salt-seller in her hand, and, stripping down the patent's stocking, which brought the skin along with it, applied the contents to the sore. This poultice was scarce laid on, when the drummer, who had begun to abate of his exclamation, broke forth into such a hideous yell, as made the whole company tremble, then seizing a pewter pint-pot that stood by him, squeezed the sides of it together, as if it had been made of plant leather, grinding his teeth at the same time with a most horrible grin. Guessing the cause of this violent transport, I bade the woman wash off the salt, and bathe the part with oil, which she did, and procured him immediate ease. But here another difficulty occurred, which was no other than the landlady's insisting on his paying for the pot he had rendered useless. He swore he would pay for nothing but what he had eaten, and bade her be thankful for his moderation, or else he would prosecute her for damages. Strap, foreseeing the whole affair would lie at his door, promised to satisfy the cook, and called for a dram of gin to treat the drummer, which entirely appeased him, and composed all animosities. After this accommodation, our landlord and we sat down at a board, and dined upon shin of beef most deliciously, our reckoning amounting to two pence half-penny each, bread and small beer included.

CHAPTER XIV

We visit Strap's friend—description of him—his advice—go to Mr Cringer's house—are denied admittance—an accident befalls Strap—his behaviour thereupon—an extraordinary adventure occurs, in the course of which I lose all my money

In the afternoon my companion proposed to

call at his friend's house, which, we were informed, was in the neighbourhood, whither we accordingly went, and were so lucky as to find him at home. This gentleman, who had come from Scotland three or four years before, kept a school in town, where he taught the Latin, French, and Italian languages, but what he chiefly professed was the pronunciation of the English tongue after a method more speedy and uncommon than any practised heretofore, and indeed, if his scholars spoke like their master, the latter part of his undertaking was certainly performed to a tittle, for, although I could easily understand every word of what I had heard hitherto since I entered England, three parts in four of his dialect were as unintelligible to me, as if he had spoke in the Arabic or Irish. He was a middle-sized man, and stooped very much, though not above the age of forty, his face frightfully pitted with the small-pox, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. He was dressed in a night gown of plaid, fastened about his middle with a serjeant's old sash, and a tie perwig, with a fore-top three inches high, in the fashion of King Charles II's reign. After he had received Strap (who was related to him) very courteously, he inquired of him who I was, and, being informed, took me by the hand, telling me he was at school with my father. When he understood my situation, he assured me that he would do me all the service in his power, both by his advice and otherwise, and, while he spoke these words, eyed me with great attention, walking round me several times, and muttering,—"O C—st! O C—st! fat a saight is here!" I soon guessed the reason of his ejaculation, and said,—"I suppose, sir, you are not pleased with my dress?" "Dress!" answered he, "you may call it fat you please in your country, but I vow to Gad 'tis a masquerade here. No Christian will admit such a figure into his hawse. Upon my conscience, I wonder the dogs did not hunt you. Did you pass through St James's market? God bless my eye-saigh! you look like a cousin-german of Ourang Outang." I began to be a little serious at this discourse, and asked him if he thought I should obtain entrance to-morrow at the house of Mr Cringer, on whom I chiefly depended for an introduction into business. "Mr Cringer, Mr Cringer," (replied he, scratching his cheek,) "may be a very honest gentleman—I know nothing to the contrary, but is your sole dependence upon him? Who recommended you to him?" I pulled out Mr Crab's letter, and told him the foundation of my hopes, at which he stared at me, and repeated—"C—st!" I began to conceive bad omens from this behaviour of his, and begged he would assist me with his advice, which he promised to give me frankly and, as a specimen, directed us to a perwig warehouse in

the neighbourhood, in order to be accommodated, laying strong injunctions on me not to appear before Mr Cringer till I had parted with these carrotty locks, which (he said) were sufficient to beget an antipathy against me in all mankind. And, as we were going to pursue this advice, he called me back, and bade me be sure to deliver my letter into Mr Cringer's own hand. As we walked along, Strap triumphed greatly in our reception with his friend, who, it seems, had assured him he would, in a day or two, provide for him with some good master, and "now," says he, "you shall see how I shall fit you with a wig. There's ne'er a barber in London (and that's a bold word) can pawn a rotten caul, or a penny-weight of dead hair, upon me." And indeed this zealous adherent did wrangle so long with the merchant, that he was desired twenty times to leave the shop, and see if he could get one cheaper elsewhere. At length I made choice of a good handsome bob, for which I paid ten shillings, and returned to our lodging, where Strap in a moment rid me of that hair which had given the schoolmaster so much offence.

We got up next day betimes, having been informed that Mr Cringer gave audience by candle-light to all his dependents, he himself being obliged to attend the levee of his Lord Terrier at break of day, because his lordship made one at the minister's between eight and nine o'clock. When we came to Mr Cringer's door, Strap, to give me an instance of his politeness, ran to the knocker, which he employed so loud and so long, that he alarmed the whole street, and a window opening in the second story of the next house, a chamber-pot was discharged upon him so effectually, that the poor barber was wet to the skin, while I, being luckily at some distance, escaped the unsavoury deluge. In the mean time, a footman opening the door, and seeing nobody in the street but us, asked, with a stern countenance, if it was I who made such a damned noise, and what I wanted? I told him I had business with his master, whom I desired to see. Upon which he clapped the door in my face, telling me, I must learn better manners before I could have access to his master. vexed at this disappointment, I turned my resentment against Strap, whom I sharply reprimanded for his presumption, but he, not in the least regarding what I said, wrung the urine out of his perwig, and lifting up a large stone, flung it with such force against the street door of the house from whence he had been bedewed, that the lock giving way, it flew wide open, and he took to his heels, leaving me to follow him as I could. Indeed there was no time for deliberation, I therefore pursued him with all the speed I could exert, until we found ourselves, about the dawn, in a street we did not know. Here as we wandered along, gaping about, a very decent sort of a

man passing by me, stopped of a sudden, and took up something, which having examined, he turned, and presented it to me, with these words—"Sir, you have dropt half-a-crown." I was not a little surprised at this instance of honesty, and told him it did not belong to me, but he bade me recollect, and see if all my money was safe upon which I pulled out my purse (for I had bought one since I came to town), and reckoning my money in my hand, which was now reduced to five guineas seven shillings and two pence, assured him I had lost nothing. "Well, then," says he, "so much the better—this is a God-send, and as you two were present when I picked it up, you are entitled to equal shares with me." I was astonished at these words, and looked upon this person to be a prodigy of integrity, but absolutely refused to take any part of the sum. "Come, gentlemen," said he, "you are too modest—I see you are strangers, but you shall give me leave to treat you with a whet this cold, raw morning." I would have declined this invitation, but Strap whispered to me that the gentleman would be affronted, and I complied. "Where shall we go?" said the stranger, "I am quite ignorant of this part of the town." I informed him that we were in the same situation, upon which he proposed to go into the first public-house we should find open, and, as we walked together, he began in this manner—"I find by your tongues you are from Scotland, gentlemen. My grandmother by the father's side was of your country, and I am so prepossessed in its favour, that I never meet a Scotchman but my heart warms. The Scots are a very brave people. There is scarce a great family in the kingdom that cannot boast of some exploits performed by its ancestors many hundred years ago. There's your Douglasses, Gordons, Campbells, Hamiltons. We have no such ancient families here in England. Then you are all very well educated. I have known a pedlar talk in Greek and Hebrew as well as if they had been his mother-tongue. And for honesty, I once had a servant, his name was Gregory Macgregor, I would have trusted him with untold gold." This eulogium on my native country gained my affection so strongly, that I believe I could have gone to death to serve the author, and Strap's eyes swam in tears. At length, as we passed through a dark narrow lane, we perceived a public-house, which we entered, and found a man sitting by the fire smoking a pipe, with a pint of purl before him. Our new acquaintance asked us if ever we had drunk egg-flip? to which question we answered in the negative, he assured us of a regale, and ordered a quart to be prepared, calling for pipes and tobacco at the same time. We found this composition very palatable, and drank heartily, the conversation (which was introduced by the gentleman) turning upon the snares that young

inexperienced people are exposed to in this metropolis. He described a thousand cheats that are daily practised upon the ignorant and unwary, and warned us of them with so much good nature and concern, that we blessed the opportunity which threw us in his way. After we had put the can about for some time, our new friend began to yawn, telling us he had been up all night with a sick person, and proposed we should have recourse to some diversion to keep him awake. "Suppose," said he, "we should take a hand at whist for pastime. But let me see, that won't do, there's only three of us, and I cannot play at any other game. The truth is, I seldom or never play, but out of complaisance, or at such a time as this, when I am in danger of falling asleep." Although I was not much inclined to gaming, I felt no aversion to pass an hour or two at cards with a friend, and, knowing that Strap understood as much of the matter as I, made no scruple of saying, "I wish we could find a fourth hand." While we were in this perplexity, the person whom we found in the house at our entrance, overhearing our discourse, took the pipe from his mouth very gravely, and accosted us thus—"Gentlemen, my pipe is out, you see," (shaking the ashes into the fire), "and rather than you should be balked, I don't care if I take a hand with you for a trifle, but remember I won't play for any thing of consequence." We accepted his proffer with pleasure. Having cut for partners, it fell to my lot to play with him against our friend and Strap, for three pence a game. We were so successful, that, in a short time, I was half a crown gainer, when the gentleman whom we had met in the street observing he had no luck to-day, proposed to leave off, or change partners. By this time I was inflamed with my good fortune and the expectation of improving it, as I perceived the two strangers played but indifferently; therefore I voted for giving him his revenge, and, cutting again, Strap and I (to our mutual satisfaction) happened to be partners. My good fortune attended me still, and in less than an hour we had got thirty shillings of their money, for, as they lost, they grew the keener, and doubled stakes every time. At last the inconstant goddess began to veer about, and we were very soon stripped of all our gains, and about forty shillings of our own money. This loss mortified me extremely, and had a visible effect on the muscles of Strap's face, which lengthened apace, but our antagonists perceiving our condition, kindly permitted us to retrieve our loss, and console ourselves with a new acquisition. Then my companion wisely suggested it was time to be gone, upon which the person who had joined us in the house began to curse the cards, and muttered that we were indebted to fortune only for what we had got, no part of our success being owing to our good play. This insinua-

tion nettled me so much, that I challenged him to a game of piquet for a crown, and he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the invitation. This contest ended in less than an hour, to my inexpressible affliction, who lost every shilling of my own money, Strap absolutely refusing to supply me with a sixpence. The gentleman, at whose request we had come in, perceiving, by my disconsolate looks, the situation of my heart, which well nigh burst with grief and resentment when the other stranger got up and went away with my money, began in this manner—"I am truly afflicted at your bad luck, and would willingly repair it, was it in my power. But what in the name of goodness could provoke you to tempt your fate so long? It is always a maxim with gamblers, to pursue success as far as it will go, and to stop whenever fortune shifts about. You are a young man, and your passions too impetuous, you must learn to govern them better; however, there is no experience like that which is bought, you will be the better for this the longest day you have to live. As for the fellow who has got your money, I don't half like him. Did you not observe me tip you the wink to leave off in time?" I answered, no. "No!" continued he, "you was too eager to mind any thing but the game. But, harkee," said he, in a whisper, "are you satisfied of that young man's honesty? his looks are a little suspicious, but I may be mistaken, he made a great many grimaces while he stood behind you, this is a very wicked town." I told him I was very well convinced of my comrade's integrity, and that the grimaces he mentioned were doubtless owing to his anxiety at my loss. "O ho!" if that be the case, I ask his pardon,—landlord, see what's to pay." The reckoning amounted to eighteen pence, which having discharged, the gentleman shook us both by the hand, and saying he should be very glad to see us again, departed.

CHAPTER XV

Strap moralizes—presents his purse to me—we inform our landlord of my misfortune—he unravels the mystery—I present myself to Cringer—he recommends and turns me over to Mr Staytape—I become acquainted with a fellow-dependent, who explains the characters of Cringer and Staytape—and informs me of the method to be pursued at the navy-office and surgeons' hall—Strap is employed

IN our way to our lodging, after a profound silence on both sides, Strap, with a hideous groan, observed that we had brought our pigs to a fine market. To this observation I made no reply, and he went on, "God send us well out of this place, we have not been

in London eight-and-forty-hours, and I believe we have met with eight-and-forty thousand misfortunes—we have been jeered, reproached, buffeted, pissed upon, and 'at last stripped of our money, and I suppose by-and-by we shall be stripped of our skins. Indeed, as to the money part of it, that was owing to our own folly, Solomon says, *bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise*. Ah! God help us, an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of gold." This was no time for him to tamper with my disposition, already mad with my loss, and inflamed with resentment against him for having refused me a little money to attempt to retrieve it. I therefore turned towards him with a stern countenance, and asked, "who he called fool!" Being altogether unaccustomed to such looks from me, he stood still, and stared in my face for some time, then, with some confusion, uttered, 'Fool' I called nobody fool but myself, I am sure I am the greatest fool of the two, for being so much concerned at other people's misfortunes but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*—that's all—that's all." Upon which a silence ensued, that brought us to our lodging, where I threw myself upon the bed in an agony of despair, resolved to perish rather than apply to my companion, or any other body, for relief, but Strap, who knew my temper, and whose heart bled within him at my distress, after some pause, came to the bedside, and, putting a leathern purse into my hand, burst into tears, crying, "I know what you think! but I scorn your thoughts. There's all I have in the world, take it, and I'll perhaps get more for you before that be done. If not, I'll beg for you, steal for you, go through the wide world with you, and starve with you, for though I be a poor cobbler's son, I am no scout." I was so touched with the generous passion of this poor creature, that I could not refrain from weeping also, and we mingled our tears together for some time. Upon examining the purse, I found in it two half-guineas and half a crown, which I would have returned to him, saying, he knew better than I how to manage it, but he absolutely refused my proposal, and told me it was more reasonable and decent that he should depend upon me, who was a gentleman, than that I should be controlled by him.

After this friendly contest was over, and our minds more at ease, we informed our landlord of what had happened to us, taking care to conceal the extremity to which we were reduced. He no sooner heard the story, than he assured us we had been grievously imposed upon by a couple of sharpers, who were associates, and that this polite, honest, friendly, humane person, who had treated us so civilly, was no other than a rascally money-dropper, who made it his business to decoy strangers in that manner to one of his own haunts, where an accomplice or two were always waiting to assist in pillaging the prey

he had run down. Here the good man recounted a great many stories of people who had been seduced, cheated, pilfered, beat, nay even murdered, by such villains. I was confounded at the artifice and wickedness of mankind, and Strap, lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, prayed that God would deliver him from such scenes of iniquity, for surely the devil had set up his throne in London. Our landlord being curious to know what reception we had met with at Mr Cringer's, we acquainted him with the particulars, at which he shook his head, and told us, we had not gone the right way to work, that there was nothing to be done with a m—b—r of p—m—t without a bribe: that the servant was commonly infected with the master's disease, and expected to be paid for his work, as well as his betters. He, therefore, advised me to give the footman a shilling the next time I should desire admittance to my patron, or else I should scarce find an opportunity to deliver my letter. Accordingly, next morning, when the door was opened, I slipped a shilling into his hand, and told him I had a letter for his master. I found the good effects of my liberality for the fellow let me in immediately, and taking the letter out of my hand, desired me to wait in a kind of passage for an answer. In this place I continued standing for three quarters of an hour, during which time I saw a great many young fellows, whom I formerly knew in Scotland, pass and repass, with an air of familiarity, in their way to and from the audience chamber, while I was fain to stand shivering in the cold, and turn my back to them, that they might not perceive the lowness of my condition. At length Mr Cringer came out to see a young gentleman to the door, who was no other than Squire Gawky, dressed in a very gay suit of clothes. At parting, Mr Cringer shook him by the hand, and told him he hoped to have the pleasure of his company at dinner, then turning about towards me, asked what were my commands? When he understood I was the person who had brought the letter from Mr Crab, he affected to recollect my name, which, however, he pretended he could not do, till he had consulted the letter again, to save him that trouble, I told him my name was Random. Upon which he went on, "Ay, ay, Random, Random, Random—I think I remember the name," and very well he might, for this very individual Mr Cringer had many a time rode before my grandfather's cloak-bag, in quality of a footman. "Well," says he, "you propose to go on board a man-of-war as surgeon's mate." I replied by a low bow. "I believe it will be a difficult matter," continued he, "to procure a warrant, there being already such a swarm of Scotch surgeons at the navy office, in expectation of the next vacancy, that the commissioners are afraid of being torn to pieces."

and have actually applied for a guard to protect them. However, some ships will soon be put in commission, and then we shall see what's to be done." So saying, he left me, exceedingly mortified at the different reception Mr Gawky and I had met with from this upstart, proud, mean member, who, I imagined, would have been glad of an opportunity to be grateful for the obligations he owed to my family.

At my return, I was surprised with the agreeable news of Strap's being employed, on the recommendation of his friend the schoolmaster, by a perwig-maker in the neighbourhood, who allowed him five shillings per week, besides bed and board. I continued to dance attendance every other morning at the levee of Mr Cringer, during a fortnight, in which time I became acquainted with a young fellow of my own country and profession, who also depended on the member's interest, but was treated with much more respect than I, both by the servants and master, and often admitted into a parlour where there was a fire, for the convenience of the better sort of those who waited for him. Thither I was never permitted to penetrate, on account of my appearance, which was not at all fashionable, but was obliged to stand blowing my fingers in a cold lobby, and take the first opportunity of Mr Cringer's going to the door to speak with him. One day, while I enjoyed this occasion, a person was introduced, whom Mr Cringer no sooner saw, than, running towards him, he saluted him with a bow to the very ground, and afterwards shaking him by the hand with great heartiness and familiarity, called him his good friend, and asked very kindly after Mrs Staytape, and the young ladies, then, after a whisper which continued some minutes, wherein I overheard the word *honour* repeated several times with great emphasis, Mr Cringer introduced me to this gentleman, as to a person whose advice and assistance I might depend upon, and having given me his direction, followed me to the door, where he told me I need not give myself the trouble to call at his house any more, for Mr Staytape would do my business. At that instant my fellow dependant coming out after me, overheard the discourse of Mr Cringer, and making up to me on the street, accosted me very civilly. This address I looked upon as no small honour, considering the figure he made, for he was dressed in a blue frock with a gold button, a green silk waistcoat trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, silver buckles, a gold-laced hat, a spencer wig, and a silver-hilted hanger, with a fine clouded cane in his hand. "I perceive," says he, "you are but lately come from Scotland, pray what may your business with Mr Cringer be? I suppose it is no secret—and I may possibly give you some

advice that may be serviceable, for I have been surgeon's second mate on board of a seventy-gun ship, and consequently know a good deal of the world." I made no scruple to disclose my situation, which when he had learned, he shook his head, and told me he had been pretty much in the same circumstances about a year ago, that he had relied on Cringer's promises, until his money (which was considerable), as well as his credit, was quite exhausted, and when he wrote to his relations for a fresh supply, instead of money he received nothing but reproaches, and the epithets of idle debauched fellow that, after he had waited at the navy-office many months for a warrant, to no purpose, he was fain to pawn some of his clothes, which raised a small sum, wherewith he bribed the secretary, who soon procured a warrant for him, notwithstanding he had affirmed, the same day, that there was not one vacancy that he had gone on board, where he remained nine months, at the end of which the ship was put out of commission, and he said the company were to be paid off in Broad-street the very next day, that his relations being reconciled to him, had charged him to pay his devoirs regularly to Mr Cringer, who had informed them, by letter, that his interest alone had procured the warrant, in obedience to which command he came to his levee every morning as I saw, though he looked upon him to be a very pitiful scoundrel. In conclusion, he asked me if I had yet passed at surgeons' hall. To which question I answered I did not so much as know it was necessary. "Necessary!" cried he, "O Lord, O Lord! I find I must instruct you—come along with me, and I'll give you some information about that matter." So saying, he carried me into an ale-house, where he called for some beer and bread and cheese, on which we breakfasted. While we sat in this place, he told me I must first go to the navy-office, and write to the board, desiring them to order a letter for me to the surgeons' hall, that I may be examined touching my skill in surgery, that the surgeons, after having examined me, would give me my qualification sealed up in form of a letter, directed to the commissioners, which qualification I must deliver to the secretary of the board, who would open it in my presence, and read the contents, after which, I must employ my interest to be provided for as soon as possible, that the expense of this qualification, for second mate of a third rate, amounted to thirteen shillings, exclusive of the warrant, which cost him half-a-guinea and half-a-crown, besides the present to the secretary, which consisted of a three-pound-twelve piece. This calculation was like a thunder-bolt to me, whose whole fortune did not amount to twelve shillings. I accordingly made him acquainted with this part of my

distress, after having thanked him for his information and advice. He conduced me on this occasion, but bade me be of good cheer, for he had conceived a friendship for me, and would make all things easy. He was run out at present, but to-morrow or next day he was certain of receiving a considerable sum, of which he would lend me what would be sufficient to answer my exigencies. Thus frank declaration pleased me so much, that I pulled out my purse, and emptied it before him, begging him to take what he pleased for pocket expense, until he should receive his own money. With a good deal of pressing he was prevailed upon to take five shillings, telling me that he might have what money he wanted at any time for the trouble of going into the city, but as he had met with me, he would defer his going thither till to-morrow, when I should go along with him, and he would put me in a way of acting for myself, without my servile dependence on that rascal Cringer, much less on the lousy tailor to whom he heard him turn me over. "How," cried I, "is Mr Staytape a tailor?" "No less, I'll assure you," answered he "and, I confess, more likely to serve you than the member, for, provided you can entertain him with politics and conundrums, you may have credit with him for as many and as rich clothes as you please." I told him I was utterly ignorant of both, and so incensed at Cringer's usage, that I would never set foot within his door again. After a good deal more conversation, my new acquaintance and I parted, having made an appointment to meet the next day at the same place, in order to set out for the city. I went immediately to Strap, and related every thing which had happened, but he did not at all approve of my being so forward to lend money to a stranger, especially as we had already been so much imposed upon by appearances. "However," said he, "if you are sure he is a Scotchman, I believe you are safe."

CHAPTER XVI

My new acquaintance breaks an appointment—I proceed by myself to the navy-office—address myself to a person there—who assists me with his advice—write to the board—they grant me a letter to the surgeons at the hall—I am informed of the beau's name and character—find him—he makes me his confidant in an amour—desires me to pawn my linen for his occasions—I recover what I lent him—some curious observations of Strap on that occasion—his vanity

In the morning I rose and went to the place of rendezvous, where I waited two hours in vain, and was so exasperated against him

for breaking his appointment, that I set out for the city by myself, in hopes of finding the villain, and being revenged on him for his breach of promise. At length I found myself at the navy office, which I entered, and saw crowds of young fellows walking below, many of whom made no better appearance than myself. I consulted the physiognomy of each, and at last made up to one whose countenance I liked, and asked if he could instruct me in the form of the letter which was to be sent to the board, to obtain an order for examination? He answered me in broad Scotch, that he would show me the copy of what he had writ for himself, by the direction of another who knew the form, and accordingly pulled it out of his pocket for my perusal, and told me, that, if I was expeditious, I might send it in to the board before dinner, for they did no business in the afternoon. He then went with me to a coffee-house hard by, where I wrote the letter, which was immediately delivered to the messenger, who told me I might expect an order to-morrow about the same time. Having transacted this piece of business, my mind was a good deal composed, and as I met with so much civility from this stranger, I desired further acquaintance with him, fully resolved, however, not to be deceived by him so much to my prejudice, as I had been by the beau. He agreed to dine with me at the cook's shop which I had frequented, and on our way thither, carried me to Change, where I was in some hopes of finding Mr Jackson (for that was the name of the person who had broke his appointment). I sought him there to no purpose, and on our way towards the other end of the town, imparted to my companion his behaviour towards me upon which he gave me to understand, that he was no stranger to the name of Beau Jackson (so he was called at the navy-office), although he did not know him personally, that he had the character of a good-natured, careless fellow, who made no scruple of borrowing from any body that would lend, that most people who knew him believed he had a good principle at bottom; but his extravagance was such, he would probably never have it in his power to manifest the honesty of his intention. This account made me sweat for my five shillings, which I nevertheless did not altogether despair of recovering, provided I could find out the debtor. This young man likewise added another circumstance of Squire Jackson's history, which was, that being destitute of all means to equip himself for sea, when he received his last warrant, he had been recommended to a person who lent him a little money, after he had signed a will and power, entitling that person to lift his wages when they should become due, as also to inherit his effects in case of his death—that he was still under the tutorage and direction of that gentleman, who advan-

ced him small sums from time to time upon his security, at the rate of 50 per cent. But at present his credit was very low, because his funds would do little more than pay what he had already received, this moderate interest included. After the stranger (whose name was Thomson) had entertained me with this account of Jackson, he informed me that he himself had passed for third mate of a third rate, about four months ago, since which time he had constantly attended at the navy-office in hope of a warrant, having been assured from the beginning, both by a Scotch member, and one of the commissioners to whom the member recommended him, that he should be put into the first vacancy, notwithstanding which promise, he had the mortification to see six or seven appointed to the same station almost every week, that now being utterly impoverished, his sole hope consisted in the promise of a friend lately come to town, to lend him a small matter, for a present to the secretary, without which he was persuaded he might wait a thousand years to no purpose. I conceived a mighty liking for this young fellow, which (I believe) proceeded from the similitude of our fortunes: we spent the whole day together, and, as he lived at Wapping, I desired him to take a share of my bed. Next day we returned to the navy-office, where, after being called before the board, and questioned about the place of my nativity and education, they ordered a letter to be made out for me, which, upon paying half-a-crown to the clerk, I received, and delivered into the hands of the clerk at surgeons' hall, together with a shilling for his trouble in registering my name. By this time my whole stock was diminished to two shillings, and I saw not the least prospect of relief, even for present subsistence, much less to enable me to pay the fees at surgeons' hall for my examination, which would come on in a fortnight. In this state of perplexity, I consulted Strap, who assured me he would pawn every thing he had in the world, even to his razors, before I should want, but this expedient I absolutely rejected, telling him, I would a thousand times rather list for a soldier, of which I had some thoughts, than be any longer a burden to him. At the word soldier, he grew pale as death, and begged, on his knees, I would think no more of that scheme. "God preserve us all in our right wits!" cried he, "would you turn soldier, and perhaps be sent abroad against the Spaniards, where you must stand and be shot at like a woodcock?—Heaven keep cold lead out of my carcase! and let me die in a bed like a christian, as all my forefathers have done. What signifies all the riches and honours of this life, if one enjoys not content? and in the next there is no respect of persons. Better be a poor honest barber, with a good conscience, and time to repent

of my sins upon my death-bed, than be cut off (God bless us) by a musket-shot, as it were in the very flower of one's age, in the pursuit of riches and fame. What signify riches? my dear friend! do not they make unto themselves wings? as the wise man saith, and does not Horace observe,—"*non domus aut fundus, non ævis acervus auri, ægroto domino deduxit corpore febrem, non animo curas*" I could, moreover, mention many other sayings in contempt of riches, both from the Bible and other good books, but, as I know you are not very fond of those things, I shall only assure you, that, if you take on to be a soldier, I will do the same, and then if we should both be slain, you will not only have your own blood to answer for, but mine also, and, peradventure, the lives of all those whom we shall kill in battle. Therefore, I pray you, consider, whether you will sit down contented with small things, and share the fruits of my industry in peace, till Providence shall send better tidings, or, by your despair, plunge both our souls and bodies into everlasting perdition, which God of his infinite mercy forbid." I could not help smiling at this harangue, which was delivered with great earnestness, the tears standing in his eyes all the time, and promised to do nothing of that sort without his consent and concurrence. He was much comforted with this declaration, and told me in a few days he should receive a week's wages, which should be at my service, but advised me, in the mean time, to go in quest of Jackson, and recover, if possible, what he had borrowed of me. I accordingly trudged about from one end of the town to the other for several days, without being able to learn any thing certain concerning him, and one day, being extremely hungry, and allured by the steams that regaled my nostrils from a boiling collar, I went down with an intention to gratify my appetite with two-pennyworth of beef, when, to my no small surprise, I found Mr Jackson sitting at dinner with a footman. He no sooner perceived me than he got up, and shook me by the hand, saying,—“he was glad to see me, for he intended to have called at my lodgings in the afternoon.” I was so well pleased with this encounter, and the apologies he made for not keeping his appointment, that I forgot my resentment, and sat down to dinner, with the happy expectation of not only recovering my own money before we should part, but also of reaping the benefit of his promise to lend me wherewithal to pass examination, and thus hope my sanguine complexion suggested, though the account Thomson gave me of him ought to have moderated my expectation. When we had feasted sumptuously, he took his leave of the footman, and adjourned with me to an ale-house hard by, where, after shaking me by the hand again, he began

thus,—“I suppose you think me a sad dog, Mr Random, and I do confess that appearances are against me. But I dare say you will forgive me, when I tell you, my not coming at the time appointed was owing to a peremptory message I received from a certain lady, whom, hark’ee (but this is a great secret), I am to marry very soon. You think this strange, perhaps, but it is not less true for all that—a five thousand pounder, I’ll assure you, besides expectations. For my own part, devil take me if I know what any woman can see engaging about me—but a whim you know, and then one would not baulk one’s good fortune. You saw that footman who dined with us—he’s one of the honestest fellows that ever wore a livery. You must know it was by his means I was introduced to her, for he made me first acquainted with her woman, who is his mistress; ay, many a crown has he and his sweetheart had of my money, but what of that? things are now brought to a bearing. I have—(come a little this way)—I have proposed marriage, and the day is fixed, she’s a charming creature, writes like an angel. O Lord! she can repeat all the English tragedies as well as e’er a player in Drury-lane! and indeed is so fond of plays, that, to be near the stage, she has taken lodgings in a court hard by the theatre. But you shall see—you shall see—here’s the last letter she sent me.” With these words he put it into my hand, and I read (to the best of my remembrance) as follows:

“DEAR KREFFTER,—As you are the amiable hopack of my contemptishins, your ay-dear is infernally skimming before my key-micry; al fansee, when Murfy sends his puppicks to the heys of shipping mortals, and when Febus shines from his merrydying throne whereupon, I shall ansee if old whorric Time has lost his pinners, as also Cupid his harrows, until thou enjoy sweet propose in the loafseck harms of thy faithfool to commend,

“CLAYRENDER”

“Wingar yeard, Droory-lane,

“January 12th”

While I was reading, he seemed to be in ecstasy, rubbing his hands, and bursting out into fits of laughter, at last he caught hold of my hand, and, squeezing it, cried,—“There is style for you! what do you think of this billet doux?” I answered, “It might be sublime for aught I knew, for it was altogether above my comprehension.” “O ho!” said he, “I believe it is—both tender and sublime—she’s a divine creature—and so doats upon me! Let me see, what shall I do with this money, when I have once got it into my hands? In the first place I shall do for you—I’m a man of few words, but, say no more, that’s determined. Whether would you advise me to purchase some post, by which I may rise in the state, or lay out my wife’s fortune in land, and retire to the country at

once?”—I gave my opinion without hesitation, that he could not do better than buy an estate and improve, especially since he had already seen so much of the world. Then I launched out into the praises of a country life, as described by the poets whose works I had read. He seemed to relish my advice, but withal told me, that, although he had seen a great deal of the world, both by land and sea, having cruised three whole months in the channel yet he should not be satisfied until he had visited France, which he proposed to do before he should settle, and to carry his wife along with him. I had nothing to object to his proposal, and asked how soon he hoped to be happy? “As to that,” he replied, “nothing obstructs my happiness but the want of a little ready cash, for you must know, my friend in the city has gone out of town for a week or two, and I unfortunately missed my pay at Broad-street, by being detained too long by the dear charmer—but there will be a recall at Chatham next week, whither the ship’s books are sent, and I have commissioned a friend in that place to receive the money.” “If that be all,” said I, “there’s no great harm in deferring your marriage a few days.” “Yes, faith! but there is,” said he, “you don’t know how many rivals I have, who would take all advantages against me. I would not baulk the impatience of her passion for the world, the least appearance of coldness and indifference would ruin all, and such offers don’t occur every day.” I acquiesced in this observation, and inquired how he intended to proceed at this question. He rubbed his chin, and said,—“Why, truly, I must be obliged to some friend or other—do you know nobody that would lend me a small sum for a day or two?” I assured him I was such an utter stranger in London, that I did not believe that I could borrow a guinea if my life depended upon it. “No!” said he, “that’s hard—that’s hard. I wish I had any thing to pawn, upon my soul you have got excellent linen (feeling the sleeve of my shirt) how many shirts of that kind have you got?” I answered, “six ruffled and six plain,” at which he testified great surprise, and swore that no gentleman ought to have more than four. “How many d’ye think I have got?” continued he, “but this and another, as I hope to be saved! I dare say we shall be able to raise a good sum out of your superfluity—let me see—let me see—each of these shirts are worth sixteen shillings at a moderate computation, now, suppose we pawn them for half price, eight times eight is sixty-four, that’s three pounds four. Zounds! that will do, give me your hand.” “Softly, softly, Mr Jackson,” said I, “don’t dispose of my linen without my consent—first pay me the crown you owe me, and then we shall talk of other matters.” He protested he had not above one shilling in his pocket, but that he would pay me out

of the first of the money raised from the shirts. This piece of assurance incensed me so much, that I swore I would not part with him until I had received satisfaction for what I had lent him, and as for the shirts, I would not pawn one of them to save him from the gallows. At this expression he laughed aloud, and then complained it was damn'd hard that I should refuse him a trifle that would infallibly enable him not only to make his own fortune, but mine also. "You talk of pawning my shirts," said I, "suppose you should sell this hanger, Mr Jackson? I believe it would fetch a good round sum." "No, hang it," said he, "I can't appear decently without my hanger, or egad it should go." However, seeing me inflexible with regard to my linen, he at length unbuckled his hanger, and, showing me the sign of the three blue balls, desired me to carry it thither and pawn it for two guineas. This office I would by no means have performed, had I seen any likelihood of having my money otherwise, but not willing, out of a piece of false delicacy, to neglect the only opportunity I should perhaps ever have, I ventured into a pawnbroker's shop, where I demanded two guineas on the pledge, in the name of Thomas Williams. "Two guineas!" said the pawnbroker, looking at the hanger, "this piece of goods has been here several times before for thirty shillings, however, since I believe the gentleman to whom it belongs will redeem it, he shall have what he wants," and accordingly he paid me the money, which I carried to the house where I had left Jackson, and calling for change, counted out to him seven-and-thirty shillings, reserving the other five for myself. After looking at the money some time, he said, "D—n it! it don't signify—this won't do my business, so you may as well take half a guinea, or a whole one, as the five shillings you have kept." I thanked him kindly, but refused to accept of any more than was my due, because I had no prospect of repaying it. Upon which declaration he stared in my face, and told me, I was excessively raw, or I would not talk in that manner. "Blood!" cried he, "I have a very bad opinion of a young fellow who won't borrow of his friend when he is in want, 'tis the sign of a sneaking spirit. Come, come, Random, give me back the five shillings, and take this half guinea, and if ever you are able to pay me, I believe you will, if not, d—n me if ever I ask it." When I reflected on my present necessity, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and, after making my acknowledgements to Mr Jackson, who offered to treat me with a play, I returned to my lodgings with a much better opinion of this gentleman than I had in the morning, and at night imparted my day's adventures to Strap, who rejoiced at the good luck, saying,—"I told you, if he was a Scotchman you was safe enough, and who knows but this mar-

riage may make us all!" You have heard, I suppose, as how a countryman of our's, a journeyman baker, ran away with a great lady of this town, and now keeps his coach. Ecod! I say nothing, but yesterday morning, as I was shaving a gentleman at his own house, there was a young lady in the room—a fine buxom wench, 1'faith! and she threw so many sheep's eyes at a certain person whom I shall not name, that my heart went knock, knock, knock, like a fulling-mill, and my hand sh— sh— shook so much that I sliced a piece of skin off the gentleman's nose, whereby he swore a deadly oath, and was going to horsewhip me, when she prevented him, and made my peace. *Omer haud malum!* Is not a journeyman barber as good as a journeyman baker? The only difference is, the baker uses flour for the belly, and the barber uses it for the head, and as the head is a more noble member than the belly, so is a barber more noble than a baker for what's the belly without the head? Besides, I am told he could neither read nor write, now you know I can do both, and, moreover, speak Latin, but I will say no more, for I despise vanity, nothing is more vain than vanity." With these words he pulled out of his pocket a wax candle's end, which he applied to his forehead, and, upon examination, I found he had combed his own hair over the toupee of his wig, and was indeed in his whole dress become a very smart shaver. I congratulated him on his prospect with a satirical smile, which he understood very well, and, shaking his head, observed I had very little faith, but the truth would come to light in spite of my incredulity.

CHAPTER XXVII

I go to surgeons' hall, where I meet with Mr Jackson—am examined—a fierce dispute arises between two of the examiners—Jackson disguises himself to attract respect—is detected—in hazard of being sent to Bridewell—he treats us at a tavern—carries us to a night-house—a troublesome adventure there—we are committed to the round-house—carried before a justice—his behaviour

WITH the assistance of this faithful adherent, who gave me almost all the money he earned, I preserved my half guinea entire till the day of examination, when I went, with a quaking heart, to surgeons' hall, in order to undergo that ceremony. Among a crowd of young fellows who walked in the outward hall, I perceived Mr Jackson, to whom I immediately went up, and, inquiring into the state of his amour, understood it was still undetermined, by reason of his friend's absence, and the delay of the recall at Chatham, which put it out of his power to bring it to a

conclusion I then asked what his business was in this place? He replied, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow, that in case the one failed, he might use the other, and with this view, he was to pass that night for a higher qualification. At that instant, a young fellow came out from the place of examination, with a pale countenance, his lip quivering, and his looks as wild as if he had seen a ghost. He no sooner appeared, than we all flocked about him with the utmost eagerness, to know what reception he had met with, which (after some pause) he described, recounting all the questions they had asked, with the answers he made. In this manner we obliged no less than twelve to recapitulate, which, now the danger was past, they did with pleasure, before it fell to my lot at length the beadle called my name, with a voice that made me tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet; however, there was no remedy. I was conducted into a large hall, where I saw about a dozen of grim faces sitting at a long table, one of whom bade me come forward, in such an imperious tone, that I was actually, for a minute or two, bereft of my senses. The first question he put to me was,—"where was you born?" to which I answered,—"in Scotland." "In Scotland," said he, "I know that very well, we have scarce any other countrymen to examine here, you Scotchmen have overspread us of late as the locusts did Egypt. I ask you in what part of Scotland was you born?" I named the place of my nativity, which he had never before heard of. He then proceeded to interrogate me about my age, the town where I served my time, with the term of my apprenticeship, and, when I informed him that I served three years only, he fell into a violent passion, swore it was a shame and a scandal to send such raw boys into the world as surgeons, that it was a great presumption in me, and in affront upon the English, to pretend to sufficient skill in my business, having served so short a time, when every apprentice in England was bound seven years at least, that my friends would have done better if they had made me a weaver or shoemaker, but their pride would have me a gentleman (he supposed) at any rate, and their poverty could not afford the necessary education. This exordium did not at all contribute to the recovery of my spirits, but, on the contrary, reduced me to such a situation that I was scarce able to stand, which being perceived by a plump gentleman who sat opposite to me, with a skull before him, he said, Mr Snarler was too severe upon the young man, and, turning towards me, told me I need not be afraid, for nobody would do me any harm then, bidding me take time to recollect myself, he examined me touching the operation of the trepan, and was very well

satisfied with my answers. The next person who questioned me was a wag, who began by asking if I had ever seen amputation performed, and I replying in the affirmative, he shook his head and said,—"what ' upon a dead subject, I suppose? If," continued he, "during an engagement at sea, a man should be brought to you with his head shot off, how would you behave?" After some hesitation, I owned such a case had never come under my observation, neither did I remember to have seen any method of cure proposed for such an accident, in any of the systems of surgery I had perused. Whether it was owing to the simplicity of my answer or the archness of the question, I know not, but every member at the board dignified to smile, except Mr Snarler, who seemed to have very little of the *animal risibile* in his constitution. The facetious member, encouraged by the success of his last joke, went on thus—"suppose you was called to a patient of a plethoric habit, who had been bruised by a fall, what would you do?" I answered, "I would bleed him immediately." "What," said he, "before you had tied up his arm?" But this stroke of wit not answering his expectation, he desired me to advance to the gentleman who sat next him, and who, with a pert air, asked what method of cure I would follow in wounds of the intestines. I repeated the method of cure as it is prescribed by the best chirurgical writers, which he heard to an end, and then said, with a supercilious smile,—"so you think by such treatment the patient might recover?" I told him I saw nothing to make me think otherwise. "That may be," resumed he, "I won't answer for your foresight, but did you ever know a case of this kind succeed?" I answered I did not, and was about to tell him I had never seen a wounded intestine, but he stopped me by saying, with some precipitation, "nor never will. I affirm that all wounds of the intestines, whether great or small, are mortal." "Pardon me brother," says the fat gentleman, "there is a very good authority"—here he was interrupted by the other with, "Sir, excuse me, I despise all authority. *Nihilus in verba*. I stand upon my own bottom." "But, sir, sir," replied his antagonist, "the reason of the thing shows"—"A fig for reason," cried this sufficient member, "I laugh at reason,—give me ocular demonstration." The corpulent gentleman began to wax warm and observed that no man acquainted with the anatomy of the parts would advance such an extravagant assertion. This inuendo enraged the other so much, that he started up and, in a furious tone, exclaimed, "What, sir! do you question my knowledge in anatomy?" By this time all the examiners had espoused the opinion of one or the other of the disputants, and raised their voices all together, when the chairman commanded

silence, and ordered me to withdraw. In less than a quarter of an hour I was called in again, received my qualification sealed up, and was ordered to pay five shillings. I laid down my half-guinea upon the table, and stood some time until one of them bade me begone, to this I replied, I will when I have got my change, upon which another threw me five shillings and sixpence, saying I would not be a true Scotchman if I went away without my change. I was afterwards obliged to give three shillings and sixpence to the beadle, and a shilling to an old woman who swept the hall. This disbursement sunk my finances to thirteen pence half-penny, with which I was sneaking off, when Jackson perceiving it, came up to me, and begged I would tarry for him, and he would accompany me to the other end of the town, as soon as his examination should be over. I could not refuse this to a person that was so much my friend, but I was astonished at the change of his dress, which was varied in half an hour from what I have already described, to a very grotesque fashion. His head was covered with an old smoked tie-wig that did not boast one crooked hair, and a slouched hat over it, which would have very well become a chimney-sweeper or a dust-man, his neck was adorned with a black crape, the ends of which he had twisted and fixed in the button-hole of a shabby great coat that wrapt up his whole body, his white silk stockings were converted into black worsted hose, and his countenance was rendered venerable by wrinkles and a beard of his own painting. When I expressed my surprise at this metamorphosis, he laughed, and told me it was done by the advice and assistance of a friend who lived over the way, and would certainly produce something very much to his advantage, for it gave him the appearance of age, which never fails of attracting respect. I applauded his sagacity, and waited with impatience for the effects of it. At length he was called in, but whether the oddness of his appearance excited a curiosity more than usual in the board, or his behaviour was not suitable to his figure, I know not, he was discovered to be an impostor, and put into the hands of the beadle, in order to be sent to Bridewell. So that, instead of seeing him come out with a cheerful countenance, and a surgeon's qualification in his hand, I perceived him led through the outward hall as a prisoner, and was very much alarmed and anxious to know the occasion, when he called, with a lamentable voice and piteous aspect, to me, and some others who knew him,—“for God's sake, gentlemen, bear witness that I am the same individual John Jackson, who served as surgeon's second mate on board the Elizabeth, or else I shall go to Bridewell.” It would have been impossible for the most austere hermit that ever lived to have re-

framed from laughing at his appearance and address, we therefore indulged ourselves a good while at his expense, and afterwards pleaded his cause so effectually with the beadle, who was gratified with half a crown, that the prisoner was dismissed, and, in a few moments, resumed his former gaiety, swearing, since the board had refused his money, he would spend it every shilling before he went to bed in treating his friends, at the same time inviting us all to favour him with our company. It was now ten o'clock at night, and, as I had a great way to walk through streets that were utterly unknown to me, I was prevailed upon to be of their party, in hopes he would afterwards accompany me to my lodgings, according to his promise. He conducted us to his friend's house, who kept a tavern over the way, where we continued drinking punch, until the liquor mounted up to our heads and made us all extremely frolicsome. I, in particular, was so much elevated, that nothing would serve me but a wench, at which demand Jackson expressed much joy, and assured me I should have my desire before we parted. Accordingly, when he had paid the reckoning, we sallied out, roaring and singing, and were conducted by our leader to a place of nocturnal entertainment, where I immediately attached myself to a fair one, with whom I proposed to spend the remaining part of the night, but she not relishing my appearance, refused to grant my request before I should have made her an acknowledgement, which not suiting with my circumstances, we broke off our correspondence, to my no small mortification and resentment, because I thought the mercenary creature had not done justice to my merit. In the mean time, Mr Jackson's dress had attracted the inclinations and assiduities of two or three nymphs, who loaded him with caresses, in return for the arrack punch with which he treated them, till at length, notwithstanding the sprightly sallies of those charmers, sleep began to exert his power over us all, and our conductor called, “To pay.” When the bill was brought, which amounted to twelve shillings, he put his hand in his pocket, but might have saved himself the trouble, for his purse was gone. This accident disconcerted him a good deal at first, but, after some recollection, he seized the two dulcineas who sat by him, one in each hand and swore, if they did not immediately restore his money, he would charge a constable with them. The good lady at the bar, seeing what passed, whispered something to the drawer, who went out, and then, with great composure, asked what was the matter. Jackson told her he was robbed, and swore, if she refused him satisfaction, he would have her and her whores committed to Bridewell. “Robbed!” cried she, “robbed in my house! gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to wit-

ness, this person has scandalized my reputation" At that instant, seeing the constable and watch enter, she proceeded,—“what you must not only endeavour, by your false aspersions, to ruin my character, but even commit an assault upon my family! Mr Constable, I charge you with this uncivil person, who has been guilty of a riot here, I shall take care and bring an action against him for defamation” While I was reflecting on this melancholy event, which had made me quite sober, the lady whose favours I had solicited, being piqued at some repartee that passed between us, cried,—“They are all concerned,” and desired the constable to take us all into custody an arrest which was performed instantly, to the utter astonishment and despair of us all, except Jackson, who, having been often in such scrapes, was very little concerned, and charged the constable in his turn with the landlady and her whole bevy upon which we were carried all together prisoners to the round house, where Jackson (after a word of comfort to us) informed the constable* of his being robbed, to which he said he would swear next morning before the justice “Ay, ay,” says the bawd, “we shall see whose oath shall most signify” In a little time the constable, calling Jackson into another room, spoke to him thus “I perceive that you and your company are strangers, and am very sorry for your being involved in such an ugly business I have known this woman a great while, she has kept a notorious house in the neighbourhood these many years, and, although often complained of as a nuisance, still escapes, through her interest with the justices, to whom she, and all of her employment, pay contribution quarterly for protection As she charged me with you first, her complaint will have the preference, and she can procure evidence to swear whatever she shall please to desire of them So that, unless you can make it up before morning, you and your companions may think yourselves happily quit for a month’s hard labour in Bridewell Nay, if she should swear a robbery or assault against you, you will be committed to Newgate, and tried next sessions at the Old Bailey for your life This last piece of information had such an effect upon Jackson, that he agreed to make it up, provided his money might be restored The constable told him, that, instead of retrieving what he had lost, he was pretty certain it would cost him some more before they would come to any composition But, however, he had compassion on him, and would, if he pleased, sound them about a mutual release The unfortunate beau thanked him for his friendship, and, returning to us, acquainted us with the substance of this dialogue, while the constable, desiring to speak in private with our adversary, carried her into the next room, and pleaded our cause so effectually,

ally, that she condescended to make him umpire he accordingly proposed an arbitration, to which we gave our assent, and he fined each party in three shillings, to be laid out in a bowl of punch, wherein we drowned all animosities, to the inexpressible joy of my two late acquaintances and me, who had been in the state of the damned ever since Jackson mentioned Bridewell and Newgate By the time we had finished our bowl, to which, by the by, I had contributed my last shilling, it was morning, and I proposed to move homeward, when the constable gave me to understand, he could discharge no prisoners, but by order of the justice, before whom we must appear This renewed my chagrin, and I cursed the hour in which I had yielded to Jackson’s invitation About nine o’clock, we were escorted to the house of a certain justice, not many miles distant from Covent Garden, who no sooner saw the constable enter with a train of prisoners at his heels, than he saluted him as follows —“So, Mr Constable, you are a diligent man—what den of rogues have you been scouring?” Then, looking at us, who appeared very much dejected, he continued, —“ay, ay, thieves I see—old offenders—O, your humble servant, Mrs Harridan! I suppose these fellows have been taken robbing your house—yes, yes, here’s an old acquaintance of mine you have used expedition,” said he to me, “in returning from transportation, but we shall save you the trouble for the future—the surgeons will fetch you from your next transportation at their expense” I assured his worship he was mistaken in me, for he had never seen me in his life before To this declaration he replied,—“how! you impudent rascal, dare you say so to my face? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by that northern accent which you have assumed? but it shan’t avail you—you shall find me too far north for you Here, clerk, write this fellow’s *mittimus*. His name is Patrick Gahagan” Here Mr Jackson interposed, and told him I was a Scotchman lately come to town, descended of a good family, and that my name was Random The justice looked upon this assertion as an outrage upon his memory, on which he valued himself much, and, strutting up to Jackson, with a fierce countenance, put his hands in his sides, and said,—“Who are you, sir? do you give me the take notice, gentlemen, here’s a fellow who affronts me upon the bench, but I’ll lay you fast, sirrah, I will, for, notwithstanding your laced jacket, I believe you are a notorious felon” My friend was so much abashed at this menace, which was thundered out with great vociferation, that he changed colour and remained speechless This confusion his worship took for a symptom of guilt, and to complete his discovery, continued his threats—“now I am convinced you are a

thief—your face discovers it—you tremble all over—your conscience won't lie still—you'll be hanged, sirrah," raising his voice, "you'll be hanged, and happy had it been for the world, as well as your own miserable soul, if you had been detected and cut off in the beginning of your career. Come hither, clerk, and take this man's confession." I was in an agony of consternation, when the constable, going into another room with his worship, acquainted him with the truth of the story, which, having learned, he returned with a smiling countenance, and, addressing himself to us all, said it was always his way to terrify young people, when they came before him, that his threats might make a strong impression on their minds, and deter them from engaging in scenes of riot and debauchery, which commonly ended before the judge. Thus having cloaked his own want of discernment under the disguise of paternal care, we were dismissed, and I found myself as much lightened as if a mountain had been lifted off my breast.

CHAPTER XVIII

I carry my qualification to the navy-office—the nature of it—the behaviour of the secretary—Strap's concern for my absence—a battle between him and a blacksmith—the troublesome consequence of it—his harangue to me—his friend the schoolmaster recommends me to a French apothecary, who entertains me as a journeyman

I WOULD willingly have gone home to sleep, but was told by my companion, that we must deliver our letters of qualification at the navy-office before one o'clock, accordingly, we went thither, and gave them to the secretary, who opened and read them, and I was mightily pleased to find myself qualified for second mate of a third rate. When he had stuck them altogether on a file, one of our company asked if there were any vacancies to which interrogation he answered, no. Then I ventured to inquire if any ships were to be put in commission soon? At which question he surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt, and, pushing us out of his office, locked the door, without deigning us another word. We went down stairs, and conferred together on our expectations, when I understood that each of them had been recommended to one or other of the commissioners, and each of them promised the first vacancy that should fall, but that none of them relied solely upon that interest, without a present to the secretary, with whom some of the commissioners went snacks. For which reason each of them had provided a small purse, and I was asked what I proposed to give? This was a vexatious ques-

tion to me, who, far from being in a capacity to gratify a ravenous secretary, had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner. I therefore answered, I had not yet determined what to give, and sneaked off towards my own lodgings, cursing my fate all the way, and inveighing, with much bitterness, against the barbarity of my grandfather, and sordid avarice of my relations, who left me a prey to contempt and indigence. Full of these disagreeable reflections, I arrived at the house where I lodged, and relieved my landlord from great anxiety on my account, for this honest man believed I had met with some dismal accident, and that he should never see me again. Strap, who had come to visit me in the morning, understanding I had been abroad all night, was almost distracted, and, after having obtained leave of his master, had gone in quest of me, though he was even more ignorant of the town than I. Not being willing to inform my landlord of my adventure, I told him I had met with an acquaintance at surgeons' hall, with whom I spent the evening and night, but, being very much infested by bugs, I had not slept much, and therefore intended to take a little repose, so saying, I went to bed, and desired to be awakened if Strap should happen to come while I should be asleep. I was accordingly roused by my friend himself, who entered my chamber about three o'clock in the afternoon, and presented a figure to my eyes, that I could scarce believe real. In short, this affectionate shaver, setting out towards surgeons' hall, had inquired for me there to no purpose, from thence he found his way to the navy-office, where he could hear no tidings of me, because I was unknown to every body then present, he afterwards went upon 'Change, in hopes of seeing me upon the Scotch-walk, but without success at last, being almost in despair of finding me, he resolved to ask every body he met in the street, if perchance any one could give him information about me, and actually put his resolution into practice, in spite of the scoffs, curses and reproaches with which he was answered, until a blacksmith's 'prentice, seeing him stop a porter with a burden on his back, and hearing his question, for which he received a hearty curse, called to him, and asked if the person he inquired after was not a Scotchman? Strap replied with great eagerness,—“yes, and had on a brown coat with long skirts.” “The same,” said the blacksmith, “I saw him pass by an hour ago.” “Did you so?” cried Strap, rubbing his hands,—“odd! I am very glad of that—which way went he?” “Towards Tyburn in a cart,” said he, “if you make good speed, you may get thither time enough to see him hanged.” This piece of wit incensed my friend to such a degree, that he called the blacksmith scoundrel, and protested he would fight him for half a farthing. “No no,” said

the other, stripping, "I'll have none of your money—you Scotchmen seldom carry any about with you—but, I'll fight you for love." There was a ring immediately formed by the mob, and Strap, finding he could not get off honourably without fighting, at the same time burning with resentment against his adversary, quitted his clothes to the care of the multitude, and the battle began with great violence on the side of Strap, who in a few minutes exhausted his breath and spirits on his patient antagonist, who sustained the assault with great coolness, till, finding the barber quite spent, he returned the blows he had lent him with such interest, that Strap, after having received three falls on the hard stones, gave out, and allowed the blacksmith to be the better man. The victory being thus decided, it was proposed to adjourn to a cellar hard by, and drink friends. But when my friend began to gathier up his clothes, he perceived that some honest person or other had made free with his shirt, neckcloth, hat, and wig, which were carried off, and probably his coat and waistcoat would have met with the same fate, had they been worth stealing. It was in vain for him to make a noise, which only yielded mirth to the spectators—he was fain to get off in this manner, which he accomplished with much difficulty, and appeared before me all besmeared with blood and dirt. Notwithstanding this misfortune, such was his transport at finding me safe and sound, that he had almost stifled and stunk me to death with his embraces. After he had cleaned himself, and put on one of my shirts, and a woollen night cap, I recounted to him the particulars of my night's campaign, which filled him with admiration, and made him repeat, with great energy, an observation which was often in his mouth, namely,—"that surely London is the devil's drawing-room." As neither of us had dined, he desired me to get up and the milk-woman coming round at that instant, he went down stairs, and brought up a quart, with a penny-brick, on which we made a comfortable meal. He then shared his money with me, which amounted to eight pence, and left me with an intention to borrow an old wig and hat of his old friend the schoolmaster.

He was no sooner gone, than I began to consider my situation with great uneasiness, and revolved all the schemes my imagination could suggest, in order to choose and pursue some one that might procure me bread, for it is impossible to express the pangs I felt, when I reflected on the miserable dependence in which I lived at the expense of a poor barber's boy. My pride took the alarm, and having no hopes of succeeding at the navy-office, I came to the resolution of enlisting in the foot-guards next day, be the event what it would. This extravagant design, by flattering my disposition, gave great satis-

faction, and I was charging the enemy at the head of my own regiment, when Strap's return interrupted my reverie. The schoolmaster had made him a present of the tie-wig which he wore when I was introduced to him, together with an old hat, whose brim would have overshadowed a colossus. Though Strap had ventured to wear them in the dusk, he did not choose to entertain the mob by day, he therefore went to work immediately, and reduced them both to a moderate size. While he was employed in this office, he addressed me thus—"To be sure, Mr Random, you were born a gentleman, and have a great deal of learning—and indeed look like a gentleman, for, as to person, you may hold up your head with the best of them. On the other hand, I am a poor but honest cobbler's son—my mother was as industrious a woman as ever broke bread, till such time as she took to drinking, which you very well know—but every body has failings—*humanum est errare*. Now, for myself, I am a poor journeyman barber, tolerably well made, and understand some Latin, and have a smattering of Greek—but what of that? perhaps I might also say that I know a little of the world—but that is to no purpose—though you be gentle and I simple, it does not follow but that I who am simple may do a good office to you who are gentle. Now this is the case—my kinsman the schoolmaster—perhaps you did not know how nearly he is related to me—I'll satisfy you in that presently—his mother and my grandmother's sister's nephew—no, that's not it! my grandfather's brother's daughter—rabbit it! I have forgot the degree, but this I know, he and I are cousins seven times removed." My impatience to know the good office he had done me got the better of my temper, and I interrupted him at this place with—"d—n your relation and pedigree! if the schoolmaster or you can be of any advantage to me, why don't you tell me without all this preamble?" When I pronounced these words with some vehemence, Strap looked at me for some time with a grave countenance, and then went on—"Surely my pedigree is not to be d—d, because it is not so noble as yours. I am very sorry to see such an alteration in your temper of late—you was always fiery, but now you are grown as crabbed as old Periwinkle, the drunken tinker, on whom you and I (God forgive us) played so many unlucky tricks while we were at school. But I will no longer detain you in suspense, because, doubtless, nothing is more uneasy than doubt—*dubio, procul dubio, nil dubius*. My friend, or relation, or which you will, or both, the schoolmaster, being informed of the regard I have for you—for, you may be sure I did not fail to let him know your good qualities—by-the-bye he has undertaken to teach you the pronunciation of the English tongue, without which, he says, you will be

unfit for business in this country. I say, my relation has spoke in your behalf to a French apothecary who wants a journeyman and, on his recommendation, you may have fifteen pounds per year, bed and board, whenever you please. I was too much interested in this piece of news to entertain it with indifference, but, jumping up, insisted on Strap's immediately accompanying me to the house of his friend, that I might not lose this opportunity through the least delay or neglect on my part. We were informed that the schoolmaster was in company at a public-house in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired, and found him drinking with the very individual apothecary in question. When he was called to the door at our desire, and observing my impatience, he broke out into his usual term of admiration—"O C—st! I suppose, when you heard of this offer, you did not take leisure enough to come down stairs, but leapt out of the window, did you overturn no porter nor oyster-woman in your way! It is a mercy of God you did not knock your brains out against some post in your career. O my conscience! I believe, had I been in the inmost recesses of my habitation—the very *penetralia*,—even in bed with my wife, your eagerness would have surmounted bolts, bars, decency, and every thing. The den of Cacus or *sanctum sanctorum* could not have hid me from you. But come along, the gentleman of whom I spoke is in the house, I will present you to him forthwith." When I entered the room, I perceived four or five people smoking, one of whom the schoolmaster accosted thus—"Mr Lavement, here's the young man of whom I spoke to you." The apothecary, who was a little old withered man, with a forehead about an inch high, a nose turned up at the end, large cheek bones, that helped to form a pit for his little grey eyes, a great bag of loose skin hanging down on each side in wrinkles like the alforas of a baboon, and a mouth so accustomed to that contraction which produces grinning, that he could not pronounce a syllable without discovering the remains of his teeth, which consisted of four yellow fangs, not improperly by anatomists called *canine*. This person (I say) after having eyed me some time, said,—“Oho, 'tis very well, Mons Concordance,—young man, you are ver welcome, take one coup of bierre—and come to mine house to-morrow morning. Mons Concordance vil show you de way.” Upon this I made my bow, and as I went out of the room, could hear him say, *may foy! c'est un beau garçon, c'est galliard*. As I had, by my own application, while I served Crab, acquired the French tongue well enough to read authors written in that language, and understand any thing that occurred in conversation I determined to pretend ignorance to my new master, that he and his family,

whom I supposed to be of the same country, not being on the reserve before me, might possibly discover something in discourse, which would either yield me amusement or advantage. Next morning Mr Concordance carried me to the apothecary's house, where the bargain was made, and orders given to provide an apartment for me immediately. But, before I entered upon business, the schoolmaster recommended me to his tailor, who gave me credit for a suit of clothes, to be paid out of the first moiety of my wages, and they were begun upon that very day, he afterwards accommodated me with a new hat, on the same terms, so that, in a few days, I hoped to make a very fashionable appearance. In the mean time Strap conveyed my baggage to the place allotted for me, which was a back-room up two pairs of stairs, furnished with a pallet for me to lie upon, a chair without a back, an earthen chamber-pot without a handle, a bottle by way of candlestick, and a triangular piece of glass instead of a mirror, the rest of its ornaments having been lately removed to one of the garrets, for the convenience of the servant of an Irish captain, who lodged in the first floor.

CHAPTER XIX

The character of Mr Lavement—his wife and daughter—some anecdotes of the family—the mother and daughter revuls—I am guilty of a mistake that gives me present satisfaction, but is attended with troublesome consequences

NEXT day, while I was at work in the shop, a bouncing damsel, well dressed, came in, on pretence of finding a phial for some use or other, and taking an opportunity, when she thought I did not mind her, of observing me narrowly, went away with a sly look of disdain. I easily guessed her sentiments, and my pride took the resolution of entertaining the same indifference and neglect towards her. At dinner the maids, with whom I dined in the kitchen, gave me to understand that this was my master's only daughter, who would have a very handsome fortune, on account of which, and her beauty, a great many young gentlemen made their addresses to her that she had been twice on the brink of marriage, but disappointed by the stinginess of her father, who refused to part with a shilling to promote the match, for which reason the young lady did not believe to her father with all the filial veneration that might be expected, in particular, she harboured the most perfect hatred for his countrymen, in which disposition she resembled her mother, who was an Englishwoman, and, by the hints they dropped, I learned the grey mare was the better horse—that she was a matron of a

high spirit, which was often manifested at the expense of her dependents that she loved diversions, and looked upon Miss as her rival in all parties, which indeed was the true cause of her disappointments, for, had the mother been hearty in her interests, the father would not have ventured to refuse her demands. Over and above this intelligence, I of myself soon made more discoveries. Mr Lavement's significant grins at his wife, while she looked another way, convinced me that he was not at all content with his lot, and his behaviour in presence of the captain made me believe his chief torment was jealousy. As for my own part, I was considered in no other light than that of a menial servant, and had been already six days in the house without being honoured with one word from either mother or daughter, the latter (as I understood from the maids) having at table one day expressed some surprise that her papa should entertain such an awkward mean-looking journeyman. I was nettled at this piece of information, and next Sunday (it being my turn to take my diversion) dressed myself in my new clothes, to the greatest advantage! and, vanity apart, made no contemptible figure. After having spent most part of the day in company with Strap, and some of his acquaintance, I came home in the afternoon, and was let in by Miss, who, not knowing me, dropped a low curtsy as I advanced, which I returned with a profound bow, and shut the door. By the time I had turned about, she had perceived her mistake, and changed colour, but did not withdraw. The passage being narrow, I could not get away without jostling her, so I was forced to remain where I was, with my eyes fixed on the ground, and my face glowing with blushes. At length her vanity coming to her assistance, she went away tittering, and I could hear her pronounce the word "creature!" From this day forward she came into the shop fifty times every day, upon various pretences, and put in practice so many ridiculous airs, that I could easily perceive her opinion of me was changed, and that she did not think me altogether an unworthy conquest. But my heart was so steeled against her charms by pride and resentment, which were two chief ingredients in my disposition, that I remained insensible to all her arts and, notwithstanding some advances she made, could not be prevailed upon to yield her the least attention. This neglect soon banished all the favourable impressions she felt for me, and the rage of a slighted woman took place in her heart, this she manifested not only in all the suggestions her malice could invent to my prejudice with her father, but also in procuring for me such servile employments as she hoped would sufficiently humble my spirit. One day in particular, she ordered me to brush my master's coat, but I refusing, a quarrel ensued, which

ended in her bursting into tears of rage, when her mother interposing, and examining into the merits of the cause, determined it in my favour and this good office I owed not to any esteem or consideration she had for me, but solely to the desire of mortifying her daughter, who on this occasion observed, that let people be never so much in the right, there were some folks who would never do them justice, but to be sure they had their reasons for it, which some people were not ignorant of, although they despised their little arts. This insinuation of *some people* and *some folks* put me upon observing the behaviour of my mistress more narrowly for the future, and it was not long before I had reason to believe that she looked upon her daughter as a rival in the affections of Captain O'Donnell, who lodged in the house. In the mean time my industry and knowledge gained me the good will of my master, who would often say, in French, "*Mardi' c'est un bon garçon*." He had a great deal of business, but as he was mostly employed among his fellow refugees, his profits were small. However, his expense for medicine was not great, for he was the most expert man at a succedaneum of any apothecary in London, so that I have been sometimes amazed to see him, without the least hesitation, make up a physician's prescription, though he had not in his shop one medicine mentioned in it. Oyster shells he could invent into crab's eyes, common oil into oil of sweet almonds, syrup of sugar into balsamic syrup, Thames water into aqua cinnamon, turpentine into capivi, and a hundred more costly preparations were produced in an instant, from the cheapest and coarsest drugs of the *materia medica*, and when any common thing was ordered for a patient, he always took care to disguise it in colour or taste, or both, in such a manner, as that it could not possibly be known. For which purpose cochineal and oil of cloves were of great service. Among many nostrums which he possessed, there was one for the venereal disease, that brought him a good deal of money, and this he concealed so artfully from me, that I could never learn its composition, but during the eight months I staid in his service, he was so unfortunate in the use of it, that three parts in four of those who took it were fain to confirm the cure by a salivation under the direction of another doctor. This bad success, in all appearance, attached him the more to his specific, and before I left him, I may venture to say he would have sooner renounced the Trinity (notwithstanding his being a good hugonot) than his confidence in the never-failing power of this remedy.

Mr Lavement had attempted more than once to introduce a vegetable diet into his family, by launching out into the praise of roots and greens, and decrying the use of

flesh, both as a physician and philosopher, but all his rhetoric could not make one proselyte to his opinion, and even the wife of his bosom declared against the proposal. Whether it was owing to the little regard she paid to her husband's admonition in this particular, or to the natural warmth of her constitution, I know not, but this lady's passion became every day more and more violent, till at last she looked upon decency as an unnecessary restraint, and one afternoon, when her husband was abroad, and her daughter gone to visit, ordered me to call a hackney-coach, in which she and the captain drove towards Covent Garden. Miss came home in the evening, and, supping at her usual hour, went to bed. About eleven o'clock my master entered, and asked if his wife was gone to sleep upon which I told him, my mistress went out in the afternoon, and was not yet returned. This was like a clap of thunder to the poor apothecary, who, starting back, cried, "*Mort de ma vie !* vat you tell a me ? my life not at home !" At that instant a patient's servant arrived with a prescription for a draught, which my master taking, went into the shop to make it up with his own hand. While he rubbed the ingredients in a glass mortar, he inquired of me whether or not his wife went out alone, and no sooner heard that she was in company with the captain, than, with one blow, he split the mortar into a thousand pieces, and, grinning like the head of a bass viol, exclaimed, "ah *traîtresse !*" It would have been impossible for me to have preserved my gravity a minute longer, when I was happily relieved by a rap at the door, which I opened, and perceived my mistress coming out of the coach, she flounced immediately into the shop, and addressed her husband thus—'I suppose you thought I was lost, my dear—Captain O'Donnell has been so good as to treat me with a play.' "Play—play," cried he, "oh ! yes, by gar, I believe ver prettie play." "Bless me !" said she, "what is the matter ?" "Vat de matter !" cried he, forgetting all his former complaisance, "by gar, you be one damn dog's wife—*ventre bleu !* me vill show you vat it is to put one horn upon mule head. *Pardieu ! le Capitaine O'Donnell be one*"—Here the captain, who had been all the while at the door discharging the coach, entered, and said, with a terrible voice, "D—mme ! what am I ?" Mr Lavement, changing his tone, immediately saluted him with, "*Oh servateur, monsieur le capitaine, vous etes un gallant homme—ma femme est fort obligee*." Then turning about towards me, pronounced with a low voice, "*et diablement obligee ! sans doute*." "Harkee, Mr Lavement," said the captain, "I am a man of honour, and I believe you are too much of a gentleman to be offended at the civility I show your wife." This declaration had such an effect on the

apothecary, that he resumed all the politesse of a Frenchman, and, with the utmost prostration of compliment, assured the captain that he was perfectly well satisfied with the honour he had done his wife. Matters being thus composed, every body went to rest. Next day I perceived, through a glass door that opened from the shop into the parlour, the captain talking earnestly to miss, who heard him with a look that expressed anger mingled with scorn, which, however, he at last found means to mollify, and sealed his reconciliation with a kiss. This circumstance soon convinced me of the occasion of the quarrel, but, notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could never discover any other commerce between them. In the mean while, I had reason to believe I had inspired one of the maids with tender sentiments for me, and one night, when I thought every other person in the house asleep, I took the opportunity of going to reap the fruits of my conquest, her bedfellow having the day before gone to Richmond to visit her parent. Accordingly I got up, and (naked as I was) explored my way in the dark to the garret where she lay. I was ravished to find the door open, and moved softly to her bedside, transported with the hope of completing my wishes. But what horrors of jealousy and disappointment did I feel, when I found her asleep fast locked in the arms of a man, whom I easily guessed to be no other than the captain's servant ! I was upon the point of doing some rash thing, when the noise of a rat scratching behind the wainscot put me to flight, and I was fain to get back to my own bed in safety. Whether this alarm had disordered my mind, or that I was led astray by the power of destiny, I know not, but, instead of turning to the left hand when I descended to the second story, I pursued the contrary course, and mistook the young lady's bedchamber for my own. I did not perceive my mistake before I had ran against the bed-posts, and then it was not in my power to retreat undiscovered, for the nymph being awake, felt my approach, and, with a soft voice, bade me make less noise, lest the Scotch booby in the next room should overhear us. This hint was sufficient to inform me of the nature of the assignation, and as my passions, at any time high, were then in a state of exaltation, I resolved to profit by my good fortune. Without any more ceremony, therefore, I made bold to slip into bed to this charmer, who gave me as favourable a reception as I could desire. Our conversation was very sparing on my part, but she upbraided the person whom I represented with his jealousy of me, whom she handled so roughly, that my resentment had well nigh occasioned a discovery more than once. but I was consoled for her hatred of me by the revenge I enjoyed in understanding from her own mouth, that it was now high time

to save her reputation by matrimony, for she had reason to fear she could not much longer conceal the effects of their mutual intercourse. While I was meditating an answer to this proposal, I heard a noise in my room, like something heavy falling down upon the floor, upon which I started up, and creeping to the door of my chamber, observed, by moonlight, a man groping his way out, so I retired to one side to let him pass, and saw him go down stairs as expeditiously as he could. It was an easy matter to divine that this was the captain, who, having overslept himself, had got up at last to keep his assignation, and finding my door open, had entered my apartment instead of that of his mistress, where I supplied his place. But finding his mistake, by falling over my chair, he was afraid the noise might alarm the family, and for that reason made off, delaying the gratification of his desires till another opportunity. By this time I was satisfied, and, instead of returning to the place from whence I came, retreated to my own castle, which I fortified by bolting the door, and, in the congratulation of my own happiness, full asleep. But the truth of this adventure could not be long concealed from my young mistress, who next day came to an explanation with the captain, upon his lamenting his last night's disappointment, and begging pardon for the noise he had made. Their mutual chagrin, when they came to the knowledge of what had happened, may be easily conjectured, though each had a peculiar grief unfelt by the other, for she was conscious of not only having betrayed to me the secrets of her commerce with him, but also of having incensed me by the freedoms she had taken with my name, beyond a hope of reconciliation. On the other hand, his jealousy suggested that her sorrow was all artifice, and that I had supplied his place with her own privacy and consent. That such was the situation of their thoughts will appear in the sequel, for that very day she came into the shop, where I was alone, and fixing her eyes, swimming in tears, upon me, sighed most piteously, but I was proof against her distress, by recollecting the epithets with which she had honoured me the night before, and believing that the good reception I enjoyed was destined for another, I therefore took no notice of her affliction, and she had the mortification to find her disdain returned fourfold. However, from thence forward she thought proper to use me with more complaisance than usual, knowing that it was in my power at any time to publish her shame. By these means my life became much more agreeable (though I never could prevail upon myself to repeat my nocturnal visit), and, as I every day improved in my knowledge of the town, I shook off my awkward air by degrees, and acquired the character of a polite journeyman apothecary.

CHAPTER XX

I am assaulted and dangerously wounded—suspect O'Donnell, and am confirmed in my opinion—concert a scheme of revenge, and put it in execution—O'Donnell robs his own servant, and disappears—I make my addresses to a lady, and am miraculously delivered from her snare

ONE night about twelve o'clock, as I returned from visiting a patient at Chelsea, I received a blow on my head from an unseen hand, that stretched me senseless on the ground, and was left for dead with three stabs of a sword in my body. The groans I uttered, when I recovered the use of my reason, alarmed the people of a solitary ale-house that stood near the spot where I lay, and they were humane enough to take me in, and send for a surgeon, who dressed my wounds, and assured me they were not mortal. One of them penetrated though the skin and muscles of one side of my belly in such a manner, that doubtless the assassin imagined he had run me through the entrails. The second slanted along one of my ribs, and the last, which was intended for the finishing stroke, having been directed to my heart, the sword snapped upon my breast-bone, and the point remained sticking in the skin. When I reflected upon this event, I could not persuade myself that I had been assaulted by a common footpad, because it is not usual for such people to murder those they rob, especially when they meet with no resistance, and I found my money and every thing else about me (but my carcass) safe. I concluded, therefore, that I must either have been mistaken for another, or obliged to the private resentment of some secret enemy for what had happened, and as I could remember nobody who had the least cause of complaint against me, except Captain O'Donnell and my master's daughter, my suspicion settled on them, though I took care to conceal it, that I might the sooner arrive at confirmation. With this view I went home in a chair about ten o'clock in the morning, and as the chairman supported me into the house, met the captain in the passage, who no sooner saw me, than he started back, and gave evident signs of guilty confusion, which he would have accounted for from the surprise occasioned by seeing me in such a condition. My master, having heard my story, consoled me with a good deal of sympathy, and when he understood my wounds were not dangerous, ordered me to be carried up stairs to bed, though not without some opposition from his wife, who was of opinion it would be better for me to go to an hospital, where I should be more carefully attended. My meditation was employed in concerting with myself some method of revenge against Squire

O'Donnell and his innamorata, whom I looked upon as the authors of my misfortune, when miss (who was not at home at my arrival) entered my chamber, and, saying she was sorry for the accident that had befallen me, asked if I suspected any body to be the assassin, upon which I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon her, and answered, "yes" She discovered no symptom of confusion, but replied hastily, "If that be the case, why don't you take out a warrant to have him apprehended" It will cost but a trifle, if you have no money I'll lend you" This frankness not only cured me of my suspicion with respect to her, but even staggered my belief with regard to the captain, of whose guilt I resolved to have further proof, before I should enterprize any thing in the way of revenge I thanked her kindly for her generous offer, which, however, I had no occasion to accept, being determined to do nothing rashly, for though I could plainly perceive the person who attacked me to be a soldier, whose face I thought was familiar to me, I could not swear with a safe conscience to any particular man, and, granting I could, my prosecution of him would not much avail This uncertainty I pretended, lest the captain, hearing from her that I knew the person who wounded me, might think proper to withdraw before I could be in a condition to requite him In two days I was up, and able to do a little business, so that Mr Lavement made shift to carry on his practice, without hiring another journeyman in my room The first thing I attempted towards a certain discovery of my secret enemy, was to get into O'Donnell's apartment while he was abroad in an undress, and examine his sword, the point of which being broke off, I applied the fragment that was found sticking in my body, and found it answered the fractured part exactly There was no room left for doubt, and all that remained was to fix upon a scheme of revenge, which almost solely engrossed my thoughts during the space of eight nights and days Sometimes I was tempted to fall upon him in the same manner as he had practised upon me, and kill him outright But this assault my honour opposed as a piece of barbarous cowardice, in which he was not to be imitated At other times I entertained thoughts of demanding satisfaction in an honourable way, but was diverted from this undertaking by considering the uncertainty of the event, and the nature of the injury he had done me, which did not entitle him to such easy terms At last I determined to pursue a middle course, and actually put my design in execution after this manner Having secured the assistance of Strap and two of his acquaintance whom he could depend upon, we provided ourselves with disguises, and I caused the following letter to be delivered to him by one of our associates, in livery, one Sunday even ng

"SIR,—If I may be allowed to judge from appearance, it will not be disagreeable to you to hear that my husband is gone to Bagshot to visit a patient, and will not return till to-morrow night, so that if you have any thing to propose to me (as your behaviour on many occasions has seemed to insinuate), you will do well to embrace the present opportunity of seeing

"Yours, &c

This letter was signed with the name of an apothecary's wife who lived in Chelsea, of whom I had heard O'Donnell was an admirer Every thing succeeded to our wish The amorous hero hastened towards the place of assignation, and was encountered by us in the very place where he had assaulted me We rushed upon him all at once, secured his sword, stripped off his clothes even to the skin, which we scourged with nettles till he was blistered from head to foot, notwithstanding all the eloquence of his tears and supplications When I was satisfied with the stripes I had bestowed, we carried off his clothes, which we hid in a hedge near the place, and left him stark naked to find his way home in the best manner he could, while I took care to be there before him I afterwards understood, that in his way to the lodgings of a friend who lived in the skirts of the town, he was picked up by the watch, who carried him to the round-house, from whence he sent for clothes to his lodgings, and next morning arrived at the door in a chair, wrapped up in a blanket he had borrowed for his body was so sore and swelled, that he could not bear to be confined in his wearing apparel He was treated with the utmost tenderness by my mistress and her daughter, who vied with each other in their care and attendance of him but Lavement himself could not forbear expressing his joy, by several malicious grins, while he ordered me to prepare an unguent for his sores As to myself, nobody can doubt my gratification when I had every day an opportunity of seeing my revenge protracted on the body of my adversary, by the ulcers of which I had been the cause and indeed I not only enjoyed the satisfaction of having flayed him alive, but another also which I had not foreseen The story of his being attacked and stripped in such a place having been inserted in the news, gave information to those who found his clothes next day whither to bring them, and accordingly he retrieved every thing he had lost, except a few letters, among which was that which I had written to him in the name of the apothecary's wife This and the others, which, it seems, were all on the subject of love (for this Hibernian hero was one of those people who are called fortune-hunters), fell into the hands of a certain female author, famous for the scandal she has published, who, after having embellished them with some ornaments of her own invention, gave them to the town in print I was very much shock-

ed on reflecting that I might possibly be the occasion of a whole family's unhappiness, on account of the letter I had written, but was eased of that apprehension, when I understood that the Chelsea apothecary had commenced a law-suit against the printer for defamation, and looked upon the whole as a piece of forgery committed by the author, who had disappeared. But whatever might be his opinion of the matter, our two ladies seemed to entertain a different idea of it, for, as soon as the pamphlet appeared, I could perceive their care of their patient considerably diminish, until at last it ended in total neglect. It was impossible for him to be ignorant of this change any more than of the occasion of it, but as he was conscious to himself of having deserved worse than contempt at their hands, he was glad to come off so cheaply, and contented himself with muttering curses and threats against the apothecary, who, as he imagined, having got an inkling of the appointment with his wife, had taken revenge of him in the manner described. By the time he got a new scarf-skin, his character was become so notorious, that he thought it high time for him to decamp, and his retreat he performed in one night, without beat of drum, after having robbed his own servant of every thing that belonged to him, except the clothes he had on his back. A few days after he disappeared, Mr Lavement, for his own security, took into custody a large old trunk which he had left, and, as it was very heavy, made no question that the contents were sufficient to indemnify him for what O'Donnell owed in lodging. But a month being elapsed without hearing any tidings of this adventurer, and my master being impatient to know what the trunk contained, he ordered me to break it open in his presence, which task I performed with the pestle of our great mortar, and discovered, to his inexpressible astonishment and mortification, a heap of stones.

About this time, my friend Strap informed me of an offer he had to go abroad with a gentleman, in quality of valet-de-chambre, and, at the same time assured me, that whatever advantage he might propose to himself from this prospect, he could not bear the thoughts of parting from me, so much was he attached to my fortune. In spite of all the obligations I owed to this poor honest fellow, ingratitude is so natural to the heart of man, that I began to be tired of his acquaintance, and now that I had contracted other friendships which appeared more creditable, was even ashamed to see a journeyman barber inquiring after me with the familiarity of a companion. I therefore, on pretence of consulting his welfare, insisted upon his accepting the proposal, which he at last determined to embrace with great reluctance, and, in few days took his leave of me, shedding a flood of tears which I could not behold

without emotion. I now began to look upon myself as a gentleman in reality—learned to dance of a Frenchman whom I had cured of a fashionable distemper—frequented plays during the holidays—became the oracle of an alehouse, where every dispute was referred to my decision—and at length contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, who found means to make a conquest of my heart, and upon whom I prevailed, after much attendance and solicitation, to give me a promise of marriage. As this beautiful creature passed for a rich heiress, I blessed my good fortune, and was actually on the point of crowning all my wishes by matrimony, when one morning I went to her lodging, and her maid being abroad, took the privilege of a bridegroom to enter her chamber, where, to my utter confusion, I found her in bed with a man. Heaven gave me patience and presence of mind enough to withdraw immediately, and I thanked my stars a thousand times for the happy discovery, by which I resolved to profit so much as to abandon all thoughts of marriage for the future.

CHAPTER XXII

Squire Gawky comes to lodge with my master—as involved in a troublesome affair—out of which he is extricated by me—he marries my master's daughter—they conspire against me—I am found guilty of theft—discharged—deserted by my friends—I hire a room in St Giles's—where by accident I find the lady to whom I made my addresses in a miserable condition—I relieve her

WHILE I enjoyed myself at large in this temper of mind, Mr Lavement let his first floor to my countryman and acquaintance, Squire Gawky, who, by this time, had got a lieutenantcy in the army, and such a martial ferocity in his appearance, that I was afraid he would remember what had happened between us in Scotland, and atone for his breach of appointment then, by his punctuality now, but, whether he had actually forgot me, or was willing to make me believe so, he betrayed not the least symptom of recognition at sight of me, and I remained quite cured of my apprehension, though I had occasion, not long after, to be convinced, that howsoever his externals might be altered, he was at bottom the same individual Gawky whom I have already described, for, coming home late one night from the house of a patient, I heard a noise in the street, and, as I approached, I perceived two gentlemen in custody of three watchmen. The prisoners, who were miserably disfigured with dirt, complained bitterly of the loss of their hats and wigs, and one of them, whom, by his tongue, I knew to be a Scotchman, lamented

most piteously, offering a guinea for his liberty, which the watchman refused, alleging that one of his companions was wounded grievously, and that he must stand to the consequence. My prejudice in favour of my native country was so strong, that I could not bear to see any body belonging to it in distress, and therefore, with one blow of my faithful cudgel, knocked down the watchman who had hold of the person for whom I was chiefly concerned. He was no sooner disengaged, than he betook himself to his heels, and left me to maintain the dispute as I should think proper, and, indeed, I came off but scurvily, for, before I could avail myself of my speed, I received a blow on the eye from one of the other two, that had well nigh deprived me of the use of that organ; however, I made shift to get home, where I was informed of Captain Gawky's being robbed and abused by a company of footpads, and was ordered by my master to prepare an emollient glyster and paregoric draught, in order to allay and compose the ferment of his spirits, occasioned by the barbarous treatment he had undergone, while he took twelve ounces of blood from him immediately. When I inquired into the particulars of this adventure, and understood, by the servant, that he came in just before me, without hat and wig, I made no scruple of believing him to be the person I had released, and was confirmed in my belief upon hearing his voice, to which, before that event, I had been so long a stranger. My eye being considerably swelled and inflamed, I could not reflect upon my enterprise without cursing my own folly, and even resolving to declare the truth of the whole story, in order to be revenged on the cowardly wretch for whom I had suffered accordingly, next day, after he had told, in presence of my master, his wife, and daughter, who came to visit him, a thousand lies concerning the prowess he had shown in making his escape, I ventured to explain the mystery, and, calling in the evidence of my contused eye, upbraided him with cowardice and ingratitude. Gawky was so astonished at this discourse, that he could not answer one word, and the rest of the company stared at one another, till at length my mistress reprimanded me for my insolent behaviour, and threatened to turn me away for my presumption. Upon which, Gawky (having recollected himself) observed, as the young man might have mistaken another person for him, he could forgive his insinuations, more especially as he seemed to have suffered for his civility, but advised me to be more certain in my conjectures for the future, before I ventured to publish them to the prejudice of any man. Miss applauded the captain's generosity in pardoning one who had so villanously aspersed him, and I began to imagine her praise was not at all disinterested. But the apothecary, who,

perhaps, had more penetration, or less partiality than his wife and daughter, differed from them in his sentiments of the matter, and expressed himself to me in the shop in this manner—"Ah mon pauvre Roderique! you ave more of *de veracite* dan of *de prudence*—bot mine vice and dater be diablement sage, and monsieur le capitaine un fanfaron, pardieu!" This eulogium on his wife and daughter, though spoken ironically by him, was nevertheless literally just, by espousing the cause of Gawky, the one obliged a valuable lodger, and the other acquired a husband at a juncture when one was absolutely necessary, for the young lady, finding the effects of her correspondence with O'Donnell becoming plainer and plainer every day, insinuated herself so artfully into the affection of this new lodger, that in less than a fortnight, on pretence of going to a play, they drove away together to the Fleet, where they were coupled, from thence removed to a bagnio, where the marriage was consummated, and in the morning came home, when they asked her father's and mother's blessing. The prudent parents, notwithstanding the precipitation with which the match was carried on, did not think fit to refuse their approbation, for the apothecary was not ill pleased to find his daughter married to a young man of a good prospect, who had not mentioned to him one syllable on the article of her dowry, and his wife was rejoiced at being rid of a rival in her gallants, and a spy upon her pleasures. Nor was I without self-enjoyment at this event, when I reflected on the revenge I had unwittingly taken upon my enemy, by making him a cuckold by anticipation. But I little dreamed what a storm of mischief was brewing against me, whilst I thus indulged myself. Whatever face Gawky put on the matter, my discovery of the adventure before related, and the reproaches I vented against him, had stung him to the soul, and cherished the seeds of enmity so strongly in his breast, that he (it seems) imparted his indignation to his wife, who being as desirous as himself to compass the ruin of one that not only slighted her carresses, but was able on any occasion to discover particulars not at all advantageous to her character, readily joined in a conspiracy against me, which, had it taken effect as they expected, would infallibly have brought me to an ignominious death.

My master having several times missed large quantities of medicines, of which I could give no account, at last lost all patience, and in plain terms taxed me with having embezzled them for my own use. As I could only oppose my single asseveration to his suspicion, he told me one day,—"By gar, your vord not be give me *de satisfaction*—me hind necessaire to *chercher* for my medicine, pardonnez moi—il faut chercher—me

demand le clef of your coffre a cette heure " Then raising his voice to conceal the fright he was in, lest I should make any opposition, he went on,—"*oui, foutez, I charge you rendez le clef of your coffre—moi—si, moi que vous parle* " I was fired with so much resentment and disdain at this accusation, that I burst into tears, which he took for a sign of guilt, and pulling out a key, told him he might satisfy himself immediately, though he would not find it so easy to satisfy me for the injury my reputation had suffered from his unjust suspicion He took the key, and mounted up to my chamber, attended by the whole family, saying,—"*he bien, nous verrons—nous verrons* " But what was my horror and amazement, when, on opening my chest, he pulled out a handful of the very things that were missing, and pronounced,—"*Ah ha' vous etes bien venus—mardie Mons Roderique, you be fort innocent* " I had not power to utter one word in my own vindication, but stood motionless and silent, while every body present made their respective remarks on what appeared against me The servants said they were sorry for my misfortune, and went away repeating, "*who would have thought it?*" My mistress took occasion from this detection to rail against the practice of employing strangers in general, and Mrs Gawky, after having observed that she never had a good opinion of my fidelity, proposed to have me carried before the justice, and committed to Newgate immediately Her husband was actually upon the stairs in his way for a constable, when Mr Lavement, knowing the cost and trouble of a prosecution, to which he must bind himself, and at the same time dreading lest some particulars of my confession might affect his practice, called out,—"*Restez, mon fils' restez, it be veritablement one grand crime which dis pauvre diable have committed—bot peutetre de good God give him de penitence, and me vil not have upon mine head de blood of one sinner* " The captain and his lady used all the christian arguments their zeal could suggest, to prevail on the apothecary to pursue me to destruction, and represented the injustice he did to the community of which he was a member, in letting a villain escape, who would not fail of doing more mischief in the world, when he should reflect on his coming off so easily now But their eloquence made no impression on my master, who, turning to me, said,—"*Go, miserable, go from mine house, quick, quick—and make reparation for your mauvaise actions* " By this time, my indignation had roused me from the stupefaction in which I had hitherto remained, and I began in this manner —"*Sir, appearances, I own, condemn me, but you are imposed upon as much as I am abused—I have fallen a sacrifice to the ran-*cour of that scoundrel," pointing at Gawky,

"who has found means to convey your goods hither, that the detection of them might blast my reputation, and accomplish my destruction His hatred of me is owing to a consciousness of his having wronged me in my own country, for which injury, he, in a cowardly manner, refused me the satisfaction of a gentleman, he knows, moreover, that I am no stranger to his dastardly behaviour in this town, which I have recounted before, and he is unwilling that such a testimony of his ingratitude and pusillanimity should live upon the earth for this reason he is guilty of the most infernal malice to bring about my ruin And I am afraid, madam (turning to Mrs Gawky), "you have too easily entered into the sentiments of your husband I have often found you my enemy, and am well acquainted with the occasion of your being so, which I don't at present think proper to declare, but I would not advise you, for your own sake, to drive me to extremity " This address enraged her so much, that, with a face as red as scarlet, and the eyes of a fury, she strutted up to me, and putting her hands on her sides, spit in my face, saying, I was a scandalous villain, but she defied my malice, and that, unless her papa would prosecute me like a thief, as I was, she would not stay another night under his roof At the same time, Gawky, assuming a big look, told me, he scorned what lies I could invent against him, but that, if I pretended to asperse his wife, he would put me to death, by G—d To this threat I answered,—"*I wish to God, I could meet with thee in a desert, that I might have an opportunity of punishing thee for thy perfidy towards me, and rid the world of such a rascal* —What hinders me this moment," said I, seizing an old bottle that stood by, "*from doing myself that justice* " I had no sooner armed myself in this manner, than Gawky and his father-in-law retired in such a hurry, that the one overturned the other, and they rolled together down stairs, while my mistress swooned away with fear, and her daughter asked if I intended to murder her? I gave her to understand that nothing was farther from my intention, that I would leave her to the stings of her own conscience, but was firmly resolved to slit her husband's nose, whenever fortune should offer a convenient opportunity Then going down stairs, I met Lavement coming up, trembling, with a pestle in his hand, and Gawky behind, armed with his sword, pushing him forward I demanded a parley, and having assured them of my pacific disposition, Gawky exclaimed,—"*Ah' villain' you have killed my dear wife* " And the apothecary cried,—"*Ah coquin' vere is my shuld*" "The lady," said I, "*is above stairs, unhurt by me, and will, a few months hence, I believe, reward your concern* " Here she called to them and desired they would let the wretch

go, and trouble themselves no further about him. To which request her father consented, observing, nevertheless, that my conversation was fort mysterieuse. Finding it impossible to vindicate my innocence, I left the house immediately, and went to the schoolmaster, with an intention of clearing myself to him, and asking his advice with regard to my future conduct, but, to my inexpressible vexation, was told he was gone to the country, where he would stay two or three days. I returned with a design of consulting some acquaintances I had acquired in my master's neighbourhood, but my story had taken air, through the officiousness of the servants, and not one of my friends would vouchsafe me a hearing. Thus I found myself, by the iniquity of mankind, in a much more deplorable condition than ever for though I had been formerly poor, my reputation was without blemish, and my health unimpaired till now,—but at present, my good name was lost, my money gone, my friends were alienated, my body was infected by a distemper contracted in the course of an amour, and my faithful Strap, who alone could yield me pity and assistance, absent I knew not where.

The first resolution I could take in this melancholy conjecture, was to remove my clothes to the house of the person with whom I had formerly lodged, where I remained two days, in hopes of getting another place, by the interest of Mr Concordance, to whom I made no doubt of being able to vindicate my character, but in this supposition I reckoned without my host, for Lavement took care to be beforehand with me, and when I attempted to explain the whole affair to the schoolmaster, I found him so prepossessed against me, that he would scarce hear me to an end, but when I had finished my justification, shook his head, and beginning with his usual exclamation,—“O C—st!” said he, “that won't go down with me. I am very sorry I should have the misfortune of being concerned in the affair, but, however, shall be more cautious for the future. I will trust no man from henceforward—no, not my father who begat me—nor the brother who lay with me in my mother's womb. Should Daniel rise from the dead, I would think him an impostor, and were the genius of Truth to appear, would question its veracity.” I told him, that one day it was possible he might be convinced of the injury I had suffered, and repent of his premature determination. To which remark he answered, the proof of my innocence would make his bowels vibrate with joy,—“but till that shall happen,” continued he, “I must beg to have no manner of connexion with you—my reputation is at stake—O my good God! I shall be looked upon as your accomplice and abettor—people will say Jonathan Wild was but a type of me—boys will

hoot at me as I pass along, and the cinder wenches belch forth reproaches, wafted in a gale impregnated with gin, I shall be notorious—the very butt of slander and cloak of infamy.” I was not in a humour to relish the climax of expressions upon which the gentleman valued himself in all his discourses, but, without any ceremony, took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror which my situation could suggest. I considered, however, in the intervals of my despondence, that I must in some shape suit my expense to my calamitous circumstances, and with that view hired an apartment in a garret near St Giles's at the rate of 9d per week. Here I resolved to perform my own cure, having first pawned three shirts to purchase medicines and support for the occasion.

One day when I sat in this solitary retreat, musing upon the unhappiness of my fate, I was alarmed by a groan that issued from a chamber contiguous to mine, into which I immediately ran, and found a woman stretched on a miserable truckle bed, without any visible signs of life. Having applied a smelling-bottle to her nose, the blood began to revisit her cheeks, and she opened her eyes, but, good heavens! what were the emotions of my soul, when I discovered her to be the same individual lady who had triumphed over my heart, and to whose fate I had almost been inseparably joined! Her deplorable situation filled my breast with compassion, and every tender idea reviving in my imagination, I flew into her embrace. She knew me immediately, and, straining me gently in her arms, shed a torrent of tears, which I could not help increasing. At length, casting a languishing look at me, she pronounced, with a feeble voice,—“Dear Mr Random, I do not deserve this concern at your hands. I am a vile creature, who had a base design upon your person, suffer me to expiate that and all my other crimes by a miserable death, which will not fail to overtake me in a few hours.” I encouraged her as much as I could, told her I forgave all her intentions with regard to me, and that, although my circumstances were extremely low, I would share my last farthing with her. In the mean time, I begged to know the immediate cause of that fit from which she had just recovered, and said I would endeavour by my skill to prevent any more such attacks. She seemed very much affected with this expression, took my hand, and pressed it to her lips, saying, “You are too generous!—I wish I could live to express my gratitude—but alas! I perish for want.” Then, shutting her eyes, she relapsed into another swoon. Such extremity of distress must have awakened the most obdurate heart to sympathy and compassion. What effect, then, must it have had on mine, that was naturally prone to every tender passion? I ran down stairs, and sent my landlady to a

chemist's shop for some cinnamon water, while I, returning to this unfortunate creature's chamber used all the means in my power to bring her to herself. This aim, with much difficulty, I accomplished, and made her drink a glass of the cordial to recruit her spirits, then I prepared a little mulled red wine and a toast, which having taken, she found herself thoroughly revived, and informed me, that she had not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours before. As I was impatient to know the occasion and nature of her calamity, she gave me to understand, that she was a woman of the town by profession—that, in the course of her adventures, she found herself dangerously infected with a distemper to which all of her class are particularly subject—that her malady gaining ground every day, she became loathsome to herself, and offensive to others, when she resolved to retire to some obscure corner, where she might be cured with as little noise and expense as possible—that she had accordingly chosen this place of retreat, and put herself into the hands of an advertising doctor, who, having fleeced her of all the money she had, or could procure, left her three days ago in a worse condition than that in which he found her—that, except the clothes on her back, she had pawned or sold every thing that belonged to her, to satisfy that rapacious quack, and quiet the clamour of her landlady, who still persisted in her threats to turn her out into the street. After having moralized upon these particulars, I proposed that she should lodge in the same room with me, an expedient that would save some money, and assured her I would undertake her cure as well as my own, during which she should partake of all the conveniences that I could afford to myself. She embraced my offer with unfeigned acknowledgment, and I began to put it in practice immediately. I found in her not only an agreeable companion, whose conversation greatly alleviated my chagrin, but also a careful nurse, who served me with the utmost fidelity and affection. One day, while I testified my surprise that a woman of her beauty, good sense, and education (for she had a large portion of each), could be reduced to such an infamous and miserable way of life as that of a prostitute,—she answered with a sigh,—“These very advantages were the cause of my undoing.” This remarkable reply inflamed my curiosity to such a degree, that I begged she would favour me with the particulars of her story, and she complied in these words:

CHAPTER XXII

The history of Miss Williams

My father was an eminent merchant in the

city, who having, in the course of trade, suffered very considerable losses, retired in his old age, with his wife, to a small estate in the country, which he had purchased with the remains of his fortune. At that time I, being but eight years of age, was left in town for the convenience of education, boarded with an aunt, who was a rigid presbyterian, and who confined me so closely to what she called the duties of religion, that in time I grew weary of her doctrines, and, by degrees, conceived an aversion for the good books she daily recommended to my perusal. As I increased in age, and appeared with a person not disagreeable, I contracted a good deal of acquaintance among my own sex, one of whom, after having lamented the restraint I was under from the narrowness of my aunt's sentiments, told me I must now throw off the prejudices of opinion imbibed under her influence and example, and learn to think for myself, for which purpose she advised me to read Shaftesbury, Tindal, Hobbes, and all the books that are remarkable for their deviation from the old way of thinking, and, by comparing one with another, I should soon be able to form a system of my own. I followed her advice, and, whether it was owing to my prepossession against what I had formerly read, or the clearness of argument in these my new instructors, I know not, but I studied them with pleasure, and in a short time became a professed freethinker. Proud of my new improvement, I argued in all companies, and that with such success, that I soon acquired the reputation of a philosopher, and few people durst undertake me in a dispute. I grew vain upon my good fortune, and at length pretended to make my aunt a proselyte to my opinion, but she no sooner perceived my drift, than, taking the alarm, she wrote to my father an account of my heresy, and conjured him, as I tendered the good of my soul, to remove me immediately from the dangerous place where I had contracted such sinful principles, accordingly, my father ordered me into the country, where I arrived in the fifteenth year of my age, and by his command, gave him a detail of all the articles of my faith, which he did not find so unreasonable as they had been represented. Finding myself suddenly deprived of the company and pleasures of the town, I grew melancholy, and it was some time before I could relish my situation. But solitude became every day more and more familiar to me, and I consoled myself in my retreat with the enjoyment of a good library, at such times as I was not employed in the management of the family (for my mother had been dead three years), in visiting, or some other party of rural diversion. Having more imagination than judgment, I addicted myself too much to poetry and romance, and, in short, was looked upon as a very extraordinary person by every body in the country where I resided.

I had one evening strayed with a book in my hand into a wood that bordered on the high road, at a little distance from my father's house, when a certain drunken squire riding by perceived me, and crying,—"Zounds! there's a charming creature!" alighted in a moment, caught me in his arms, and treated me so rudely, that I shrieked as loud as I could, and, in the mean time, opposed his violence with all the strength that rage and resentment could inspire. During this struggle, another horseman came up, who seeing a lady so unworthily used, dismounted, and flew to my assistance. My ravisher, mad with disappointment, or provoked with the reproaches of the other gentleman, quitted me, and, running to his horse, drew a pistol from the saddle, and fired at my protector, who happily receiving no damage, went up, and, with the butt end of his whip, laid him prostrate on the ground before he could use the other, which his antagonist immediately seized, and clapping to the squire's breast, threatened to put him to death for his cowardice and treachery. In this dilemma I interposed, and begged his life, which was granted to my request, after he had asked pardon, and swore his intention was only to obtain a kiss. However, my defender thought proper to unload the other pistol, and throw away the flints, before he gave him his liberty. This courteous stranger conducted me home, where my father, having learned the signal service he had done me, loaded him with caresses, and insisted on his lodging that night at our house. If the obligation he had conferred upon me justly inspired me with sentiments of gratitude, his appearance and conversation seemed to entitle him to somewhat more. He was about the age of two-and-twenty, among the tallest of the middle size, had chesnut-coloured hair, which he wore tied up in a riband, a high polished forehead, a nose inclining to the aquiline, lively blue eyes, red pouting lips, teeth as white as snow, and a certain openness of countenance—but what need I describe any more particulars of his person? I hope you will do me the justice to believe I do not flatter, when I say he was the exact resemblance of you, and, if I had not been well acquainted with his family and pedigree, I should have made no scruple of concluding that you was his brother. He spoke little, and seemed to have no reserve, for what he said was ingenuous, sensible and uncommon. In short, said she, bursting into tears, he was formed for the ruin of our sex. His behaviour was modest and respectful; but his looks were so significant, that I could easily observe he secretly blessed the occasion that introduced him to my acquaintance. We learned from his discourse that he was the eldest son of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, to whose name we were no strangers, that he had been to visit an acquaintance in the country, from whose house

he was returning home when my shrieks brought him to my rescue. All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations. There was so much of knight-errantry in this gentleman's coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy, and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who, being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates, was bound in gratitude, as well as led by inclination, to yield my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavour to chastise these foolish conceits, by reflections more reasonable and severe. The amusing images took full possession of my mind, and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet in the language of a despairing lover. Next morning after breakfast he took his leave, when my father begged the favour of further acquaintance with him, to which request he replied, by a compliment to him, and a look to me so full of eloquence and tenderness, that my whole soul received the soft impression. In a short time he repeated his visit, and, as a recital of the particular steps he pursued to ruin me would be too tedious and impertinent, let it suffice to say, he made it his business to insinuate himself into my esteem, by convincing me of his own good sense, and at the same time flattering my understanding. This task he performed in the most artful manner, by seeming to contradict me often through misapprehension, that I might have an opportunity of clearing myself the more to my own honour. Having thus secured my good opinion, he began to give me some tokens of a particular passion, founded on a veneration for the qualities of my mind, and, as an accidental ornament, admired the beauties of my person, till at length, being fully persuaded of his conquest, he chose a proper season for the theme, and disclosed his love in terms so ardent and sincere, that it was impossible for me to disguise the sentiments of my heart, and he received my approbation with the most lively transport. After this mutual declaration, we contrived to meet more frequently, in private interviews, where we enjoyed the conversation of one another in all the elevation of fancy and impatience of hope that reciprocal adoration can inspire. He professed his honourable intentions, of which I made no question, lamented the avaricious disposition of his father, who had destined him for the arms of another and vowed eternal fidelity with such an appearance of candour and devotion, that I became a dupe to his deceit, and, in an evil hour, crowned his eager desire with full possession. Cursed be the day on which I gave away my innocence and peace for a momentary gratification, which has entailed upon me such misery and horror! cursed be

my beauty, that first attracted the attention of the seducer ' cursed be my education, that, by refining my sentiments, made my heart the more susceptible ' cursed be my good sense, that fixed me to one object, and taught me the preference I enjoyed was but my due ' Had I been ugly, nobody would have tempted me ' had I been ignorant, the charms of my person would not have atoned for the coarseness of my conversation , had I been giddy, my vanity would have divided my inclinations, and my ideas would have been so diffused, that I should never have listened to the enchantments of one alone

But, to return to my unfortunate story, we gave a loose to guilty pleasure, which, for some months, banished every other concern At last, by degrees, his visits became less frequent, and his behaviour less warm I perceived his coldness—my heart took the alarm—my tears reproached him—and I insisted upon the performance of his promise to espouse me, that, whatever should happen, my reputation might be safe He seemed to acquiesce in my proposal, and left me on pretence of finding a proper clergyman to unite us in the bands of wedlock But, alas ! the inconstant had no intention to return I waited a whole week with the utmost impatience , sometimes doubting his honour, at other times inventing excuses for him, and condemning myself for harbouring the least suspicion of his faith At length, I understood from a gentleman that dined at our house, that this perfidious wretch was on the point of setting out for London with his bride, to buy clothes for their approaching nuptials This information distracted me, the more so as I found myself some months gone with child, and reflected, that it would be impossible to conceal my disgrace, which would not only ruin the character I had acquired in the country, but also bring the grey hairs of an indulgent parent with sorrow to the grave Rage took possession of my soul, I denounced a thousand imprecations, and formed as many schemes of revenge against the traitor who had undone me Then my resentment would subside to silent sorrow I recalled the tranquillity I had lost, I wept over my infatuation, and sometimes a ray of hope would intervene, and for a moment cheer my drooping heart, I would revolve all the favourable circumstances of his character, repeat the vows he made, ascribe his absence to the vigilance of a suspicious father, who compelled him to a match his soul abhorred, and comfort myself with the expectation of seeing him before the thing should be brought to any terms of agreement But now vain was my imagination ! The villain left me without remorse, and in a few days the news of the marriage was spread all over the country My horror was then inconceivable, and had not the desire of revenge diverted the resolution, I should infu-

libly have put an end to my miserable life My father observed the symptoms of my despair ' and, though I have good reason to believe he guessed the cause, was at a great deal of pains to seem ignorant of my affliction, while he endeavoured with paternal fondness to alleviate my distress I saw his concern, which increased my anguish, and raised my fury against the author of my calamity to an implacable degree Having furnished myself with a little money, I made an elopement from this unhappy parent in the night-time, and, about break of day, arrived at a small town, from whence a stage-coach set out for London, in which I embarked, and next day alighted in town , the spirit of revenge having supported me all the way against every other reflection My first care was to hire a lodging, in which I kept myself very retired, having assumed a feigned name, that my character and situation might be the better concealed It was not long before I found out the house of my ravisher, whither I immediately repaired in a transport of rage, determined to act some desperate deed for the satisfaction of my despair, though the hurry of my spirits would not permit me to concert or resolve upon a particular plan When I demanded admission to Lothario (so let me call him), I was desired to send up my name and business but this I refused, telling the porter I had business for his master's private ear Upon which I was conducted into a parlour until he should be informed of my request There I remained about a quarter of an hour when a servant entered, and told me his master was engaged with company, and begged to be excused at that time My temper could hold out no longer, I pulled a poniard from my bosom, where I had concealed it, and rushing out, flew up stairs like a fury, exclaiming,—“ Where is this perfidious villain ' could I once plunge this dagger into his false heart, I should then die satisfied ” The noise I made alarmed not only the servants, but the company also, who, hearing my threats, came forwards to the staircase to see what was the matter I was seized, disarmed, and withheld by two footmen and, in this situation, felt the most exquisite torture in beholding my undoer approach with his young wife I could not endure the sight, was deprived of my senses, and fell into a severe fit, during which I know not how I was treated , but when I recovered the use of reflection, found myself on a bed in a paltry apartment, where I was attended by an old woman, who asked a thousand impertinent questions relating to my condition , and informed me that my behaviour had thrown the whole family into confusion , that Lothario affirmed I was mad, and proposed to have me sent to Bedlam , but my lady persuaded herself there was more in my conduct than he cared should be known, and had taken to her bed on bare suspicion, hav-

ing first ordered that I should be narrowly looked to. I heard all she said without making any other reply, than desiring she would do me the favour to call a chair, but this, she told me, could not be done without her master's consent, which, however, was easily procured, and I was conveyed to my own lodgings in a state of mind that baffles all description. The agitation of my thoughts produced a fever, which brought on a miscarriage, and I believe, it is well for my conscience that Heaven thus disposed of my burden, for, let me own to you with penitence and horror, if I had brought a living child into the world, my frenzy would have prompted me to sacrifice the little innocent to my resentment of the father's infidelity.

After this event my rage abated, and my hate became more deliberate and calm, when, one day, my landlady informed me that there was a gentleman below who desired to see me, he having something of consequence to impart, which he was sure would contribute to my peace of mind. I was exceedingly alarmed at this declaration, which I attempted to interpret a thousand ways, and before I came to any determination he entered my room, with an apology for intruding upon me against my knowledge or consent. I surveyed him some time, and, not being able to recollect his face, demanded, with a faulting accent, what his business was with me. Upon which he desired I would give him a particular audience, and he did not doubt of communicating something that would conduce to my satisfaction and repose. As I thought myself sufficiently guarded against any violence, I granted his request, and bid the woman withdraw. The stranger then advancing, gave me to understand that he was well acquainted with the particulars of my story, having been informed of them from Lothario's own mouth, that, from the time he knew my misfortunes, he had entertained a detestation for the author of them, which had of late been increased and inflamed to a desire of revenge, by a piece of dishonourable conduct towards him, that, hearing of my melancholy situation, he had come with an intention of offering his assistance and comfort, and was ready to espouse my quarrel, and forthwith take vengeance on my seducer, provided I would grant him one consideration, which he hoped, I should see no reason to refuse. Had all the artifice of hell been employed in composing a persuasive, it could not have had a more instantaneous or favourable effect than this discourse had upon me. I was transported with a delirium of gloomy joy; I hugged my companion in my arms, and vowed, that if he would make good his promise, my soul and body should be at his disposal. The contract was made, he devoted himself to my revenge, undertook to murder Lothario that very night, and to bring me an

account of his death before morning. Accordingly, about two of the clock, he was introduced to my chamber, and assured me my perfidious lover was no more, that although he was not entitled to such an honourable proceeding, he had fairly challenged him to the field, where he upbraided him with his treachery towards me, for whom (he told me) his sword was drawn, and after a few passes left him weltering in his blood. I was so savaged by my wrongs, that I delighted in the recital of this adventure, made him repeat the particulars, feasted my eyes with the blood that remained on his clothes and sword, and yielded up my body as a recompense for the service he had done me. My imagination was so engrossed with these ideas, that in my sleep I dreamed Lothario appeared before me, pale, mangled, and bloody, blamed my rashness, protested his innocence, and pleaded his own cause so pathetically, that I was convinced of his fidelity, and waked in a fit of horror and remorse. My bed-fellow endeavoured to soothe, console, and persuade me that I had but barely done justice to myself. I dropt asleep again, and the same apparition returned to my fancy. In short, I passed the night in great misery, and looked upon my avenger with such abhorrence, that, in the morning, perceiving my aversion, he insinuated there was still a possibility of Lothario's recovery, it was true he left him wounded on the ground, but not quite dead, and perhaps his hurts might not be mortal. At these words I started up, bade him fly for intelligence, and, if he could not bring me tidings of Lothario's safety, at least consult his own, and never return, for I was resolved to surrender myself to justice, and declare all that I knew of the affair, that, if possible, I might expiate my own guilt by incurring the rigours of a sincere repentance and ignominious death. He very coolly represented the unreasonableness of my prejudice against him, who had done nothing but what his love of me inspired, and honour justified that now he had, at the risk of his life, been subservient to my revenge, I was about to discard him as an infamous agent occasionally necessary, and that, even if he should be so lucky as to bring news of Lothario's safety, it was probable my former resentment might revive, and I would upbraid him of having failed in his undertaking. I assured him, that, on the contrary, he should be dearer to me than ever, as I then should be convinced he acted more on the principles of a man of honour than on those of a mercenary assassin, and scorned to take away the life of an adversary (how inveterate soever) which fortune had put in his power. "Well then, madam," said he, "whatever may have happened, I shall find it no difficult matter to acquit myself in point of honour," and took his leave, in order to inquire into

the consequences of his duel I was now more sensible than ever of the degrees of guilt and misery, all the affliction I had suffered hitherto was owing to my own credulity and weakness, and my conscience could not accuse me of venial crimes but now that I looked upon myself as a murderer, it is impossible to express the terrors of my imagination, which was incessantly haunted by the image of the deceased, and my bosom stung with the most exquisite agonies, of which I saw no end At length Horatio (for so I shall call my keeper) returned, and, telling me I had nothing to fear, delivered into my hands a billet, containing these words.

"MADAM,—As I understand it is of consequence to your peace, I take this liberty to inform you, that the wounds received from Horatio are not mortal This satisfaction my humanity could not deny, even to a person who has endeavoured to disturb the repose, as well as to destroy the life, of

"LOTHARIO"

Being well acquainted with his hand, I had no reason to suspect an imposition in this letter, which I read over and over with a transport of joy, and caressed Horatio so much that he appeared the happiest man alive Thus was I won from despair by the menaces of a greater misfortune than that which depressed me Grievs are like usurpers, the most powerful deposes all the rest But my raptures were not lasting, that very letter, which in a manner re-established my tranquillity, in a little time banished my peace His unjust reproaches, while they waked my resentment, recalled my former happiness, and filled my soul with rage and sorrow Horatio, perceiving the situation of my mind, endeavoured to divert my chagrin, by treating me with all the amusements and entertainments of the town I was gratified with every indulgence I could desire, introduced into the company of other kept-mistresses, by whom an uncommon deference was paid to me, and I began to lose all remembrance of my former condition, when an accident brought it back to my view, with all its interesting circumstances Diverting myself one day with some newspapers, which I had not before perused, the following advertisement attracted my attention —

"Whereas a young gentlewoman disappeared from her father's house in the county of —, about the end of September, on account, as is supposed, of some uneasiness of mind, and has not been as yet heard of, whoever will give any information about her to Mr — of Gray's Inn, shall be handsomely rewarded, or if she will return to the arms of her disconsolate parent, she will be received with the utmost tenderness, whatever reason she may have to think otherwise, and may be the means of prolonging

the life of a father, already weighed down almost to the grave with age and sorrow"

This pathetic remonstrance had such an effect on me, that I was fully resolved to return, like the prodigal son, and implore the forgiveness of him who gave me life, but, alas! upon inquiry, I found he had paid his debt to nature a month before, lamenting my absence to his last hour, having left his fortune to a stranger, as a mark of his resentment of my unkind and undutiful behaviour Penetrated with remorse on this occasion, I sunk into the most profound melancholy, and considered myself as the immediate cause of his death, I lost all relish for company, and indeed most of my acquaintance no sooner perceived my change of temper than they abandoned me Horatio, disgusted at my insensibility, or, which is more probable, cloyed with possession, became colder and colder every day, till at last he left me altogether, without making any apology for his conduct, or securing me against the miseries of want, as a man of honour ought to have done, considering the share he had in my ruin, for I afterwards learned that the quarrel between Lothario and him was a story trumped up to rid the one of my importunities, and give the other the enjoyment of my person, which, it seems, he lusted after, upon seeing me at the house of my seducer Reduced to this extremity, I cursed my own simplicity, uttered horrid imprecations against the treachery of Horatio, and, as I became every day more familiarized to the loss of innocence, resolved to be revenged on the sex in general, by practising their own arts upon themselves Nor was an opportunity long wanting, an old gentleman, under pretence of sympathizing, visited me, and, after having consoled me on my misfortunes, and professed a disinterested friendship, began to display the art of her occupation in encomiums on my beauty, and invectives against the wretch who had forsaken me, insinuating, withal, that it would be my own fault if I did not still make my fortune by the extraordinary qualifications with which nature had endowed me I soon understood her drift, and gave her such encouragement to explain herself, that we came to an agreement immediately to divide the profits of my prostitution accruing from such gallants as she should introduce to my acquaintance The first stroke of my dissimulation was practised upon a certain judge, to whom I was recommended by this matron as an innocent creature just arrived from the country He was so transported with my appearance and feigned simplicity, that he paid a hundred guineas for the possession of me for one night only, during which I behaved in such a manner as to make him perfectly well pleased with his purchase.

CHAPTER XXIII

She is interrupted by a bailiff, who arrests and carries her to the Marshalsea—I accompany her—bring witnesses to prove she is not the person named in the writ—the bailiff is fain to give her a present and discharge her—we shift our lodging—she resumes her story, and ends it—my reflections thereupon—she makes me acquainted with the progress of a common woman of the town—resolves to quit that way of life.

HER story was here interrupted by a rap at the door, which I no sooner opened, than three or four terrible fellows rushed in, one of whom accosted my fellow-lodger thus — “Madam, your servant, you must do me the favour to come along with me—I have got a writ against you” While the bailiff (for so he was) spoke thus, his followers surrounded the prisoner, and began to handle her very roughly. This treatment incensed me so much, that I snatched up the poker, and would certainly have used it in defence of the lady, without any regard to the strength and number of her adversaries, had she not begged me, with a composure of countenance for which I could not account, to use no violence in her behalf, which could be of no service to her, but might be very detrimental to myself. Then turning to the leader of this formidable troop, she desired to see the writ, and, having perused it, said, with a faltering voice,—“I am not the person whose name is here mentioned arrest me at your peril” “Ay, ay, madam,” replied the catchpole, “we shall prove your identity. In the mean time, whether will you be pleased to be carried to my house, or to jail?” “If I must be confined,” said she, “I would rather be in your house than in a common jail” “Well, well,” answered he, “if you have money enough in your pocket, you shall be entertained like a princess.” “But when she acquainted him with her poverty, he swore he never gave credit, and ordered one of his myrmidons to call a coach, to carry her to the Marshalsea at once. While they waited for the convenience, she took me aside, and bade me be under no concern on her account, for she knew how to extricate herself from this difficulty very soon, and perhaps gain something by the occasion. Although her discourse was a mystery to me, I was very well pleased with her assurance, and, when the coach came to the door, offered to accompany her to prison, to which proposal, after much entreaty, she consented. When we arrived at the gate of the Marshalsea, our conductor alighted, and, having demanded entrance, presented the writ to the turnkey, who no sooner perceived the name of Elizabeth Cary, than he cried,—

“Ah hah! my old acquaintance Bet! I am glad to see you with all my heart!” So saying, he opened the coach door, and helped her to dismount, but when he observed her face, he started back, saying,—“Zounds! who have we got here?” The bailiff, alarmed at this interrogation, cried, with some emotion,—“Who the devil should it be, but the prisoner Elizabeth Cary?” The turnkey replied,—“That Elizabeth Cary! I’ll be d—d if that’s Elizabeth Cary, more than my grandmother D—n my blood, I knew Bet Cary as well as if I had made her” Here the lady thought fit to interpose, and tell the catchpole, if he had taken her word for it at first, he might have saved himself and her a great deal of trouble —“It may be so,” answered he, “but by G—d I’ll have further evidence that you are not the person, before you and I part” “Yes, yes,” said she, “you shall have further evidence, to your cost” Then we adjourned into the lodge, and called for a bottle of wine, where my companion wrote a direction to two of her acquaintance, and begged the favour of me to go to their lodgings, and request them to come to her immediately. I found them together at a house in Bridges-street, Drury-lane, and as they were luckily unengaged, they set out with me in a hackney coach, without hesitation, after I had related the circumstances of the affair, which flattered them with the hopes of seeing a bailiff trounced, for there is an antipathy as natural between the w—s and bailiffs, as that subsisting between mice and cats. Accordingly, when they entered the lodge, they embraced the prisoner very affectionately by the name of Nancy Williams, and asked how long she had been nabbed, and for what? On hearing the particulars of her adventure repeated, they offered to swear before a justice of peace, that she was not the person mentioned in the writ, whom, it seems, they all knew, but the bailiff, who was by this time convinced of his mistake, told them he would not put them to that trouble—“Ladies,” said he, “there’s no harm done—you shall give me leave to treat you with another bottle, and then we’ll part friends” This proposal was not at all relished by the sisterhood, and Miss Williams told him, sure he did not imagine her such a fool, as to be satisfied with a paltry glass of sour wine. Here the turnkey interrupted her, by affirming, with an oath, that the wine was as good as ever was tipped over tongue. “Well,” continued she, “that may be,—but was it the best of champagne, it is no recompence for the damage I have suffered both in character and health, by being wrongfully dragged to jail. At this rate, no innocent person is safe, since an officer of justice, out of malice, private pique, or mistake, may injure and oppress the subject with impunity. But, thank Heaven, I live under the protection

of laws that will not suffer such insults to pass unpunished, and I know very well how to procure redress." Mr Vulture (for that was the bailiff's name), finding he had to deal with one who would not be imposed upon, began to look very sullen and perplexed, and, leaning his forehead on his hand, entered into a deliberation with himself, which lasted a few minutes, and then broke out into a volley of dreadful curses against the old b——, our landlady (as he called her), for having misinformed him. After much wrangling and swearing, the matter was referred to the decision of the turnkey, who, calling for the other bottle, mulcted the bailiff in all the liquor that had been drank, coach-hire, and a couple of guineas for the use of the plaintiff. The money was immediately deposited, Miss Williams gratified the two evidences with one half, and, putting the other in her pocket, drove home with me, leaving the catchpole grumbling over his loss, yet pleased, in the main, for having so cheaply got clear of a business that might have cost him ten times the sum, and his place to boot. This guinea was a very seasonable relief to us, who were reduced to great necessity, six of my shirts, and almost all my clothes, except those on my back, having been either pawned or sold for our maintenance before this happened. As we resented the behaviour of our landlady, our first care was to provide ourselves with another lodging, whither we removed next day, with an intention to keep ourselves as retired as possible, until our cure should be completed. When we were fixed in our new habitation, I entreated her to finish the story of her life, which she pursued in this manner.

The success of our experiment on the judge encouraged us to practise the same deceit on others, and my virginity was five times sold to good purpose. But this harvest lasted not long, my character taking air, and my directress deserting me for some new game. Then I took lodgings near Charing-cross, at two guineas per week, and began to entertain company in a public manner but my income being too small to defray my expense, I was obliged to retrench, and enter into articles with the porters of certain taverns, who undertook to find employment enough for me, provided I would share my profits with them. Accordingly, I was almost every night engaged with company, among whom I was exposed to every mortification, danger, and abuse, that flow from drunkenness, brutality, and disease. How miserable is the condition of a courtesan, whose business it is to soothe, suffer, and obey, the dictates of rage, insolence, and lust! As my spirit was not sufficiently humbled to the will, nor my temper calculated for the conversation of my gallants, it was impossible for me to overcome an aversion I felt for my

profession, which manifested itself in a settled gloom on my countenance, and disgusted those sons of mirth and riot so much, that I was frequently used in a shocking manner, and kicked down stairs with disgrace. The messengers seeing me disagreeable to their benefactors and employers, seldom troubled me with a call, and I began to find myself almost totally neglected. To contribute towards my support, I was fain to sell my watch, rings, trinkets, with the best part of my clothes, and I was one evening musing by myself on the misery before me, when I received a message from a bagnio, whither I repaired in a chair, and was introduced to a gentleman dressed like an officer, with whom I supped in a sumptuous manner, and, after drinking a hearty glass of champagne, went to bed. In the morning when I awoke, I found my gallant had got up, and, drawing aside the curtain, could not perceive him in the room. This circumstance gave me some uneasiness, but as he might have retired on some necessary occasion, I waited a full hour for his return, and then, in the greatest perplexity, rose up, and rung the bell. When the waiter came to the door, he found it locked, and desired admittance, which I granted, after observing, with great surprise, that the key remained on the inside, as when we went to bed. I no sooner inquired for the captain, than the fellow, staring with a distracted look, cried,—“How, madam! is he not a-bed?” And, when he was satisfied as to that particular, ran into a closet adjoining to the chamber, the window of which he found open. Through this the adventurer had got upon a wall, from whence he dropped down into a court, and escaped, leaving me to be answerable, not only for the reckoning, but also for a large silver tankard and posset-bowl, which he had carried off with him. It is impossible to describe the consternation I was under, when I saw myself detained as a thief's accomplice, for I was looked upon in that light, and carried before a justice, who, mistaking my confusion for a sign of guilt, committed me, after a short examination, to Bridewell, having advised me, as the only means to save my life, to turn evidence, and impeach my confederate. I now concluded the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken me, and that I must soon finish my career by an ignominious death. This reflection sunk so deep in my soul, that I was for some days deprived of my reason, and actually believed myself in hell, tormented by fiends. Indeed there needs not a very extravagant imagination to form that idea; for, of all the scenes on earth, that of Bridewell approaches nearest the notion I had always entertained of the infernal regions. Here I saw nothing but rage, anguish, and impiety, and heard nothing but groans, curses, and blasphemy. In the midst of this hellish crew, I was subjected

to the tyranny of a barbarian, who imposed upon me tasks that I could not possibly perform, and then punished my incapacity with the utmost rigour and inhumanity. I was often whipped into a swoon, and lashed out of it, during which miserable intervals I was robbed by my fellow-prisoners of every thing about me, even to my cap, shoes, and stockings. I was not only destitute of necessaries, but even of food; so that my wretchedness was extreme. Not one of my acquaintance, to whom I imparted my situation, would grant me the least succour or regard, on pretence of my being committed for theft, and my landlord refused to part with some of my own clothes, which I sent for, because I was indebted to him for a week's lodging. Overwhelmed with calamity, I grew desperate, and resolved to put an end to my grievances and life together, for this purpose I got up in the middle of the night, when I thought every body round me asleep, and, fixing one end of my handkerchief to a large hook in the ceiling, that supported the scales on which the hemp is weighed, I stood upon a chair, and, making a noose on the other end, put my neck into it, with an intention to hang myself; but before I could adjust the knot, I was surprised and prevented by two women who had been awake all the while, and suspected my design. In the morning my attempt was published among the prisoners, and punished with thirty stripes, the pain of which, co-operating with my disappointment and disgrace, bereft me of my senses, and threw me into an ecstasy of madness, during which I tore the flesh from my bones with my teeth, and dashed my head against the pavement, so that they were obliged to set a watch over me, to restrain me from doing further mischief to myself and others. This fit of frenzy continued three days, at the end of which I grew calm and sullen, but as the desire of making away with myself still remained, I came to a determination of starving myself to death, and with that view refused all sustenance. Whether it was owing to the want of opposition, or to the weakness of nature, I know not, but on the second day of my fast, I found my resolution considerably impaired, and the calls of hunger almost insupportable. At this critical juncture, a lady was brought into the prison, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance while I lived with Horatio: she was then on the same footing as I was, but afterwards quarrelling with her gallant, and not finding another to her mind, altered her scheme in life, and set up a coffee-house among the hundreds of Drury, where she entertained gentlemen with claret, arrack, and the choice of half a dozen of damsels, who lived in her house. This servicable matron having neglected to gratify a certain justice for the connivance she enjoyed, was indicted at the

quarter sessions, in consequence of which her bevy was dispersed, and herself committed to Bridewell. She had not been long there before she learned my disaster, and, coming up to me, after a compliment of condolence, inquired into the particulars of my fate. While we were engaged in discourse together, the master came and told me that the fellow on whose account I had suffered was taken, that he had confessed the theft, and cleared me of any concern in the affair, for which reason, he, the master, had orders to discharge me, and that I was from that moment free. This piece of news soon banished all thoughts of death, and had such an instantaneous effect on my countenance, that Mrs Coupler (the lady then present), hoping to find her account in me, very generously offered to furnish me with what necessaries I wanted, and take me into her own house, as soon as she should compromise matters with the justices. The conditions of her offer were, that I should pay three guineas weekly for my board, and a reasonable consideration besides, for the use of such clothes and ornaments as she should supply me with, to be deducted from the first profits of my embraces. These were hard terms: but not to be rejected by one who was turned out helpless and naked into the wide world, without a friend to pity or assist her. I therefore embraced her proposal, and she being bailed in a few hours, took me home with her in a coach. As I was by this time conscious of having formerly disgusted my admirers by my reserved and haughty behaviour, I now endeavoured to conquer that disposition, and the sudden change of my fortune giving me a flow of spirits, I appeared in the most winning and gay manner I could assume. Having the advantage of a good voice and education, I exerted my talents to the uttermost, and soon became the favourite with all company. This success alarmed the pride and jealousy of Mrs Coupler, who could not bear the thoughts of being eclipsed: she therefore made a merit of her envy, and whispered among the customers that I was unsound. There needed no more to ruin my reputation and blast my prosperity, every body shunned me with marks of aversion and disdain, and, in a very short time, I was as solitary as ever. Want of gallants was attended with want of money to satisfy my malicious landlady, who, having purposely given me credit to the amount of eleven pounds, took out a writ against me, and I was arrested in her own house. Though the room was crowded with people when the bailiff entered, not one of them had compassion enough to mollify my prosecutrix, far less to pay the debt. They even laughed at my tears; and one of them bade me be of good cheer, for I should not want admirers in Newgate. At that instant a sea lieutenant came in, and seeing my plight, began to

inquire into the circumstances of my misfortune, when this wit advised him to keep clear of me, for I was a fire-ship. "A fire-ship!" replied the sailor, "more like a poor galley in distress, that has been boarded by such a fire-ship as you. if so be as that is the case, she stands in more need of assistance. Hark'ee, my girl, how far have you overrun the constable?" I told him, that the debt amounted to eleven pounds, besides the expense of the writ. "An that be all," said he, "you shan't go to the bilboes this bout." And taking out his purse, paid the money, discharged the bailiff, and telling me I had got into the wrong port, advised me to seek out a more convenient harbour, where I could be safely hove down, for which purpose he made me a present of five guineas more. I was so touched with this singular piece of generosity, that, for some time, I had not power to thank him. However, as soon as I had recollected myself, I begged the favour of him to go with me to the next tavern, where I explained the nature of my disaster, and convinced him of the falsehood of what was reported to my prejudice so effectually, that he from that moment attached himself to me, and we lived in great harmony together, until he was obliged to go to sea, where he perished in a storm.

Having lost my benefactor, and almost consumed the remains of his bounty, I saw myself in danger of relapsing into my former necessity, and began to be very uneasy at the prospect of bailiffs and jails, when one of the sisterhood, a little stale, advised me to take lodgings in a part of the town where I was unknown, and pass for an heiress, by which artifice I might entrap somebody to be my husband, who would possibly be able to allow me a handsome maintenance, or, at worst, screen me from the dread and danger of a prison, by becoming liable for whatever debts I should contract. I approved of this scheme, towards the execution of which my companion clubbed her wardrobe, and undertook to live with me in quality of my maid; with the proviso, that she should be reimbursed, and handsomely considered out of the profits of my success. She was immediately detached to look out for a convenient place, and that very day hired a genteel apartment in Park-street, whither I moved in a coach loaded with her baggage and my own. I made my first appearance in a blue riding-habit, trimmed with silver, and my maid acted her part so artfully, that, in a day or two, my fame was spread all over the neighbourhood, and I was said to be a rich heiress just arrived from the country. This report brought a swarm of gay young fellows about me; but I soon found them out to be all indigent adventurers like myself, who crowded to me like crows to a carrion, with a view of preying upon my fortune. I maintained, however, the appearance of wealth as long as possible,

in hopes of gaining some admirer more for my purpose, and at length attracted the regard of one who would have satisfied my wishes, and managed matters so well, that a day was actually fixed for our nuptials, in the interim he begged leave to introduce an intimate friend to me; which request, as I could not refuse, I had the extreme mortification and surprise to see next night, in that friend, my old keeper, Horatio, who no sooner beheld me than he changed colour, but had presence of mind to advance, and salute me, bidding me (with a low voice) be under no apprehension, for he would not expose me. In spite of this assurance, I could not recover myself so far as to entertain them, but withdrew to my chamber, on pretence of a severe headach, to the no small concern of my adorer, who took his leave in the tenderest manner, and went off with his friend.

Having imparted my situation to my companion, she found it high time for us to decamp, and that without any noise, because we were not only indebted to our landlady, but also to several tradesmen in the neighbourhood. Our retreat, therefore, was concerted and executed in this manner: having packed up all our clothes and movables in small parcels, she (on pretence of fetching cordials for me) carried them, at several times, to the house of an acquaintance, where she likewise procured a lodging, to which we retired in the middle of the night, when every other body in the house was asleep. I was now obliged to aim at lower game, and accordingly spread my nets among tradespeople, but found them all too phlegmatic or cautious for my art and attraction, till at last I became acquainted with you, on whom I practised all my dexterity, not that I believed you had any fortune, or expectation of one, but that I might transfer the burden of such debts as I had incurred, or should contract, from myself to another, and at the same time avenge myself of your sex, by rendering miserable one who bore such resemblance to the wretch who ruined me, but heaven preserved you from my snares, by the discovery you made, which was owing to the negligence of my maid in leaving the chamber door unlocked when she went to buy sugar for breakfast. The person in bed with me was a gentleman whom I had allured the night before, as he walked homeward, pretty much elevated with liquor, for by this time my condition was so low, that I was forced to turn out in the twilight to the streets, in hopes of prey. When I found myself detected and forsaken by you, I was fain to move my lodging, and dwell two pair of stairs higher than before. My companion being disappointed in her expectations, left me, to trade upon her own bottom, and I had no other resource than to venture forth, like the owls, in the dark, to pick up a precarious and

uncomfortable subsistence. I have often sauntered between Ludgate-hill and Charing-cross a whole winter night, exposed not only to the inclemency of the weather, but likewise to the rage of hunger and thirst, without being so happy as to meet with one cully; then creep up to my garret in a deplorable dragged condition, sneak to bed, and try to bury my appetite and sorrows in sleep. When I lighted on some rake or tradesman reeling home drunk, I frequently suffered the most brutal treatment, in spite of which I was obliged to affect gaiety and good humour, though my soul was stung with resentment and disdain, and my heart loaded with grief and affliction. In the course of these nocturnal adventures I was infected with the disease, that, in a short time, rendered me the object of my own abhorrence, and drove me to the retreat where your benevolence rescued me from the jaws of death.

So much candour and good sense appeared in this lady's narration, that I made no scruple of believing every syllable of what she said, and expressed my astonishment at the variety of miseries she had undergone in so little time, for all her misfortunes had happened within the compass of two years. I compared her situation with my own, and found it a thousand times more wretched. I had endured hardships, it is true, my whole life had been a series of such, and when I looked forward, the prospect was not much bettered, but then they were become habitual to me, and consequently I could bear them with less difficulty. If one scheme of life should not succeed, I could have recourse to another, and so to a third, veering about to a thousand different shifts, according to the emergencies of my fate, without forfeiting the dignity of my character beyond a power of retrieving it, or subjecting myself wholly to the caprice and barbarity of the world. On the other hand, she had known and relished the sweets of prosperity, she had been brought up under the wings of an indulgent parent, in all the delicacies to which her sex and rank entitled her, and, without any extravagance of hope, entertained herself with the view of uninterrupted happiness through the whole scene of life. How fatal, then, how tormenting, how intolerable, must her reverse of fortune be! a reverse that not only robs her of these external comforts, and plunges her into all the miseries of want, but also murders her peace of mind, and entails upon her the curse of eternal infamy! Of all professions, I pronounced that of a courtesan the most deplorable, and her of all courtesans the most unhappy. She allowed my observation to be just in the main, but at the same time affirmed that, notwithstanding the disgraces which had fallen to her share, she had not

been so unlucky in the condition of a prostitute, as many others of the same community. "I have often seen," said she, "while I strolled about the streets at midnight, a number of naked wretches reduced to rags and filth, huddled together like swine, in the corner of a dark alley, some of whom, but eighteen months before, I had known the favourites of the town, rolling in affluence, and glittering in all the pomp of equipage and dress. And indeed the gradation is easily conceived. the most fashionable woman of the town, is as liable to a contagion as one in a much humbler sphere, she infects her admirers, her situation is public, she is avoided, neglected, unable to support her usual appearance, which, however, she strives to maintain as long as possible, her credit fails, she is obliged to retrench, and become a night-walker, her malady gains ground, she tampers with her constitution, and ruins it, her complexion fades, she grows nauseous to every body, finds herself reduced to a starving condition, is tempted to pick pockets, is detected, committed to Newgate, where she remains in a miserable condition till she is discharged, because the plaintiff will not appear to prosecute her. Nobody will afford her lodging; the symptoms of her distemper are grown outrageous, she sues to be admitted into an hospital, where she is cured at the expense of her nose, she is turned out naked into the streets, depends upon the addresses of the lowest class, is fain to allay the rage of hunger and cold with gin, degenerates into a brutal insensibility, rots and dies upon a dunghill. Miserable wretch that I am! perhaps the same horrors are decreed for me! No," cried she, after some pause, "I shall never live to such extremity of distress! My own hand shall open a way for my deliverance, before I arrive at that forlorn period!" Her condition filled me with sympathy and compassion, I revered her qualifications, looked upon her as unfortunate, not criminal, and attended her with such care and success, that, in less than two months, her health, as well as my own, was perfectly re-established. As we often conferred upon our mutual affairs, and interchanged advice, a thousand different projects were formed, which, upon further canvassing, appeared impracticable. We would have gladly gone to service, but who would take us in without recommendation? At length an expedient occurred to her, of which she intended to lay hold, and this was to procure, with the first money she could earn, the homely garb of a country wench, go to some village at a good distance from town, and come up in a wagon, as a fresh girl for service; by which means she might be provided for in a manner much more suitable to her inclination than her present way of life.

CHAPTER XXIV

I am reduced to great misery—assaulted on Tower-hill by a press-gang, who put me on board a tender—my usage there—my arrival on board of the Thunder—man of war, where I am put in irons, and afterwards released by the good offices of Mr Thomson, who recommends me as an assistant to the surgeon—he relates his own story, and makes me acquainted with the characters of the captain, surgeon, and first mate

I APPLAUDED the resolution of Miss Williams, who, a few days after, was 'tired in quality of bar-keeper, by one of the ladies who had witnessed in her behalf at the Marshalsea, and who, since that time, had got credit with a wine merchant, whose favourite she was, to set up a convenient house of her own. Thither my fellow-lodger repaired, after having taken leave of me with a torrent of tears, and a thousand protestations of eternal gratitude; assuring me she would remain in this situation no longer than she should pick up money sufficient to put her other design in execution.

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition. My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old school-fellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour, for, as I crossed Tower-wharf, a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling,—"Yo, ho' brother, you must come along with me!" As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company, upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along. Not being in a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself of the assailant, and, with one blow of my cudgel, laid him motionless on the ground, and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice, by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and, after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust

down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well might have distracted me. As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives, who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket, and tie it round my head to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true, but, instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatchway, and, with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bumboat woman,* then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated my companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time, that, unless my hurts were dressed, I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man could justly accuse this person, who, squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me, through the gratings, told me—"I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be d—d!"—Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be recalled at a fitter season. In the mean time, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon, out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood centinel over us, who at the same time regaled me with a draught of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board the Thunder next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor. I no sooner heard him name the Thunder, than I asked if he had belonged to that ship long? and he giving me to understand he had belonged to her five years, I inquired if he knew Lieutenant Bowling? "Know Lieutenant Bowling," said he, "odds my life! and that I do, and a good seaman he is, as ever stepped upon fore-castle,—and a brave fellow as ever cracked biscuit,—none of your guinea pigs,—nor your fresh-water, wishy-washy, fair-weather fowls. Many a tough gale of wind has honest Tom Bowling and I weathered together. Here's his health with all my heart, wherever he is, a-loft or a-low—in heaven or in hell—all's one for that—he needs not be ashamed to show himself." I was so much affected with this eulogium, that I could not refrain from telling him that I was Lieutenant Bowling's kinsman, in consequence of which connexion he expressed an inclination to serve me, and when

* A bumboat woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies alongside the ship.

he was relieved, brought some cold boiled beef in a platter, and biscuit, on which we supped plentifully, and afterwards drank another can of flip together. While we were thus engaged, he recounted a great many exploits of my uncle, who, I found, was very much beloved by the ship's company, and pitied for the misfortune that had happened to him in Hispaniola, which, I was very glad to be informed, was not so great as I imagined, for Captain Oakum had recovered of his wounds, and actually at that time commanded the ship. Having, by accident, in my pocket my uncle's letter, written from Port Louis, I gave it to my benefactor (whose name was Jack Ratthin) for his perusal; but honest Jack told me frankly he could not read, and desired to know the contents which I immediately communicated. When he heard that part of it in which he says he had written to his landlord in Deal, he cried,—"Body o'me! that was old Ben Block—he was dead before the letter came to hand. Ey, ey, had Ben been alive, Lieutenant Bowling would have had no occasion to skulk so long. Honest Ben was the first man that taught him to hand, reef and steer—Well, well, we must all die, that's certain, we must all come to port sooner or later—at sea, or on shore, we must be fast moored one day,—death's like the best bower anchor, as the saying is, it will bring us all up." I could not but signify my approbation of the justice of Jack's reflections, and inquired into the occasion of the quarrel between Captain Oakum and my uncle, which he explained in this manner—"Captain Oakum, to be sure, is a good man enough,—besides, he's my commander,—but what's that to me?—I do my duty, and value no man's anger of a rope's end—Now the report goes as how he's a lord, or baron knight's brother, whereby, d'ye see me, he carries a straight arm, and keeps aloof from his officers, thof, mayhap, they may be as good men in the main as he. Now, we lying at anchor in Tuberoon bay, Lieutenant Bowling had the middle watch, and as he always kept a good look out, he made, d'ye see, three lights in the offing, whereby he ran down to the great cabin for orders, and found the captain asleep; whereupon he waked him, which put him in a main high passion, and he swore woundily at the lieutenant, and called him lousy Scotch son of a w— (for I being then sentinel in the steerage, heard all), and swab, and lubber, whereby the lieutenant returned the salute, and they jawed together, fore and aft, a good spell, till at last the captain turned out, and laying hold of a ratban, came athwart Mr Bowling's quarter, whereby he told the captain, that, if he was not his commander, he would heave him overboard, and demanded satisfaction ashore, whereby, in the morning watch the captain went ashore

in the pinnace, and afterwards the lieutenant carried the cutter ashore, and so they, leaving the boats' crews on their oars, went away together; and so, d'ye see, in less than a quarter of an hour we heard firing, whereby we made for the place, and found the captain lying wounded on the beach, and so brought him on board to the doctor, who cured him in less than six weeks. But the lieutenant clapped on all the sail he could bear, and had got far enough a-head before we knew any thing of the matter, so that we could never after get sight of him, for which we were not sorry, because the captain was mainly wroth, and would certainly have done him a mischief;—for he afterwards caused him to be run on the ship's books, whereby he lost all his pay, and if he should be taken would be tried as a deserter."

This account of the captain's behaviour gave me no advantageous idea of his character, and I could not help lamenting my own fate, that had subjected me to such a commander. However, making a virtue of necessity, I put a good face on the matter, and next day was, with the other pressed men, put on board of the Thunder, lying at the Nore. When we came alongside, the mate, who guarded us thither, ordered my handcuffs to be taken off, that I might get on board the easier. This circumstance being perceived by some of the company, who stood upon the gang-boards to see us enter, one of them called to Jack Ratthin, who was busied in doing this friendly office for me,—"Hey, Jack, what Newgate galley have you boarded in the river as you came along? have we not thieves enow among us already?" Another observing my wounds, which remained exposed to the air, told me my seams were uncaulked, and that I must be new payed. A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice, that my bows were manned with the red ropes, instead of my side. A fourth asked me if I could not keep my yards square without iron braces? And, in short, a thousand witticisms of the same nature were passed upon me before I could get up the ship's side. After we had been all entered upon the ship's books, I inquired of one of my shipmates where the surgeon was, that I might have my wounds dressed, and had actually got as far as the middle deck, for our ship carried eighty guns, in my way to the cock-pit, when I was met by the same midshipman who had used me so barbarously in the tender: he, seeing me free from my chains, asked, with an insolent air, who had released me? To this question I foolishly answered, with a countenance that too plainly declared the state of my thoughts,—"Whoever did it, I am persuaded, did not consult you in the affair." I had no sooner uttered these words, than he cried—"Damn you, you saucy son of a b—, I'll teach you

to talk so to your officer." So saying, he bestowed on me several severe stripes with a supple-jack he had in his hand, and going to the commanding officer, made such a report of me, that I was immediately put in irons by the master at arms, and a centinel placed over me. Honest Rattlin, as soon as he heard of my condition, came to me, and administered all the consolation he could, and then went to the surgeon in my behalf, who sent one of his mates to dress my wounds. This mate was no other than my old friend Thomson, with whom I became acquainted at the navy-office, as before mentioned. If I knew him at first sight, it was not easy for him to recognise me, disfigured with blood and dirt, and altered by the misery I had undergone. Unknown as I was to him, he surveyed me with looks of compassion, and handled my sores with great tenderness. When he had applied what he thought proper, and was about to leave me, I asked him if my misfortunes had disguised me so much that he could not recollect my face? Upon this address, he observed me with great earnestness for some time, and at length protested he could not recollect one feature of my countenance. To keep him no longer in suspense, I told him my name, which, when he heard, he embraced me with affection, and professed his sorrow at seeing me in such a disagreeable situation. I made him acquainted with my story, and, when he heard how inhumanly I had been used in the tender, he left me abruptly, assuring me I should see him again soon. I had scarce time to wonder at his sudden departure, when the master at arms came to the place of my confinement, and bade me follow him to the quarter-deck, where I was examined by the first lieutenant, who commanded the ship in the absence of the captain, touching the treatment I had received in the tender from my friend the midshipman, who was present to confront me. I recounted the particulars of his behaviour to me, not only in the tender, but since my being on board the ship, part of which being proved by the evidence of Jack Rattlin and others, who had no great devotion for my oppressor, I was discharged from confinement, to make way for him, who was delivered to the master at arms, to take his turn in the bilboes. And this was not the only satisfaction I enjoyed, for I was, at the request of the surgeon, exempted from all other duty than that of assisting his mates in making and administering medicines to the sick. This good office I owed to the friendship of Mr Thomson, who had represented me in such a favourable light to the surgeon, that he demanded me of the lieutenant to supply the place of his third mate, who was lately dead. When I had obtained this favour, my friend Thomson carried me down to the cockpit, which is the place allotted for the habitation

of the surgeon's mates, and when he had shown me their berth (as he called it), I was filled with astonishment and horror. We descended by divers ladders to a space as dark as a dungeon, which I understood was immersed several feet under water, being immediately above the hold. I had no sooner approached this dismal gulf, than my nose was saluted with an intolerable stench of putrid cheese and rancid butter, that issued from an apartment at the foot of the ladder, resembling a chandler's shop, where, by the faint glimmering of a candle, I could perceive a man with a pale meagre countenance, sitting behind a kind of desk, having spectacles on his nose, and a pen in his hand. This (I learned of Mr Thomson) was the ship's steward, who sat there to distribute provision to the several messes, and to mark what each received. He therefore presented my name to him, and desired I might be entered in his mess, then, taking a light in his hand, conducted me to the place of his residence, which was a square of about six feet, surrounded with the medicine chest, that of the first mate, his own, and a board, by way of table, fastened to the after powder-room. It was also inclosed with canvas nailed round to the beams of the ship, to screen us from the cold, as well as from the view of the midshipmen and quarter-masters who lodged within the cable tiers on each side of us. In this gloomy mansion he entertained me with some cold salt pork, which he brought from a sort of locker fixed above the table, and, calling for the boy of the mess, sent for a can of beer, of which he made excellent flip to crown the banquet. By this time I began to recover my spirits, which had been exceedingly depressed by the appearance of every thing about me, and could no longer refrain from asking the particulars of Mr Thomson's fortune, since I had seen him in London. He told me, that, being disappointed in his expectations of borrowing money to gratify the rapacious secretary at the navy-office, he found himself utterly unable to subsist any longer in town, and had actually offered his service, in quality of mate, to the surgeon of a merchant's ship bound to Guinea on the slaving trade, when one morning a young fellow with whom he had some acquaintance came to his lodgings, and informed him that he had seen a warrant made out in his name at the navy-office, for surgeon's second mate of a third rate. This unexpected piece of good news he could scarcely believe to be true, more especially as he had been found qualified at surgeons' hall for third mate only, but, that he might not be wanting to himself, he went thither to be assured, and actually found it so, whereupon demanding his warrant, it was delivered to him, and the oaths administered immediately. That very afternoon he went to Gravesend in the tilt-boat, from

whence he took a place in the tide-coach for Rochester, next morning got on board the *Thunder*, for which he was appointed, then lying in the harbour at Chatham; and the same day was mustered by the clerk of the cheque. And well it was for him that such expedition was used; for, in less than twelve hours after his arrival, another William Thomson came on board, affirming that he was the person for whom the warrant was expedited, and that the other was an impostor. My friend was grievously alarmed at the accident, the more so as his namesake had very much the advantage over him both in assurance and dress. However, to acquit himself of the suspicion of imposture, he produced several letters written from Scotland to him in that name, and recollecting that his indentures were in a box on board, he brought them up, and convinced all present that he had not assumed a name which did not belong to him. His competitor, enraged that they should hesitate in doing him justice (for, to be sure, the warrant had been designed for him), behaved with so much indignant heat, that the commanding officer (who was the same gentleman I had seen), and the surgeon, were offended at his presumption, and, making a point of it with their friends in town, in less than a week got the first confirmed in his station. "I have been on board," said he, "ever since, and, as this way of life is become familiar to me, have no cause to complain of my situation. The surgeon is a good-natured indolent man, the first mate, who is now on shore on duty, is indeed a little proud and choleric, as all Welchmen are, but in the main a friendly honest fellow. The lieutenants I have no concern with, and as for the captain, he is too much of a gentleman to know a surgeon's mate even by sight."

CHAPTER XXV

The behaviour of Mr Morgan—his pride, displeasure, and generosity—the economy of our mess described—Thomson's further friendship—the nature of my duty explained—the situation of the sick

WHILE he was thus discoursing to me, we heard a voice on the cock-pit ladder pronounce with great vehemence, in a strange dialect,—"The devil and his dam blow me from the top of Mounchdenny, if I go to him before there is something in my pelly; let his nose be as yellow as saffron, or as blue as a pell (look you), or green as a leek, 'tis all one." To this declaration somebody answered,—"So it seems my poor mess-mate must part his cable for want of a little assistance. His fore-top-sail is loose already, and besides, the doctor ordered you to overhaul him, but I see you don't mind what

your master says." Here he was interrupted with—"Splinter and oons! you lousy tog, who do you call my master? get you gone to the doctor, and tell him my birth, and education, and my abilities, and moreover my behaviour, is as good as his, or any shentleman's (no disparagement to him) in the whole world. Got pless my soul! does he think, or conceive, or imagine, that I am a horse, or an ass, or a goat, to trudge backwards and forwards, and upwards, and downwards, and by sea and by land, at his will and pleasure? go your ways, you rascalion, and tell Dr Atkins, that I desire and request that he will give a look upon the tying man, and order something for him if he be dead or alive, and I will see him take it by and by, when my craving stomach is satisfied, look you." At this the other went away, saying, that if they would serve him so when he was dying, by G—d he would be foul of them in the other world. Here Mr Thomson let me know that the person we heard was Mr Morgan, the first mate, who was just come on board from the hospital, whither he had attended some of the sick in the morning. At the same time I saw him come into the birth. He was a short thick man, with a face garnished with pimples, a snub-nose turned up at the end, an excessive wide mouth, and little fierce eyes, surrounded with skin puckered up in innumerable wrinkles. My friend immediately made him acquainted with my case, when he regarded me with a very lofty look, but without speaking, set down a bundle he had in his hand, and approached the cupboard, which, when he had opened, he exclaimed, in a great passion,—"Cot is my life! all the pork is gone, as I am a Christian." Thomson then gave him to understand, that as I had been brought on board half famished, he could do no less than entertain me with what was in the locker, and the rather as he had bid the steward enter me in the mess. Whether this disappointment made Mr Morgan more peevish than usual, or he really thought himself too little regarded by his fellow mate, I know not, but after some pause, he went on in this manner,—"Mr Thomson, perhaps you do not use me with all the good manners, and complaisance, and respect, look you, that becomes you, because you have not vouchsafed to advise with me in this affair. I have, in my time, look you, been a man of some weight and substance, and consideration, and have kept house and home, and paid scot and lot, and the king's taxes, ay, and maintained a family to boot. And moreover, also, I am your senior, and your elder, and your petter, Mr Thomson." "My elder I'll allow you to be, but not my petter," cried Thomson, with some heat. "Cot is my saviour and witness too," said Morgan, with great vehemence, "that I am more elder, and therefore more petter by many years than you." Fearing this dispute might be attended with some

bad consequence, I interposed, and told Mr Morgan I was very sorry for having been the occasion of any difference between him and the second mate, and that rather than cause the least breach in their good understanding, I would eat my allowance by myself, or seek admission into some other company. But Thomson, with more spirit than discretion (as I thought), insisted upon my remaining where he had appointed me, and observed, that no man possessed of generosity and compassion would have any objection to it, considering my birth and talents, and the misfortunes I had of late so unjustly undergone. This was touching Mr Morgan on the right key, who protested, with great earnestness, that he had no objection to my being received in the mess but only complained, that the ceremony of asking his consent was not observed. "As for a shentleman in distress," said he, shaking me by the hand, "I love him as I love my own powels, for, Got help me! I have had vexations enough upon my own pack." And, as I afterwards learned, in so saying he spoke no more than what was true; for he had been once settled in a very good situation in Glamorganshire, and was ruined by being security for an acquaintance. All differences being composed, he untied his bundle, which consisted of three bunches of onions, and a great lump of Cheshire cheese, wrapt up in a handkerchief, and, taking some biscuit from the cupboard, fell to with a keen appetite, inviting us to a share of the repast. When he had fed heartily on his homely fare, he filled a large cup, made of a cocoa-nut shell, with brandy, and drinking it off, said, "prandy is the best menstroom for onion and cheese." His hunger being appeased, he began to be in better humour, and, being inquisitive about my birth, no sooner understood that I was descended of a good family, than he discovered a particular good will to me on that account, deducing his own pedigree in a direct line from the famous Caractacus, king of the Britons, who was first the prisoner, and afterwards the friend of Claudius Cæsar. Perceiving how much I was reduced in point of linen, he made me a present of two good ruffled shirts, which, with two more of check which I received from Mr Thomson, enabled me to appear with decency. Meanwhile, the sailor whom Mr Morgan had sent to the doctor, brought a prescription for his messmate, which, when the Welchman had read, he got up to prepare it, and asked if the man was "tead or alive." "Dead!" (replied Jack) if he was dead, he would have no occasion for doctor's stuff. No, thank God, death ha'nt as yet boarded him, but they have been yard arm and yard arm these three glasses." "Are his eyes open?" continued the mate. "His starboard eye," said the sailor, "is open, but fast jammed in his head and the haulyards of his underjaw have given

way." "Passion of my heart!" cried Morgan, "the man is as pad as one would desire to be! did you feel his pulse?" To this the other replied with, "anan!" Upon which this Cambro-Briton, with great earnestness and humanity, ordered the tar to run to his messmate, and keep him alive till he should come with the medicine, "and then," said he, "you shall peradventure behold what you shall see." The poor fellow, with great simplicity, ran to the place where the sick man lay, but, in less than a minute, returned with a woful countenance, and told us his comrade had struck. Morgan hearing this, exclaimed—"Mercy upon my salvation! why did you not stop him till I came?" "Stop him!" said the other, "I hailed him several times, but he was too far on his way, and the enemy had got possession of his close quarters so that he did not mind me." "Well, well," said he, "we all owe Heaven a teath. Go your ways, you raggamuffin, and take an example and a warning, look you, and repent of your misteets." So saying, he pushed the seaman out of the berth.

While he entertained us with reflections suitable to this event, we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner, and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled peas, crying, "scaldings," all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which, by the colour, I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my messmates eat heartily, and advised me to follow their example, as it was banyan-day, and we could have no meat till next noon. But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion, and therefore desired to be excused, expressing a curiosity to know the meaning of banyan-day. They told me, that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan-days, the reason of which they did not know, but I have since learned, they take their denomination from a set of devotees in some parts of the East Indies who never taste flesh.

After dinner, Thomson led me round the ship, showed me the different parts, described their uses, and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain a hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat man-

ner by my friend Jack Rattlin, and as I had no bed-clothes, procured credit for me with the purser for a mattress and two blankets. At seven o'clock in the evening, Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions; but when I followed him with the medicines into the sick berth or hospital, and observed the situations of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board, than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each, with his bed and bedding, and deprived of the light of the day, as well as of fresh air, breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid steams exhaling from their own excrements and diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

CHAPTER XXVI

A disagreeable accident happens to me in the discharge of my office—Morgan's nose is offended—a dialogue between him and the ship's steward—upon examination, I find more causes of complaint than one—my hair is cut off—Morgan's cookery—the manner of sleeping on board—I am waked in the night by a dreadful noise

I COULD not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as they seemed barricaded by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation. Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters, that were ordered for some in that situation, when I saw him thrust his wig into his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat. In a moment, then creep on all four under the hammocks of the sick, and, forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder until he had done his duty. Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind; and he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along, the ship happened to roll, this motion alarmed me, I laid hold of the first thing that came within my grasp, with such violence, that I overturned it, and soon found, by the smell that issued upon me, I had not unlocked a box of the most delicious perfume; it was well for me that my nose was none of the most delicate, else I know not how I might have been affected by this vapour, which diffused itself all

over the ship, to the utter discomposure of every body who tarried on the same deck. Neither was the consequence of this disgrace confined to my sense of smelling only, for I felt my misfortune more ways than one. That I might not, however, appear altogether disconcerted in this my first essay, I got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening, indeed, but, not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were in a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck, so that I was in danger of strangulation. While I remained in this defenceless posture, one of the sick men, rendered peevish by his distemper, was so enraged at the smell I had occasioned, and the rude shock he had received from me in my elevation, that, with many bitter reproaches, he seized me by the nose, which he tweaked so unmercifully, that I roared with anguish. Thomson, perceiving my condition, ordered one of the waiters to my assistance, who with much difficulty disengaged me from this situation, and hindered me from taking vengeance of the sick man, whose indisposition would not have screened him from the effects of my indignation.

After having made an end of our ministry for that time, we descended to the cock-pit, my friend comforting me for what had happened with a homely proverb, which I do not choose to repeat. When we had descended half way down the ladder, Mr Morgan, before he saw us, having intelligence by his nose of the approach of something extraordinary, cried,—“Cot have mercy upon my senses! I believe the enemy has pored us in a stink-pot!” Then directing his discourse to the steward, from whom he imagined the odour proceeded, he reprimanded him severely for the freedoms he took among gentlemen of birth, and threatened to smoke him like a padger with sulphur, if he ever should presume to offend his neighbours with such smells for the future. The steward, conscious of his own innocence, replied, with some warmth,—“I know of no smells but those of your own making.” This repartee introduced a smart dialogue, in which the Welchman undertook to prove, that though the stench he complained of did not flow from the steward's own body, he was, nevertheless, the author of it, by serving out damaged provisions to the ship's company, and, in particular, putrified cheese, from the use of which only, he affirmed, such unsavoury steams could arise. Then he launched out into the praise of good cheese, of which he gave the analysis: he explained the different kinds of that commodity, with the methods practised to make and preserve it, and concluded with observing, that, in yielding good

cheese, the county of Glamorgan might vie with Cheshire itself, and was much superior to it in the produce of goats and putter. I gathered from this conversation, that, if I entered in my present pickle, I should be no welcome guest; and therefore desired Mr Thomson to go before, and represent my calamity; at which the first mate expressing some concern, went upon deck immediately, taking his way through the cable tier, and by the main hatchway, to avoid encountering me, desiring me to clean myself as soon as possible, for he intended to regale himself with a dish of salmagundy and a pipe. Accordingly I set about this disagreeable business, and soon found I had more causes of complaint than I at first imagined, for I perceived some guests had honoured me with their company, whose visit I did not at all think seasonable, neither did they seem inclined to leave me in a hurry, for they were in possession of my chief quarters, where they fed without reserve at the expense of my blood. But considering it would be much easier to extirpate this ferocious colony in the infancy of their settlement, than after they should be multiplied and naturalized to the soil, I took the advice of my friend, who, to prevent such misfortunes, went always close shaved, and made the boy of our mess cut off my hair, which had been growing since I left the service of Lavement, and the second mate lent me an old bob-wig, to supply the loss of that covering.

This affair being ended, and every thing adjusted in the best manner my circumstances would permit, the descendant of Caractacus returned, and ordering the boy to bring a piece of salt beef from the brine, cut off a slice, and mixed it with an equal quantity of onions, which seasoning with a moderate proportion of pepper and salt, he brought it into a consistence with oil and vinegar, then tasting the dish, assured us it was the best salmagundy that ever he made, and recommended it to our palates with such heartiness, that I could not help doing honour to his preparation. But I had no sooner swallowed a mouthful, than I thought my entrails were scorched, and endeavoured, with a deluge of small beer to allay the heat it occasioned. Supper being over, Mr Morgan having smoked a couple of pipes, and supplied the moisture he had expended with as many cans of flip, of which we all partook, a certain yawning began to admonish me, that it was high time to repair by sleep the injury I had suffered from want of rest the preceding night, which being perceived by my companions, whose time of repose was now arrived, they proposed we should turn in, or, in other words, go to bed. Our hammocks, which hung parallel to one another, on the outside of the berth, were immediately unlashd, and I beheld my mess-mates spring with great agility into their respective nests,

where they seemed to lie concealed, very much at their ease. But it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to trust my carcass at such a distance from the ground, in a narrow bag, out of which I imagined I should be apt, on the least motion in my sleep, to tumble down, at the hazard of breaking my bones. I suffered myself, however, to be persuaded, and, taking a leap to get in, threw myself quite over, with such violence, that, had I not luckily got hold of Thomson's hammock, I should have pitched upon my head on the other side, and in all likelihood fractured my skull. After some fruitless efforts, I succeeded at last, but the apprehension of the jeopardy in which I believed myself, withstood all the attacks of sleep, till towards the morning watch, when, in spite of my fears, I was overpowered with slumber, though I did not long enjoy this comfortable situation, being aroused with a noise so loud and shrill, that I thought the drums of my ears were burst by it; this was followed by a dreadful summons pronounced by a hoarse voice, which I could not understand. While I was debating with myself whether or not I should wake my companion, and inquire into the occasion of this disturbance, I was informed by one of the quarter-masters, who passed by me with a lantern in his hand, that the noise which alarmed me was occasioned by the boatswain's mates, who called up the larboard watch, and that I must lay my account with such interruption every morning at the same hour. Being now more assured of my safety, I addressed myself again to rest, and slept till eight o'clock, when rising, and breakfasting with my comrades on biscuit and brandy, the sick were visited and assisted as before, after which visitation my good friend Thomson explained and performed another piece of duty to which I was a stranger. At a certain hour in the morning, the boy of the mess went round all the decks, ringing a small hand-bell, and, in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended, with applications to dress them.

CHAPTER XXVII

I acquire the friendship of the surgeon, who procures a warrant for me, and makes me a present of clothes—a battle between a midshipman and me—the surgeon leaves the ship—the captain comes on board with another surgeon—a dialogue between the captain and Morgan—the sick are ordered to be brought upon the quarter-deck and examined—the consequences of that order—a madman accuses Morgan, and is set at liberty by command of the captain, whom he instantly attacks and pummels without mercy.

WHILE I was busied with my friend in this practice, the doctor chanced to pass by the place where we were, and, stopping to observe me, appeared very well satisfied with my method of application; and afterwards sent for me to his cabin, where, having examined me touching my skill in surgery, and the particulars of my fortune, he interested himself so far in my behalf, as to promise his assistance in procuring a warrant for me, seeing I had been already found qualified at surgeons' hall for the station I filled on board; and in this good office he the more cordially engaged, when he understood I was nephew to Lieutenant Bowling, for whom he expressed a particular regard. In the meantime, I could learn from his discourse, that he did not intend to go to sea again with Captain Oakum, having, as he thought, been indifferently used by him during the last voyage.

While I lived tolerably easy, in expectation of preferment, I was not altogether without mortifications, which I not only suffered from the rude insults of the sailors and petty officers, among whom I was known by the name of *loblolly boy*, but also from the disposition of Morgan, who, though friendly in the main, was often very troublesome with his pride, which expected a good deal of submission from me, and delighted in recapitulating the favours I had received at his hands.

About six weeks after my arrival on board, the surgeon, bidding me follow him into his cabin, presented a warrant to me, by which I was appointed surgeon's third mate on board the *Thunder*. This he had procured by his interest at the navy-office, as also another for himself, by virtue of which he was removed into a second rate. I acknowledged his kindness in the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest, and professed my sorrow at the prospect of losing so valuable a friend, to whom I hoped to have recommended myself still farther by my respectful and diligent behaviour. But his generosity rested not here, for, before he left the ship, he made me a present of a coat and some clothes, that enabled me to support the rank to which he had raised me. I found my spirits revive with my good fortune, and, now I was an officer, resolved to maintain the dignity of my station, against all opposition or offence. Nor was it long before I had occasion to exert my resolution: my old enemy, the midshipman (whose name was Crampley), maintaining an implacable animosity against me for the disgrace he had suffered on my account, had since that time taken all opportunities of reviling and ridiculing me, when I was not entitled to retort this bad usage. And even after I had been rated on the books, and mustered as surgeon's mate, did not think fit to retrain his insolence. In particular, being one day present while I dressed

a wound in a sailor's leg, he began to sing a

song, which I thought highly injurious to the honour of my country, and therefore signified my resentment, by observing, that the Scots always laid their account with finding enemies among the ignorant, insignificant, and malicious. This unexpected piece of assurance enraged him to such a degree, that he lent me a blow on the face, which I verily thought had demolished my cheekbone. I was not slow in returning the obligation, and the affair began to be very serious, when by accident Mr Morgan, and one of the master's mates, coming that way, interposed, and inquiring into the cause, endeavoured to promote a reconciliation, but finding us both exasperated to the uttermost, and bent against accommodation, they advised us either to leave our difference undecided till we should have an opportunity of terminating it on shore, like gentlemen, or else choose a proper place on board, and bring it to an issue by boxing. This last expedient was greedily embraced by us both; and being forthwith conducted to the ground proposed, we stripped in a moment, and began a very furious contest, in which I soon found myself inferior to my antagonist, not so much in strength and agility, as in skill, which he had acquired in the school of Hockley-in-the-hole and Tottenham-court. Many cross buttocks did I sustain, and pegs in the stomach without number, till at last my breath being quite gone, as well as my vigour wasted, I grew desperate, and collecting all my strength in one effort, threw in at once, head, hands, and feet, with such violence, that I drove my antagonist three paces backward into the main hatchway, down which he fell, and pitching upon his head and right shoulder, remained without sense and motion. Morgan looking down, and seeing him lie in that condition, cried,—“Upon my conscience, as I am a Christian sinner, look you, I believe his rattles are all over, but I take you all to witness that there was no treachery in the case, and that he has suffered by the chance of war.” So saying, he descended to the deck below, to examine into the situation of my adversary, and left me very little pleased with my victory, as I found myself not only terribly bruised, but likewise in danger of being called to account for the death of Crampley. But this fear vanished, when my fellow mate, having, by bleeding him in the jugular, brought him to himself, and inquired into the state of his body, called up to me to be under no concern, for the midshipman had received no other damage than as pretty a luxation of the os humeri as one would desire to see on a summer's day. Upon this information I crawled down to the cockpit, and acquainted Thomson with the affair, who, providing himself with bandages, &c., necessary for the occasion, went up to assist Mr Morgan in the reduction of the dislocation. When this was successfully performed, they wished me joy on the

event of the combat; and the Welshman, after observing, that, in all likelihood, the ancient Scots and Britons were the same people, bade me—"praise Got for putting mettle in my pelly, and strength in my limbs to support it." I acquired such reputation by this rencounter (which lasted twenty minutes), that every body became more cautious in behaviour towards me though Crampley, with his arm in a sling, talked very high, and threatened to seize the first opportunity of retrieving on shore the honour he had lost by an accident, from which I could justly claim no merit. At this time, Captain Oakum having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Dr Atkins, for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick list, which, when this grim commander had perused, he cried with a stern countenance,—“Blood and oons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Hark’ee, you sir, I’ll have no sick in my ship, by G—d.” The Welshman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list. “You and your list may be d—d,” (said the captain, throwing it at him) “I say there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her.” Mr Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation, and, stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in,—“Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage, look you, and peradventure I am moreover”—Here his harangue was broken off by the captain’s steward, who, being Morgan’s countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree and this would certainly have been the case, for the indignant Welshman could hardly be hindered, by his friend’s arguments and entreaties, from re-entering the presence chamber, and defying Captain Oakum to his teeth. He was, however, appeased at length, and came down to the berth, where, finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bade us leave off our labour and go

to play, for the captain, by his sole word and power and command, had driven sickness a pegging to the tevil, and there was no more malady on board. So saying, he drahk off a gill of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of—“Got bless my heart, liver, and lungs!” and then began to sing a Welsh song with great earnestness of visage, voice, and gesture. I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phenomenon, and saw by the looks of Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader’s brains were unsettled. He, perceiving our amazement, told us he would explain the mystery, but, at the same time, bade us take notice, that he had lived poy, pachelor, married man, and widower, almost forty years, and in all that time, there was no man nor mother’s son in the whole world who durst use him so ill as Captain Oagum had done. Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related it; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed. This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives, but as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster, Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon the deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of b—s, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king’s provisions, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and, taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each, as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognizance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much, that he could hardly stand. Mr Mack-shane (for that was the doctor’s name) having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world, and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain’s mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gang-way immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick, but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropt down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered laboured under a quartan ague, and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which he was

declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain. but, being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the fore-castle next day, during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch, and spitting of blood; for which Doctor Mackshane prescribed exercise at the pump, to promote expectoration. but, whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, for in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs. A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy, that invaded his chest so much, he could scarce fetch his breath, but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration, and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately, it was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity, the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat-o'-nine-tails the smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttoc shrouds, but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat alongside, saved his life, by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle. It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors, and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the sick was reduced to less than a dozen, and the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock by the direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released, affirming he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welshman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately, upon which Morgan protested with great fervency, that the person in question was as mad as a March hare; and begged, for the love of Got, they would at least keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mis-

chief. This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted upon his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that every body present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances, for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands and had well nigh been murdered for his pains. This was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down and almost strangled. To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's, and was suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board that Mr Morgan's wife kept a gin shop in Rag-fair. This anecdote produced a laugh at the expense of the Welshman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said,—“Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows it an arrant falsehood.” Captain Oakum, without any further hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered, at the same time threatening to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite. But the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up the mizen shrouds, crying to Thomson and me to get out of his reach, for we would see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac, as soon as he was released, fly at the captain like a fury, crying,—“I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel,” and pummelled him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the assistance of his patron, shared the same fate, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The captain enraged, threatens to put the madman to death with his own hand—is diverted from that resolution by the arguments and persuasions of the first lieutenant and surgeon—we set sail for St Helen's, join the fleet under the command of Sir C—r O—le and proceed for the West Indies—are overtaken by a terrible tempest—my friend Jack Ratten has his leg broken by a fall from the main-yard—the behaviour of Doctor Mackshane—Jack opposes the amputation of his limb, in which he is seconded by Morgan and me, who undertake the cure, and perform it successfully

THE captain was carried into his cabin, so enraged with the treatment he had received, that he ordered the fellow to be brought before him, that he might have the pleasure of pistolling him with his own hand, and would certainly have satisfied his revenge in this manner, had not the first lieutenant remonstrated against it, by observing, that in all appearance the fellow was not mad but desperate, that he had been hired by some enemy of the captain to assassinate him, and therefore ought to be kept in irons till he could be brought to a court martial, which, no doubt, would sift the affair to the bottom (by which means important discoveries might be made), and then sentence the criminal to a death adequate to his demerits. This suggestion, improbable as it was, had the desired effect upon the captain, being exactly calculated for the meridian of his intellects, more especially as Doctor Mackshane espoused this opinion, in consequence of his previous declaration that the man was not mad. Morgan, finding there was no more damage done, could not help discovering, by his countenance, the pleasure he enjoyed on this occasion and while he bathed the doctor's face with an embrocation, ventured to ask him, whether he thought there were more fools or madmen on board? But he would have been wiser in containing this sally, which his patient carefully laid up in his memory, to be taken notice of at a more fit season. Meanwhile, we weighed anchor, and on our way to the Downs, the madman, who was treated as prisoner, took an opportunity, while the sentinel attended him at the head, to leap overboard, and frustrate the revenge of the captain. We staid not long at the Downs, but took the benefit of the first easterly wind to go round to Spithead, where, having received on board provisions for six months, we sailed from St Helen's in the grand fleet bound for the West Indies, on the ever memorable expedition of Carthagea.

It was not without great mortification I saw myself on the point of being transported to such a distant and unhealthy climate, destitute of every convenience that could render such a voyage supportable, and under the dominion of an arbitrary tyrant, whose command was almost intolerable; however, as these complaints were common to a great many on board, I resolved to submit patiently to my fate, and contrive to make myself as easy as the nature of the case would allow. We got out of the channel with a prosperous breeze, which died away, leaving us becalmed about fifty leagues to the westward of the Lizard, but this state of inaction did not last long, for next night our main-top sail was split by the wind, which in the morning increased to a hurricane. I was awakened by a most horrible din, occasioned by the play of the gun-carriages upon the deck above, the crackling of the cabins, the howling of

the wind through the shrouds, the confused noise of the ship's crew, the pipes of the boatswain and his mates, the trumpets of the lieutenants, and the clanking of the chain pumps. Morgan, who had never been at sea before, turned out in a great hurry, crying,—“Got have mercy and compassion upon us! I believe we have got upon the confines of Lucifer and the d—d!” while poor Thomson lay quaking in his hammock, putting up petitions to Heaven for our safety. I rose and joined the Welshman, with whom (after having fortified ourselves with brandy) I went above; but, if my sense of hearing was startled before, how must my sight have been appalled in beholding the effects of the storm! The sea was swelled into billows mountain high, on the top of which our ship sometimes hung as if it was about to be precipitated to the abyss below! Sometimes we sunk between two waves that rose on each side higher than our topmast head, and threatened, by dashing together, to overwhelm us in a moment! Of all our fleet, consisting of a hundred and fifty sail, scarce twelve appeared, and these driving under their bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At length the mast of one of them gave way, and tumbled overboard with a hideous crash! Nor was the prospect in our own ship much more agreeable, a number of officers and sailors ran backward and forward with distraction in their looks, hallooing to one another, and undetermined what they should attend to first. Some clung to the yards, endeavouring to unbend the sails, that were split into a thousand pieces, flapping in the wind, others tried to furl those which were yet whole, while the masts, at every pitch, bent and quivered like twigs, as if they would have shivered into innumerable splinters! While I considered this scene with equal terror and astonishment, one of the main braces broke, by the shock whereof two sailors were flung from the yard's arm into the sea, where they perished, and poor Jack Ratlin was thrown down upon the deck, at the expense of a broken leg. Morgan and I ran immediately to his assistance, and found a splinter of the shin-bone thrust by the violence of the fall through the skin. As this was a case of too great consequence to be treated without the authority of the doctor, I went down to the cabin to inform him of the accident, as well as to bring up dressings, which we always kept ready prepared. I entered his apartment without any ceremony, and, by the glimmering of a lamp, perceived him on his knees, before something that very much resembled a crucifix; but this I will not insist upon, that I may not seem too much a slave to common report, which, indeed, assisted my conjecture on this occasion, by representing Doctor Mackshane as a member of the church of Rome. Be this as it will, he got up in a sort of confusion, occasioned (I sup-

pose) by his being disturbed in his devotion, and, in a trice, snatched the subject of my suspicion from my sight. After making an apology for my intrusion, I acquainted him with the situation of Rattlin, but could by no means prevail upon him to visit him on deck, where he lay; he bade me desire the boatswain to order some of the men to carry him down to the cockpit, and in the mean time (said he) I will direct Thomson to get ready the dressings. When I signified to the boatswain the doctor's desire, he swore a terrible oath, that he could not spare one man from the deck, because he expected the mast would go by the board every minute. This piece of information did not at all contribute to my peace of mind, however, as my friend Rattlin complained very much, with the assistance of Morgan, I supported him to the lower deck, whither Mr Mackshane, after much entreaty, ventured to come, attended by Thomson with a box full of dressings, and his own servant, who carried a whole set of capital instruments. He examined the fracture and the wound, and concluding, from a livid colour extending itself upon the limb, that a mortification would ensue, resolved to amputate the leg immediately. This was a dreadful sentence to the patient, who recruiting himself with a quid of tobacco, pronounced, with a woful countenance,—“What! is there no remedy, doctor? must I be docked? can't you splice it?” “Assuredly, Doctor Mackshane,” said the first mate, “with submission, and deference, and veneration to your superior abilities, and opportunities, and stations, look ye, I do apprehend and conjecture, and aver, that there is no occasion nor necessity to smite off this poor man's leg.” “God Almighty bless you, dear Welshman!” cried Rattlin, “may you have fair wind and weather wheresoever you're bound, and come to an anchor in the road of heaven at last.” Mackshane, very much incensed at his mate's differing in opinion from him so openly, answered, that he was not bound to give an account of his practice to him, and, in a peremptory tone, ordered him to apply the tourniquet, at the sight of which Jack, starting up, cried,—“Avast, avast! d—n my heart, if you clap your nippers on me, till I know wherefore!” Mr Random, wont you lend a hand towards saving my precious limb! Odds heart, if Lieutenant Bowling was here, he would not suffer Jack Rattlin's leg to be chopped off like a piece of old junk.” This pathetic address to me, joined to my inclination to serve my honest friend, and the reasons I had to believe there was no danger in delaying the amputation, induced me to declare myself of the first mate's opinion, and affirm, that the preternatural colour of the skin was owing to an inflammation occasioned by a contusion, common in all such cases, without any indication of an approaching

gangrene. Morgan, who had a great opinion of my skill, manifestly exulted in my fellowship, and asked Thomson's sentiments of the matter, in hopes of strengthening our association with him too, but he, being of a meek disposition, and either dreading the enmity of the surgeon, or speaking the dictates of his own judgment, in a modest manner, espoused the opinion of Mackshane, who, by this time, having consulted with himself, determined to act in such a manner as to screen himself from censure, and at the same time revenge himself on us for our arrogance in contradicting him. With this view, he asked if we would undertake to cure the leg at our peril? that is, be answerable for the consequence. To this question Morgan replied, that the lives of his creatures are in the hands of God alone, and it would be great presumption in him to undertake for an event that was in the power of his Maker, no more than the doctor could promise to cure all the sick to whom he administered his assistance, but if the patient would put himself under our direction, we would do our endeavour to bring his distemper to a favourable issue, to which, at present, we saw no obstruction. I signified my concurrence, and Rattlin was so overjoyed, that, shaking us both by the hands, he swore no body else should touch him, and, if he died, his blood should be upon his own head. Mr Mackshane, flattering himself with the prospect of our miscarriage, went away, and left us to manage it as we should think proper, accordingly, having sawed off part of the splinter that stuck through the skin, we reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box, *secundum artem*. Every thing succeeded according to our wish, and we had the satisfaction of not only preserving the poor fellow's leg, but likewise of rendering the doctor contemptible among the ship's company, who had all their eyes on us during the course of his cure, which was completed in six weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX

Mackshane's malice—I am taken up and imprisoned for a spy—Morgan meets with the same fate—Thomson is tampered with to turn evidence against us—Morgan declines the proposal, and is maltreated for his integrity—Morgan is released to assist the surgeon during an engagement with some French ships of war—I remain fettered on the poop, exposed to the enemy's shot, and grow delirious with fear—I am comforted after the battle by Morgan, who speaks freely of the captain—as overheard by the sentinel, who informs against him, and again imprisoned—Thomson grows desperate, and, notwithstanding

the remonstrances of Morgan and me, goes overboard in the night

In the mean time, the storm subsided into a brisk gale, that carried us into the warm latitudes, where the weather became intolerable, and the crew very sickly. The doctor left nothing unattempted towards the completion of his vengeance against the Welshman and me. He went among the sick, under pretence of inquiring into their grievances, with a view of picking up complaints to our prejudice, but finding himself frustrated in that expectation, by the good will we had procured from the patients, by our diligence and humanity, he took the resolution of listening to our conversation, by hiding himself behind the canvass that surrounded our berth, here too he was detected by the boy of our mess, who acquainted us with this piece of behaviour, and one night while we were picking a large bone of salt beef, Morgan discerned something stir on the outside of our hangings, which immediately interpreting to be the doctor, he tipt me the wink, and pointed to the place, where I could perceive somebody standing, upon which I snatched up the bone, and levelled it with all my force at him, saying,—“Whoever you are, take that for your curiosity.” It had the desired effect, for we heard the listener tumble down, and afterwards crawl to his own cabin. I applauded myself much for this feat, which turned out one of the most unlucky exploits of my life, Mackshane from that time marking me out for destruction. About a week after this exploit, as I was going my rounds among the sick, I was taken prisoner, and carried to the poop by the master at arms, where I was loaded with irons and stapled to the deck, on pretence that I was a spy on board, and had conspired against the captain’s life. How ridiculous soever this imputation was, I did not fail to suffer by it all the rigour that could be shown to the worst of criminals, being exposed in this miserable condition to the scorching heat of the sun by day, and the unwholesome damps by night, during the space of twelve days, in which I was neither brought to trial, nor examined touching the probability of the charge. I had no sooner recovered the use of my reflection, which had been quite overthrown by this accident, than I sent for Thomson, who, after condoling me on the occasion, hinted, that I owed this misfortune to the hatred of the doctor, who had given an information against me to the captain, in consequence of which I was arrested, and all my papers seized. While I was cursing my capricious fate, I saw Morgan ascend the poop, guarded by two corporals, who made him sit down by me, that he might be pinioned in the same machine. Notwithstanding my situation, I could scarce refrain from laughing at the

countenance of my fellow-prisoner, who, without speaking one word, allowed his feet to be inclosed in the rings provided for that purpose, but when they pretended to fasten him on his back, he grew outrageous, and drawing a large cut-throat from his side-pocket, threatened to rip up the belly of the first man that should approach him, in order to treat him in such an unworthy manner. They were preparing to use him very roughly, when the lieutenant on the quarter deck called up to them to let him remain as he was. He then crept towards me, and taking me by the hand, bade me,—“put my trust in God.” And looking at Thomson, who sat by us trembling, with a pale visage, told him, there were two more rings for his feet, and he should be glad to find him in such good company. But it was not the intention of our adversary to include the second mate in our fate, him he expected to be his drudge in attending the sick, and, if possible, his evidence against us, with this view, he sounded him afar off, but finding his integrity incorruptible, harassed him so much out of spite, that, in a short time, this mild creature grew weary of his life.

While I and my fellow-prisoner comforted each other in our tribulation, the admiral discovered four sail to leeward, and made signal for our ship and four more to chase, hereupon every thing was cleared for an engagement, and Mackshane, foreseeing he should have occasion for more assistants than one, obtained Morgan’s liberty, while I was left in this deplorable posture to the chance of battle. It was almost dark when we came up with the sternmost chase, which we hailed, and inquired who they were. They gave us to understand they were French men of war upon which Captain Oakum commanded them to send their boat on board of him, but they refused, telling him, if he had any business with them, to come on board of their ship. He then threatened to pour in a broadside upon them, which they promised to return. Both sides were as good as their word, and the engagement began with great fury. The reader may guess how I passed my time, lying in this helpless situation, amidst the terrors of a sea fight, expecting every moment to be cut asunder, or dashed in pieces by the enemy’s shot. I endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible, by reflecting that I was not a whit more exposed than those who were stationed about me, but when I beheld them employed without intermission in annoying the foe, and encouraged by the society and behaviour of one another, I could easily perceive a wide difference between their condition and mine. However, I concealed my agitation as well as I could, till the head of the officer of marines, who stood near me, being shot off, bounced from the deck athwart my face, leaving me well nigh blinded with brains. I could con-

tain myself no longer, but began to bellow with all the strength of my lungs, when a drummer coming towards me, asked if I was wounded; and before I could answer, received a great shot in his belly, which tore out his entrails, and he fell flat on my breast. This accident entirely bereft me of all discretion: I redoubled my cries, which were drowned in the noise of the battle; and finding myself disregarded, lost all patience, and became frantic. I vented my rage in oaths and execrations, till my spirits being quite exhausted, I remained quiet, and insensible of the load that oppressed me. The engagement lasted till broad day, when Captain Oakum, finding that he was like to gain neither honour nor advantage by the affair, pretended to be undeceived by seeing their colours; and, hallooing the ship with whom he had fought all night, protested he believed them Spaniards, and the guns being silenced on each side, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and went on board of a French commodore. Our loss amounted to ten killed, and eighteen wounded, most part of whom afterwards died. My fellow mates had no sooner dispatched their business in the cockpit, than, full of friendly concern, they came to visit me. Morgan ascended first, and seeing my face almost covered with brains and blood, concluded I was no longer a man for this world, and calling to Thomson with great emotion, bade him come up and take his last farewell of his comrade and countryman, who was posting to a better place, where there were no Mackshanes nor Oakums to asperse and torment him. "No," said he, taking me by the hand, "you are going to a country where there is more respect shown to unfortunate gentlemen, and where you will have the satisfaction of beholding your adversaries tossing upon pillows of burning primrose." Thomson, alarmed at this apostrophe, made haste to the place where I lay, and sitting down by me, with tears in his eyes, inquired into the nature of my calamity. By this time I had recollected myself so far, as to be able to converse rationally with my friends, whom, to their great satisfaction, I immediately undeceived with regard to their apprehension of my being mortally wounded. After I had got myself disengaged from the carnage in which I wallowed, and partaken of a refreshment which my friends brought along with them, we entered into discourse upon the hardships we sustained, and spoke very freely of the authors of our misery; but our discourse being overheard by the sentinel who guarded me, he was no sooner relieved, than he reported to the captain every syllable of our conversation, according to the orders he had received. The effect of this information soon appeared in the arrival of the master at arms, who replaced Morgan in his former station, and gave the second mate a caution to keep a strict guard over his tongue; if

he did not choose to accompany us in our confinement. Thomson, foreseeing that the whole slavery of attending the sick and wounded, as well as the cruelty of Mackshaner, must now fall upon his shoulders, grew desperate at the prospect, and, though I never heard him swear before, imprecated dreadful curses on the heads of his oppressors, declaring that he would rather quit life altogether, than be much longer under the power of such barbarians. I was not a little startled at his vivacity, and endeavoured to alleviate his complaints, by representing the subject of my own; with as much aggravation as it would bear, by which comparison he might see the balance of misfortune lay on my side, and take an example from me of fortitude and submission, till such time as we could procure redress, which, I hoped, was not far off; considering that we should probably be in a harbour in less than three days, where we should have an opportunity of preferring our complaints to the admiral. The Welshman joined in my remonstrance, and was at great pains to demonstrate, that it was every man's duty, as well as interest, to resign himself to the divine will, and look upon himself as a sentinel upon duty, who is by no means at liberty to leave his post before he is relieved. Thomson listened attentively to what we said, and at last, shedding a flood of tears, shook his head, and left us without making any reply. About eleven at night he came to see us again, with a settled gloom on his countenance, and gave us to understand, that he had undergone excessive toil since he saw us, and in recompense had been grossly abused by the doctor, who taxed him with being confederate with us in a design of taking away his life, and that of the captain. After some time spent in mutual exhortation, he got up, and squeezing me by the hand with an uncommon fervour, cried—"God bless you both," and left us to wonder at his singular manner of paring with us, which did not fail to make a deep impression on us.

Next morning, when the hour of visitation came round, this unhappy young man was missing, and, after strict search, supposed to have gone overboard in the night; and this was certainly the case.

CHAPTER XXX.

We lament the fate of our companion—the captain offers Morgan his liberty, which he refuses to accept—we are brought before him, and examined—Morgan is sent back into custody, whether also I am remanded, after a curious trial

THE news of this event affected my fellow-prisoner and me extremely, as our unfortunate companion had justly acquired, by his amiable disposition, the love and esteem of us.

both, and the more we regretted his untimely fate, the greater horror we conceived for the villain who was undoubtedly the occasion

This abandoned miscreant did not discover the least symptom of concern for Thomson's death, although he must have been conscious to himself of having driven him by ill usage to that fatal resolution, but desired the captain to set Morgan at liberty again, to look after the patients. Accordingly, one of the corporals was sent up to unfetter him, but he protested he would not be released until he should know for what he was confined, nor would he be a tennis-ball, nor a shuttlecock, nor a trudge, nor a scullion, to any captain under the sun. Oakum finding him obstinate, and fearing it would not be in his power to exercise his tyranny much longer with impunity, was willing to show some appearance of justice, and therefore ordered us both to be brought before him on the quarter-deck, where he sat in state, with his clerk on one side, and his counsellor Mackshane on the other. When we approached, he honoured us with this salutation:—"So, gentlemen, d—n my blood! many a captain in the navy would have ordered you both to be tuck'd up to the yard's arm, without either judge or jury, for the crimes you have been guilty of, but, d—n my blood, I have too much good nature, in allowing such dogs as you to make your defence." "Captain Oakum," said my fellow-sufferer, "certainly it is in your power (Got help the while) to tuck us all up at your will, and desire, and pleasures. And perhaps it would be petter for some of us to be tuck'd up, than undergo the miseries to which we have been exposed. So may the farmer hang his kids for his diversion, and amusement and mirth, but there is such a thing as justice, if not upon earth, surely in heaven, that will punish with fire and brimstone all those who take away the lives of innocent people out of wantonness and parrity (look you). In the mean time, I shall be glad to know the crimes laid to my charge, and see the person who accuses me." "That you shall," said the captain, "here, doctor, what have you to say?" Mackshane, stepping forward, hemmed a good while, in order to clear his throat, and before he began, Morgan accosted him thus:—"Doctor Mackshane, look in my face—look in the face of an honest man, who abhors a false witness as he abhors the devil, and Got be judge between you and me." The doctor, not minding this conjuration, made the following speech, as near as I can remember:—"I'll tell you what, Mr Morgan, to be sure, what you say is just, in regard to an honest man; and if so be it appears as how you are an honest man, then it is my opinion that you deserve to be acquitted, in relation to that there affair, for I tell you what, Captain Oakum is resolved for to do every body justice. As for my own part, all that I have to allege is, that I have

been informed you have spoken disrespectful words against your captain, who, to be sure, is the most honourable and generous commander in the king's service, without asparagusment or acception of man, woman, or child." Having uttered this elegant harrangue, on which he seemed to plume himself, Morgan replied,—"I do partly guess, and conceive, and understand your meaning, which I wish could be more explicit, but, however, I do suppose I am not to be condemned upon bare hearsay, or if I am convicted of speaking disrespectfully of Captain Oakum, I hope there is no treason in my words." "But there's mutiny, by G—d, and that's death by the articles of war," cried Oakum,—"in the mean time, let the witnesses be called." Hereupon Mackshane's servant appeared, and the boy of our mess, whom they had seduced and tutored for the purpose. The first declared, that Morgan, as he descended the cockpit ladder one day, cursed the captain, and called him a savage beast, saying, he ought to be hunted down as an enemy to mankind. "This," said the clerk, "is a strong presumption of a design formed against the captain's life. For why? It presupposes malice aforethought, and a criminal intention *a priori*." "Right," said the captain, to this miserable grub, who had been an attorney's boy, "you shall have law enough, here's Cook and Lattlejolin for it." This evidence was confirmed by the boy, who affirmed he heard the first mate say, that the captain had no more bowels than a bear, and the surgeon had no more brains than an ass. Then the sentinel who heard our discourse on the poop was examined, and informed the court that the Welshman assured me, Captain Oakum and Dr Mackshane would toss upon billows of burning brimstone in hell for their barbarity. The clerk observed, that there was an evident prejudication, which confirmed the former suspicion of a conspiracy against the life of captain Oakum, for, because, how could Morgan so positively pronounce that the captain and surgeon would be damned, unless he had an intention to make away with them before they could have time to repent? This sage explanation had great weight with our noble commander, who exclaimed,—"What have you to say to this, Taffy? you seem to be taken all a-back, brother, ha!" Morgan was too much of a gentleman to disown the text, although he absolutely denied the truth of the comment upon which the captain, strutting up to him with a ferocious countenance, said,—"So Mr son of a b—, you confess you honoured me with the names of bear and beast, and pronounced my damnation? Damn my heart! I have a good mind to have you brought to a court-martial, and hanged, you dog." Here Mackshane, having occasion for an assistant, interposed, and begged the captain to pardon Mr Morgan, with his wonted groddness, upon condition.

that he, the delinquent, should make such submission as the nature of his misdemeanour demanded. Upon which the Cambro-Briton, who on this occasion would have made no submission to the great Mogul, surrounded with his guards, thanked the doctor for his mediation, and acknowledged himself in the wrong for calling the image of Got a peast,—"But," said he, "I spoke by metaphor, and parable, and comparison, and types—as we signify meekness by a lamb, lechery by a goat, and craftiness by a fox, so we liken ignorance to an ass, and brutality to a bear, and fury to a tiger, therefore I made use of these similes to express my sentiments (look you), and what I said before Got, I will not unsay before man or peast neither." Oakum was so provoked at this insolence (as he termed it), that he ordered him forthwith to be carried to the place of his confinement, and his clerk to proceed on the examination of me. The first question put to me, was touching the place of my nativity, which I declared to be the north of Scotland. "The north of Ireland, more like," cried the captain, "but we shall bring you up presently." He then asked what religion I professed; and when I answered,—“the protestant,” swore I was as arrant a Roman as ever went to mass. "Come, come, clerk," continued he, "catechise him a little on this subject." But before I relate the particulars of the clerk's inquiries, it will not be amiss to inform the reader, that our commander himself was an Hibernian, and, if not shrewdly belied, a Roman catholic to boot. "You say you are a protestant," said the clerk, "make the sign of the cross with your fingers, so, and swear upon it to that affirmation." When I was about to perform this ceremony, the captain cried, with some emotion,—“No, no, damme! I'll have no profanation neither. But go on with your interrogations.” "Well, then," proceeded my examiner, "how many sacraments are there?" To which I replied,—“Two.” "What are they?" said he. I answered,—“Baptism and the Lord's supper.” "And so you would explode confirmation and marriage altogether?" said Oakum, "I thought this fellow was a rank Roman." The clerk, though he was bred under an attorney, could not refrain from blushing at this blunder, which he endeavoured to conceal, by observing, that these decoys would not do with me, who seemed to be an old offender. He went on with asking if I believed in transubstantiation; but I treated the notion of a real presence with such disrespect, that his patron was scandalized at my impiety, and commanded him to proceed to the plot. Whereupon this miserable pettifogger told me there was great reason to suspect me of being a spy on board; and that I had entered into a conspiracy with Thomson, and others not yet detected, against the life of Captain Oakum, which accusation

they pretended to support by the evidence of our boy, who declared he had often heard the deceased Thomson and me whispering together, and could distinguish the words,—“Oakum, rascal, poison, pistol.”—By which expressions it appeared, we did intend to use sinister means to accomplish his destruction. That the death of Thomson seemed to confirm this conjecture, who, either feeling the stings of remorse, for being engaged in such a horrid confederacy, or fearing a discovery, by which he must have infallibly suffered an ignominious death, had put a fatal period to his own existence. But what established the truth of the whole, was a book in ciphers, found among my papers, which exactly tallied with one found in his chest after his disappearance. Thus, he observed, was a presumption very near proof positive, and would determine any jury in Christendom to find me guilty. In my own defence, I alleged that I had been dragged on board first, very much against my inclination, as I could prove by the evidence of some people now in the ship, consequently could have no design of becoming a spy at that time, and ever since had been entirely out of the reach of any correspondence that could justly entail that suspicion upon me. As for conspiring against my captain's life, it could not be supposed that any man in his right wits would harbour the least thought of such an undertaking, which he could not possibly perform without certain infamy and ruin to himself, even if he had all the inclination in the world. That, allowing the boy's evidence to be true (which I affirmed was false and malicious), nothing conclusive could be gathered from a few incoherent words: neither was the fate of Mr Thomson a circumstance more favourable for the charge, for I had in my pocket a letter which too well explained that mystery, in a very different manner from that which was supposed. With these words I produced the following letter, which Jack Rattlin brought to me the very day after Thomson disappeared, and told me it was committed to his care by the deceased, who made him promise not to deliver it sooner. The clerk, taking it out of my hand, read aloud the contents, which were these—

“DEAR FRIEND,—I am so much oppressed with the fatigue I daily and nightly undergo, and the barbarous usage of Doctor Mackshane, who is bent on your destruction, as well as mine, that I am resolved to free myself from this miserable life, and, before you receive this, shall be no more. I could have wished to die in your good opinion, which I am afraid I shall forfeit by the last act of my life, but if you cannot acquit me, I know you will at least preserve some regard for the memory of an unfortunate young man who loved you. I recommend it to you to beware of Mackshane, whose revenge is implacable. I wish all prosperity to you and

Mr Morgan, to whom, pray, offer my last respects, and beg to be remembered as your unhappy friend and countryman,

"WILLIAM THOMSON"

The letter was no sooner read, than Mackshane, in a transport of rage, snatched it out of the clerk's hands, and tore it into a thousand pieces, saying, it was a villainous forgery, contrived and executed by myself. The captain and clerk declared themselves of the same opinion, although I insisted on having the remains of it compared with other writings of Thomson, which they had, in their possession, and I was ordered to answer the last article of my accusation, namely, the book of ciphers found among my papers. "That is easily done," said I. "What you are pleased to call ciphers, are no other than the Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of every thing remarkable that has occurred to my observation, since the beginning of the voyage till the day on which I was put in irons, and the same method was practised by Mr Thomson, who copied mine." "A very likely story!" cried Mackshane. "What occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote? But what d'ye talk of Greek characters? D'ye think I am so ignorant of the Greek language, as not to distinguish its letters from these, which are no more Greek than Chinese? No, no, I will not give up my knowledge of the Greek for you, nor none that ever came from your country." So saying, with an unparalleled offrontery, he repeated some gibberish, which, by the sound, seemed to be Irish, and made it pass for Greek with the captain, who, looking at me with a contemptuous sneer, exclaimed—"Ah! ah! have you caught a Tartar?" I could not help smiling at the consummate assurance of this Hibernian, and offered to refer the dispute to any body on board who understood the Greek alphabet, upon which Morgan was brought back, and being made acquainted with the affair, took the book and read a whole page in English without hesitation, deciding the controversy in my favour. The doctor was so far from being out of countenance at this detection, that he affirmed Morgan was in the secret, and repeated from his own invention Oakum said,—“Ay, ay, I see they are both in a story,” and dismissed my fellow mate to the cockpit, although I proposed that he and I should read and translate, separately, any chapter or verse in the Greek Testament in his possession, by which it would appear whether we or the surgeon spoke truth. Not being endued with eloquence enough to convince the captain that there could be no juggle nor confederacy in this expedient, I begged to be examined by some unconcerned person on board, who understood Greek accordingly, the whole ship's company, officers and all, were called upon deck, among whom it was

proclaimed, that if any of them could speak Greek, he or they so qualified should ascend the quarter deck immediately. After some pause, two foremast men came up and professed their skill in that language, which, they said, they acquired during several voyages to the Levant, among the Greeks of the Morea. The captain exulted much in this declaration, and put my journal-book into the hands of one of them, who candidly owned he could neither read nor write the other acknowledged the same degree of ignorance, but pretended to speak the Greek lingo with any man on board and, addressing himself to me, pronounced some sentences, of a barbarous corrupted language which I did not understand. I asserted, that the modern Greek was as different from that spoken and written by the ancients, as the English used now from the old Saxon spoken in the time of Hengist, and as I had only learned the true original tongue, in which Homer, Pindar, the evangelists, and other great men of antiquity wrote, it could not be supposed that I should know any thing of an imperfect Gothic dialect that rose on the ruins of the former, and scarce retained any traces of the old expression. But if Doctor Mackshane, who pretended to be master of the Greek language, could maintain a conversation with these seamen, I would retract what I had said, and be content to suffer any punishment he should think proper to inflict. I had no sooner uttered these words, than the surgeon, knowing one of these fellows to be his countryman, accosted him in Irish, and was answered in the same brogue, when a dialogue ensued between them, which they affirmed to be in Greek, after having secured the secrecy of the other tar, who had his cue in the language of the Morea from his companion, before they could venture to assert such an intrepid falsehood. "I thought," said Oakum, "we should discover the imposture at last. Let the rascal be carried back to his confinement. I find he must dangle." Having nothing further to urge in my own behalf, before a court so prejudiced with spite, and fortified with ignorance against truth, I suffered myself to be reconducted peaceably to my fellow-prisoner, who, hearing the particulars of my trial, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and uttered a dreadful groan, and not daring to disturb his thoughts to me by speech, lest he might be overheard by the sentinel, burst forth into a Welsh song, which he accompanied with a thousand contortions of face, and violent gestures of body.

CHAPTER XXXI

I discover a subornation against me, by means of a quarrel between two of the evildences; in consequence of which I am set

at liberty, and prevail upon Morgan to accept of his freedom on the same terms—Mackshane's malice—We arrive at Jamaica, from whence in a short time we beat up to Hispaniola, in conjunction with the West India squadron—We take in water, sail again, and arrive at Carthagena—Reflections on our conduct there

MEANWHILE, a quarrel happened between the two modern Greeks; the one, to be revenged on the other, came and discovered to us the mystery of Mackshane's dialogue, as I have explained it above. This detection coming to the ears of the doctor, who was sensible, that (now we were in sight of Jamaica) we should have an opportunity of clearing ourselves before a court-martial, and, at the same time, of making his malice and ignorance conspicuous, he interceded for us with the captain so effectually, that, in a few hours, we were set at liberty, and ordered to return to our duty. This was a happy event for me, my whole body being blistered by the sun, and my limbs benumbed by want of motion; but I could scarce persuade the Welshman to accept of this indulgence, he persisting in his obstinacy to remain in irons until he should be discharged by a court-martial, which he believed would also do him justice on his enemies: at length I represented to him the precarious issue of a trial, the power and interest of his adversaries, and flattered his revenge with the hope of wreaking his resentment with his own hands upon Mackshane, after our return to England. This last argument had more weight with him than all the rest, and prevailed upon him to repair with me to the cockpit, which I no sooner entered than the idea of my departed friend presented itself to my remembrance, and filled my eyes with tears. We discharged from our mess the boy who had acted so perfidiously, notwithstanding his tears, entreaties, and professions of penitence for what he had done, but not before he had confessed that the surgeon had bribed him to give evidence against us with a pair of stockings, and a couple of old check shirts, of which his servant had since plundered him.

The keys of our chests and lockers being sent to us by the doctor, we detained the messenger until we had examined the contents, and my fellow-mate finding all his Cheshire cheese consumed to a crust, his brandy exhausted, and his onions gone, was seized with a fit of cholera, which he discharged on Mackshane's man in oaths and execrations, threatening to prosecute him as a thief. The fellow swore, in his turn, that he never had the keys in his possession till that time, when he received them from his master, with orders to deliver them to us. "As Got is my judge," cried Morgan, "and my affidavit, and my witness, whosoever has pilfered my provisions is a lousy, peggurly,

rascally knave' and by the soul of my grand-
sire' I will impeach, and accuse, and indict him of a roppery, if I did but know who he is." Had this misfortune happened at sea, where we could not repair the loss, in all probability this descendant of Caractacus would have lost his wits entirely; but, when I observed how easy it would be to remedy this paltry mischance, he became more calm, and reconciled himself to the occasion. A little while after this transport, the surgeon came into the berth, under pretence of taking something out of the medicine chest, and, with a smiling aspect, wished us joy of our deliverance, which he said he had been at great pains to obtain of the captain, who was very justly incensed at our behaviour, but he (the doctor) had passed his word for our future conduct, and he hoped we should give him no cause to repent of his kindness. He expected, no doubt, an acknowledgement from us, for this pretended piece of service, as well as a general amnesty of what was past, but he had to do with people who were not quite so apt to forgive injuries as he imagined, or to forget, that, if our deliverance was owing to his mediation, our calamity was occasioned by his malice. I therefore sat silent, while my companion answered,—"Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Got knows the heart—there is a time for all things, as the wise man saith, there is a time for throwing away stones, and a time to gather them up again." He seemed to be disconcerted at this reply, and went away in a pet, muttering something about "ingratitude" and "fellows," of which we did not think fit to take any notice.

Our fleet having joined another that waited for us, lay at anchor about a month in the harbour of Port Royal in Jamaica, during which time something of consequence was certainly transacted, notwithstanding the insinuations of some who affirmed we had no business at all in that place, that, in order to take the advantage of the season proper for our enterprise, the West-India squadron, which had previous notice of our coming, ought to have joined us at the west end of Hispaniola, with necessary stores and refreshments, from whence we could have sailed directly for Carthagena, before the enemy could put themselves in a good posture of defence, or indeed have an inkling of our design. Be this as it will, we sailed from Jamaica, and in ten days or a fortnight, beat up against the wind as far as the isle of Vache, with an intention, as was said, to attack the French fleet, then supposed to be lying near that place: but before we arrived, they had sailed for Europe, having first dispatched an advice-boat to Carthagena with an account of our being in those seas, as also of our strength and destination. We loitered here some days longer, taking in wood and brackish water, in the use whereof,

however, our admiral seemed to consult the health of the men, by restricting each to a quart a-day. At length we set sail, and arrived in a bay to the windward of Carthage, where we came to an anchor, and lay at our ease ten days longer. Here again certain malicious people took occasion to blame the conduct of their superiors, by saying, that in so doing, they not only unprofitably wasted time, which was very precious, considering the approach of the rainy season, but also allowed the Spaniards to recollect themselves from the terror occasioned by the approach of an English fleet, at least three times as numerous as ever appeared in that part of the world before. But, if I might be allowed to give my opinion of the matter, I would ascribe this delay to the generosity of our chiefs, who scorned to take any advantage that fortune might give them, even over an enemy. At last, however, we weighed, and anchored again somewhat nearer the harbour's mouth, where we made shift to land our marines, who encamped on the beach in despite of the enemy's shot, which knocked a good many of them on the head. This piece of conduct, in choosing a camp under the walls of an enemy's fortification, which I believe never happened before, was practised, I presume, with a view of accustoming the soldiers to stand fire, who were not as yet much used to discipline, most of them having been taken from the plough-tail a few months before. This expedient, again, has furnished matter for censure against the ministry, for sending a few raw recruits on such an important enterprise, while so many veteran regiments lay inactive at home. But surely our governors had their reasons for so doing, which possibly may be disclosed with other secrets of the deep. Perhaps they were loth to risk their best troops on such desperate service, or the colonels and field officers of the old corps, who, generally speaking, enjoyed their commissions as sinecures or pensions for some domestic services tendered to the court, refused to embark in such a dangerous and precarious undertaking for which refusal, no doubt, they are much to be commended.

CHAPTER XXXII

Our land forces being disembarked, erect a fascine battery—Our ship is ordered, with four more, to batter the fort of Boca Chica—Mackshane's cowardice—the chaplain's frenzy—honest Rattlin loses one hand—his heroism, and reflections on the battle—Crampley's behaviour to me during the heat of the fight

OUR forces being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about

erecting a fascine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in something more than three weeks it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined, in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four cohorns, should ply it on the other.

Accordingly, the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before to make every thing clear for that purpose, and in so doing, a difference happened between Captain Oakum and his well-beloved cousin and counsellor Mackshane, which had well nigh terminated in open rupture. The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cockpit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of the ship by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers, and therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded in the after-hold, where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above. The captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion, or if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cockpit for that purpose. Fear rendering Mackshane obstinate, he persisted in his demand, and showed his instructions, by which it was authorised. The captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea, nevertheless, he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it, but, before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to trust his carcass in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and, in less than half an hour, came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica, with a spring upon our cable, and the cannonading (which indeed was terrible) began. The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck, and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us in quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welshman and I sat upon a chest looking at one another with great discomposure, scarce able to refrain from the like prostration. And that the reader may know it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astonished us. The fire of the Span-

yards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, beside a mortar and small arms in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St Joseph, twenty-two fascine batteries, and four men of war, mounting sixty-four guns each. This was answered by our land battery, mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty-four cohorns, and five great ships of eighty or seventy guns, that fired without intermission. We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth without speaking a word. Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried out,—“As I shall answer now, the man is as dead as my great grandfather.” “Dead!” said his comrade, “he may be dead now, for aught I know, but I’ll be damn’d if he was not alive when I took him up.” So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it overboard. “D—n the body!” said he, “I think ’tis fair enough if I take care of my own.” My fellow-mate snatching up the amputation knife, pursued him half-way up the cockpit ladder, crying,—“You lousy rascal, is this the church-yard, or the chapel-house, or the sepulchre, or the Golgotha of the ship?” but was stopped in his career by one calling,—“Yo ho, avast there—scaldings.” “Scaldings!” answered Morgan, “Got knows, ’tis hot enough indeed, who are you?” Here’s one,” replied the voice; and I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who, coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was come to be docked at last, and discovered the remains of one hand which had been shattered to pieces with a grape-shot. I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing, that every shot had its commission, it was well it did not take him in the head, or, if it had, what then? he should have died bravely, fighting for his king and country. Death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay, and that now was as well as another time. I was much pleased and edified with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking, the operation being performed, at his request, by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb. While I was employed in dressing the stump, I asked Jack’s opinion of the matter, who, shaking his head, frankly told me, he believed we should do no good; for why, because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have

had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy from their shipping and Fort St Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade, that, besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place, for there was scarce any body on board who understood the pointing of a gun. Ah! God help us!” continued he, “if your kinsman, Lieutenant Bowling, had been here, we should have had other guess-work.” By this time our patients had increased to such a number, that we did not know which to begin with, and the first mate plainly told the surgeon, that if he did not get up immediately, and perform his duty, he would complain of his behaviour to the admiral, and make application for his warrant. This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned, he therefore rose up, and, in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such extraordinary inspiration as himself. Being thus supported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy. The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson’s brain, conspired, with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious; he stripped himself to the skin, and, besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason, but finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolics, he knocked him down with his right hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that state of humiliation. But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester, to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet. While we diverted ourselves at the expense of this poor devil, a shot happened to take us between wind and water, and (its course being through the purser’s store-room) made a terrible havoc and noise among the jars and bottles in its way, and disconcerted Mackshane so much, that he dropt his scalpel, and, falling down on his knees, pronounced his *paternoster* aloud; the purser fell backward, and lay without sense or motion, and the chaplain grew so outrageous, that Rattlin with one hand could not keep him under; so that we were obliged to confine him in the surgeon’s cabin, where he was no doubt guilty of a thousand extravagancies. Much about this time, my old

antagonist Crampley came down, with express orders, as he said, to bring me up to the quarter-deck, to dress a slight wound the captain had received by a splinter; his reason for honouring me in particular with this piece of service being, that, in case I should be killed or disabled by the way, my death or mutilation would be of less consequence to the ship's company than that of the doctor or his first mate. At another time, perhaps, I might have disputed his order, to which I was not bound to pay the least regard, but as I thought my reputation depended upon my compliance, I was resolved to convince my rival that I was no more afraid than he of exposing myself to danger. With this view I provided myself with dressings, and followed him immediately to the quarter-deck, through a most infernal scene of slaughter, fire, smoke, and uproar! Captain Oakum, who leaned against the mizen-mast, no sooner saw me approach in my shirt, with the sleeves tucked up to my arm-pits, and my hands dyed with blood, than he signified his displeasure by a frown, and asked why the doctor himself did not come? I told him Crampley had singled me out, as if by express command, at which reply he seemed surprized, and threatened to punish the midshipman for his presumption after the engagement in the mean time I was sent back to my station, and ordered to tell Mackshane that the captain expected him immediately. I got safe back, and delivered my commission to the doctor, who flatly refused to quit the post assigned to him by his instructions, whereupon Morgan, who, I believe, was jealous of my reputation for courage, undertook the affair, and ascended with great intrepidity. The captain finding the surgeon obstinate, suffered himself to be dressed, and swore he would confine Mackshane as soon as the service should be over.

CHAPTER XXIII

A breach being made in the walls, our soldiers give the assault, and take the place without opposition—our sailors at the same time become masters of all the other strengths near Boca Chica, and take possession of the harbour—the good consequence of this success—we move nearer the town—find two forts deserted, and the channel blocked up with sunk vessels, which, however, we find means to clear—land our soldiers at La Quinta—repulse a body of militia—attack the castle of St Lazar, and are forced to retreat with great loss—the remains of our army are re-embarked—an effort of the admiral to take the town—the economy of our expedition described

HAVING cannonaded the fort during the space of four hours, we were all ordered to ship our cables and sheer off; but next day the engagement was renewed, and continued from the morning till the afternoon, when the enemy's fire from Boca Chica slackened, and towards evening was quite silenced. A breach being made on the other side by our land battery, large enough to admit a middle-sized baboon, provided he could find means to climb up to it, our general proposed to give the assault that very night, and actually ordered a detachment on that duty. Providence stood our friend upon this occasion, and put it into the hearts of the Spaniards to abandon the fort, which might have been maintained by resolute men till the day of judgment, against all the force we could exert in the attack, and while our soldiers took possession of the enemy's ramparts without resistance, the same good luck attended a body of sailors, who made themselves masters of fort St Joseph, the fascine batteries, and one Spanish man of war, the other three being burnt or sunk by the foe, that they might not fall into our hands. The taking of these forts, in the strength of which the Spaniards chiefly confided, made us masters of the outward harbour, and occasioned great joy among us, as we laid our accounts with finding little or no opposition from the town, and indeed, if a few great ships had sailed up immediately, before they had recovered from the confusion and despair that our unexpected success had produced among them, it is not impossible that we might have finished the affair to our satisfaction without any more bloodshed, but this step our heroes disdained, as a barbarous insult over the enemy's distress, and gave them all the respite they could desire, in order to recollect themselves. In the mean time Mackshane, taking the advantage of this general exultation, waited on our captain, and pleaded his own cause so effectually, that he was re-established in his good graces, and as for Crampley, there was no more notice taken of his behaviour towards me during the action. But of all the consequences of the victory, none was more grateful than plenty of fresh water, after we had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser's quart *per diem* for each man, in the torrid zone, where the sun was vertical, and the expense of bodily fluid so great, that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours, especially as our provision consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse, salt pork of New England, which, though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of both, bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock-work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it; and butter served out by the gill,

that tasted like train-oil thickened with salt. Instead of small beer, each man was allowed three half quarters of brandy or rum, which were distributed every morning, diluted with a certain quantity of the water, without either sugar or fruit to render it palatable, for which reason this composition was, by the sailors, not unaptly, styled *necessity*. Nor was this limitation of simple element owing to a scarcity of it on board, for there was at this time water enough in the ship for a voyage of six months, at the rate of half a gallon per day to each man; but this fast must, I suppose, have been enjoined by way of penance on the ship's company for their sins, or rather with a view to mortify them into a contempt of life, that they might thereby become more resolute and regardless of danger. How simply, then, do those people argue, who ascribe the great mortality among us to our bad provision and want of water, and affirm, that a great many valuable lives might have been saved, if the useless transports had been employed in fetching fresh stock, turtle, fruit, and other refreshments from Jamaica, and other adjacent islands, for the use of the army and fleet, seeing it is to be hoped, that those who died went to a better place, and those who survived were the more easily maintained. After all, a sufficient number remained to fall before the walls of St Lazar, where they behaved like their own country mastiffs, which shut their eyes, run into the jaws of a bear, and have their heads crushed for their valour.

But to return to my narration.—After having put garrisons into the forts we had taken, and re-embarked our soldiers and artillery, a piece of service that detained us more than a week, we ventured up to the mouth of the inner harbour, guarded by a large fortification on one side, and a small redoubt on the other, both of which were deserted before our approach, and the entrance of the harbour blocked up by several old galleons, and two men of war that the enemy had sunk in the channel. We made shift, however, to open a passage for some ships, that favoured a second landing of our troops, at a place called La Quinta, not far from the town, where, after a faint resistance from a body of Spaniards, who opposed their disembarkation, they encamped, with a design of besieging the castle of St Lazar, which overlooked and commanded the city. Whether our renowned general had nobody in his army who knew how to approach it in form, or that he trusted entirely to the fame of his arms, I shall not determine, but certain it is, a resolution was taken in a council of war to attack the place with musketry only. This was put in execution, and succeeded accordingly; the enemy giving them such a hearty reception, that the greatest part of the detachment took up their everlasting residence on the spot. Our chief, not relishing this kind of

complaisance in the Spaniards, was wise enough to retreat on board with the remains of his army, which, from eight thousand able men landed on the beach near Boca Chica, was now reduced to fifteen hundred ~~five~~ service. The sick and wounded were squeezed into certain vessels, which thence obtained the name of hospital ships, though methinks they scarce deserved such a creditable title, seeing few of them could boast of their surgeon, nurse, or cook, and the space between decks was so confined, that the miserable patients had not room to sit upright in their beds. Their wounds and stumps being neglected, contracted filth and putrefaction, and millions of maggots were hatched amidst the corruption of their sores. This inhuman disregard was imputed to the scarcity of surgeons, though it is well known that every great ship in the fleet could have spared one at least for this duty, an expedient which would have been more than sufficient to remove this shocking inconvenience. But perhaps the general was too much of a gentleman to ask a favour of this kind from his fellow-chief, who, on the other hand, would not derogate so much from his own dignity as to offer such assistance unasked, for I may venture to affirm, that by this time the demon of discord, with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels, and it might be said of these great men (I hope they will pardon the comparison), as of Cæsar and Pompey, the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal, so that, between the pride of one and insolence of another, the enterprise miscarried, according to the proverb,—“between two stools the backside falls to the ground.” Not that I would be thought to liken any public concern to that opprobrious part of the human body, though I might with truth assert, if I durst use such a vulgar idiom, that the nation did hang an a—se at its disappointment on this occasion, neither would I presume to compare the capacity of our heroic leaders to any such wooden convenience as a joint-stool, or a close-stool, but only to signify by this simile, the mistake the people committed in trusting to the union of two instruments that were never joined.

A day or two after the attempt on St Lazar, the admiral ordered one of the Spanish men of war we had taken to be mounted with sixteen guns, and manned with detachments from our great ships in order to batter the town. Accordingly she was towed into the inner harbour in the night, and moored within half a mile of the walls, against which she began to fire at day-break, and continued about six hours exposed to the opposition of at least thirty pieces of cannon, which at length obliged our men to set her on fire, and get off as well as they could in their boats. This piece of conduct afforded matter of speculation to all the wits either in the army or

navy, who were at last fain to acknowledge it was a stroke of policy above their comprehension. Some entertained such an irreverent opinion of the admiral's understanding, as to think he expected the town would surrender to his floating battery of sixteen guns. Others imagined his sole intention was to try the enemy's strength, by which he should be able to compute the number of great ships that would be necessary to force the town to a capitulation; but this last conjecture soon appeared groundless, inasmuch as no ships of any kind whatever were afterwards employed on that service. A third sort swore, that no other cause could be assigned for this undertaking, than that which induced Don Quixote to attack the windmill. A fourth class (and that the most numerous, though, without doubt, composed of the sanguine and malicious) plainly taxed this commander with want of honesty, as well as sense, and alleged that he ought to have sacrificed private pique to the interest of his country, that where the lives of so many brave fellow-citizens were concerned, he ought to have concurred with the general, without being solicited, or even desired, towards their preservation and advantage, that if his arguments could not dissuade him from a desperate enterprise, it was his duty to have rendered it as practicable as possible, without running extreme hazard, that this could have been done, with a good prospect of success, by ordering five or six large ships to batter the town, while the land forces stormed the castle, by these means a considerable diversion would have been made in favour of those troops, who, in their march to the assault, and in the retreat, suffered much more from the town than from the castle, that the inhabitants, seeing themselves vigorously attacked on all hands, would have been divided, distracted, and confused, and, in all probability, unable to resist the assailants. But all these suggestions surely proceeded from ignorance and malevolence, or else the admiral would not have found it such an easy matter, at his return to England, to justify his conduct to a ministry at once so upright and discerning. True it is, that those who undertook to vindicate him on the spot, asserted that there was not water enough for our great ships near the town, though this was a little unfortunately urged, because there happened to be pilots in the fleet perfectly well acquainted with the soundings of the harbour, who affirmed there was water enough for five eighty-gun ships to lie abreast, almost up to the very walls. The disappointments we suffered occasioned an universal dejection, which was not at all alleviated by the objects that daily and hourly entertained our eyes, nor by the prospect of what must have inevitably happened, had we remained much longer in this place. Such was the economy in some ships, that, rather than

be at the trouble of interring the dead, the commanders ordered the men to throw their bodies overboard, many without either ballast or winding-sheet, so that numbers of human carcases floated in the harbour, until they were devoured by sharks and carrion crows, which afforded no agreeable spectacle to those who survived. At the same time the wet season began, during which a deluge of rain falls from the rising to the setting of the sun without intermission; and that no sooner ceases than it begins to thunder and lighten with such continual flashing that one can see to read a very small print by the illumination.

CHAPTER XXXIV

An epidemic fever rages among us—we abandon our conquests—I am seized with the distemper, write a petition to the captain, which is rejected—I am in danger of suffocation through the malice of Crampley, and relieved by a sergeant—my fever increases—the chaplain wants to confess me—I obtain a favourable crisis—Morgan's affection for me proved—the behaviour of Mackshane and Crampley towards me—Captain Oakum is removed into another ship, with his beloved doctor—our new captain described—an adventure of Morgan

THE change of the atmosphere, occasioned by this phenomenon, conspired, with the stench that surrounded us, the heat of the climate, our own constitutions impoverished by bad provisions, and our despair, to introduce the bilious fever among us, which raged with such violence, that three-fourths of those whom it invaded died in a deplorable manner, the colour of their skin being, by the extreme putrefaction of their juices, changed into that of soot.

Our conductors, finding things in this situation, perceived it was high time to relinquish our conquests, and this we did, after having rendered their artillery useless, and blown up their walls with gunpowder. Just as we sailed from Boca Chica on our return to Jamaica, I found myself threatened with the symptoms of this terrible distemper, and knowing very well that I stood no chance for my life, if I should be obliged to lie in the cockpit, which by this time was grown intolerable even to people in health, by reason of the heat and unwholesome smell of decayed provision, I wrote a petition to the captain, representing my case, and humbly imploring his permission to lie among the soldiers in the middle deck, for the benefit of the air; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for this humane commander refused my request, and ordered me to continue in the place allotted for the surgeon's mate, or else to be contented to lie in the hospital, which,

by the by, was three degrees more offensive and more suffocating than our own berth below. Another in my condition, perhaps, would have submitted to his fate, and died in a pet, but I could not brook the thoughts of perishing so pitifully, after I had weathered so many gales of hard fortune. I therefore, without minding Oakum's injunction, prevailed upon the soldiers (whose good will I had acquired) to admit my hammock among them, and actually congratulated myself upon my comfortable situation, which Crampley no sooner understood, than he signified to the captain my contempt of his orders, and was invested with the power to turn me down again into my proper habitation. This barbarous piece of revenge incensed me so much against the author, that I vowed, with bitter imprecations, to call him to a severe account, if ever it should be in my power, and the agitation of my spirits increased my fever to a violent degree. While I lay gasping for breath in this infernal abode, I was visited by a serjeant, the bones of whose nose I had reduced and set to rights, after they had been demolished by a splinter during our last engagement. He being informed of my condition, offered me the use of his berth in the middle deck, which was enclosed with canvass, and well aired by a port-hole that remained open within it. I embraced this proposal with joy, and was immediately conducted to the place, where I was treated, while my illness lasted, with the utmost tenderness and care by this grateful halberdier, who had no other bed for himself than a hencoop during the whole passage. Here I lay, and enjoyed the breeze, notwithstanding which, my malady gained ground, and at length my life was despaired of, though I never lost hopes of recovery, even when I had the mortification to see from my cabin window, six or seven thrown overboard every day, who died of the same distemper. This confidence, I am persuaded, conducted a great deal to the preservation of my life, especially when joined to another resolution I took at the beginning, namely, to refuse all medicine, which I could not help thinking co-operated with the disease, and instead of resisting putrefaction, promoted a total degeneracy of the vital fluid. When my friend Morgan, therefore, brought his diaphoretic boluses, I put them in my mouth, 'tis true, but without any intention of swallowing them, and, when he went away, spit them out, and washed my mouth with water-gruel. I seemingly complied in this manner, that I might not affront the blood of Caractacus, by a refusal which might have intimated a diffidence of his physical capacity; for he acted as my physician, Doctor Mackshans never once inquiring about me, or even knowing where I was. When my distemper was at the height, Morgan thought my case desperate, and after having applied a blister to the nape of my neck,

squeezed my hand, bidding me, with a woful countenance, recommend myself to God and my Reteemer, then taking his leave, desired the chaplain to come and administer some spiritual consolation to me, but before he arrived, I made shift to rid myself of the troublesome application the Welshman had bestowed on my back. The parson having felt my pulse, inquired into the nature of my complaints, hemmed a little, and began thus—"Mr Random, God out of his infinite mercy hath been pleased to visit you with a dreadful distemper, the issue of which no man knows. You may be permitted to recover and live many days on the face of the earth, and, which is more probable, you may be taken away and cut off in the flower of your youth, it is incumbent on you, therefore, to prepare for the great change, by repenting sincerely of your sins, of this there cannot be a greater sign, than an ingenuous confession, which I conjure you to make, without hesitation, or mental reservation, and when I am convinced of your sincerity, I will then give you such comfort as the situation of your soul will admit of. Without doubt, you have been guilty of numberless transgressions to which youth is subject, as swearing, drunkenness, whoredom, and adultery, tell me, therefore, without reserve, the particulars of each, especially the last, that I may be acquainted with the true state of your conscience, for no physician will prescribe for his patient until he knows the circumstances of his disease." As I was not under any apprehensions of death, I could not help smiling at the chaplain's inquisitive remonstrance, which I told him savoured more of the Roman than of the protestant church, in recommending auricular confession, a thing, in my opinion, not at all necessary to salvation, and which, for that reason, I declined. This reply disconcerted him a little, however, he explained away his meaning, in making learned distinctions between what was absolutely necessary, and what was only convenient then proceeded to ask what religion I professed. I answered, that I had not as yet considered the difference of religions, consequently had not fixed on any one in particular, but that I was bred a presbyterian. At this word the chaplain expressed great astonishment, and said he could not comprehend how a presbyterian was entitled to any post under the English government. Then he asked if I had ever received the sacrament, or taken the oaths; to which questions I replying in the negative, he held up his hands, assured me he could do me no service, wished I might not be in a state of reprobation, and returned to his messmates, who were making merry in the ward-room, around a table well stored with bumbo* and

* Bumbo is a liquor composed of rum, sugar, water and nutmeg

wine This insinuation, terrible as it was, had not such an effect upon me as the fever, which, soon after he had left me, grew outrageous, I began to see strange chimeras, and concluded myself on the point of becoming delirious, in the mean time, being in great danger of suffocation, I started up in a kind of frantic fit, with an intention to plunge myself into the sea, and as my friend the serjeant was not present, would certainly have cooled myself to some purpose, had I not perceived a moisture upon my thigh, as I endeavoured to get out of my hammock the appearance of this revived my hopes, and I had reflection and resolution enough to take the advantage of this favourable symptom, by tearing the shirt from my body, and sheets from my bed, and wrapping myself in a thick blanket, in which inclosure, for about a quarter of an hour, I felt the pains of hell, but it was not long before I was recompensed for my suffering by a profuse sweat, that, bursting from the whole surface of my skin, in less than two hours relieved me from all my complaints, except that of weakness, and left me as hungry as a kite I enjoyed a very comfortable nap, after which I was regaling myself with the agreeable revery of my future happiness, when I heard Morgan, on the outside of the curtain, ask the serjeant if I was alive still? "Alive," cried the other, "God forbid he should be otherwise! he has lain quiet these five hours, and I do not choose to disturb him, for sleep will do him great service" "Aye," said my fellow-mate, "he sleeps so sound, look you, that he will never waken till the great trump blows Got be merciful to his soul! he has paid his debt like an honest man Aye, and moreover, he is at rest from all persecutions, and troubles, and afflictions, of which, Got knows, and I know, he had his own share Ochree! ochree! he was a promising youth, indeed" So saying, he groaned grievously, and began to whine in such a manner as persuaded me he had a real friendship for me The serjeant, alarmed at his words, came into the berth, and, while he looked upon me, I smiled, and tipped him the wink, he immediately guessed my meaning, and remaining silent, Morgan was confirmed in his opinion of my being dead, whereupon he approached with tears in his eyes, in order to indulge his grief with the sight of the object, and I counterfeited death so well, by fixing my eyes, and dropping my under jaw, that he said,— "There he lies, no petter than a lump of clay, Got help me;" and observed by the distortion of my face, that I must have had a strong struggle I should not have been able to contain myself much longer, when he began to perform the last duty of a friend, in closing my eyes and my mouth, upon which I suddenly snapped at his fingers, and discomposed him so much, that he started back, turned pale as ashes, and stared like

the picture of horror Although I could not help laughing at his appearance, I was concerned for his situation, and stretched out my hand, telling him I hoped to live and eat some salmagundy of his making in England It was some time before he could recollect himself so far as to feel my pulse, and inquire into the particulars of my disease, but when he found I had enjoyed a favourable crisis, he congratulated me upon my good fortune, not failing to ascribe it, under Got, to the blister he had applied to my back at his last visit, which, by the by, said he, must now be removed and dressed He was actually going to fetch dressings, when I, feigning astonishment, said,— "Bless me! sure you never applied a blister to me, there is nothing on my back, I assure you" But he could not be convinced till he had examined it, and then endeavoured to conceal his confusion, by expressing his surprise in finding the skin untouched, and the plaster missing In order to excuse myself for paying so little regard to his prescription, I pretended to have been insensible when it was put on, and to have pulled it off afterwards in a fit of delirium

This apology satisfied my friend, who, on this occasion, abated a good deal of his stiffness in regard to punctilio, and as we were now safely arrived at Jamaica, where I had the benefit of fresh provisions and other refreshments, I recovered strength every day, and, in a short time, my health and vigour were perfectly re-established When I got up at first, and was just able to crawl about the deck with a staff in my hand, I met Doctor Mackshane, who passed by me with a disdainful look, and did not vouchsafe to honour me with one word After him came Crampley, who, strutting up to me, with a fierce countenance, pronounced,— "Here's fine discipline on board, when such lazy skulking sons of b——s as you are allowed, on pretence of sickness, to lollop at your ease, while your betters are kept to hard duty" The sight and behaviour of this malicious scoundrel incensed me so much, that I could scarce refrain from laying my cudgel across his pate, but when I considered my present febleness, and the enemies I had in the ship, who wanted only a pretence to ruin me, I restrained my passion, and contented myself with telling him, I had not forgotten his insolence and malice, and that I hoped we should meet one day on shore At this declaration he grinned, shook his fist, and swore he longed for nothing more than such an opportunity

Meanwhile our ship was ordered to be heaved down, victualled, and watered, for her return to England, and our captain, for some reason or other, not thinking it convenient for him to revisit his native country at this time, exchanged with a gentleman, who, on the other hand, wished for nothing

so much as to be safe without the tropic; all his care and tenderness of himself being insufficient to preserve his complexion from the injuries of the sun and weather.

Our tyrant having left the ship, and carried his favourite Mackehane along with him, to my inexpressible satisfaction, our new commander came on board in a ten-oared barge, overshadowed with a vast umbrella, and appeared in every thing the reverse of Oakum, being a tall, thin, young man, dressed in this manner—"A white hat, garnished with a red feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders, in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of pink-coloured silk lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retured backward, as it were to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a brooch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin. The knees of his crimson velvet breeches scarcely descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs, from shoes of blue Meroquin, studded with diamond buckles, that flamed forth rivals to the sun. A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side, and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were a mask on his face, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand. In this garb Captain Whiffle (for that was his name) took possession of the ship, surrounded with a crowd of attendants, all of whom, in their different degrees, seemed to be of their patron's disposition, and the air was so impregnated with perfumes, that one may venture to affirm that the clime of Arabia Felix was not half so sweet-scented. My fellow mate, observing no surgeon among his train, thought he had found an occasion too favourable for himself to be neglected, and remembering the old proverb,—“Spare to speak, and spare to speed,” resolved to solicit the new captain's interest immediately, before any other surgeon could be appointed for the ship. With this view, he repaired to the cabin in his ordinary dress, consisting of a check shirt and trowsers, a brown linen waistcoat, and a nightcap of the same (neither of them very clean), which, for his further misfortune, happened to smell strong of tobacco. Entering without any ceremony into this sacred place, he found Captain Whiffle reposing on a couch, with a wrapper of fine chintz about his body, and a muslin cap bordered with lace about his head, and after several low congrats, began in this man-

ner,—“Sir, I hope you will forgive, and excuse, and pardon, the presumption of one who has not the honour of being known unto you, but who is, nevertheless, a shentleman — porn and pred, and moreover has had misfortunes, Got help me, in the world.” Here he was interrupted by the captain, who, on seeing him, had started up with great amazement at the novelty of the apparition, and having recollected himself, pronounced, with a look and tone signifying disdain, curiosity and surprisc,—“Zauns' who art thou?” “I am shurgeon's first mate on board of this ship,” replied Morgan, “and I most vehemently desire and beseech you, with all submission, to be pleased to condescend and vouchsafe to inquire into my character, and my behaviour, and my deserts, which, under Got, I hope, will entitle me to the vacancy of surgeon.” As he proceeded in his speech he continued advancing towards the captain, whose nostrils were no sooner saluted with the aromatic flavour that exhaled from him, than he cried with great emotion,—“Heaven preserve me! I am suffocated! Fellow, fellow, away with thee. Curse thee, fellow! get thee gone. I shall be stunk to death!” At the noise of his outcries, his servants ran into his apartment, and he accosted them thus—“Villains! cut-throats! traitors! I am betrayed! I am sacrificed!”—Will you not carry that monster away? or must I be stifled with the stench of him? Oh! oh!” With these interjections he sunk down upon his settee in a fit, his valet-de-chambre plied him with a smelling-bottle, one footman chafed his temples with Hungary water, another sprinkled the floor with spirits of lavender, a third pushed Morgan out of the cabin, who, coming to the place where I was, sat down, with a demure countenance, and, according to his custom, when he received any indignity which he durst not revenge, began to sing a Welsh ditty. I guessed he was under some agitation of spirits, and desired to know the cause, but, instead of answering me directly, he asked, with great emotion, if I thought him a monster and a stunkard? “A monster and a stunkard!” said I, with some surprise, “did anybody call you so?” “Got is my judge,” replied he, “Captain Fife did call me both, aye, and all the water in the Tawy will not wash it out of my remembrance. I do affirm and avouch, and maintain, with my soul, and my pody, and my blood, look you, that I have no smells about me, but such as a Christian ought to have, except the effluvia of tobacco, which is a cephalic, odouriferous, aromatic herb, and he is a son of a mountain goat who says otherwise. As for my being a monster, let that be as it is: I am as Got was pleased to create me, which, peradventure, is more than I shall aver of him who gave me that title; for I will proclaim it before the world, that he is disguised, and

transfigured, and transmographed, with affectation and whimsies, and that he is more like a papoon than one of the human race "

CHAPTER XXXV

Captain Whiffle sends for me—his situation described—his surgeon arrives, prescribes for him and puts him to bed—a bed is put up for Mr Simper, contiguous to the state-room, which, with other parts of the captain's behaviour, gives the ship's company a very unfavourable idea of their commander—I am detained in the West Indies by the admiral, and go on board of the Lizard sloop of war in quality of surgeon's mate, where I make myself known to the surgeon, who treats me very kindly—I go on shore, sell my ticket, purchase necessaries, and at my return on board, am surprized at the sight of Crampley, who is appointed lieutenant of the sloop—we sail on a cruise—take a prize, in which I arrive at Port Morant, under the command of my messmate, with whom I live in great harmony

He was going on with an eulogium upon the captain, when I received a message to clean myself, and go up to the great cabin, and with this command I instantly complied, sweetening myself with rose water from the medicine chest. When I entered the room, I was ordered to stand by the door, until Captain Whiffle had reconnoitred me at a distance with a spy-glass. He, having consulted one sense in this manner, bade me advance gradually, that his nose might have intelligence before it could be much offended. I therefore approached with great caution and success, and he was pleased to say,—“Aye, this creature is tolerable.” I found him lolling on his couch, with a languishing air, his head supported by his valet-de-chambre, who, from time to time, applied a smelling bottle to his nose. “Vergette,” said he, in a squeaking tone, “dost thou think this wretch (meaning me) will do me no injury? may I venture to submit my arm to him?” “Pon my vord,” replied the valet, “I do tink dat dere be great occasion for your honour losing one small quantite of blood, and the young man have quelque chose of de bonne men.” “Well then,” said his master, “I think I must venture.” Then addressing himself to me,—“Hast thou ever blooded any body but brutes? But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most damnable lie.” “Brutes, sir,” answered I, pulling down his glove, in order to feel his pulse, “I never meddle with brutes.”—“What the devil art thou about?” cried he, “dost thou intend to twist off my hand?”

God's curse! my arm is benumbed up to the very shoulder! Heaven have mercy on me! must I perish under the hands of savages? What an unfortunate dog was I, to come on board without my own surgeon, Mr Simper!” I craved pardon for having handled him so roughly, and, with the utmost care and tenderness, tied up his arm with a fillet of silk. While I was feeling for the vein, he desired to know how much blood I intended to take from him, and when I answered,—“not above twelve ounces,” started up with a look full of horror, and bade me be gone, swearing I had a design upon his life. Vergette appeased him with difficulty, and opening a bureau, took out a pair of scales, in one of which was placed a small cup, and putting them into my hand told me, the captain never lost above an ounce and three drachms at one time. While I prepared for this important evacuation, there came into the cabin a young man gaily dressed, of a very delicate complexion, with a kind of languid smile on his face, which seemed to have been rendered habitual by a long course of affectation. The captain no sooner perceived him, than, rising hastily, he flew into his arms, crying,—“O! my dear Simper! I am excessively disordered! I have been betrayed, frightened, murdered, by the negligence of my servants, who suffered a beast, a mule, a bear, to surprise me, and stink me into convulsions with the fumes of tobacco.” Simper, who, by this time, I found, was obliged to ait for the clearness of his complexion, assumed an air of softness and sympathy, and lamented, with many tender expressions of sorrow, the sad accident that had thrown him into that condition, then feeling his patient's pulse on the outside of his glove, gave it as his opinion, that his disorder was entirely nervous, and that some drops of tincture of castor and liquid laudanum would be of more service to him than bleeding, by bridling the inordinate sallies of his spirits, and composing the fermentation of his bile. I was therefore sent to prepare this prescription, which was administered in a glass of sack posset, after the captain had been put to bed, and orders sent to the officers on the quarter-deck, to let nobody walk on that side under which he lay.

While the captain enjoyed his repose, the doctor watched over him, and indeed became so necessary, that a cabin was made for him contiguous to the state-room where Whiffle slept, that he might be at hand in case of accidents in the night. Next day our commander being happily recovered, gave orders that none of the lieutenants should appear upon deck without a wig, sword, and ruffles, nor any midshipman, or other petty officer, be seen with a check shirt, or dirty linen. He also prohibited any person whatever, except Simper and his own servants, from coming into the great cabin, without first

sending in to obtain leave. These singular regulations did not prepossess the ship's company in his favour, but, on the contrary, gave scandal an opportunity to be very busy with his character, and accuse him of maintaining a correspondence with the surgeon not fit to be named.

In a few weeks, our ship being under sailing orders, I was in hopes of revisiting my native country in a very short time, when the admiral's surgeon came on board, and sending for Morgan and me to the quarter-deck, gave us to understand, there was a great scarcity of surgeons in the West Indies that he was commanded to detain one mate out of every great ship that was bound for England and desired us to agree between ourselves, before the next day at that hour, which of us should stay behind. We were thunder-struck at this proposal, and stared at one another some time without speaking at length the Welshman broke silence, and offered to remain in the West Indies, provided the admiral would give him a surgeon's warrant immediately, but he was told there was no want of chief surgeons, and that he must be contented with the station of mate, till he should be further provided for in due course whereupon Morgan flatly refused to quit the ship for which the commissioners of the navy had appointed him, and the other told him as plainly, that if we could not determine the affair by ourselves before to-morrow morning, he must cast lots, and abide by his chance. When I recalled to my remembrance the miseries I had undergone in England, where I had not one friend to promote my interest, or favour my advancement in the navy, and, at the same time, reflected on the present dearth of surgeons in the West Indies, and the unhealthiness of the climate, which every day almost reduced the number, I could not help thinking my success would be much more certain and expeditious, by my staying where I was, than by returning to Europe. I therefore resolved to comply with a good grace, and next day, when we were ordered to throw dice, told Morgan he needed not trouble himself, for I would voluntarily submit to the admiral's pleasure. This frank declaration was commended by the gentleman, who assured me, it should not fare the worse with me for my resignation. Indeed, he was as good as his word, and that very afternoon procured a warrant, appointing me a surgeon's mate of the *Lizard* sloop of war, which put me on a footing with every first mate in the service.

My ticket being made out, I put my chest and bedding on board a canoe that lay alongside, and having shook hands with my trusty friend the serjeant, and honest Jack Rattlin, who was bound for Greenwich hospital, I took my leave of Morgan with many tears, after we had exchanged our sleeve-buttons as

remembrancers of each other. Having presented my new warrant to the captain of the *Lizard*, I inquired for the doctor, whom I no sooner saw, than I recollected him to be one of those young fellows with whom I had been committed to the round-house, during our frolic with Jackson, as I have related before. He received me with a good deal of courtesy, and when I put him in mind of our former acquaintance, expressed great joy at seeing me again, and recommended me to an exceedingly good mess, composed of the gunner and master's mate. As there was not one sick person in the ship, I got leave to go ashore the next day with the gunner, who recommended me to a Jew that bought my ticket at the rate of forty per cent discount, and having furnished myself with what necessities I wanted, returned on board in the evening, and, to my surprise, found my old antagonist Crampley walking upon deck. Though I did not fear his enmity, I was shocked at his appearance, and communicated my sentiments on that subject to Mr Tomlins the surgeon, who told me that Crampley, by dint of some friends about the admiral, had procured a commission, constituting him lieutenant on board the *Lizard*, and advised me, now he was my superior officer, to behave with some respect towards him, or else he would find a thousand opportunities of using me ill. This advice was a bitter potion to me, whom pride and resentment had rendered utterly incapable of the least submission to, or even a reconciliation with, the wretch who had on many occasions treated me so inhumanly, however, I resolved to have as little connection as possible with him, and to ingratiate myself as much as I could with the rest of the officers, whose friendship might be a bulwark to defend me from the attempts of his malice.

In less than a week we sailed on a cruise, and, having weathered the east end of the island, had the good fortune to take a Spanish barcolongo, with her prize, which was an English ship bound for Bristol, that sailed from Jamaica a fortnight before, without convoy. All the prisoners who were well we put on shore on the north side of the island, the prizes were manned with Englishmen, and the command of the barcolongo given to my friend the master's mate, with orders to carry them into Port Morant, and there to remain until the *Lizard's* cruise should be ended, at which time she would touch at the same place in her way to Port Royal. With him I was sent to attend the wounded Spaniards as well as Englishmen, who amounted to sixteen, and to take care of them on shore, in a house that was to be hired as an hospital. This destination gave me a great deal of pleasure, as I should for some time be freed from the arrogance of Crampley, whose inveteracy against me had already broken out on two or three occasions since he was

become a lieutenant My messmate, who very much resembled my uncle, both in figure and disposition, treated me on board of the prize with the utmost civility and confidence, and, among other favours, made me a present of a silver-hilted hanger, and a pair of pistols mounted with the same metal, which fell to his share in plundering the enemy We arrived safely at Morant, and, going on shore, pitched upon an empty storehouse, which we hired for the reception of the wounded, who were brought to it next day, with bed and other necessaries and four of the ship's company appointed to attend them and obey me

CHAPTER XXXVI

A strange adventure—in consequence of which I am extremely happy—Crampley does me ill offices with the captain, but his malice is defeated by the good nature and friendship of the surgeon—we return to Port Royal—our captain gets the command of a larger ship, and is succeeded by an old man—Brayl is provided for—we receive orders to sail for England

WHEN my patients were all in a fair way, my companion and commander, whose name was Brayl, carried me up the country to the house of a rich planter, with whom he was acquainted, where we were sumptuously entertained, and, in the evening set out on our return to the ship When we had walked about a mile by moonlight, we perceived a horseman behind us, who, coming up, wished us *good even*, and asked, which way we went? His voice, which was quite familiar to me, no sooner struck my ear, than, in spite of all my resolution and reflection, my hair bristled up, and I was seized with a violent fit of trembling, which Brayl misinterpreting, bade me be under no concern I told him he was mistaken in the cause of my disorder, and, addressing myself to the person on horseback, said,—“I could have sworn by your voice, that you were a dear friend of mine, if I had not been certain of his death” To this address, after some pause, he replied,—“There are many voices as well as faces that resemble one another, but pray, what was your friend's name?” I satisfied him in that particular, and gave a short detail of the melancholy fate of Thomson, not without many sighs and some tears A silence ensued, which lasted some minutes, and then the conversation turned on different subjects, till we arrived at a house on the road, where the horseman alighted, and begged with so much earnestness, that we would go in and drink a bowl of punch with him, that we could not resist But if I was alarmed at his voice, what must my amazement be, when I discovered by the light the very person of my lamented friend! Perceiving my confu-

sion, which was extreme, he clasped me in his arms, and bedewed my face with tears It was some time ere I recovered the use of my reason, overpowered with this event, and longer still before I could speak; so that all I was capable of was to return his embraces, and to mangle the overflows of my joy with his, whilst honest Brayl, affected with the scene, wept as fast as either of us, and signified his participation of our happiness, by hugging us both, and capering about the room like a madman At length I retrieved the use of my tongue, and cried,—“Is it possible, can you be my friend Thomson? No, certainly alas! he was drowned! and I am now under the deception of a dream!” He was at great pains to convince me of his being the individual person whom I regretted, and, bidding me sit down and compose myself, promised to explain his sudden disappearance from the Thunder, and to account for his being at present in the land of the living This task he acquitted himself of, after I had drank a glass of punch, and recollected my spirits, by informing us, that, with a determination to rid himself of a miserable existence, he had gone in the night-time to the head, while the ship was on her way, from whence he slipped down as softly as he could by the bows into the sea, where, after he was heartily ducked, he began to repent of his precipitation, and, as he could swim very well, kept himself above water, in hopes of being taken up by some of the ships astern that, in this situation, he hailed a large vessel, and begged to be taken in, but was answered that she was a heavy sailor, and therefore they did not choose to lose time by bringing to however, they threw an old chest overboard for his convenience, and told him, that some of the ships astern would certainly save him that no other vessel came within sight or cry of him for the space of three hours, during which time he had the mortification to find himself in the middle of the ocean alone, without other support or resting place but what a few crazy boards afforded, till at last he discerned a small sloop steering towards him, upon which he set up his throat, and had the good fortune to be heard and rescued from the dreary waste by their boat, which was hoisted out on purpose “I was no sooner brought on board,” continued he, “than I fainted, and when I recovered my senses, found myself in bed, regaled with a most noisome smell of onions and cheese, which made me think, at first, that I was in my own hammock, alongside of honest Morgan, and that all which had passed was no more than a dream—Upon inquiry I understood that I was on board of a schooner belonging to Rhode Island, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of geese, pigs, onions and cheese, and that the master's name was Robertson, by birth a North-Briton, whom I knew at first sight to

be an old school-fellow of mine. When I discovered myself to him, he was transported with surprise and joy, and begged to know the occasion of my misfortune, which I did not think fit to disclose, because I knew his notions with regard to religion were very severe and confined, therefore contented myself with telling him, I fell overboard by accident, but made no scruple of explaining the nature of my disagreeable station, and of acquainting him with my determined purpose never to return to the Thunder man of war. Although he was not of my opinion in that particular, knowing that I must lose my clothes, and what pay was due to me, unless I went back to my duty, yet, when I described the circumstances of the hellish life I led, under the tyrannic sway of Oakum and Mackshane, and, among other grievances, hinted a dissatisfaction at the irreligious deportment of my shipmates, and the want of the true presbyterian gospel doctrine, he changed his sentiments, and conjured me, with great vehemence and zeal, to lay aside all thoughts of rising in the navy, and that he might show how much he had my interest at heart, undertook to provide for me, in some shape or other, before he should leave Jamaica. This promise he performed to my heart's desire, by recommending me to a gentleman of fortune, with whom I have lived ever since, in quality of surgeon and overseer to his plantations. He and his lady are now at Kingston, so that I am, for the present, master of this house, to which, from my soul, I bid you welcome, and hope you will favour me with your company during the remaining part of the night." I needed not a second invitation; but Mr Brayl, who was a diligent and excellent officer, could not be persuaded to sleep out of the ship; however, he supped with us, and, after having drank a cheerful glass, set out for the vessel, which was not above three miles from the place, escorted by a couple of stout negroes, whom Mr Thomson ordered to conduct him. Never were two friends more happy in the conversation of each other than we, for the time it lasted, I related to him the particulars of our attempt upon Carthage, of which he had heard but an imperfect account; and he gratified me with a narration of every little incident of his life since we parted. He assured me, it was with the utmost difficulty he could resist his inclination of coming down to Port Royal to see Morgan and me, of whom he had heard no tidings since the day of our separation; but that he was restrained by the fear of being detained as a deserter. He told me, that, when he heard my voice in the dark, he was almost as much surprised as I was at seeing him afterwards; and, in the confidence of friendship, disclosed a passion entertained for the only daughter of the gentleman with whom he lived, who, by his description, was a very amiable young lady,

and did not disdain his addresses, that he was very much favoured by her parents, and did not despair of obtaining their consent to the match, which would at once render him independent of the world. I congratulated him on his good fortune, which he protested should never make him forget his friends, and towards morning we betook ourselves to rest.

Next day he accompanied me to the ship, where Mr Brayl entertained him at dinner, and we having spent the afternoon together, he took his leave of us in the evening, after he had forced upon me ten pistoles, as a small token of his affection. In short, while we staid here, we saw one another every day, and generally ate at the same table, which was plentifully supplied by him with all kinds of poultry, butchers' meat, oranges, limes, lemons, pine apples, Madeira wine, and excellent rum, so that this small interval of ten days was by far the most agreeable period of my life.

At length the Lizard arrived, and my patients being all fit for duty, they and I were ordered on board of her, where I understood from Mr Tomlins, that there was a shyness between the lieutenant and him on my account, that rancorous villain having taken the opportunity of my absence to fill the captain's ears with a thousand scandalous stories to my prejudice, among other things, affirming, that I had been once transported for theft, and that, when I was in the Thunder man of war, I had been whipt for the same crime. The surgeon, on the other hand, having heard my whole story from my own mouth, defended me strenuously, and, in the course of that good-natured office, recounted all the instances of Crampley's malice against me while I remained on board of that ship, which declaration, while it satisfied the captain of my innocence, made the lieutenant as much my defender's enemy as mine. This infernal behaviour of Crampley, with regard to me, added such fuel to my former resentment, that, at certain times, I was quite beside myself with the desire of revenge, and was even tempted to pistol him on the quarter-deck, though an infamous death must inevitably have been my reward. But the surgeon, who was my confidant, argued against such a desperate action so effectually, that I stifled the flame which consumed me for the present, and resolved to wait for a more convenient opportunity. In the mean time, that Mr Tomlins might be the more convinced of the wrongs I suffered by this fellow's slander, I begged he would go and visit Mr Thomson, whose wonderful escape I had made him acquainted with, and inquire of him into the particulars of my conduct, while he was my fellow-mate. This request the surgeon complied with, more from curiosity to see a person whose fate had been so extraordinary, than to confirm his good opinion of me, which, he assured

me, was already firmly established. He therefore set out for the dwelling-place of my friend, with a letter of introduction from me, and, being received with all the civility and kindness I expected, returned to the ship, not only satisfied with my character beyond the power of doubt or insinuation, but also charmed with the affability and conversation of Thomson, who loaded him and me with presents of fresh stock, liquors, and fruit. As he would not venture to come and see us on board, lest Crampley should know and detain him, when the time of our departure approached, I obtained leave to go and bid him farewell. After we had vowed an everlasting friendship, he pressed upon me a purse with four doubloons, which I refused as long as I could without giving umbrage, and, having cordially embraced each other, I returned on board, where I found a small box, with a letter directed to me, to the care of Mr Tomlins. Knowing the superscription to be of Thomson's handwriting, I opened it with some surprise, and learned that this generous friend, not contented with loading me with the presents already mentioned, had sent, for my use and acceptance, half a dozen fine shirts, and as many linen waistcoats and caps, with twelve pair of new thread stockings. Being thus provided with money, and all necessaries for the comfort of life, I began to look upon myself as a gentleman of some consequence, and felt my pride dilate apace.

Next day we sailed for Port Royal, where we arrived safely with our prizes, and as there was nothing to do on board, I went ashore, and, having purchased a laced waistcoat, with some other clothes, at a sale, made a swaggering figure for some days among the taverns, where I ventured to play a little at hazard, and came off with fifty pistoles in my pocket. Meanwhile, our captain was promoted to a ship of twenty guns, and the command of the *Lizard* given to a man turned of fourscore, who had been lieutenant since the reign of King William, and, notwithstanding his long service, would have probably died in that station, had he not applied some prize-money he had lately received, to make interest with his superiors. My friend Bravi was also made an officer about the same time, after he had served in quality of a midshipman and mate five-and-twenty years. Soon after these alterations, the admiral pitched upon our ship to carry home dispatches for the ministry, and we set sail for England, having first scrubbed her bottom, and taken in provision and water for the occasion.

CHAPTER XXXVII

We depart for Europe—a misunderstanding arises between the captain and sur-

geon, through the scandalous aspersions of Crampley—the captain dies—Crampley tyrannizes over the surgeon, who falls a victim to his cruelty—I am also ill used—the ship strikes—the behaviour of Crampley and the seamen on that occasion—I get on shore, challenge the captain to single combat—am treacherously knocked down, wounded, and robbed

Now that I could return to my native country in a creditable way, I felt excessive pleasure in finding myself out of sight of that fatal island, which has been the grave of so many Europeans, and as I was accommodated with every thing to render the passage agreeable, I resolved to enjoy myself as much as the insolence of Crampley would permit. This insidious slanderer had found means already to cause a misunderstanding between the surgeon and captain, who, by his age and infirmities, was rendered intolerably peevish, his disposition having also been soured by a long course of disappointments. He had a particular aversion to all young men, especially to surgeons, whom he considered as unnecessary animals on board of a ship, and, in consequence of these sentiments, never consulted the doctor, notwithstanding his being seized with a violent fit of the gout and gravel, but applied to a cask of Holland gin, which was his sovereign prescription against all distempers. Whether he was at this time too sparing, or took an overdose of his cordial, certain it is, he departed in the night, without any ceremony, which indeed was a thing he always despised, and was found stiff next morning, to the no small satisfaction of Crampley, who succeeded to the command of the vessel. For that very reason, Mr Tomlins and I had no cause to rejoice at this event, fearing that the tyranny of our new commander would now be as unlimited as his power. The first day of his command justified our apprehension, for, on pretence that the decks were too much crowded, he ordered the surgeon's hen-coop, with all his fowls, to be thrown overboard, and at the same time prohibited him and me from appearing on the quarter-deck. Mr Tomlins could not help complaining of these injuries, and, in the course of his expostulation, dropped some hasty words, of which Crampley taking hold, confined him to his cabin, where, in a few days, for want of air, he was attacked by a fever, which soon put an end to his life, after he had made his will, by which he bequeathed all his estate, personal and real, to his sister, and left to me his watch and instruments as memorials of his friendship. I was penetrated with grief on this melancholy occasion, the more because there was nobody on board to whom I could communicate my sorrows, or of whom I could receive the least consolation or advice. Crampley was so far from discovering

the least remorse for his barbarity, at the news of the surgeon's death, that he insulted his memory in the most abusive manner, and affirmed he had poisoned himself out of pure fear, dreading to be brought to a court-martial for mutiny, for which reason he would not suffer the service of the dead to be read over his body before it was thrown overboard.

Nothing but a speedy deliverance could have supported me under the brutal sway of this bashaw, who, to render my life the more irksome, signified to my messmates a desire that I should be expelled from their society. This was no sooner hinted, than they granted his request; and I was fain to eat, in a solitary manner, by myself, during the rest of the passage, which, however, soon drew to a period.

We had been seven weeks at sea, when the gunner told the captain, that, by his reckoning, we must be in soundings, and desired he would order the lead to be heaved. Crampley swore he did not know how to keep the ship's way, for we were not within a hundred leagues of soundings, and therefore he would not give himself the trouble to cast the lead. Accordingly, we continued our course all that afternoon and night, without shortening sail, although the gunner pretended to discover Scilly light, and next morning protested in form against the captain's conduct, for which he was put in confinement. We discovered no land all that day, and Crampley was still so infatuated as to neglect sounding, but at three o'clock in the morning, the ship struck, and remained fast on a sand-bank. This accident alarmed the whole crew, the boat was immediately hoisted out, but, as we could not discern which way the shore lay, we were obliged to wait for day-light. In the mean time, the wind increased, and the waves beat against the sloop with such violence, that we expected she would have gone to pieces. The gunner was released, and consulted he advised the captain to cut away the mast, in order to lighten her, this expedient was performed without success. The sailors seeing things in a desperate situation, according to custom, broke up the chests belonging to the officers, dressed themselves in their clothes, drank their liquors without ceremony, and drunkenness, tumult, and confusion ensued. In the midst of this uproar, I went below to secure my own effects; and found the carpenter's mate hewing down the purser's cabin with his hatchet, whistling all the while with great composure. When I asked his intention in doing so, he replied very calmly, "I only want to taste the purser's rum, that's all, master." At that instant the purser coming down, and seeing his effects going to wreck, complained bitterly of the injustice done to him, and asked the fellow what occasion he had for liquor, when, in all

likelihood, he should be in eternity in a few minutes. "All's one for that," said the plunderer, "let us live while we can." "Miserable wretch that thou art," cried the purser, "what must be thy lot in the other world, if thou diest in the commission of robbery?" "Why, hell, I suppose," replied the other, with great deliberation, while the purser fell on his knees, and begged of heaven, that we might not all perish for the sake of one Jonas. During this dialogue, I clothed myself in my best apparel, girded on my hanger, stuck my pistols loaded in my belt, disposed of all my valuable movables about my person, and came upon deck with a resolution of taking the first opportunity to get on shore, which, when the day broke, appeared at the distance of three miles ahead. Crampley, finding his efforts to get the ship off ineffectual, determined to consult his own safety, by going into the boat, which he had no sooner done, than the ship's company followed so fast, that she would have sunk alongside, had not some one wiser than the rest cut the rope and put off. But before this happened, I had made several attempts to get in, and was always balked by the captain, who was so eager in excluding me, that he did not mind the endeavours of any other body. Enraged at this inhuman partiality, and seeing the rope cut, I pulled one of my pistols from my belt, and locking it, swore I would shoot any man who should presume to obstruct my entrance. So saying, I leaped with my full exertion, and got on board of the boat with the loss of the skin of my shin. I chanced in my descent to overturn Crampley, who no sooner got up than he struck at me several times with a cutlass, and ordered the men to throw me overboard, but they were too anxious about their own safety to mind what he said. Though the boat was very deeply loaded, and the sea terribly high, we made shift to get upon dry land in less than an hour after we parted from the sloop. As soon as I set foot on *terra firma*, my indignation, which had boiled so long within me, broke out against Crampley, whom I immediately challenged to single combat, presenting my pistols, that he might take his choice, he took one without hesitation, and, before I could cock the other, fired in my face, throwing the pistol after the shot. I felt myself stunned, and imagining the bullet had entered my brain, discharged mine as quick as possible, that I might not die unrevenged, then flying upon my antagonist, knocked out several of his fore teeth with the butt-end of the piece, and would certainly have made an end of him with that instrument, had he not disengaged himself, and seized his cutlass, which he had given to his servant when he received the pistol. Seeing him armed in this manner, I drew my hanger, and having flung my pistol at his head, closed with

him in a transport of fury, and thrust my weapon into his mouth, which enlarged it on one side to his ear. Whether the smart of this wound disconcerted him, or the unevenness of the ground made him reel, I know not, but he staggered some paces back. I followed close, and with one stroke cut the tendons of the back of his hand, upon which his cutlass dropt, and he remained defenceless. I know not with what cruelty my rage might have inspired me, if I had not at that instant been felled to the ground by a blow on the back part of my head, which deprived me of all sensation. In this deplorable situation, exposed to the rage of an incensed barbarian, and the rapine of an inhuman crew, I remained for some time, and whether any dispute arose among them during the state of my annihilation, I cannot pretend to determine, but in one particular they seem to have been unanimous, and acted with equal dexterity and dispatch, for when I recovered the use of understanding, I found myself alone in a desolate place, stripped of my clothes, money, watch, buckles, and every thing but my shoes, stockings, breeches, and shirt. What a discovery must this have been to me, who but an hour before was worth sixty guineas in cash! I cursed the hour of my birth, the parents that gave me being, the sea that did not swallow me up, the poniard of the enemy, which could not find the way to my heart, the villainy of those who had left me in that miserable condition, and, in the ecstasy of despair, resolved to lie still where I was, and perish.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

I get up, and crawl into a barn, where I am in danger of perishing through the fear of the country people—their inhumanity—I am succoured by a reputed witch—her story—her advice—she recommends me as a valet to a single lady, whose character she explains

BUT as I lay ruminating, my passion insensibly abated, I considered my situation in quite another light from that in which it appeared to me at first, and the result of my deliberation was to rise, if I could, and crawl to the next inhabited place for assistance. With some difficulty I got upon my legs, and having examined my body, found I had received no other injury than two large contused wounds, one on the fore, and another on the hinder part of my head which seemed to be occasioned by the same weapon, namely, the butt-end of a pistol. I looked towards the sea, but could discern no remains of the ship, so that I concluded she was gone to pieces, and that those who remained in her had perished. But, as I afterwards learned, the gunner, who had more

sagacity than Crampley, observing that it was flood when he left her, and that she would possibly float at high water, made no noise about getting on shore, but continued on deck, in hopes of bringing her safe into some harbour, after the commander should have deserted her, for which piece of service he expected, no doubt, to be handsomely rewarded. This scheme he accordingly executed, and was promised great things by the admiralty for saving his majesty's ship, but I never heard he reaped the fruits of his expectation. As for my own part, I directed my course towards a small cottage I perceived, and, in the road, picked up a seaman's old jacket, which, I suppose, the thief who dressed himself in my clothes had thrown away. This was a very comfortable acquisition to me, who was almost stiff with cold, I therefore put it on and as my natural heat revived, my wounds, which had left off bleeding, burst out afresh, so that, finding myself excessively exhausted, I was about to lie down in the fields, when I discovered a barn on my left hand, within a few yards of me, thither I made shift to stagger, and finding the door open, went in, but saw nobody, however I threw myself upon a truss of straw, hoping to be soon relieved by some person or other. I had not lain here many minutes, when I saw a countryman coming in with a pitch-fork in his hand, which he was upon the point of thrusting into the straw that concealed me, and, in all probability, would have done my business, had I not uttered a dreadful groan, after having essayed in vain to speak. This melancholy note alarmed the clown, who started back, and discovering a body all besmeared with blood, stood trumbling with the pitch-fork extended before him, his hair bustling up, his eyes staring, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth wide open. At another time I should have been much diverted by this figure, which preserved the same attitude very near ten minutes, during which time I made many unsuccessful efforts to implore his compassion and assistance, but my tongue failed me, and my language was only a repetition of groans, at length an old man arrived, who, seeing the other in such a posture, cried,—“Mercy upon un’ the leead’s bewitched, why, Dick, beest thou besayed thyself?” Dick, without moving his eyes from the object that terrified him, replied,—“O vather’ vather’ here be either the devil or a dead mon’ I don’t know which o’en, but a groans woundly.” The father, whose eyesight was none of the best, pulled out his spectacles, and having applied them to his nose, reconnoitred me over his son’s shoulder, but no sooner did he behold me, than he was seized with a fit of shaking, even more violent than Dick’s, and, with a broken accent, addressed me thus —“In the name of the Vather, Zun, and Holy Ghost, I charge

you, an you been Satan, to be gone to the Red Zee, but an you be a moordered man, speak, that you may have christom burial." As I was not in a condition to satisfy him in this particular, he repeated his conjuration to no purpose and they continued a good while in the agonies of fear. At length the father proposed that the son should draw nearer, and take a more distinct view of the apparition, but Dick was of opinion that his father should advance first, as being an old man, past his labour, and if he received any mischief, the loss would be the smaller, whereas he himself might escape, and be useful in his generation. This prudential reason had no effect upon the senior, who still kept Dick between me and him. In the meantime I endeavoured to raise one hand as a signal of distress, but had only strength sufficient to produce a rustling among the straw, which discomposed the young peasant so much, that he sprung out at the door, and overthrew his father in his flight. The old gentleman would not spend time in getting up, but crawled backwards like a crab, with great speed, till he had got over the threshold, mumbling exorcisms all the way. I was exceedingly mortified to find myself in danger of perishing through the ignorance and cowardice of these clowns, and felt my spirits decay apace, when an old woman entered the barn, followed by the two fugitives, and, with great intrepidity, advanced to the place where I lay, saying,—"if it be the devil, I fear en not, and for a dead mon, a can do us no harm." When she saw my condition, she cried,—"Here be no devil, but in youren fool's head. Here be a poor miserable wretch, bleeding to death, and if a dies, we must be at the charge of burying him, therefore, Dick, go vetch the old wheel-barrow and put en in, and carry en to goodman Hodge's back door. he is more able than we to lay out money upon poor vagrants." Her advice was taken, and immediately put in execution, I was rolled to the other farmer's door, where I was tumbled out like a heap of dung and would certainly have fallen a prey to the hogs, if my groans had not disturbed the family, and brought some of them out to view my situation. But Hodge resembled the Jew more than the good Samaritan, and ordered me to be carried to the house of the parson, whose business it was to practise as well as to preach charity, observing that it was sufficient for him, to pay his *quote* towards the maintenance of the poor belonging to his own parish. When I was set down at the vicar's gate, he fell into a mighty passion, and threatened to excommunicate him who sent, as well as those who brought me, unless they would move me immediately to another place. About this time I fainted with the fatigue I had undergone, and afterwards understood that I was banded from door to door through

a whole village, nobody having humanity enough to administer the least relief to me, until an old woman, who was suspected of witchcraft by the neighbourhood, hearing of my distress, received me into her house, and having dressed my wounds, brought me to myself with cordials of her own preparing. I was treated with great care and tenderness by this grave matron, who, after I had recovered some strength, desired to know the particulars of my last disaster. This piece of satisfaction I could not refuse to one who had saved my life, I therefore related all my adventures without exaggeration or reserve. She seemed surprised at the vicissitudes I had undergone, and drew a happy presage of my future life from my past sufferings, then launched out into the praise of adversity with so much ardour and good sense, that I concluded she was a person who had seen better days, and conceived a longing desire to hear her story. She perceived my drift by some words I dropped, and smiling, told me, there was nothing either entertaining or extraordinary in the course of her fortune, but, however, she would communicate it to me in consideration of the confidence I had reposed in her—"It is of little consequence," said she, "to tell the names of my parents, who are dead many years ago, let it suffice to assure you, they were wealthy, and had no other child than me, so that I was looked upon as heiress to a considerable estate, and teased with addresses on that account. Among the number of my admirers, there was a young gentleman of no fortune, whose sole dependence was on his promotion in the army, in which, at that time, he bore a lieutenant's commission. I conceived an affection for this amiable officer, which, in a short time, increased to a violent passion, and, without entering into minute circumstances, married him privately. We had not enjoyed one another long in stolen interviews, when he was ordered with his regiment to Flanders, but, before he set out, it was agreed between us, that he should declare our marriage to my father by letter, and implore his pardon for the step we had taken without his approbation. This discovery was made while I was abroad visiting, and just as I was about to return home, I received a letter from my father, importing, that since I had acted so undutifully and meanly, as to marry a beggar, without his privacy or consent, to the disgrace of his family, as well as the disappointment of his hopes, he renounced me to the miserable fate I had entailed upon myself, and charged me never to set foot within his doors again. This rigid sentence was confirmed by my mother, who, in a postscript, gave me to understand, that her sentiments were exactly conformable to those of my father, and that I might save myself the trouble of making

any applications, for her resolutions were unalterable. Thunderstruck with my evil fortune, I called a coach, and drove to my husband's lodgings, where I found him waiting the event of his letter. Though he could easily divine by my looks the issue of his declaration, he read with great steadiness the epistle I had received, and, with a smile full of tenderness, which I shall never forget, embraced me, saying, "*I believe the good lady your mother might have spared herself the trouble of the last part of her postscript. Well, my dear Betty, you must lay aside all thoughts of a coach, till I can procure the command of a regiment*." This unconcerned behaviour, while it enabled me to support my reverse of fortune, at the same time endeared him to me the more, by convincing me of his disinterested views in espousing me. I was next day boarded in company with the wife of another officer, who had long been the friend and confidant of my husband, at a village not far from London, where they parted with us in the most melting manner, went to Flanders, and were killed in sight of one another at the battle of the Wood. Why should I tire you with a description of our unutterable sorrow at the fatal news of this event, the remembrance of which now fills my aged eyes with tears? When our grief subsided a little, and reflection came to our aid, we found ourselves deserted by the whole world, and in danger of perishing by want, whereupon we made application for the pension, and were put upon the list. Then, losing eternal friendship, we sold our jewels and superfluous clothes, retired to this place (which is in the county of Sussex), bought this little house, where we lived many years in a solitary manner, indulging our mutual sorrow, till it pleased Heaven to call away my companion two years ago, since which time I have lingered out an unhappy being, in hopes of a speedy dissolution, when I promise myself the eternal reward of all my cares. In the mean time," continued she, "I must inform you of the character I bear among my neighbours, my conversation being different from that of the inhabitants of the village, my recluse way of life, my skill in curing distempers, which I acquired from books since I settled here, and, lastly, my age, have made the common people look upon me as something preternatural, and I am actually at this hour believed to be a witch. The parson of the parish, whose acquaintance I have not been at much pains to cultivate, taking umbrage at my supposed disrespect, has contributed not a little towards the confirmation of this opinion, by dropping certain hints to my prejudice among the vulgar, who are also very much scandalized at my entertaining this poor tabby cat with the collar about her neck, which was a favourite of my deceased companion."

The whole behaviour of this venerable person was so primitive, innocent, sensible, and humane, that I contracted a filial respect for her, and begged her advice with regard to my future conduct as soon as I was in a condition to act for myself. She dissuaded me from a design I had formed of travelling to London, in hopes of retrieving my clothes and pay, by returning to my ship, which, by this time, I read in the newspaper, was safely arrived in the river Thames, "because," said she, "you run the hazard of being treated, not only as a deserter in quitting the sloop, but also as a mutineer in assaulting your commanding officer, to the malice of whose revenge you will moreover be exposed." She then promised to recommend me as a servant to a single lady of her acquaintance, who lived in the neighbourhood with her nephew, who was a young fox-hunter of great fortune, where I might be very happy, provided I could bear the disposition and manners of my mistress, which were somewhat whimsical and particular. But, above all things, she counselled me to conceal my story, the knowledge of which would effectually poison my entertainment, for it was a maxim among most people of condition, that no gentleman in distress ought to be admitted into a family as a domestic, least he become proud, lazy, and insolent. I was fain to embrace this humble proposal, because my affairs were desperate, and in a few days was hired by this lady to serve in quality of her footman, having been represented by my hostess as a young man who was bred up to the sea by his relations against his will, and had suffered shipwreck, which had increased his disgust to that way of life so much, that he rather chose to go to service on shore, than enter himself on board of any other ship. Before I took possession of my new place, she gave me a sketch of my mistress's character, that I might know better how to regulate my conduct. "Your lady," said she, "is a maiden of forty years, not so remarkable for her beauty as her learning and taste, which are famous all over the country. Indeed she is a perfect female virtuoso, and so eager after the pursuit of knowledge, that she neglects her person even to a degree of sluttishness. This negligence, together with her contempt of the male part of the creation, gives her nephew no great concern, as by these means he will probably keep her fortune, which is considerable, in the family. He therefore permits her to live in her own way, which is something extraordinary, and gratifies her in all her whimsical desires. Her apartment is at some distance from the other inhabited parts of the house, and consists of a dining-room, bed-room, and study. She keeps a cook-maid, waiting-woman, and footman of her own, and seldom eats or converses with any of the family but

her niece, who is a very lovely creature, and humours her aunt often to the prejudice of her own health, by sitting up with her whole nights together, for your mistress is too much of a philosopher to be swayed by the customs of the world, and never sleeps or eats like other people. Among other odd notions, she professes the principles of Rosicrucius, and believes the earth, air, and sea, are inhabited by invisible beings, with whom it is possible for the human species to entertain correspondence and intimacy, on the easy condition of living chaste. As she hopes one day to be admitted into an acquaintance of this kind, she no sooner heard of me and my cat, than she paid me a visit, with a view, as she has since owned, to be introduced to my familiar, and was greatly mortified to find herself disappointed in her expectation. Being, by this visionary turn of mind, abstracted, as it were, from the world, she cannot advert to the common occurrences of life, and therefore is frequently so absent as to commit very strange mistakes and extravagancies, which you will do well to rectify and repair as your prudence shall suggest."

CHAPTER XXXIX

My reception by that lady—I become enamoured of Narcissa—recount the particulars of my last misfortune—acquire the good opinion of my mistress—an account of the young squire—I am made acquainted with more particulars of Narcissa's situation—conceive a mortal hatred against Sir Timothy—examine my lady's library and performances—her extravagant behaviour

FRAUGHT with these useful instructions, I repaired to the place of her habitation, and was introduced by the waiting-woman to the presence of my lady, who had not before seen me. She sat in her study, with one foot on the ground, and the other upon a high stool at some distance from her seat, her sandy locks hung down in a disorder. I cannot call beautiful, from her head, which was deprived of its coil, for the benefit of scratching with one hand, while she held the stump of a pen in the other. Her forehead was high and wrinkled, her eyes were large, grey, and prominent, her nose was long, sharp and aquiline, her mouth of vast capacity, her visage meagre and freckled, and her chin peaked like a shoemaker's paring-knife, her upper-lip contained a large quantity of plain Spanish, which, by continual falling, had embroidered her neck, that was not naturally very white, and the breast of her gown, that flowed loose about her with a negligence truly poetic, discovering linen that was very fine, and to all appearance

never washed but in Castalian streams
Around her lay heaps of books, globes, quadrants, telescopes, and other learned apparatus. Her snuff-box stood at her right hand, at her left hand lay her handkerchiefs sufficiently used, and a convenience to spit in appeared on one side of her chair. She being in a reverie when we entered, the maid did not think proper to disturb her, so that we waited some minutes unobserved, during which time she bit the quill several times, altered her position, made many wry faces, and at length, with an air of triumph, repeated aloud,

"Not dare th' immortal gods my rage oppose"

Having committed her success to paper, she turned towards the door, and, perceiving us, cried,—“What's the matter?” “Here's the young man,” replied my conductress, “whom Mrs Sagely recommended as a footman to your ladyship.” On this information she stared in my face a considerable time, and then asked my name, which I thought proper to conceal under that of John Brown. After having surveyed me with a curious eye, she broke out into—“O ay, thou wast shipwrecked, I remember. Whether didst thou come on shore on the back of a whale or a dolphin?” To this I answered, I had swam ashore without any assistance. Then she demanded to know if I had ever been at the Hellespont, and swam from Cestos to Abydos. I replied in the negative, upon which she bade the maid order a suit of new livery for me, and instruct me in the articles of my duty. So saying, she spit in her snuff-box, and wiped her nose with her cap, which lay on the table, instead of a handkerchief. We returned to the kitchen, where I was regaled by the maids, who seemed to vie with each other in expressing their regard for me, and from them I understood that my business consisted in cleaning knives and forks, laying the cloth, waiting at table, carrying messages, and attending my lady when she went abroad. There was a very good suit of livery in the house, which had belonged to my predecessor, deceased, and it fitted me exactly, so that there was no occasion for employing a tailor on my account. I had not long been equipped in this manner when my lady's bell rung, upon which I ran up stairs, and found her stalking about the room in her shift and under petticoat only. I would have immediately retired as became me, but she bade me come in, and air a clean shift for her, which operation I have performed with some backwardness, she put it on before me without any ceremony, and I verily believe was ignorant of my sex all that time, as being quite absorbed in contemplation. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I was ordered to lay the cloth, and place two covers, which I understood were for my mistress and her niece, whom I had not as

yet seen Though I was not very dexterous at this work, I performed it pretty well for a beginner, and, when dinner was upon the table, saw my mistress approach, accompanied by the young lady, whose name for the present shall be Narcissa So much sweetness appeared in the countenance and carriage of this amiable apparition, that my heart was captivated at first sight, and, while dinner lasted, I gazed upon her without intermission Her age seemed to be seventeen, her stature tall, her shape unexceptionable, her hair, that fell down upon her ivory neck in ringlets, black as jet, her arched eyebrows of the same colour, her eyes piercing, yet tender, her lips of the consistence and hue of cherries, her complexion clear, delicate, and healthy, her aspect noble, ingenuous, and humane, and the whole person so ravishingly delightful, that it was impossible for any creature endued with sensibility to see without admiring, and admire without loving her to excess I began to curse the servile station that placed me so far beneath the regard of this idol of my adoration, and yet I blessed my fate, that enabled me to enjoy daily the sight of so much perfection When she spoke I listened with pleasure, but when she spoke to me, my soul was thrilled with an ecstasy of tumultuous joy I was even so happy as to be the subject of their conversation, for Narcissa having observed me, said to her aunt,—“I see your new footman is come” Then addressing herself to me, asked, with ineffable complacency, if I was the person who had been so cruelly used by robbers? When I satisfied her in this, she expressed a desire of knowing the other particulars of my fortune, both before and since my being shipwrecked Hereupon (as Mrs Sagely had counselled me) I told her that I had been bound apprentice to the master of a ship, contrary to my inclination, which ship had foundered at sea, that I and four more, who chanced to be on deck when she went down, made shift to swim to the shore, when my companions, after having overpowered me, stript me to the shirt, and left me, as they imagined, dead of the wounds I received in my own defence Then I related the circumstances of my being found in a barn, with the inhuman treatment I met with from the country people and parson, the description of which, I perceived, drew tears from the charming creature’s eyes When I had finished my recital, my mistress said,—“*Ma foy ! le garçon est bien fait*” To which opinion Narcissa assented with a compliment to my understanding in the same language, that flattered my vanity extremely

The conversation, among other subjects, turned upon the young squire, whom my lady inquired after under the title of the *Savage*, and was informed by her niece that he was still in bed, repairing the fatigue of last night’s debauch, and recruiting strength and

spirits to undergo a fox-chase to-morrow morning, in company with Sir Timothy Thicket, Squire Bumper, and a great many other gentlemen of the same stamp, whom he had invited on that occasion; so that by day-break the whole house would be in an uproar This was a very disagreeable piece of news to the virtuoso, who protested she would stuff her ears with cotton when she went to bed, and take a doze of opium to make her sleep the more sound, that she might not be disturbed and distracted by the clamour of the brutes

When her dinner was over, I and my fellow-servants sat down to ours in the kitchen, where I understood that Sir Timothy Thicket was a wealthy knight in the neighbourhood, between whom and Narcissa a match had been projected by her brother, who promised at the same time to espouse Sir Timothy’s sister, by which means, as their fortunes were pretty equal, the young ladies would be provided for, and their brothers be never the poorer, but that the ladies did not concur in the scheme, each of them entertaining a hearty contempt for the person allotted to her for a husband by this agreement This information begat in me a mortal aversion to Sir Timothy, whom I looked upon as my rival, and cursed in my heart for his presumption Next morning, by day-break, being awakened by the noise of the hunters and hounds, I arose to view the cavalcade, and had a sight of my competitor, whose accomplishments (the estate excluded) did not seem brilliant enough to give me much uneasiness with respect to Narcissa, who, I flattered myself, was not to be won by such qualifications as he was master of, either as to person or mind My mistress, notwithstanding her precaution, was so much disturbed by her nephew’s company, that she did not rise till five o’clock in the afternoon, so that I had an opportunity of examining her study at leisure, to which examination I was strongly prompted by my curiosity Here I found a thousand scraps of her own poetry, consisting of three, four, ten, twelve, and twenty lines, on an infinity of subjects, which, as whim inspired, she had begun, without constancy or capacity to bring to any degree of composition, but, what was very extraordinary in a female poet, there was not the least mention made of love in any of her performances I counted fragments of five tragedies, the titles of which were—“the Stern Philosopher—the Double Murder—the Sacrilegious Traitor—the Fall of Lucifer—and the Last Day” From whence I gathered that her disposition was gloomy, and her imagination delighted with objects of horror Her library was composed of the best English historians, poets, and philosophers, of all the French critics and poets, and of a few books in Italian, chiefly poetry, at the head of which were Tasso and Ari-

osto, pretty much used Besides these, translations of the classics into French, but not one book in Greek or Latin, a circumstance that discovered her ignorance in those languages After having taken a full view of this collection, I retired, and, at the usual time, was preparing to lay the cloth, when I was told by the maid that her mistress was still in bed, and had been so affected with the notes of the hounds in the morning, that she actually believed herself a hare beset by the hunters, and begged a few greens to munch for breakfast. When I expressed my surprise at this unaccountable imagination, she gave me to understand that her lady was very much subject to whims of this nature, sometimes fancying herself an animal, sometimes a piece of furniture, during which concealed transformations, it was very dangerous to come near her, especially when she represented a beast, for that lately, in the character of a cat, she had flown at her, and scratched her face in a terrible manner. At some months ago, she prophesied the general conflagration was at hand, and nothing would be able to quench it but her water, which therefore she kept so long that her life was in danger, and she must needs have died of the retention, had they not found an expedient to make her evacuate, by kindling a bonfire under her chamber window, and persuading her that the house was in flames, upon which, with great deliberation, she bade them bring all the tubs and vessels they could find, to be filled, for the preservation of the house, into one of which she immediately discharged the cause of her distemper I was also informed, that nothing contributed so much to the recovery of her reason as music, which was always administered on those occasions by Narcissa, who played perfectly well on the harpsichord, and to whom she (the maid) was just then going to intimate her aunt's disorder She was no sooner gone, than I was summoned by the bell to my lady's chamber, where I found her sitting squat on her hams on the floor, in the manner of puss when she listens to the outcries of her pursuers When I appeared, she started up with an alarmed look, and sprung to the other side of the room to avoid me, whom, without doubt, she mistook for a beagle thirsting after her life Perceiving her extreme confusion, I retired, and on the staircase met the adorable Narcissa coming up, to whom I imparted the situation of my mistress She said not a word, but, smiling with unspeakable grace, went into her aunt's apartment, and in a little time my ears were ravished with the effects of her skill She accompanied the instrument with a voice so sweet and melodious, that I did not wonder at the surprising change it produced on the spirits of my mistress, which were soon composed to peace and sober reflection

About seven o'clock the hunters arrived,

with the skins of two foxes and one badger, carried before them as trophies of their success and, when they were about to sit down to dinner (or supper), Sir Timothy Thicket desired that Narcissa would honour the table with her presence, but this request, notwithstanding her brother's threats and intreaties, she refused, on pretence of attending her aunt, who was indisposed, so I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing my rival mortified But this disappointment made no great impression on him, who consoled himself with the bottle, of which the whole company became so enamoured, that, after a most horrid uproar of laughing, singing, swearing, dancing, and fighting, they were all carried to bed in a state of utter oblivion My duty being altogether detached from the squire and his family, I led a pretty easy and comfortable life, drinking daily intoxicating draughts of love from the charms of Narcissa, which brightened on my contemplation every day more and more Inglorious as my present station was, I became blind to my own unworthiness, and even conceived hopes of one day enjoying this amiable creature, whose affability greatly encouraged these presumptuous thoughts

CHAPTER XL

My mistress is surprised at my learning—communicates her performances to me—I impart some of mine to her—am mortified at her faint praise—Narcissa approves of my conduct—I gain an involuntary conquest over the cook-wench and dairy-maid—their mutual resentment and insinuations—the jealousy of their lovers

DURING this season of love and tranquillity, my muse, which had lain dormant so long, awoke, and produced several small performances on the subject of my flame but, as it concerned me nearly to remain undiscovered in my real character and sentiments, I was under a necessity of mortifying my desire of praise, by confining my works to my own perusal and applause In the mean time I strove to insinuate myself into the good opinion of both ladies, and succeeded so well, by my diligence, and dutiful behaviour, that in a little time I was at least a favourite servant, and frequently enjoyed the pleasure of hearing myself mentioned in French and Italian, with some degree of warmth and surprise, by the dear object of all my wishes, as a person who had so much of the gentleman in my appearance and discourse, that she could not for her soul treat me like a common lackey My prudence and modesty were not long proof against these bewitching compliments One day, while I waited at dinner, the conversation turned upon a knotty passage of Tasso's Jerusalem, which it

seems had puzzled them both. After a great many unsatisfactory conjectures, my mistress, taking the book out of her pocket, turned to the place in question, and read the sentence over and over without success, at length, despairing of finding the author's meaning, she turned to me, saying,—“Come hither, Bruno, let us see what fortune will do for us, I will interpret to thee what goes before and what follows this obscure paragraph, the particular words of which I will also explain, that thou mayest, by comparing one with another, guess the sense of that which perplexes us.” I was too vain to let slip this opportunity of displaying my talents, therefore, without hesitation, read and explained the whole of that which had disconcerted them, to the utter astonishment of both Narcissa's face and lovely neck were overspread with blushes, from which I drew a favourable omen, while her aunt, after having stared at me a good while with a look of amazement, exclaimed,—“In the name of heaven, who art thou?” I told her I had picked up a smattering of Italian during a voyage up the Straits. At this explanation she shook her head, and observed, that no smatterer could read as I had done. She then desired to know if I understood French to which question I answered in the affirmative. She asked if I was acquainted with the Latin and Greek. I replied,—“A little.” “Oho!” continued she, “and with philosophy and mathematics, I suppose?” I owned I knew something of each. Then she repeated her stare and interrogation. I began to repent of my vanity, and, in order to repair the fault I had committed, said, it was not to be wondered at if I had a tolerable education, for learning was so cheap in my country, that every peasant was a scholar, but I hoped her ladyship would think my understanding no exception to my character. She was pleased to answer,—“No, no, God forbid.” But during the rest of the time they sat at table they behaved with remarkable reserve.

This alteration gave me great uneasiness, and I passed the night without sleep, in melancholy reflections on the vanity of young men, which prompts them to commit so many foolish actions, contrary to their own sober judgment. Next day, however, instead of profiting by this self-condemnation, I yielded still more to the dictates of the principle I had endeavoured to chastise, and if fortune had not befriended me more than prudence could expect, I should have been treated with the contempt it deserved. After breakfast, my lady, who was a true author, bade me follow her into the study, where she expressed herself thus —“Since you are so learned, you cannot be void of taste, therefore I am to desire your opinion of a small performance in poetry, which I lately composed. You must know I have planned a tragedy, the subject of which shall be the

murder of a prince before the altar, where he is busy at his devotions. After the deed is perpetrated, the regicide will harangue the people with the bloody dagger in his hand, and I have already composed a speech, which I think will suit the character extremely—here it is.” Then taking up a scrap of paper, she read with violent emphasis and gesture as follows

Thus have I sent the simple king to hell,
Without or coffin, shroud, or passing bell
To me, what are divine and human laws!
I court no sanction but my own applause!
Rapes, robberies, treasons, yield my soul delight,
And human carnage gratifies my sight
I drag the parent by the hoary hair,
And toss the sprawling infant on my spear,
While the fond mother's cries begale mine ear
I fight, I vanquish, murder friends and foes,
Nor dread th' immortal gods my rage oppose.

Though I did great violence to my understanding in praising this unnatural rhapsody, I nevertheless extolled it as a production that of itself deserved immortal fame, and besought her ladyship to bless the world with the fruits of those uncommon talents Heaven had bestowed upon her. She smiled with a look of self-complacency, and, encouraged by the incense I had offered communicated all her poetical works, which I applauded one by one, with as little candour as I had shown at first. Satiated with my flattery, which, I hope, my situation justified, she could not in conscience refuse me an opportunity of shining in my turn, and therefore, after a compliment to my nice discernment and taste, observed, that doubtless I must have produced something in that way myself, which she desired to see. This was a temptation I could by no means resist. I owned, that, while I was at college, I wrote some small detached pieces, at the desire of a friend who was in love, and at her request repeated the following verses, which indeed my love for Narcissa had inspired

ON CELLA, PLAYING ON THE HARPSICORD AND SINGING

I

When Sappho struck the quivering wire,
The throbbing breast was all on fire
And, when she raised the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charmed away

II

But had the nymph possessed with these
Thy softer, chaster power to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth,

III

The worm of grief had never preyed
On the forsaken love-sick maid
Nor had she mourned a hapless flame,
Nor dashed on rocks her tender frame

My mistress paid me a cold compliment on my versification, which she said was elegant enough, but the subject beneath the pen of a true poet I was extremely nettled at her indifference, and looked at Narcissa, who had by this time joined us, for her approbation, but she declined giving her opinion, protesting she was no judge of these matters so that I was forced to retire, very much balked in my expectation, which was generally a little too sanguine. In the afternoon, however, the waiting-maid assured me that Narcissa had expressed her approbation of my performance with great warmth, and desired her to procure a copy of it, as for herself, that she (Narcissa) might have an opportunity to peruse it at pleasure I was elated to an extravagant pitch at this intelligence, and immediately transcribed a fair copy of my ode, which was carried to the dear charmer, together with another on the same subject, as follows —

I

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

II.

For, while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows,
Hope, Fear, and Joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul!

III

My faltering tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

IV

Condemned to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

Whether or not Narcissa discovered my passion, I could not learn from her behaviour, which, though always benevolent to me, was henceforth more reserved and less cheerful. While my thoughts aspired to a sphere so far above me, I had unwittingly made a conquest of the cook-wench and dairy-maid, who became so jealous of each other, that, if their sentiments had been refined by education, it is probable one or other of them would have had recourse to poison or steel, to be avenged of her rival, but, as their minds were happily adapted to their humble station, their mutual enmity was confined to scolding and fisticuffs, in which exercise they were both well skilled. My good fortune did not long remain a secret, for it was disclosed by the frequent brouils of these heroines, who kept no decorum in their encounters. The coachman and gardener, who paid their devoirs to my admirers, each to his respective choice, alarmed at my success,

laid their heads together, in order to concert a plan of revenge, and the former having been educated at the academy of Tottenham-court, undertook to challenge me to single combat. He accordingly, with many, opprobrious invectives, bade me defiance, and offered to box me for twenty guineas. I told him, that although I believed myself a match for him, even at that work, I would not descend so far below the dignity of a gentleman as to fight like a porter, but if he had any thing to say to me, I was his man at blunderbuss, musket, pistol, sword, hatchet, spit, cleaver, fork, or needle, nay, I swore, that, should he give his tongue any more saucy liberties at my expense, I would crop his ears without any ceremony. Thus rhodomontade, delivered with a stern countenance and resolute tone, had the desired effect upon my antagonist, who, with some confusion, sneaked off, and gave his friend an account of his reception. The story taking air among the servants, procured for me the title of Gentleman John, with which I was sometimes honoured, even by my mistress and Narcissa, who had been informed of the whole affair by the chambermaid. In the mean time the rival queens expressed their passion by all the ways in their power, the cook entertained me with choice bits, the dairy-maid with stroakings. The first would often encourage me to discover myself by complimenting me upon my courage and learning, and observing, that if she had a husband like me, to maintain order, and keep accounts, she could make a great deal of money by setting up an eating-house in London, for gentlemen's servants on board-wages. The other courted my affection by showing her own importance, and telling me, that many a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood would be glad to marry her; but she was resolved to please her eye, if she should plague her heart. Then she would launch out into the praise of my proper person, and say, she was sure I would make a good husband, for I was very good-natured. I began to be uneasy at the importunities of these innamoratas, whom, at another time, perhaps, I might have pleased without the disagreeable sauce of matrimony, but at present my whole soul was engrossed by Narcissa, and I could not bear the thoughts of doing any thing derogatory of the passion I entertained for her.

CHAPTER XII.

Narcissa being in danger from the brutality of Sir Timothy, is rescued by me, who revenge myself on my rival—I declare my passion, and retreat to the sea-side—am surrounded by smugglers, and carried to Boulogne—find my uncle, Lieutenant Booting, in great distress, and relieve him—our conversation

At certain intervals, my ambition would revive, I would despise myself for my tame resignation to my sordid fate, and revolve a hundred schemes for assuming the character of a gentleman, to which I thought myself entitled by birth and education. In these fruitless suggestions time stole away unperceived, and I had already remained eight months in the station of a footman, when an accident happened that put an end to my servitude, and for the present banished all hopes of succeeding in my love.

Narcissa went one day to visit Miss Thicket, who lived with her brother, within less than a mile of our house, and was persuaded to walk home in the cool of the evening, accompanied by Sir Timothy, who, having a good deal of the brute in him, was instigated to use some unbecoming familiarities with her, encouraged by the solitariness of a field through which they passed. The lovely creature was incensed at his rude behaviour, for which she reproached him, in such a manner, that he lost all regard to decency, and actually offered violence to this pattern of innocence and beauty. But Heaven would not suffer so much goodness to be violated, and sent me, who, passing by accident near the place, was alarmed with her cries, to her succour. What were the emotions of my soul when I beheld Narcissa, almost sinking beneath the brutal force of this satyr! I flew like lightning to her rescue, and he, perceiving me, quitted his prey, and drew his hanger to chastise my presumption. My indignation was too high to admit one thought of fear, so that, rushing upon him, I struck his weapon out of his hand, and used my cudgel so successfully, that he fell to the ground, and lay, to all appearance, without sense. Then I turned to Narcissa, who had swooned, and sitting down by her, gently raised her head, and supported it on my bosom, while, with my hand around her waist, I kept her in that position. My soul was thrilled with tumultuous joy at feeling the object of my dearest wishes within my arms. And while she lay insensible, I could not refrain from applying my cheek to hers and ravishing a kiss. In a little time, the blood began to revisit her face, she opened her enchanting eyes, and having recollected her late situation, said, with a look full of tender acknowledgement—"Dear John, I am eternally obliged to you!" So saying, she made an effort to rise, in which I assisted her, and she proceeded to the house, leaning upon me all the way. I was a thousand times tempted by this opportunity to declare my passion, but the dread of disobliging her restrained my tongue. We had not moved an hundred paces from the scene of her distress, when I perceived Sir Timothy rise and walk homeward; a circumstance, which, though it gave me some satisfaction, inasmuch as I thereby knew I had

not killed him, filled me with just apprehension of his resentment, which I found myself in no condition to withstand, especially when I considered his intimacy with our squire, to whom I knew he could justify himself for what he had done, by imputing it to his love, and desiring his brother Bruin to take the same liberty with his sister, without any fear of offence. When we arrived at the house, Narcissa assured me, she would exert all her influence in protecting me from the revenge of Thicket, and likewise engage her aunt in my favour, at the same time, pulling out her purse, offered it as a small consideration for the service I had done her. But I stood too much upon the punctilios of love to incur the least suspicion of being mercenary, and refused the present, by saying, I had merited nothing by barely doing my duty. She seemed astonished at my disinterestedness, and blushed. I felt the same suffusion, and, with a downcast eye, and broken accent, told her, I had one request to make, which, if her generosity would grant, I should think myself fully recompensed for an age of misery. She changed colour at this preamble, and, with great confusion, replied, she hoped my good sense would hinder me from asking any thing she was bound in honour to refuse, and therefore bade me signify my desire. Upon which I kneeled and begged to kiss her hand. She immediately, with an averted look, stretched it out, and I imprinted on it an ardent kiss, and, bathing it with my tears, cried—"Dear madam, I am an unfortunate gentleman, and love you to distraction, but would have died a thousand deaths rather than make this declaration under such a servile appearance, were I not determined to yield to the rigour of my fate, to fly from your bewitching presence, and bury my presumptuous passion in eternal silence." With these words I rose and went away, before she could recover her spirits so far as to make any reply. My first care was to go and consult Mrs Sagely, with whom I had maintained a friendly correspondence ever since I left her house. When she understood my situation, the good woman, with real concern, consoled me on my unhappy fate, and approved of my resolution to leave the country, as being perfectly well acquainted with the barbarous disposition of my rival,—"who, by this time," said she, "has no doubt meditated a scheme of revenge. Indeed I cannot see how you will be able to elude his vengeance, being himself in the commission, he will immediately grant warrants for apprehending you, and as almost all the people in this country are dependent on him and his friend, it will be impossible for you to find shelter among them: if you should be apprehended, he will commit you to jail, where you may possibly languish in great misery till the next assizes, and then be transported for assaulting a magistrate."

While she thus warned me of my danger, we heard a knocking at the door, which threw us both into great consternation, as, in all probability, it was occasioned by my pursuers, whereupon this generous old lady, putting two guineas into my hand, with tears in her eyes, bade me, for God's sake, get out at the back door, and consult my safety as Providence should direct me. There was no time for deliberation. I followed her advice, and escaped by the benefit of a dark night to the sea-side, where, while I ruminated on my next excursion, I was all of a sudden surrounded by armed men, who, having bound my hands and feet, bade me make no noise, on pain of being shot, and carried me on board of a vessel, which I soon perceived to be a smuggling cutter. This discovery gave me some satisfaction at first, because I considered myself safe from the resentment of Sir Timothy; but when I found myself in the hands of ruffians, who threatened to execute me for a spy, I would have thought myself happily quit for a year's imprisonment, or even transportation. It was in vain for me to protest innocence. I could not persuade them that I had taken a solitary walk to their haunt at such an hour, merely for my own amusement, and I did not think it my interest to disclose the true cause of my retreat, because I was afraid they would have made their peace with justice, by surrendering me to the penalty of the law. What confirmed their suspicion was the appearance of a custom-house yacht, which gave them chase, and had well nigh made a prize of the vessel, when they were delivered from their fears by a thick fog, which effectually screened them, and favoured their arrival at Boulogne. But before they had got out of sight of their pursuer, they held a council of war about me, and some of the most furious among them would have thrown me overboard, as a traitor who had betrayed them to their enemies, but others, more considerate, alleged, that, if they put me to death, and should afterwards be taken, they could expect no mercy from the legislature, which would never pardon outlawry aggravated by murder. It was therefore determined, by a plurality of votes, that I should be set on shore in France, and left to find my passage back to England as I should think proper, this being punishment sufficient for the bare suspicion of a crime in itself not capital. Although this favourable determination gave me great pleasure, the apprehension of being robbed would not suffer me to be perfectly at ease. To prevent this calamity, as soon as I was untied, in consequence of the foresaid decision, I tore a small hole in one of my stockings, into which I dropped the two guineas, reserving half a piece and some silver in my pocket, that, finding something, they might not be tempted to make any further inquiry. This was a very necessary

precaution, for when we came within sight of the French shore, one of the smugglers told me, I must pay for my passage. To this declaration I replied, that my passage was none of my own seeking, therefore they could not expect a reward from me for transporting me into a strange country by force. "Damme!" said the outlaw, "none of your palaver, but let me see what money you have got." So saying, he thrust his hand into my pocket without any ceremony, and emptied it of the contents, then casting an eye at my hat and wig, which captivated his fancy, he took them off, and clapping his own on my head, declared that a fair exchange was no robbery. I was fain to put up with the bargain, which was by no means favourable to me, and a little while after we went all on shore together.

I resolved to take my leave of these desperadoes without much ceremony, when one of them cautioned me against appearing to their prejudice, if ever I returned to England, unless I had a mind to be murdered, for which service, he assured me, the gang never wanted agents. I promised to observe his advice, and departed for the upper town, where I inquired for a cabaret or public-house, into which I went, with an intention of taking some refreshment. In the kitchen, five Dutch sailors sat at breakfast, with a large loaf, a filikin of butter, and a keg of brandy, the bung of which they often applied to their mouths with great perseverance and satisfaction. At some distance from them I perceived another person in the same garb, sitting in a pensive solitary manner, entertaining himself with a whiff of tobacco from the stump of a pipe as black as jet. The appearance of distress never failed to attract my regard and compassion, I approached this forlorn tar with a view to offer him my assistance, and, notwithstanding the alteration of dress, and disguise of a long beard, I discovered in him my long lost and lamented uncle and benefactor, Lieutenant Bowling. Good Heaven! what were the agitations of my soul, between the joy of finding again such a valuable friend, and the sorrow of seeing him in such a low condition! The tears gushed down my cheeks, I stood motionless and silent for some time, at length, recovering the use of speech, exclaimed,—"Gracious God! Mr Bowling!" My uncle no sooner heard his name mentioned, than he started up, crying, with some surprise,—"Holla!" and after having looked at me steadfastly without being able to recollect me, said,—"Did you call me, brother?" I told him I had something extraordinary to communicate, and desired him to give me the hearing for a few minutes in another room. but he would by no means consent to this proposal, saying,—"Avast there, friend; none of your tricks upon travellers if you have any thing to say to me, do it above board: you need not be afraid of being

overheard, here are none who understand our lingo." Though I was loth to discover myself before company, I could no longer refrain from telling him I was his own nephew, Roderick Random. On this information, he considered me with great earnestness and astonishment, and, recalling my features, which, though enlarged, were not entirely altered since he had seen me, came up, and shook me by the hand very cordially, protesting he was glad to see me well. After some pause he went on thus—"And yet, my lad, I am sorry to see you under such colours, the more so, as it is not in my power, at present, to change them for the better, times being very hard with me." With these words, I could perceive a tear trickle down his furrowed cheeks, which affected me so much, that I wept bitterly. Imagining my sorrow was the effect of my own misfortune, he comforted me, with observing that life was a voyage in which we must expect to meet with all weathers, sometimes it was calm, sometimes rough, that a fair gale often succeeded a storm, that the wind did not always sit one way, and that despair signified nothing, but that resolution and skill were better than a stout vessel, for why? because they require no carpenter, and grow stronger the more labour they undergo. I dried up my tears, which I assured him were not shed for my own distress, but for his, and begged leave to accompany him to another room, where we could converse more at our ease. There I recounted to him the ungenerous usage I had met with from Potion, at which relation he started up, stalked across the room three or four times in a great hurry, and, grasping his cudgel, cried—"I would I were alongside of him—that's all—I would I were alongside of him!" I then gave him a detail of all my adventures and sufferings, which affected him more than I could have imagined, and concluded with telling him that Captain Oakum was still alive, and that he might return to England when he would to solicit his affairs, without danger or molestation. He was wonderfully pleased with this piece of information, of which, however, he said he could not at present avail himself, for want of money to pay for his passage to London. This objection I soon removed, by putting five guineas into his hand, and telling him, I thought myself extremely happy in having an opportunity of manifesting my gratitude to him in his necessity. But it was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail upon him to accept of two, which he affirmed were more than sufficient to defray the necessary expense. After this friendly contest was over, he proposed we should have a mess of something, "For," said he, "it has been banyan-day with me a great while. You must know, I was shipwrecked five days ago, near a place called Luseux, in company with those Dutchmen who are now drinking below, and

having but little money when I came ashore, it was soon spent, because I let them have share and share while it lasted. Howsoever, I should have remembered the old saying, *every hog his own apple* for when they found my hold unstowed, they went all hands to shodding and begging, and because I would not take a spell at the same duty, refused to give me the least assistance, so that I have not broken bread these two days." I was shocked at the extremity of his distress, and ordered some bread, cheese, and wine, to be brought immediately, to allay his hunger, until a fricassee of chickens could be prepared. When he had recruited his spirits with this homely fare, I desired to know the particulars of his peregrination since the accident at Cape Tiberon, which were briefly these. The money he had about him being all spent at Port Louis, the civility and hospitality of the French cooled to such a degree, that he was obliged to list on board one of their king's ships as a common fore-mast man, to prevent himself from starving on shore. In this situation he continued two years, during which time he had acquired some knowledge of their language, and the reputation of a good seaman. The ship he belonged to was ordered home to France, where she was laid up as unfit for service, and he was received on board of one of Monsieur D'Antin's squadron, in quality of quartermaster, which office he performed in a voyage to the West Indies, where they engaged with our ship as before related, but his conscience upbraiding him for serving the enemies of his country, he quitted the ship at the same place where he first listed, and got to Suracoa, in a Dutch vessel, there he bargained with a skipper bound to Europe, to work for his passage to Holland, from whence he was in hopes of hearing from his friends in England, but was cast away, as he mentioned before, on the French coast, and must have been reduced to the necessity of travelling on foot to Holland, and begging for his subsistence on the road, or of entering on board of another French man of war, at the hazard of being treated as a deserter, if Providence had not sent me to his succour—"And now, my lad," continued he, "I think I shall steer my course directly to London, where I do not doubt of being replaced, and of having the R taken off me by the lords of the admiralty, to whom I intend to write a petition setting forth my case. If I succeed, I shall have wherewithal to give you some assistance, because, when I left the ship, I had two years pay due to me, therefore I desire to know whether you are bound, and besides, perhaps I may have interest enough to procure a warrant appointing you surgeon's mate of the ship to which I shall belong, for the headle of the admiralty is my good friend, and he and one of the under clerks are sworn brothers, and that under clerk has a good

deal to say with one of the upper clerks, who is very well known to the under secretary, who, upon his recommendation, I hope, will recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will speak to one of the lords in my behalf, so that you see I do not want friends to assist me on occasion. As for the fellow Crampley, tho' I know him not, I am sure he is neither seaman nor officer, by what you have told me, or else he could never be so much mistaken in his reckoning, as to run the ship on shore on the coast of Sussex, before he believed himself in soundings, neither, when that accident happened, would he have left the ship until she had been stove to pieces, especially when the tide was making, wherefore, by this time, I do suppose he has been tried by a court-martial and executed for his cowardice and misconduct." I could not help smiling at the description of my uncle's ladder, by which he proposed to "climb to the attention of the board of admiralty, and though I knew the world too well to confide in such dependence myself, I would not discourage him with doubts, but asked if he had no friend in London who would advance a small sum of money to enable him to appear as he ought, and make a small present to the under secretary, who might possibly dispatch his business the sooner on that account. He scratched his head, and, after some recollection, replied,— "Why, yes, I believe Daniel Whipcord, the ship-chandler in Wapping, would not refuse me such a small matter. I know I can have what credit I want, for lodging, liquor, and clothes, but as to money I won't be positive but honest Block been living, I should not have been at a loss." I was heartily sorry to find a worthy man so destitute of friends, when he had such need of them, and looked upon my own situation as less miserable than his, because I was better acquainted with the selfishness and roguery of mankind, consequently less liable to disappointment and imposition.

CHAPTER XLII

He takes his passage in a cutter for Deal—we are accosted by a priest, who proves to be a Scotchman—his profession of friendship—he is affronted by the lieutenant, who afterwards appears him by submission—my uncle embarks—I am introduced by a priest to a capuchin, in whose company I set out for Paris—the character of my fellow-traveller—an adventure on the road—I am shocked at his behaviour

WHEN our repast was ended, we walked down to the harbour, where we found a cutter that was to sail for Deal in the evening, and Mr Bowling agreed for his passage in

the mean time, we sauntered about the town to satisfy our curiosity, our conversation turning on the subject of my designs, which were not as yet fixed, neither can it be supposed that my mind was at ease, when I found myself reduced almost to extreme poverty in the midst of foreigners, among whom I had not one acquaintance to advise and befriend me. My uncle was sensible of my forlorn condition, and pressed me to accompany him to England, where he did not doubt of finding some sort of provision for me, but, besides the other reasons I had for avoiding that kingdom, I looked upon it at this time as the worst country in the universe for a poor honest man to live in, and therefore determined to remain in France at all events. I was confirmed in this resolution by a reverend priest, who, passing by at this time, and overhearing us speak English, accosted us in the same language, telling us he was our countryman, and wishing it might be in his power to do us any service. We thanked this grave person for his courteous offer, and invited him to drink a glass with us, which he did not think proper to refuse, and we went altogether into a tavern of his recommending. After having drank to our healths in a bumper of good Burgundy, he began to inquire into our situation, particularly the place of our nativity, which we no sooner named, than he started up, and, wringing our hands with great fervour, shed a flood of tears, crying,— "I come from the same part of the country" perhaps you are my own relations." I was on my guard against his caresses, which I suspected very much, when I remembered the adventure of the monkey-dropper, but, without any appearance of diffidence, observed, that, as he was born in that part of the country, he must certainly know our family, which (howsoever mean our present appearance might be) was none of the most obscure or inconsiderable. Then I discovered our names, to which I found he was no stranger. He had known my grandfather personally, and notwithstanding an absence of fifty years from Scotland, recounted so many particulars of the families in the neighbourhood, that my scruples were entirely removed, and I thought myself happy in his acquaintance. In the course of our conversation, I disclosed my condition without reserve, and displayed my talents to such advantage, that the old father looked upon me with admiration, and assured me, that if I staid in France, and listened to reason, I could not fail of making my fortune, on which he would contribute all in his power.

My uncle began to be jealous of the priest's insinuation, and very abruptly declared that, if ever I should renounce my religion, he would break off all connection and correspondence with me, for it was his opinion, that no honest man would swerve from the principles in which he was bred, whether

Turkish, Protestant, or Roman The father, affronted at this declaration, with great vehemence began a long discourse, setting forth the danger of obstinacy, and shutting one's eyes against the light He said, that ignorance would be no plea towards justification, when we had opportunities of being better informed, and that, if the minds of people had not been open to conviction, the Christian religion could not have been propagated in the world, and we should now be in a state of pagan darkness and barbarity He endeavoured to prove, by some texts of scripture, and many quotations from the fathers, that the pope was the successor of St Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ; that the Church of Rome was the true holy catholic church, and that the protestant faith was an insidious heresy and damnable schism, by which many millions of souls would suffer everlasting perdition When he had finished his sermon, which I thought he pronounced with more zeal than discretion, he addressed himself to my uncle, and desired to know his objections to what had been said The lieutenant, whose attention had been wholly engrossed by his own affairs, took the pipe out of his mouth, and replied,—“As for me, friend, d'ye see, I have no objection to what you say, it may be either true or false for what I know, I meddle with nobody's affairs but my own, the gunner to his instock, and the steersman to the helm, as the saying is I trust to no creed but the compass, and do unto every man as I would be done by; so that I defy the pope, the devil, and the pretender, and hope to be saved as well as another” This association of persons gave great offence to the friar, who protested, in a mighty passion, that, if Mr Bowling had not been his countryman, he would have caused him to be imprisoned for his insolence I ventured to disapprove of my uncle's rashness, and appeased the old gentleman by assuring him there was no offence intended by my kinsman, who, by this time, sensible of his error, shook the injured party by the hand, and asked pardon for the freedom he had taken Matters being amicably compromised, he invited us to come and see him in the afternoon at the convent to which he belonged, and took his leave for the present, when my uncle recommended it strongly to me to persevere in the religion of my forefathers, whatever advantages I might propose to myself by a change, which could not fail of disgracing myself, and dishonouring my family. I assured him no consideration should induce me to forfeit his friendship and good opinion on that score; at which assurance he discovered great satisfaction, and put me in mind of dinner, which we immediately bespoke, and, when it was ready, ate together

I imagined my acquaintance with the Scottish priest, if properly managed, might turn

out to my advantage, and therefore resolved to cultivate it as much I could With this view, we visited him at his convent, according to his invitation, where he treated us with wine and sweetmeats, and showed us every thing that was remarkable in the monastery. Having been thus entertained, we took our leave, though not before I had promised to see him next day, and the time fixed for my uncle's embarking being come, I accompanied him to the harbour, and saw him on board We parted not without tears, after we had embraced, and wished one another all manner of prosperity, and he entreated me to write to him often, directing to Lieutenant Bowling, at the sign of the Union flag, near the Hermitage, London

I returned to the house in which we had met, where I passed the night in a very solitary manner, reflecting on the severity of my fate, and endeavouring to project some likely scheme of life for the future, but my invention failed me, I saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties in my way, and was ready to despair at the miserable prospect That I might not, however, neglect any probable means, I got up in the morning, and went directly to the father, whose advice and assistance I implored He received me very kindly, and gave me to understand that there was one way of life in which a person of my talents could not fail of making a great figure I guessed his meaning, and told him once for all, I was fully determined against any alteration in point of religion, therefore, if his proposal regarded the church, he might save himself the trouble of explaining it He shook his head, and sighed, saying,—“Ah! son, son, what a glorious prospect is here spoiled by your stubborn prejudice” Suffer yourself to be persuaded by reason, and consult your temporal welfare as well as the concerns of your eternal soul I can by my interest procure your admission as a novice into this convent, where I will superintend and direct you with a truly paternal affection” Then he launched out into the praises of a monastic life, which no noise disturbs, no cares molest, and no danger invades, where the heart is weaned from carnal attachments, the grosser appetites subdued and chastised, and the soul wafted to divine regions of philosophy and truth on the wings of studious contemplation But his eloquence was lost upon me, whom two considerations enabled to withstand his temptations, namely, my promise to my uncle, and my aversion to an ecclesiastical life, for, as to the difference of religion, I looked upon it as a thing of too small moment to come in competition with a man's fortune Finding me immovable on this head, he told me he was more sorry than offended at my non-compliance, and still ready to employ his good offices in my behalf “The same erroneous maxims,” said he, “that obstruct your

promotion in the church, will infallibly prevent your advancement in the army, but if you can brook the condition of a servant, I am acquainted with some people of rank at Versailles, to whom I can give you letters of recommendation, that you may be entertained by some one of them in quality of *maitre d'hôtel*, and I do not doubt that your qualifications will soon entitle you to better provision." I embraced his offer with great earnestness, and he appointed me to come back in the afternoon, when he would not only give me letters, but likewise introduce me to a capuchin of his acquaintance, who intended to set out for Paris next morning, in whose company I might travel, without being at the expense of one livre during the whole journey. This piece of good news gave me infinite pleasure, I acknowledged my obligation to the benevolent father in the most grateful expressions, and he performed his promise to a tittle, in delivering the letters, and making me acquainted with the capuchin, with whom I departed next morning by break of day.

It was not long before I discovered my fellow traveller to be a merry facetious fellow, who, notwithstanding his profession and appearance of mortification, loved good eating and drinking better than his rosary, and paid more adoration to a pretty girl than to the Virgin Mary or St Genevieve. He was a thick brawny young man, with red eyebrows, a hook nose, a face covered with freckles, and his name was Pierre Balthazar. His order did not permit him to wear linen, so that, having little occasion to undress himself, he was none of the cleanliest animals in the world, and his constitution was naturally so strongly scented, that I always thought it convenient to keep to the windward of him in our march. As he was perfectly well known on the road, we fared sumptuously without any cost, and the fatigue of our journey was much alleviated by the good humour of my companion, who sung an infinite number of catches on the subjects of love and wine. We took up our lodging the first night at a peasant's house not far from Abbeville, where we were entertained with an excellent ragout, cooked by our landlord's daughters, one of whom was very handsome. After having eaten heartily, and drank a sufficient quantity of small wine, we were conducted to a barn, where we found a couple of carpets spread upon clean straw for our reception. We had not lain in this situation above half an hour, when we heard somebody knock softly at the door, upon which Balthazar got up, and let in our host's two daughters, who wanted to have some private conversation with him in the dark. When they had whispered together some time, the capuchin came to me, and asked if I was insensible to love, and so hard-hearted as to refuse a share

of my bed to a pretty maid who had a *tendre* for me? I must own, to my shame, that I suffered myself to be overcome by my passion, and with great eagerness seized the occasion, when I understood that the amiable Nanette was to be my bed-fellow. In vain did my reason suggest the respect that I owed to my dear mistress Narcissa, the idea of that lovely charmer rather increased than allayed the ferment of my spirits, and the young paysanne had no reason to complain of my remembrance. Early in the morning the kind creatures left us to our repose, which lasted till eight o'clock, when we got up, and were treated at breakfast with chocolate and *l'eau de vie* by our paramours, of whom we took a tender leave, after my companion had confessed and given them absolution. While we proceeded on our journey, the conversation turned upon the night's adventure, being introduced by the capuchin, who asked me how I liked my lodging. I declared my satisfaction, and talked in rapture of the agreeable Nanette, at which he shook his head, and, smiling, said, she was a *morceau pour la bonne bouche*. "I never valued myself," continued he, "upon any thing so much as the conquest of Nanette, and, vanity apart, I have been pretty fortunate in my amours." This information shocked me not a little, as I was well convinced of his inuency with her sister, and though I did not care to tax him with downright incest, I professed my astonishment at his last night's choice, when, I supposed, the other was at his devotion. To this hint he answered, that, besides his natural complaisance to the sex, he had another reason for distributing his favours equally between them, namely, to preserve peace in the family, which could not otherwise be maintained, that, moreover, Nanette had conceived an affection for me, and he loved her too well to balk her inclination, more especially when he had an opportunity of obliging his friend at the same time. I thanked him for this instance of his friendship, though I was extremely disgusted at his want of delicacy, and cursed the occasion that threw me in his way. Libertino as I was, I could not bear to see a man behave so wide of the character he assumed. I looked upon him as a person of very little worth or honesty, and should have even kept a wary eye upon my pocket, if I had thought he could have any temptation to steal. But I could not conceive the use of money to a capuchin, who is obliged, by the rules of his order, to appear like a beggar, and enjoys all other necessities of life gratis. Besides, my fellow-traveller seemed to be of a complexion too careless and sanguine to give me any apprehension on that score, so that I proceeded with great confidence, in expectation of being soon at my journey's end.

CHAPTER XLIII

We lodge at a house near Amiens, where I am robbed by the capuchin, who escapes while I am asleep—I go to Noyons in search of him, but without success—make my condition known to several people, but find no relief—grow desperate—join a company of soldiers—enlist in the regiment of Picardy—we are ordered into Germany—I find the fatigues of the march almost intolerable—quarrel with my comrade in a dispute about politics—he challenges me to the field, wounds and disarms me

THE third night of our pilgrimage we passed at a house near Amiens, where Balthazar being unknown, we supped upon indifferent fare, and sour wine, and were fain to lie in a garret, upon an old mattress, which, I believe, had been in the possession of ten thousand myriads of fleas, time out of mind. We did not invade their territory with impunity: in less than a minute we were attacked by stings innumerable, in spite of which, however, we fell fast asleep, being excessively fatigued with our day's march, and did not awake till near nine next morning, when seeing myself alone, I started up in a terrible fright, and examining my pockets, found my presaging fear too true. My companion had made free with my cash, and left me to seek my way to Paris by myself. I ran down stairs immediately, and with a look full of grief and amazement, inquired for the mendicant, who, they gave me to understand, had set out four hours before, after having told them I was a little indisposed, and desired I might not be disturbed, but be informed when I should wake that he had taken the road to Noyons, where he should wait for my coming at the Coq d'Or. I spoke not a word, but with a heavy heart directed my course to that place, at which I arrived in the afternoon, fainting with weariness and hunger, but learned, to my utter confusion, that no such person had been there. It was happy for me that I had a good deal of resentment in my constitution, which animated me on such occasions against the villainy of mankind, and enabled me to bear misfortunes otherwise intolerable. Boiling with indignation, I discovered to the host my deplorable condition, and inveighed with great bitterness against the treachery of Balthazar, at which he shrugged up his shoulders, and, with a peculiar grimace in his countenance, said, he was sorry for my misfortune, but there was no remedy like patience. At that instant some guests arrived, to whom he hastened to offer his service, leaving me mortified at his indifference, and fully persuaded that an innkeeper is the same sordid animal all the world over.

While I stood in the porch, forlorn and undetermined, venting ejaculations of curses against the thief who robbed me, and the old priest who recommended him to my friendship, a young gentleman, richly dressed, attended by a valet-de-chambre and two servants in livery, arrived at the inn. I thought I perceived a great deal of sweetness and good-nature in his countenance, therefore he had no sooner alighted than I accosted him, and, in a few words, explained my situation. He listened with great politeness, and, when I had made an end of my story, said,—"Well, Monsieur, what would you have me to do?" I was effectually abashed at this interrogation, which I believe no man of common sense or generosity could make, and made no other reply than a low bow. He returned the compliment still lower, and tript into an apartment, while the landlord let me know, that my standing there to interrupt company gave offence, and might do him infinite prejudice. He had no occasion to repeat his insinuation, I moved from the place immediately, and was so much transported with grief, anger, and disdain, that a torrent of blood gushed from my nostrils. In this ecstasy, I quitted Noyons, and betook myself to the fields, where I wandered about like one distracted, till my spirits were quite exhausted, and I was obliged to throw myself down at the root of a tree, to rest my wearied limbs. Here my rage forsook me, I began to feel the unfortunate cravings of nature, and relapsed into silent sorrow and melancholy reflection. I revolved all the crimes I had been guilty of, and found them so few and venial, that I could not comprehend the justice of that Providence, which, after having exposed me to so much wretchedness and danger, left me a prey to famine at last in a foreign country, where I had not one friend or acquaintance to close my eyes, and do the last offices of humanity to my miserable carcass. A thousand times I wished myself a bear, that I might retreat to woods and deserts, far from the inhospitable haunts of man, where I could live by my own talents, independent of treacherous friends and supercilious scorn.

As I lay in this manner groaning over my hapless fate, I heard the sound of a violin, and, raising my head, perceived a company of men and women dancing on the grass at some distance from me. I looked upon this to be a favourable season for distress to attract compassion, when every selfish thought is banished, and the heart dilated with mirth and social joy, wherefore I got up and approached those happy people, whom I soon discovered to be a party of soldiers, with their wives and children, unbending and diverting themselves at this rate, after the fatigue of a march. I had never before seen such a parcel of scoundrels together, neither could I reconcile

their meagre gaunt looks, their squalid and ragged attire, and every other external symptom of extreme woe, with this appearance of festivity. I saluted them, however, and was received with great politeness; after which they formed a ring, and danced around me. This jollity had a wonderful effect upon my spirits. I was infected with their gaiety, and, in spite of my dismal situation, forgot my cares, and joined in their extravagance. When we had recreated ourselves a good while at this diversion, the ladies spread their mantles on the ground, upon which they emptied their knapsacks of some onions, coarse bread, and a few flasks of poor wine. Being invited to a share of the banquet, I sat down with the rest, and in the whole course of my life never made a more comfortable meal. When our repast was ended, we got up again to dance, and now that I found myself refreshed, I behaved to the admiration of every body. I was loaded with a thousand compliments and professions of friendship. The men commended my person and agility, and the women were loud in praise of my *bonne grace*. The serjeant, in particular, expressed so much regard for me, and described the pleasures of a soldier's life with so much art, that I began to listen to his proposal of enlisting me in the service, and the more I considered my own condition, the more I was convinced of the necessity I was under to come to a speedy determination. Having therefore maturely weighed the circumstances *pro* and *con*, I signified my consent, and was admitted into the regiment of Picardy, said to be the oldest corps in Europe. The company to which this command belonged was quartered at a village not far off, whither we marched next day, and I was presented to my captain, who seemed very well pleased with my appearance, gave me a crown to drink, and ordered me to be accommodated with clothes, arms, and accoutrements. Then I sold my livery suit, purchased linen, and, as I was at great pains to learn the exercise, in a very short time became a complete soldier.

It was not long before we received orders to join several more regiments, and march with all expedition into Germany, in order to reinforce Marschal duc de Noailles, who was then encamped with his army on the side of the river Mayne, to watch the motions of the English, Hanoverians, Austrians, and Hessians, under the command of the Earl of Stair. We began our march accordingly, and then I became acquainted with that part of a soldier's life to which I had been hitherto a stranger. It is impossible to describe the hunger and thirst I sustained, and the fatigue I underwent in a march of so many hundred miles, during which I was so much chafed with the heat and motion of my limbs, that in a very short time the inside of my thighs and legs were deprived of skin,

and I proceeded in the utmost torture. This misfortune I owed to the plumpness of my constitution, which I cursed, and envied the withered condition of my comrades, whose bodies could not spare juice enough to supply a common issue, and were indeed proof against all manner of friction. The continual pain I felt made me fretful, and my peevishness was increased by the mortification of my pride, in seeing those miserable wretches, whom a hard gale of wind would have scattered through the air like chaff, bear those toils with alacrity, under which I was ready to sink.

One day, while we enjoyed a halt, and the soldiers with their wives had gone out to dance, according to custom, my comrade staid at home with me on pretence of friendship, and insulted me with his pity and consolation. He told me, though I was young and tender at present, I would soon be seasoned to the service, and he did not doubt but I should have the honour to contribute in some measure to the glory of the king. "Have courage, therefore, my child," said he, "and pray to God, that you may be as happy as I am, who have had the honour of serving Lewis the Great, and of receiving many wounds in helping to establish his glory." When I looked upon the contemptible object that pronounced these words, I was amazed at the infatuation that possessed him, and could not help expressing my astonishment at the absurdity of a rational being, who thinks himself highly honoured in being permitted to encounter abject poverty, oppression, famine, disease, mutilation, and evident death, merely to gratify the vicious ambition of a prince, by whom his sufferings were disregarded, and his name utterly unknown. I observed, that, if his situation was the consequence of compulsion, I would praise his patience and fortitude in bearing his lot, if he had taken up arms in defence of his injured country, he was to be applauded for his patriotism, or, if he had fled to this way of life as a refuge from a greater evil, he was justifiable in his own conscience (though I could have no notion of misery more extreme than that he suffered); but to put his condition on the footing of concurring to the glory of his prince, was no more than professing himself a desperate slave, who voluntarily underwent the utmost wretchedness and peril, and committed the most flagrant crimes, to soothe the barbarous pride of a fellow-creature, his superior in nothing but the power he derived from the submission of such wretches as him. The soldier was very much affronted at the liberty I took with his king, which he said nothing but my ignorance could excuse. He affirmed, that the characters of princes were sacred, and ought not to be profaned by the censure of their subjects, who were bound by their allegiance to obey their com-

mands, of what nature soever, without scruple or repining, and advised me to correct the rebellious principles I had imbibed among the English, who, for their insolence to their kings, were notorious all over the world, even to a proverb.

In vindication of my countrymen, I repeated all the arguments commonly used to prove that every man has a natural right to liberty, that allegiance and protection are reciprocal, that, when the mutual tie is broken by the tyranny of the king, he is accountable to the people for his breach of contract, and subject to the penalty of the law; and that those insurrections of the English, which are branded with the name of rebellion by the slaves of arbitrary power, were no other than glorious efforts to rescue that independence, which was their birth-right, from the ravenous claws of usurping ambition. The Frenchman, provoked at the little deference I paid to the kingly name, lost all patience, and reproached me in such a manner, that my temper forsook me, and I clenched my fist, with an intention to give him a hearty box on the ear. Perceiving my design, he started back, and demanded a parley, upon which I checked my indignation, and he gave me to understand that a Frenchman never forgave a blow, therefore, if I was not weary of my life, I would do well to spare him that mortification, and do him the honour of measuring my sword with his, like a gentleman. I took his advice, and followed him to a field hard by, where indeed I was ashamed at the pitiful figure of my antagonist, who was a poor, little, shivering creature, decrepid with age, and blind of one eye. But I soon found the folly of judging from appearances, being at the second pass wounded in the sword hand, and immediately disarmed with such a jerk, that I thought the joint was dislocated. I was no less confounded than enraged at this event, especially as my adversary did not bear his success with all the moderation that might have been expected, for he insisted upon my asking pardon for affronting his king and him. This proposal I would by no means comply with, but told him it was a mean condescension, which no gentleman in his circumstances ought to propose, nor any in my situation ought to perform, and that, if he persisted in his ungenerous demand, I would in my turn claim satisfaction with my musket, when we should be more upon a par than with the sword, of which he seemed so much master

occasion—I industriously seek another combat with the old Gascon, and vanquish him in my turn—our regiment is put into winter-quarters at Rheims, where I find my friend Strap—our recognition—he supplies me with money, and procures my discharge—we take a trip to Paris, from whence, by the way of Flanders, we set out for London, where we safely

He was disconcerted at this declaration, to which he made no reply, but repaired to the dancers, among whom he recounted his victory, with many exaggerations and gasconades, while I, taking up my sword, went to my quarters, and examined my wound, which I found was of no consequence. The same day, an Irish drummer, having heard of my misfortune, visited me, and, after having condoled me on the chance of war, gave me to understand, that he was master of the sword, and would, in a very short time, instruct me so thoroughly in that noble science, that I should be able to chastise the old Gascon for his insolent boasting at my expense. This friendly office he proffered, on pretence of the regard he had for his countryman, but I afterwards learned the true motive was no other than a jealousy he entertained of a correspondence between the Frenchman and his wife, which he did not think proper to resent in person. Be this as it will, I accepted his offer, and practised his lessons with such application, that I soon believed myself a match for my conqueror. In the mean time, we continued our march, and arrived at the camp of Mareschal Noailles, the night before the battle of Dettingen. Notwithstanding the fatigue we had undergone, our regiment was one of those that were ordered next day to cross the river, under the command of the Duc de Gramont, to take possession of a narrow defile, through which the allies must of necessity have passed at a great disadvantage, or remain where they were, and perish for want of provision, if they would not condescend to surrender at discretion. How they suffered themselves to be pent up in this manner, it is not my province to relate. I shall only observe, that, when we had taken possession of our ground, I heard an old officer, in conversation with another, express a surprise at the conduct of Lord Stair, who had the reputation of a good general. But it seems, at this time, that nobleman was overruled, and only acted in an inferior character, so that no part of the blame could be imputed to him, who declared his disapprobation of the step, in consequence of which the whole army was in the utmost danger, but providence or destiny acted miracles in their behalf, by disposing the Duc de Gramont to quit his advantageous post, pass the defile, and attack the English, who were

CHAPTER XLIV

In order to be revenged, I learn the science of defence—we join the Mareschal duc de Noailles—are engaged with the allies at Dettingen, and put to flight—the behaviour of the French soldiers on that

drawn up in order of battle on the plain, and who handled us so roughly, that, after having lost a great number of men, we turned our backs without ceremony, and fled with such precipitation, that many hundreds perished in the river, through pure fear and confusion; for the enemy was so generous, that they did not pursue us one inch of ground, and if our consternation would have permitted, we might have retreated with great order and deliberation. But, notwithstanding the royal clemency of the king of Great Britain, who headed the allies in person, and, no doubt, put a stop to the carnage, our loss amounted to 5000 men, among whom were many officers of distinction. Our miscarriage opened a passage for the foe to Hanau, whither they immediately marched, leaving their sick and wounded to the care of the French, who next day took possession of the field of battle, buried the dead, and treated the living with humanity. This circumstance was a great consolation to us, who thence took occasion to claim the victory, and the genius of the French nation never appeared more conspicuous than now, in the rhodomontades they uttered on the subject of their generosity and courage: every man (by his own account) performed feats that eclipsed all the heroes of antiquity. One compared himself to a lion retiring at leisure from his cowardly pursuers, who keep at a wary distance, and gall him with their darts. Another likened himself to a bear that retreats with his face to the enemy, who dare not assail him, and the third assumed the character of a desperate stag, that turns upon the hounds and keeps them at bay. There was not a private soldier engaged, who had not, by the prowess of his single arm, demolished a whole platoon, or put a squadron of horse to flight, and, among others, the meagre Gascon extolled his exploits above those of Hercules or Charlemagne. As I still retained my resentment for the disgrace I suffered in my last rencontre with him, and, now that I thought myself qualified, longed for an opportunity to retrieve my honour, I magnified the valour of the English with all the hyperboles I could imagine, and decried the pusillanimity of the French in the same style, comparing them to hares flying before grey-hounds, or mice pursued by cats, and passed an ironical compliment on the speed he exerted in his flight, which, considering his age and infirmities, I said was surprising. He was stung to the quick by this sarcasm, and, with an air of threatening disdain, bade me know myself better, and remember the correction I had lately received from him for my insolence. As he might not always be in the humour of sparing a wretch who abused his goodness, to this insinuation I made no reply, but by a kick in the breech which overturned him in an instant. He started up with wonderful

agility, and, drawing his sword, attacked me with great fury; several people interposed; but when he informed them of its being an affair of honour, they retired, and left us to decide the battle by ourselves. I sustained his onset with little damage, having only received a small scratch on my right shoulder, and seeing his breath and vigour almost exhausted, assaulted him in my turn, closed with him, and wrested his sword out of his hand in the struggle. Having thus acquired the victory, I desired him to beg his life, to which demand he made no answer, but shrugged up his shoulders to his ears, expanded his hands, elevated the skin on his forehead and eye-brows, and depressed the corners of his mouth in such a manner, that I could scarce refrain from laughing aloud at his grotesque appearance. That I might, however, mortify his vanity, which triumphed without bounds over my misfortune, I thrust his sword up to the hilt in something (it was not a tansy) that lay smoking on the plain, and joined the rest of the soldiers with an air of tranquillity and indifference.

There was nothing more of moment attempted by either of the armies during the remaining part of the campaign, which being ended, the English marched back to the Netherlands, part of our army was detached to French Flanders, and our regiment ordered into winter quarters in Champagne. It was the fate of the grenadier company, to which I now belonged, to lie at Rheims, where I found myself in the utmost want of every thing, my pay, which amounted to five sols a-day, far from supplying me with necessaries, being scarce sufficient to procure a wretched subsistence, to keep soul and body together so that I was, by hunger and hard duty, brought down to the meagre condition of my fellow-soldiers, and my linen reduced from three tolerable shirts, to two pair of sleeves and necks, the bodies having been long ago converted into spatterdashies, and after all, I was better provided than any private man in the regiment. In this urgency of my affairs, I wrote to my uncle in England, though my hopes from that quarter were not at all sanguine, for the reasons I have already explained, and, in the mean time, had recourse to my old remedy, patience, consoling myself with the flattering suggestions of a lively imagination, that never abandoned me in my distress.

One day, while I stood sentinel at the gate of a general officer, a certain nobleman came to the door, followed by a gentleman in mourning, to whom, at parting, I heard him saying,—"You may depend upon my good offices." This assurance was answered by a low bow of the person in black, who, turning to go away, discovered to me the individual countenance of my old friend and adherent Sirap. I was so much astonished at the sight, that I lost the power of utterance,

and, before I could recollect myself, he was gone without taking any notice of me. Indeed, had he staid, I scarcely should have ventured to accost him, because, though I was perfectly well acquainted with the features of his face, I could not be positively certain as to the rest of his person, which was very much altered for the better since he left me at London; neither could I perceive by what means he was enabled to appear in the sphere of a gentleman, to which, while I knew him, he had not even the ambition to aspire. But I was too much concerned in the affair to neglect further information, and therefore took the first opportunity of asking the porter if he knew the gentlemen to whom the marquis spoke. The Swiss told me, his name was Monsieur d'Estrapes; that he had been valet-de-chambre to an English gentleman lately deceased, and that he was very much regarded by the marquis for his fidelity to his master, between whom and that nobleman a very intimate friendship had subsisted. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than this piece of intelligence, which banished all doubt of its being my friend, who had found means to frenchify his name as well as his behaviour since we parted. As soon, therefore, as I was relieved, I went to his lodging, according to a direction given me by the Swiss, and had the good fortune to find him at home. That I might surprise him the more, I concealed my name and business, and only desired the servant of the house to tell Monsieur d'Estrapes, that I begged the honour of half an hour's conversation with him. He was confounded and dismayed at the message, when he understood it was sent by a soldier. Though he was conscious to himself of no crime, all that he had heard of the Bastille appeared to his imagination with aggravated horror, and it was not before I had waited a considerable time, that he had resolution enough to bid the servant show me up stairs. When I entered his chamber, he returned my bow with great civility, and endeavoured, with forced complaisance, to disguise his fear, which appeared in the paleness of his face, the wildness of his looks, and the shaking of his limbs. I was diverted at his consternation, which redoubled, when I told him in French, I had business for his private ear, and demanded a particular audience. The valet being withdrawn, I asked in the same language, if his name was d'Estrapes? to which he answered, with a faltering tongue,—“The same, at your service.” “Are you a Frenchman?” said I. “I have not the honour of being a Frenchman born,” replied he, “but I have an infinite veneration for the country.” I then desired he would do me the honour to look at me; which he no sooner did, than, struck with my appearance, he started back, and cried in English,—“O Jesus! sure it can't be, 'tis

impossible!” I smiled at his interjections, saying,—“I suppose you are too much of a gentleman to own your friend in adversity.” When he heard me pronounce these words in our own language, he leaped upon me in a transport of joy, hung about my neck, kissed me from ear to ear, and blubbered like a great school-boy who had been whipt. Then observing my dress, he set up his throat, crying,—“O Lord! O Lord! that ever I should live to see my dearest friend reduced to the condition of a foot-soldier in the French service! why did you consent to my leaving you? But I know the reason—you thought you had got more creditable friends, and grew ashamed of my acquaintance. Ah! Lord help us! though I was a little short-sighted, I was not altogether blind and though I did not complain, I was not the less sensible of your unkindness, which was indeed the only thing that induced me to ramble abroad, the Lord knows whither, but I must own it has been a lucky ramble for me, and so I forgive you, and may God forgive you—O Lord! O Lord! is it come to this?” I was nettled at the charge, which, though just, I could not help thinking unseasonable, and told him with some tartness, that, whether his suspicions were well or ill grounded, he might have chosen a more convenient opportunity of introducing them, and that the question now was, whether or not he found himself disposed to lend me any assistance?—“Disposed!” replied he, with great emotion, “I thought you had known me so well, as to assure yourself, without asking, that I and all that belongs to me are at your command. In the mean time, you shall dine with me, and I will tell you something that perhaps will not be displeasing unto you.” Then wringing my hand, he said,—“It makes my heart bleed to see you in that garb.” I thanked him for his invitation, which, I observed, could not be unwelcome to a person who had not eaten a comfortable meal these seven months but I had another request to make, which I begged he would grant before dinner, and that was the loan of a shirt; for though my back had been many weeks a stranger to any comfort of that kind, my skin was not yet familiarized to the want of it. He stared in my face, with a woful countenance, at this declaration, which he could scarce believe, until I explained it, by unbuttoning my coat, and disclosing my naked body; a circumstance that shocked the tender-hearted Strap, who, with tears in his eyes, ran to a chest of drawers, and, taking out some linen, presented to me a very fine ruffled holland shirt, and cambrick neckcloth, assuring me he had three dozen of the same kind at my service. I was ravished at this piece of good news, and having accommodated myself in a moment, begged my benefactor for his generous offer, saying, I was overjoyed to

find him undebauched by prosperity, which seldom fails to corrupt the heart. He bespoke for dinner some soup and *bouille*, a couple of pullets roasted, and a dish of asparagus, and in the interim entertained me with biscuit and Burgundy, after which repast, he entreated me to gratify his longing desire of knowing every circumstance of my fortune since his departure from London. This request I complied with, beginning at the adventure of Gawky, and relating every particular event in which I had been concerned from that day to the present hour. During the recital, my friend was strongly affected, according to the various situations described: he started with surprise, glowed with indignation, gaped with curiosity, smiled with pleasure, trembled with fear, and wept with sorrow, as the vicissitudes of my life inspired these different passions; and, when my story was ended, signified his amazement on the whole, by lifting up his eyes and hands, and protesting, that, though I was a young man, I had suffered more than all the blessed martyrs.

After dinner, I desired, in my turn, to know the particulars of his peregrination, and he satisfied me in a few words, by giving me to understand that he had lived a year at Paris with his master, who in that time having acquired the language, as well as the fashionable exercises to perfection, made a tour of France and Holland, during which excursion he was so unfortunate as to meet with three of his own countrymen on their travels, in whose company he committed such excesses, that his constitution failed, and he fell into a consumption, that, by the advice of his physicians, he went to Montpellier for the benefit of good air, and recovered so well in six weeks, that he returned to Rheims, seemingly in good health, where he had not continued above a month, when he was seized with a looseness, that carried him off in ten days, to the unspeakable sorrow of all who knew him, and especially of Strap, who had been very happy in his service, and given such satisfaction, that his master, on his deathbed, recommended him to several persons of distinction, for his diligence, sobriety, and affection, and left him by will his wearing apparel, gold watch, sword, rings, ready money, and all the movables he had in France, to the value of three hundred pounds.—“Which I now,” said he, “in the sight of God and man, surrender to your absolute disposal: here are my keys, take them, I beseech you, and God give you joy of the possession.” My brain was almost turned by this sudden change of fortune, which I could scarce believe real, however, I positively refused this extravagant proffer of my friend, and put him in mind of my being a soldier, at which hint he started, crying.—“Odds! that’s true, we must pro-

cure your discharge. I have some interest with a nobleman who is able to do me that favour.” We consulted about this affair, and it was determined, that Monsieur d’Estrapes should wait upon the marquis in the morning, and tell him he had by accident found his brother, whom he had not seen for many years before, a private soldier in the regiment of Picardy, and implore that nobleman’s interest for his discharge. In the mean time we enjoyed ourselves over a bottle of good Burgundy, and spent the evening in concerting schemes for our future conduct, in case I should be so lucky as to get rid of the army. The business was to make ourselves easy for life, by means of his legacy, a task very difficult, and, in the usual methods of laying out money, altogether impracticable, so that, after much canvassing, we could come to no resolution that night, but when we parted, recommended the matter to the serious attention of each other. As for my own part, I puzzled my imagination to no purpose. When I thought of turning merchant, the smallness of our stock, and the risk of seas, enemies, and markets, deterred me from that scheme; if I should settle as a surgeon in my own country, I would find the business already overstocked; or, if I pretended to set up in England, must labour under want of friends, and powerful opposition, obstacles insurmountable by the most shining merit: neither should I succeed in my endeavours to rise in the state, inasmuch as I could neither flatter nor pimp for courtiers, nor prostitute my pen in defence of a wicked and contemptible administration. Before I could form any feasible project, I fell asleep, and my fancy was blessed with the image of my dear Narcissa, who seemed to smile upon my passion, and offer her hand as a reward for all my toils.

Early in the morning, I went to the lodgings of my friend, whom I found exulting over his happy invention, for I no sooner entered his apartment, than he addressed himself to me in these words, with a smile of self-applause: “Well, Mr Random, a lucky thought may come into a fool’s head sometimes. I have hit it—I’ll hold you a button, my plan is better than yours, for all your learning. But you shall have the preference in this, as in all other things, therefore proceed, and let us know the effects of your meditation—and then I will impart my own simple excogitations.” I told him, that not one thought had occurred to me which deserved the least notice, and signified my impatience to be acquainted with the fruits of his reflection.—“As we have not,” said he, “money sufficient to maintain us during a tedious expectation, it is my opinion, that a bold push must be made; and I see none so likely to succeed as your appearing in the character of a gentleman (which is your due), and making your addresses to some lady of

fortune who can render you independent at once. Nay, don't stare—I affirm that this scheme is both prudent and honourable for I would not have you throw yourself away upon an old toothless wheezing dame, whose breath would stunk you into a consumption in less than three months, neither would I advise you to assume the character of a wealthy squire, as your common fortune hunters do, by which means many a poor lady is cheated into matrimony, and instead of enjoying the pomp and grandeur that was promised, sees her dowry seized by her husband's rapacious creditors, and herself reduced to misery and despair. No, I know you have a soul that disdains such imposition, and are master of qualifications both of mind and body, which alone entitle you to a match that will set you above the world. I have clothes in my possession that a duke need not be ashamed to wear. I believe they will fit you as they are, if not, there are plenty of tailors in France. Let us take a short trip to Paris, and provide ourselves with all other necessaries, then set out for England, where I intend to do myself the honour of attending you in quality of a valet. This expedient will save the expense of a servant, shaving and dressing, and I doubt not but, by the blessing of God, we shall bring matters to a speedy and fortunate issue." Extravagant as this proposal was, I listened to it with pleasure, because it flattered my vanity, and indulged a ridiculous hope I began to entertain of my inspiring Narcissa with a mutual flame.

After breakfast, Monsieur d'Estrapes went to pay his devoirs to the marquis, and was so successful in his application, that I obtained a discharge in a few days upon which we set out for Paris. Here I had time to reflect and congratulate myself upon this sudden transition of fate, which to bear with moderation, required some degree of philosophy and self-denial. This truth will be more obvious, if I give a detail of the particulars, to the quiet possession of which I was raised in an instant, from the most abject misery and contempt. My wardrobe consisted of five fashionable coats full mounted, two of which were plain, one of cut velvet, one trimmed with gold, and another with silver lace, two frocks, one of white drab with large plate buttons, the other of blue with gold bindings; one waistcoat of gold brocade, one of blue satin embroidered with silver, one of green silk trimmed with broad figured gold lace, one of black silk with fringes, one of white satin, one of black cloth, and one of scarlet; six pairs of cloth breeches, one pair of crimson, and another of black velvet, twelve pairs of white silk stockings, as many of black silk, and the same number of fine cotton; one hat lined with gold *point d'Espagne*, another with silver lace scalloped, a third with gold binding, and a fourth plain,

three dozen of fine ruffled shirts, as many neckcloths, one dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, and the like number of silk. The other movables which I possessed, by the generosity and friendship of Strap, were a gold watch, with a chased case, two valuable diamond rings, two mourning swords, one with a silver handle, and a fourth out steel inlaid with gold, a diamond stock-buckle, and a set of stone buckles for the knees and shoes; a pair of silver mounted pistols with rich housings, a gold-headed cane, and a snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold, having the picture of a lady on the top. The gentleman left many other things of value, which my friend had converted into cash before I met with him, so that, over and above these particulars, our stock in ready money amounted to something more than two hundred pounds.

Thus equipped, I put on the gentleman of figure, and, attended by my honest friend, who was contented with the station of my valet, visited the Louvre, examined the gallery of Luxembourg, and appeared at Versailles, where I had the honour of seeing his most Christian majesty eat a considerable quantity of olives. During the month I spent at Paris, I went several times to court, the Italian comedy, opera, and play-house, danced at a masquerade, and, in short, saw every thing remarkable in and about that capital. Then we set out for England by the way of Flanders, passed through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, and took shipping at Ostend from whence in fourteen hours we arrived at Deal, hired a post-chaise, and in twelve hours more got safe to London, having disposed of our heavy baggage in the waggon.

CHAPTER XLV

I inquire for my uncle, and understand he is gone to sea—take lodgings at Charing-cross—go to the play, where I meet with an adventure—dine at an ordinary, the guests described—become acquainted with Medlar and Doctor Wagtail.

As soon as we alighted at the inn, I dispatched Strap to inquire for my uncle, at the Union-flag in Wapping; and he returned in a little time, with an account of Mr Bowling's having gone to sea, mate of a merchant-ship, after a long and unsuccessful application and attendance at the Admiralty where, it seems, the interest he depended upon was not sufficient to reinstate him, or recover the pay that was due to him when he quitted the Thunder.

Next day I hired very handsome lodgings not far from Charing-cross; and, in the evening, dressed myself in a plain suit of the true Paris cut, and appeared in a front box at the play, where I saw a good deal of

company, and was vain enough to believe that I was observed with an uncommon degree of attention and applause. This silly conceit intoxicated me so much, that I was guilty of a thousand ridiculous coquetties; and I dare say, how favourable soever the thoughts of the company might be at my first appearance, they were soon changed, by my absurd behaviour, into pity or contempt. I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head twenty times between the acts, pulled out my watch, clapped it to my ear, wound it up, set it, gave it the hearing again, displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff, that I might have an opportunity of showing my brilliant, and wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief, then dangled my cane, and adjusted my sword knot, and acted many more fooleries of the same kind, in hopes of obtaining the character of a pretty fellow, in the acquiring of which I found two considerable obstructions in my disposition, namely, a natural reserve, and jealous sensibility. Fain would I have entered into conversation with the people around me, but I was restrained by fear of being censured for my assurance, as well as by reflecting that I was more entitled to a compliment of this kind from them, than they to such condescension from a stranger like me. How often did I reddon at the frequent whispers and loud laughter of my fellow-beaux, which I imagined were excited by me! and how often did I envy the happy indifference of those choice spirits, who beheld the distress of the scene, without discovering the least symptom of approbation or concern! My attention was engaged in spite of myself, and I could not help weeping with the heroine of the stage, though I practised a great many shifts to conceal this piece of unpolite weakness. When the play was ended, I sat waiting for an opportunity of handing some lady to her coach; but every one was attended by such a number of officious gallants, that for a long time I was balked in my expectation. At length, however, I perceived a very handsome creature, genteelly dressed, sitting by herself in a box, at some distance from me, upon which I went up to her, and offered my service. She seemed to be in some confusion, thanked me for my complaisance, and with a tender look declined giving me the trouble, looking at her watch, and testifying her surprise at the negligence of her footman, whom she had ordered to have a chair ready for her at that hour. I repeated my entreaty with all the eloquence and compliment I was master of, and, in the event, she was prevailed upon to accept of a proposal I made, to send my servant for a chair or coach accordingly. Strap was detached for that purpose, and returned without succeeding. By this time the playhouse was quite empty, and we were obliged to retire. As I led her through the passage, I observed five or six young

fellows of fashion, standing in a corner, one of whom, as I thought, tipped my charmer the wink, and when we were past, I heard them set up a loud laugh. This note aroused my attention, and I was resolved to be fully satisfied of this lady's character, before I should have any nearer connection with her. As no convenience appeared, I proposed to conduct her to a tavern, where we might stay a few minutes, till my servant could fetch a coach from the Strand. She seemed particularly shy of trusting herself in a tavern with a stranger, but at last yielded to my pathetic remonstrances, rather than endanger her health, by remaining in a cold damp thoroughfare. Having thus far succeeded, I begged to know what wine she would be pleased to drink a glass of, but she professed the greatest aversion to all sorts of strong liquors, and it was with much difficulty that I could persuade her to eat a jelly. In the mean time, I endeavoured to alleviate the uneasiness she discovered, by saying all the agreeable things I could think of, at which she would often sigh, and regard me with a languishing look, that seemed, however, too near akin to the lewd leer of a courtizan. This discovery, added to my former suspicion, while it put me upon my guard against her arts, divested me of reserve, and enabled me to entertain her with gaily and freedom. In the course of our conversation, I pressed her to allow me the honour of waiting upon her next day at her lodgings, a request which she, with many apologies, refused, lest it should give umbrage to Sir John, who was of a disposition apt to be fretted with trifles. This information, by which I was to understand that her husband was a knight, did not check my addresses, which became more and more importunate, and I was even hardy enough to ravish a kiss. But, O heavens! instead of banqueting on the ambrosial flavour that her delicacy of complexion promised, I was almost suffocated with the steams of Geneva. An exhalation of this kind, from a mouth which had just before declared an utter abhorrence of all spirituous liquors, not only changed my doubts into certainty, but my raptures into loathing, and it would have been impossible for me to have preserved common complaisance five minutes longer, when my servant returned with the coach. I took the advantage of this occasion, and presented my hand to the lady, who put in practice against me the whole artillery of her charms, ogling, languishing, sighing and squeezing, with so little reserve, that Strap perceived her tenderness, and rubbed his hands with joy as he followed us to the door, but I was proof against all her endearments, and handed her into the coach with an intention to take my leave immediately. She guessed my design, and invited me to her house, whispering, that now Sir John was gone to bed, she could have the pleasure of

my conversation for half an hour without interruption I told her, there was no mortification I would not undergo, rather than endanger the repose of her ladyship; and, bidding the coachman drive on, wished her a good night. She lost all temper at my indifference, and stopping the coach at the distance of about twenty yards from me, popped out her head, and bawled, with the lungs of a fish-woman—"D—n you, you dog, wont you pay the coach-hire!" As I made no answer, she held forth against me with an eloquence peculiar to herself, calling me pitiful fellow, scoundrel, and an hundred such appellations; concluding, with an oath, that for all my appearance, she believed I had got no money in my pocket.

Having thus vented her indignation, she ordered the coachman to proceed, and I returned to the tavern, where I bespoke something for supper, very well pleased at the issue of this adventure. I dispensed with the attendance of the waiter at table, on pretence that my own servant was present, and when we were alone, said to Strap,—"Well, Monsieur d'Estrapes, what do you think of this lady?" My friend, who had not opened his mouth since her departure, could make no other reply than the monosyllable "Think" which he pronounced with a note of fear and astonishment. Surprised at this emphasis, I surveyed my valet, and perceiving a wildness in his looks, asked if he had seen his grandfather's ghost?—"Ghost!" said he, "I am sure I have seen a devil incarnate!" Who would have thought that so much devilish malice and Billingsgate could lurk under such sweetness of countenance and modesty of behaviour? Ah! God help us! *Fronti nulla fides—nimium ne crede colori*—but we ought to down on our knees, and bless God for delivering us from the jaws of that painted sculchre." I was pretty much of Strap's opinion, and though I did not believe myself in any danger from the allurements of that sisterhood, I determined to act with great circumspection for the future, and shun all commerce of that kind, as equally prejudicial to my purse and constitution.

My next care was to introduce myself into a set of good acquaintance, for which purpose I frequented a certain coffee-house, noted for the resort of good company, English as well as foreigners, where my appearance procured all the civilities and advances I could desire. As there was an ordinary in the same house, I went up stairs to dinner with the other guests, and found myself at a table with thirteen people, the greatest part of whom were better dressed than myself. The conversation, which was mostly carried on in French, turned chiefly on politics, and I soon found the whole company was in the French interest, myself excepted, and a testy old gentleman, who contradicted every thing

that was advanced in favour of his most Christian majesty, with a surliness truly English. But this trusty patriot, who had never been out of his own country, and drew all his maxims and notions from prejudice and hearsay, was very unequal to his antagonists, who were superior to him in learning and experience, and often took the liberty of travellers, in asserting things which were not strictly true, because they thought themselves in no danger of being detected by him. The claim of the queen of Spain to the Austrian dominions in Italy, was fully explained and vindicated by a person who sat opposite to me, and by the solemnity of his manner, and the richness of his apparel, seemed to be a foreign ambassador. This dissertation produced another on the pragmatic sanction, handled with great warmth by a young gentleman at my right hand, dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, who justified the French king for his breach of that contract, and affirmed that he could not have observed it without injuring his own glory. Although I was not at all convinced by this gentleman's arguments, I could not help admiring his vivacity, which I imagined must be the effect of his illustrious birth and noble education, and accordingly rated him in my conjecture as a young prince on his travels. The discourse was afterwards shifted by an old gentleman, of a very martial appearance, to the last campaign, when the battle of Dettingen was fought over again, with so many circumstances to the honour of the French, and disadvantage of the allies, that I began to entertain some doubts of my having been there in person, and took the liberty to mention some objections to what he advanced. This freedom introduced a dispute, which lasted a good while, to the mortification of all present, and was at last referred to the determination of a grave person, whom they styled doctor, and who, under a show of great moderation, decided it against me, with so little regard to truth, that I taxed him with partiality in pretty severe terms, to the no small entertainment of the true English politician, who rejoiced at my defence of a cause he had so often espoused without success. My opponent, pleased with the victory he had gained, affected a great deal of candour, and told me, he should not have been so positive, if he had not been at great pains to inform himself of each particular. "Indeed," said he, "I am convinced that, the previous steps considered, things could not happen otherwise; for we generals who have seen service, though we may not be on the spot ourselves, know by the least sketch of the disposition what must be the event." He then censured, with great freedom, every circumstance of the conduct of those who commanded the allies, from thence made a transition to the ministry, which he honoured with many invectives, for employing people

who had neither experience nor capacity, to the prejudice of old officers who had been distinguished for both; dropped many hints of his own importance; and concluded with observing that the French and Spaniards knew better how to value generals of merit; the good effects of which were seen in the conquests they gain, and the admirable discipline of their troops, which are at the same time better clothed and paid than any soldiers in the universe. These remarks furnished the green knight with an opportunity of launching out in the praise of the French government in general, civil as well as military; on which occasion he made many odious comparisons to the disadvantage of the English. Every body almost assented to the observations he made; and the doctor gave his sanction, by saying, the people in France were undoubtedly the happiest subjects in the world. I was so much astonished and confounded at their infatuation and effrontery, that I had not power to utter one word in opposition to their assertions, but my morose associate could not put up with the indignity that was offered to Old England, and therefore, with a satirical grin, addressed himself to the general in these words—"Sir, sir, I have often heard it said, *she's a villainous bird that defouls her own nest*. As for what those people who are foreigners say, I don't mind it, they know no better, but you, who were bred and born, and have got your bread under the English government, should have more regard to gratitude, as well as truth, in censuring your native country. If the ministry have thought fit to lay you aside, I suppose they have their own reasons for so doing, and you ought to remember that you still live on the bounty of the nation. As for these gentlemen (meaning the prince and ambassador), who make so free with the constitution, laws, and genius of our people, I think they might show a little more respect for their benefactors, who, I must own, are to blame, in harbouring, protecting, and encouraging such ungrateful vagrants as they are." At these words the chevalier in green started up in a great passion, and laying his hand on the hilt of his hanger, exclaimed—"Ha, *foutre*!" The Englishman, on the other hand, grasping his cane, cried—"Don't *foutre* me, sirrah, or, by G—d, I'll knock you down." The company interposed,—the Frenchman sat down again, and his antagonist proceeded—"Lookee, monsieur, you know very well, that, had you dared to speak so freely of the administration of your own country in Paris, as you have done of ours in London, you would have been sent to the Bastille without ceremony, where you might have rotted in a dungeon, and never seen the light of the sun again. Now, sir, take my word for it, although our constitution screens us from such oppression, we must not laws to chastise the authors of seditious discourses;

and if I hear another syllable out, of your mouth, in contempt or prejudice of this kingdom, I will give you a convincing proof of what I advance, and have you laid by the beels for your presumption." This declaration had an effect on the company as sudden as surprising. The young prince became supple as a spaniel, the ambassador trembled, the general sat silent and abashed, and the doctor, who, it seems, had felt the rod of power, grew pale as death, and assured us all, that he had no intention to affront any person or people. "Your principles, doctor," resumed the old gentleman, "are no secret—I have nothing to say to you upon that head, but am very much surprised, that a man, who despises us so much, should, notwithstanding, live among us, when he has no visible motive for so doing.—Why don't you take up your habitation in your beloved France, where you may rail at England without censure?" To this remonstrance the doctor thought proper to make no reply, and an unsocial silence ensued; which I perceiving, took notice, that it was pity such idle disputes, maintained very often through whim or diversion, should create any misunderstanding among gentlemen of good sense, and proposed to drink down all animosity in another bottle. This motion was applauded by the whole company the wine was brought, and the English champion declaring he had no spleen against any man for differing in opinion from him, any more than for difference of complexion, drank to the good health of all present, the compliment was returned, and the conversation once more became unreserved, though more general than before. Among other topics, the subject of war was introduced, on which the general declaimed with great eloquence, recounting many of his own exploits by way of illustration. In the course of his harangue, he happened to mention the word *epaulement*, upon which the testy gentleman asked the meaning of that term. "I'll tell you what an epaulement is," replied he,—"I never saw an epaulement but once—and that was at the siege of Namur.—In a council of war, Monsieur Coborn, the famous engineer, affirmed that the place could not be taken." "Yes," said the prince of Vaudemont, "it may be taken by an epaulement." This was immediately put in execution, and in twenty-four hours Mareschal Bouffiers was fain to capitulate." Here he made a full stop, and the old gentleman repeated the question,—"But pray what is an epaulement?" To this interrogation the officer made no immediate reply, but rung the bell, and called for a bill, which being brought, he threw down his proportion of the reckoning, and, telling the company he would show them an epaulement when his majesty should think fit to entrust him with the command of our army abroad, strutted away with great dignity. I

could not imagine why he was so shy of explaining one of the most simple terms of fortification, which I forthwith described as a side-work composed of earth, gabions, or fascines but I was very much surprised when I afterwards understood that his reserve proceeded from his ignorance. Having paid our bill, we adjourned to the coffee-room, where my fellow-labourer insisted on treating me with a dish, giving me to understand, at the same time, that I had acquired his good opinion, both with respect to my principles and understanding. I thanked him for his compliment, and, professing myself an utter stranger in this part of the world, begged he would have the goodness to inform me of the quality and characters of the people who dined above. This request was a real favour to one of his disposition, which was no less communicative than curious; he therefore complied with great satisfaction, and told me, to my extreme astonishment, that the supposed young prince was a dancer at one of the theatres, and the ambassador no other than a fiddler belonging to the opera. "The doctor," said he, "is a Roman Catholic priest, who sometimes appears in the character of an officer, and assumes the name of captain, but more generally takes the garb, title, and behaviour of a physician, in which capacity he wheedles himself into the confidence of weak-minded people, and, by arguments no less specious than false, converts them from their religion and allegiance. He has been in the hands of justice more than once for such practices, but he is a sly dog, and manages matters with so much craft, that hitherto he has escaped for a short imprisonment. As for the general, you may see he has owed his promotion more to his interest than his capacity, and now that the eyes of the ministry are opened, his friends dead, or become inconsiderable, he is struck off the list, and obliged to put up with a yearly pension. In consequence of this reduction, he is become malcontent, and inveighs against the government in all companies, with so little discretion, that I am surprised at the lenity of the administration in overlooking his insolence, but the truth of the matter is, he owes his safety to his weakness and want of importance. He has seen a little, and but a little service, and yet, if you would take his word for it, there has not been a great action performed in the field since the revolution in which he was not principally concerned. When a story is told of any great general, he immediately matches it with one of himself, though he is often unhappy in his invention, and commits such gross blunders in the detail, that every body is in pain for him. Cæsar, Pompey, and Alexander the Great are continually in his mouth and as he reads a good deal, without any judgment to digest it, his ideas are confused, and his harangues as unintelligible as

infinite, for, once he begins, there is no chance of his leaving off speaking, while one person remains to yield attention, therefore, the only expedient I know for putting a stop to his loquacity, is to lay hold of some incongruity he has uttered, and demand an explanation, or ask the meaning of some difficult term that he knows by name only. This method will effectually put him to silence, if not to flight, as it happened when I inquired about an *epaulement*. Had he been acquainted with the signification of that word, his triumph would have been intolerable, and we must have quitted the field first, or been worried with impertinence." Having thus gratified my curiosity, the old gentleman began to discover his own, in questions relating to myself, to which I thought proper to return ambiguous answers. "I presume, sir," said he, "you have travelled?" I answered,—"Yes." "I dare say you would find it very expensive," said he. I replied,—"To be sure, one cannot travel without money." "That I know by experience," said he, "for I myself take a trip to Bath or Tunbridge every season, and one must pay sauce for what he has on the road, as well in other countries as in this—That's a very pretty stone in your ring,—give me leave, sir,—the French have attained a wonderful skill in making compositions of this kind. Why, now, this looks almost as well as a diamond." "Almost as well, sir," said I, "why not altogether? I am sure if you understand any thing of jewels, you must perceive at first sight that this stone is a real diamond, and that of a very fine water. Take it in your hand and examine it." He did so with some confusion, and returned it, saying,—"I ask your pardon, I see it is a true brilliant of immense value." I imagined his respect for me increased after this inquiry; therefore, to captivate his esteem the more, I told him I would show him a seal of composition, engraved after a very valuable antique, upon which I pulled out my watch, with a rich gold chain, adorned with three seals set in gold, and an opal ring. He viewed each of them with great eagerness, handled the chain, admired the chased case, and observed that the whole must have cost me a vast sum of money. I affected indifference, and replied, in a careless manner,—"Some trifle of sixty or seventy guineas." He stared in my face some time, and then asked me if I was an Englishman. I answered in the negative. "You are from Ireland, then, sir, I presume," said he. I made the same reply. "O! perhaps," said he, "you were born in one of our settlements abroad." I still answered, "No." He seemed very much surprised, and said, he was sure I was not a foreigner. I made no reply, but left him upon the tenterhooks of impatient uncertainty. He could not contain his anxiety, but asked pardon for the liberties he had taken, and to encourage me

the more to disclose my situation, displayed his own without reserve. "I am," said he, "a single man, have a considerable annuity, on which I live according to my own inclination, and make the ends of the year meet very comfortably. As I have no estate to leave behind me, I am not troubled with the importunate officiousness of relations or legacy-hunters; and I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world. It is my maxim, therefore, to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself." While he thus indulged his own talkative vein, and, at the same time, no doubt, expected a retaliation from me, a young man entered, dressed in black velvet, and an enormous tie-wig, with an air, in which natural levity and affected solemnity were so jumbled together, that, on the whole, he appeared a burlesque on all decorum. This ridiculous oddity danced up to the table at which we sat, and, after a thousand grimaces, asked my friend, by the name of Mr Medlar, if we were not engaged upon business? My companion put on a surly countenance, and replied,—"No great business, doctor—but however,"—"O' then," cried the physician, "I must beg your indulgence a little,—pray pardon me, gentlemen Sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "your most humble servant, I hope you will forgive me, sir,—I must beg the favour to sit, sir—Sir, I have something of consequence to impart to my friend Mr Medlar—Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom in whispering, sir." Before I had time to give this complaisant person my permission, Mr Medlar cried,—"I'll have no whispering, if you have any thing to say to me, speak with an audible voice." The doctor seemed a little disconcerted at this exclamation, and turning again to me, made a thousand apologies for pretending to make a mystery of any thing, a piece of caution which he said was owing to his ignorance of my connection with Mr Medlar, but, now he understood I was a friend, he would communicate what he had to say in my hearing. He then began, after two or three hems, in this manner:—"You must know, sir, I am just come from dinner at my lady Flaret's (then, addressing himself to me), a lady of quality, sir, at whose table I have the honour of dining sometimes. There was Lady Stately, and my Lady Larum, and Mrs Dainty and Miss Biddy Gigler, upon my word, a very good-natured young lady, with a very pretty fortune, sir. There were also my Lord Straddle, Sir John Shrug, and Mr Billy Chatter, who is actually a very facetious young gentleman. So, sir, her ladyship seemed me excessively fatigued, for she was the last of fifteen patients (people of distinction, sir) whom I had visited this forenoon, insisted upon my staying dinner, though, upon my word, I protested I had no appetite; however, in compliance with her ladyship's request, sir, I sat down, and the

conversation turning upon different subjects, among other things Mr Chatter asked very earnestly when I saw Mr Medlar? I told him I had not had the pleasure of seeing you these nineteen hours and a half, for you may remember, sir, it was nearly about that time, I wont be positive as to a minute. "No," says he, "then I desire you will go to his lodgings immediately after dinner, and see what's the matter with him, for he certainly must be very bad, from having ate last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters." The crusty gentleman, who from the solemnity of his delivery, expected something extraordinary, no sooner heard his conclusion, than he started up in a teaty humour, crying,—“Pshaw! pshaw! d—n your oysters,” and walked away, after a short compliment of—“Your servant, sir,” to me. The doctor got up also, saying,—“I vow and protest, upon my word, I am actually amazed,” and followed Mr Medlar to the bar, which was hard by, where he was paying for his coffee there he whispered so loud, that I could overhear,—“Pray, who is this gentleman?” His friend replied hastily,—“I might have known that before now, if it had not been for your impertinent intrusion,” and walked off very much disappointed. The ceremonious physician returned immediately, and sat down by me, asking a thousand pardons for leaving me alone, and giving me to understand, that what he had communicated to Mr Medlar at the bar was an affair of the last importance, that would admit of no delay. He then called for some coffee, and launched out into the virtues of that berry, which, he said, in cold phlegmatic constitutions like his, dried up the superfluous moisture, and braced the relaxed nerves. He told me it was utterly unknown to the ancients, and derived its name from an Arabian word, which I might easily perceive by the sound and termination. From this topic he transferred his disquisitions to the word *drink*, which he affirmed was improperly applied to the taking of coffee, inasmuch as people do not drink, but sip or sipple that liquor, that the genuine meaning of drinking is to quench one's thirst, or commit a debauch, by swallowing wine, that the Latin word, which conveyed the same idea, was *bibere* or *potare*, and that of the Greeks *pinein* or *potein*, though he was apt to believe they were differently used on different occasions. For example—to drink a vast quantity, or, as the vulgar express it, to drink an ocean of liquor, was in Latin *potare*, and in Greek *potein*, and, on the other hand, to use it moderately, was *bibere* and *pinein*; that this was only a conjecture of his own, which, however, seemed to be supported by the word *bibulous*, which is particularly applied to the pores of the skin, that can only drink a very small quantity of the circumambient moisture, by reason of the smallness of the diameters, whereas,

from the verb *poteem* is derived the substantive *potamos*, which signifies a river, or vast quantity of liquor. I could not help smiling at this learned and important investigation, and, to recommend myself the more to my new acquaintance, whose disposition I was by this time well informed of, I observed, that what he alleged, did not, to the best of my remembrance, appear in the writings of the ancients, for Horace uses the words *poto* and *bibo* indifferently for the same purpose, as in the twentieth ode of his first book—

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum cantharis,
—Et piccolo domitam caleno tu bibes uvam

That I had never heard of the verb *poteem*, but that *potamos*, *potema*, and *potos*, were derived from *pino*, *poso*, *pepoke*, in consequence of which the Greek poets never use any other word for festal drinking. Homer describes Nestor at his cups in these words—

Nestora d'ouk elathen iache *pionta* perempes
and Anacreon mentions it on the same occasion almost in every page—

Pionti de oionon hedun
Otan *pino* ton oionon
Opliz' ego de *pino*

and in a thousand other places. The doctor, who, doubtless, intended by his criticism to give me a high idea of his erudition, was infinitely surprised to find himself schooled by one of my appearance, and, after a considerable pause, cried,—“Upon my word, you are in the right, sir—I find I have not considered this affair with my usual accuracy.” Then accosting me in Latin which he spoke very well, the conversation was maintained full two hours, on a variety of subjects, in that language, and, indeed, he spoke so judiciously, that I was convinced, notwithstanding his whimsical appearance, and attention to trifles, that he was a man of extensive knowledge, especially in books. He looked upon me, as I afterwards understood from Mr Medlar, as a prodigy in learning, and proposed that very night, if I was not engaged, to introduce me to several young gentlemen of fortune and fashion, with whom he had an appointment at the Bedford coffee-house.

CHAPTER XLVI

Wagtail introduces me to a set of fine gentlemen, with whom I spend the evening at a tavern—our conversation—the characters of my new companions—the doctor is roasted—the issue of our debauch

I ACCEPTED his offer with pleasure, and we went thither in a hackney coach, where I saw a great number of gay figures fluttering about, most of whom spoke to the doctor with great familiarity. Among the rest stood

a group of them around the fire, whom I immediately knew to be the very persons who had the night before, by their laughing, alarmed my suspicion of the lady who had put herself under my protection. They no sooner perceived me enter with Dr Wagtail (for that was my companion's name), than they tittered and whispered one to another, and I was not a little surprised to find that they were the gentlemen to whose acquaintance he designed to recommend me for, when he observed them together, he told me who they were, and desired to know by what name he should introduce me. I satisfied him in that particular, and he advanced with great gravity, saying,—“Gentlemen, your most obedient—give me leave to introduce my friend Mr Random to your society.” Then turning to me,—“Mr Random, this is Mr Bragwell—Mr Banter, sir—Mr Chatter—my friend Mr Slyboot, and Mr Ranter, sir.” I saluted each of them in order, and when I came to take Mr Slyboot by the hand, I perceived him thrust his tongue in his cheek, to the no small entertainment of the company, but I did not think proper to take any notice of it on this occasion. Mr Ranter, too (who I afterwards learned was a player), displayed his talents, by mimicking my air, features, and voice, while he returned my compliment. This feat I should not have been so sensible of, had I not seen him behave in the same manner to my friend Wagtail, when he made up to them at first. But for once I let him enjoy the fruits of his dexterity without question, or control, resolving, however, to chastise his insolence at a more convenient opportunity. Mr Slyboot, guessing I was a stranger, asked if I had been lately in France? and when I answered in the affirmative, inquired if I had seen the Luxembourg gallery? I told him I had considered it more than once with great attention. Upon this a conversation ensued, in which I discovered him to be a painter. While we were discoursing upon the particulars of this famous collection, I overheard Banter ask Dr Wagtail where he had picked up this Mr Random? To which question the physician answered,—“Upon my word, a mighty pretty sort of a gentleman—a man of fortune, sir,—he has made the grand tour, and seen the best company in Europe, sir.” “What? he told you so, I suppose?” said the other, “I take him to be neither more nor less than a French valet-de-chambre.” “O barbarous, barbarous!” cried the doctor, “this is actually, upon my word, altogether unaccountable. I know all his family perfectly well, sir, he is of the Randoms of the north—a very ancient house, sir, and a distant relation of mine.” I was extremely nettled at the conjecture of Mr Banter, and began to entertain a very indifferent opinion of my company in general, but as I might possibly by their means acquire a more extensive ad-

agreeable acquaintance, I determined to bear these little mortifications as long as I could, without injuring the dignity of my character. After having talked for some time on the weather, plays, politics, and other coffee-house subjects, it was proposed that we should spend the evening at a noted tavern in the neighbourhood, whither we repaired in a body. Having taken possession of a room, called for French wine, and bespoken supper, the glass went about pretty freely, and the characters of my associates opened upon me more and more. It soon appeared, that the doctor was entertained as a butt for the painter and player to exercise their wit upon, for the diversion of the company. Mr Ranter began the game, by asking him what was good for hoarseness, lowness of spirits, and indigestion, for he was troubled with all these complaints to a very great degree. Wagtail immediately undertook to explain the nature of his case, and, in a very prolix manner, harangued upon prognostics, diagnostics, symptomatics, therapeutics, inanition and replication, then calculated the force of the stomach and lungs in their respective operations, ascribed the player's malady to a disorder in these organs, proceeding from hard drinking and vociferation, and prescribed a course of stomachics, with abstinence from venery, wine, loud speaking, laughing, singing, coughing, sneezing, or hallooing. "Pah! pah!" cried Ranter, interrupting him, "the remedy is worse than the disease—I wish I knew where to find some tinder water." "Tinder water!" said the doctor, "upon my word I don't apprehend you, Mr Ranter." "Water extracted from tinder," replied the other, "an universal specific for all distempers incident to man. It was invented by a learned German monk, who, for a valuable consideration, imparted the secret to Paracelsus." "Pardon me," cried the painter, "it was first used by Solomon, as appears by a Greek manuscript in his own hand-writing, lately found at the foot of mount Lebanon, by a peasant who was digging for potatoes." "Well," said Wagtail, "in all my vast reading I never met with such a preparation; neither did I know till this minute that Solomon understood Greek, or that potatoes grew in Palestine." Here Banter interposed, saying, he was surprised that Dr Wagtail should make the least doubt of Solomon's understanding Greek, when he is represented to us as the wisest and best educated prince in the world, and as for potatoes, they were transplanted thither from Ireland, in the time of the crusades, by some knights of that country. "I profess," said the doctor, "there is nothing more likely—I would actually give a vast sum for a sight of that manuscript, which must be inestimable—and if I understood the process, would set about it immediately." The player assured him the process was very simple—that he must cram

a hundred weight of dry tinder into a glass retort, and, distilling it by the force of animal heat, it would yield half a scruple of insipid water, one drop of which is a full dose. "Upon my integrity!" exclaimed the credulous doctor, "this is very amazing and extraordinary!" that a *caput mortuum* shall yield any water at all—I must own I have always been an enemy to specifics, which I thought inconsistent with the nature of the animal economy, but certainly the authority of Solomon is not to be questioned. I wonder where I shall find a glass retort large enough to contain such a vast quantity of tinder, the consumption of which must undoubtedly raise the price of paper—or where I shall find animal heat sufficient even to warm such a mass." Slyboot informed him, that he might have a retort blown for him as big as a church, and that the easiest method of raising the vapour by animal heat, would be to place it in the middle of an infirmary for feverish patients, who might lie upon mattresses around, and in contact with it. He had no sooner pronounced these words, than Wagtail exclaimed, in a rapture,—"An admirable expedient, as I hope to be saved! I will positively put it in practice." This simplicity of the physician furnished excellent diversion for the company, who, in their turns, sneered at him in ironical compliments, which his vanity swallowed as the genuine sentiments of their hearts. Mr Chatter, impatient of so long a silence, now broke out, and entertained us with a catalogue of all the people who danced at the last Hampstead assembly, with a most circumstantial account of the dress and ornaments of each, from the lappets of the ladies to the shoe-buckles of the men, concluding with telling Bragwell, that his mistress Melinda was there, and seemed to miss him, and soliciting his company at the next occasion of that kind. "No, no, demme," said Bragwell, "I have something else to mind than dashing after a parcel of giddy-headed girls, besides, you know my temper is so unruly that I am apt to involve myself in scrapes when a woman is concerned. The last time I was there, I had an affair with Tom Trippet." "O! I remember that," cried Banter, "you lugged out before the ladies, and I commend you for so doing, because you had an opportunity of showing your manhood without running any risk." "Risk!" said the other, with a fierce countenance, "damn my blood! I fear no risks. I am not afraid of lugging out against any man that wears a head, damme!" 'tis well known I have drawn blood more than once, and lost some too, but what does that signify?" The player begged this champion to employ him as his second the next time he intended to kill, for he wanted to see a man die of a stab, that he might know how to act such a part the more naturally on the stage. "Die!"

replied the hero; "no, by G—d I know better things than to incur the verdict of a Middlesex jury—I should look upon my fencing-master to be an ignorant son of a b——, if he had not taught me to prick any part of my antagonist's body that I please to disable." "Oho!" cried Slyboot, "if that be the case, I have a favour to ask. You must know I am employed to paint a Jesus on the cross, and my purpose is to represent him at that point of time when the spear is thrust into his side. Now, I should be glad you would, in my presence, pink some impertinent fellow into convulsions, without endangering his life, that I may have an opportunity of taking a good clever agony from nature. The doctor will direct you where to enter, and how far to go, but pray let it be as near the left side as possible." Wagtail, who took this proposal seriously, observed, that it would be a very difficult matter to penetrate into the left side of the thorax, without hurting the heart, and of consequence killing the patient, but he believed it was possible for a man of a very nice hand, and exact knowledge of anatomy, to wound the diaphragma somewhere about the skirts, which might induce a singultus, without being attended with death, that he was ready to demonstrate the insertion of that muscle to Mr Bragwell, but desired to have no concern with the experiment, which might essentially prejudice his reputation, in case of miscarriage. Bragwell was as much imposed upon by the painter's waggery as the doctor, and declined engaging in the affair, saying, he had a very great regard for Mr Slyboot, but had laid it down as a maxim never to fight except when his honour was engaged. A thousand jokes of this kind were uttered, the wine circulated, supper was served in, we ate heartily, returned to the bottle, Bragwell became noisy and troublesome, Banter grew more and more severe, Ranter rehearsed, Slyboot made faces at the whole company, I sung French catches, and Chatter kissed me with great affection, while the doctor, with a woful countenance, sat silent like a disciple of Pythagoras. At length, it was proposed by Bragwell, that we should scour the hundreds, sweat the constable, maul the watch, and then reel soberly to bed.

While we deliberated on this expedition, the waiter came into the room, and asked for Doctor Wagtail; when he understood he was present, he told him there was a lady below to inquire for him, at which message the physician started from his melancholy contemplation, and, with a look of extreme confusion, assured the company, he could not possibly be the person wanted, for he had no connection with any lady whatever, and bade the drawer tell her so. "For shame!" cried Banter, "would you be so unpolite as to refuse the lady a hearing? perhaps she comes for a consultation. It must be some extra-

ordinary affair that brings a lady to a tavern at this time o'night. Mr Ranter, pray do the doctor's basemans to the lady, and squire her hither." The player immediately staggered out, and returned, leading in, with much ceremony, a tall strapping wench, whose appearance proclaimed her occupation. We received her with the utmost solemnity, and with a good deal of entreaty she was persuaded to sit, when a profound silence ensued, during which she fixed her eyes, with a disconsolate look, upon the doctor, who was utterly confounded at her behaviour, and returned her melancholy four-fold. At length, after a good many piteous sighs, she wiped her eyes, and accosted him thus—"What! not one word of comfort? Will nothing soften that stony heart of thine? Not all my tears! not all my affliction! not the inevitable ruin thou hast brought upon me! Where are thy vows, thou faithless, perjured man? Hast thou no honour—no conscience—no remorse for thy perfidious conduct towards me?—Answer me, wilt thou at last do me justice, or must I have recourse to heaven or hell for my revenge?" If poor Wagtail was amazed before she spoke, what must his confusion be on hearing this address! His natural paleness changed into a ghastly clay colour, his eyes rolled, his lips trembled, and he answered, in an accent not to be described,—“Upon my word, honour and salvation! madam, you are actually mistaken in my person. I have a most particular veneration for your sex, and am actually incapable of injuring any lady in the smallest degree, madam,—besides, madam, to the best of my recollection, I never had the honour of seeing you before, as I hope to be saved, madam!” “How, traitor!” cried she, “dost thou disown me then?—Mistaken! no, too well I know that fair bewitching face! too well I know that false enchanting tongue!—Alas! gentlemen, since the villain compels me, by his unkindness, to expose myself and him, know that this betrayer, under the specious pretence of honourable addresses, won my heart, and taking advantage of his conquest, robbed me of my virgin treasure, and afterwards abandoned me to my fate! I am now four months gone with child by him, turned out of doors by my relations, and left a prey to misery and want! Yes, thou barbarian,” said she, turning to Wagtail, “thou tiger, thou succubus! too well thou knowest my situation—but I will tear out thy faithless heart, and deliver the world from such a monster.” So saying, she sprung forward at the doctor, who, with incredible agility, jumped over the table, and ran behind Bragwell, while the rest of us endeavoured to appease the furious heroine. Although every body in the company affected the utmost surprise, I could easily perceive it was a scheme concerted among them to produce diversion at the doctor's expense, and being under no

concern about the consequence, I entered into the confederacy, and enjoyed the distress of Wagtail, who, with tears in his eyes, begged the protection of the company, declaring himself as innocent of the crime laid to his charge, as the fetus in utero; and hinting at the same time that nature had not put it in his power to be guilty of such a trespass—"Nature!" cried the lady, "there was no nature in the case—he abused me by the help of charms and spells, else how is it possible that any woman could have listened to the addresses of such a scare-crow? Were these owlish eyes made for ogling, that carmin complexion to be admired, or that mouth like a horse-shoe to be kissed? No, no, you owe your success to your filtres, to your drugs, and incantations, and not to your natural talents, which are in every respect mean and contemptible." The doctor now thought he had got an opportunity of vindicating himself effectually, and desired the complainant to compose herself but for half an hour, in which he undertook to prove the absurdity of believing in the power of incantations, which were only idle dreams of ignorance and superstition. He accordingly pronounced a very learned discourse upon the nature of ideas, the power and independence of the mind, the properties of stimulating medicines, the difference between a proneness to venery, which many simples would create, and a passion limited to one object, which can only be the result of sense and reflection, and concluded with a pathetic remonstrance, setting forth his unhappiness in being persecuted with the resentment of a lady whom he had never injured, nor even seen before that occasion, and whose faculties were, in all likelihood, so much impaired by her misfortunes, that an innocent person was in danger of being ruined by her disorder. He had no sooner finished his harangue, than the forlorn princess renewed her lamentations, and cautioned the company against his eloquence, which she said, was able to bias the most impartial bench in Christendom. Banter advised him to espouse her immediately, as the only means to salve his reputation, and offered to accompany him to the Fleet for that purpose, but Slyboot proposed that a father should be purchased for the child, and a comfortable alimony settled on the mother. Banter promised to adopt the infant gratis. Wagtail was ready to worship him for his generosity, and, though he persisted in protesting his innocence, condescended to every thing, rather than his unblemished character should be called in question. The lady rejected the proposal, and insisted on matrimony. Bragwell took up the cudgels for the doctor, and undertook to rid him of her importunity for half a guinea; upon which Wagtail, with great eagerness, pulled out his purse, and put it into the hand of his friend, who taking half

a piece out of it, gave it to the plaintiff, and bade her thank God for her good fortune. When she had received this bounty, she affected to weep, and begged, since the physician had renounced her, he would at least vouchsafe her a parting kiss. This he prevailed upon to grant with great reluctance, and went up with his usual solemnity to salute her, when she laid hold of his cheek with her teeth, and held fast, while he roared with anguish, to the unspeakable diversion of all present. When she thought proper to release him, she dropt a low courtesy to the company, and quitted the room, leaving the doctor in the utmost horror, not so much on account of the pain, as the apprehension of the consequence of the bite, for by this time he was convinced of her being mad. Banter prescribed the actual cautery, and put the poker in the fire to be heated, in order to sear the place. The player was of opinion that Bragwell should scoop out the part affected with the point of his sword; but the painter prevented both these dreadful operations, by recommending a balsam he had in his pocket, which never failed to cure the bite of a mad dog, so saying, he pulled out a small bladder of black paint, with which he instantly anointed, not only the sore, but the greatest part of the patient's face, and left it in a frightful condition. In short, the poor creature was so harassed with fear and vexation, that I pitied him extremely, and sent him home in a chair, contrary to the inclination of every body present.

This freedom of mine gave umbrage to Bragwell, who testified his displeasure, by swearing a few threats, without making any application, which being perceived by Slyboot, who sat by me, he, with a view of promoting a quarrel, whispered to me, that he thought Bragwell used me very ill, but every man was the best judge of his own affairs. I answered aloud, that I would neither suffer Mr Bragwell nor him to use me ill with impunity, and that I stood in no need of his counsel, in regard to the regulation of my conduct. He thought proper to ask a thousand pardons, and assure me he meant no offence, while Bragwell feigned himself asleep, that he might not be obliged to take notice of what passed. But the player, who had more animal spirits, and less discretion than Slyboot, unwilling to let the affair rest where he had dropped it, jogged Mr Bragwell, and told him softly, that I called him names, and threatened to cudgel him. This particular I understood by his starting, and crying,—“Blood and wounds! you lie!” No man durst treat me so ignominiously. Mr Random, did you call me names, and threaten to drub me?” I denied the imputation, and proposed to punish the scoundrel who endeavoured to foment disturbances in the company. Bragwell signified his approbation, and drew his sword, I did the same, and

accosted the actor in these words—"Lookee, Mr Banter, I know you possess all the mimicry and mischievous qualities of an ape, because I have observed you put them all in practice more than once to-night, on me and others, now I want to see if you resemble one in nimbleness also; therefore I desire you to leap over this sword without hesitation." So saying, I held it parallel to the horizon, at the distance of about three feet from the floor, and called,—"Once—twice—thrice, and away," but, instead of complying with my command, he snatched his hat and hanger, and assuming the looks, swagger, and phrase of Pistol, burst out into the following exclamation:—"Ha! must I then perform inglorious prank, of sylvan ape in mountain forest caught! Death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days, and lay my head in fury's lap. Have we not hired here?" This buffoonery did not answer his expectation, for by this time the company was bent on seeing him in a new character. Mr Banter desired me to hold my sword a foot or two higher, that he might have the better opportunity of exerting himself. The painter told him, if he performed well, he would recommend him as a vaulter to the proprietors of Saddler's Wells, and Bragwell crying—"Leap for the King," applied the point of his sword to the player's posterior with such success, that he sprang over in a trice, and, finding the door unguarded, vanished in a twinkling, glad, no doubt, of having paid his share of the reckoning so easily.

It being now near two o'clock in the morning, we discharged the bill, and sallied out into the street. The painter slunk away without taking his leave. Billy Chatter, being unable to speak or stand, was sent to a bagnio, and Banter and I accompanied Bragwell to Moll King's coffee-house, where, after he had kicked half a dozen of hungry w—, we left him asleep on a bench, and directed our course towards Charing-cross, near which place both he and I lodged.

The natural dryness of my companion being overcome by liquor, he honoured me by the way with many compliments and professions of friendship, for which I made suitable acknowledgements, and told him, I thought myself happy in having, by my behaviour, removed the unfavourable opinion he entertained of me at first sight. He was surprised at this declaration, and begged me to explain myself; upon which I mentioned what I had overheard him say of me to Wagtail in the coffee-house. He laughed, and made an apology for his freedom, assuring me, that my appearance had very much prepossessed him in my favour, and what he said was only intended as a joke on the doctor's solemnity. I was highly pleased at being underceived in this particular, and not a little proud of the good opinion of this wit, who

shook me by the hand at parting, and promised to meet me next day at the ordinary.

CHAPTER XLVII

Strap communicates to me a conquest he had made of a chandler's widow—finds himself miserably mistaken—I go to the opera—admire Melinda—am cautioned by Banter—go to the assembly at Hampstead—dance with that young lady—receive an insolent message from Bragwell, whose metal is soon cooled—am in favour with my mistress, whom I visit next day; and am dubbled out of eighteen guineas at cards—Strap triumphs at my success, but is astonished at my expense—Banter comes to my lodging, is very sarcastic at my expense, and borrows five guineas from me as a proof of his friendship.

IN the morning, before I got up, Strap came into my chamber, and, finding me awake, hemmed several times, scratched his head, cast his eyes upon the ground, and, with a very foolish kind of snimper upon his face, gave me to understand he had something to communicate. "By your countenance," said I, "I expect to hear good tidings." "Indifferent," replied he, tittering, "that is, hereafter as it shall be. You must know I have some thoughts of altering my condition." "What?" cried I, astonished, "a matrimonial scheme? O rare Strap! thou hast got the heels of me at last." "N—less, I assure you," said he, bursting into a laugh of self-approbation, "a tallow-chandler's widow, that lives hard by, has taken a liking to me—a fine jolly dame, as plump as a partridge. She has a well furnished house, a brisk trade, and a good deal of the ready. I may have her for the asking. She told a friend of mine, a brother footman, that she would take me out of a stinking clout. But I refused to give my final answer, till I knew your opinion of the matter." I congratulated Monsieur d'Estrapes upon his conquest, and approved of the scheme, provided he could be assured of those circumstances of her fortune, but advised him to do nothing rashly, and give me an opportunity of seeing the lady before matters should be brought to a conclusion. He assured me he would do nothing without my consent and approbation, and that very morning, while I was at breakfast, introduced his inamorata to my acquaintance. She was a short thick woman, about the age of thirty-six, and had a particular prominence of belly, which I perceived at first sight, not without some suspicion of foul play. I desired her, however, to sit, and treated her with a dish of tea, the discourse turning on the good qualities of Strap, whom I represented as a prodigy

of sobriety, industry, and virtue. When she took her leave, he followed her to the door, and returned licking his lips, and asking if I did not think she was a lascivious creature? I made no mystery of my apprehension, but declared my sentiments of her without reserve, at which he was not surprised, telling me he had observed the same symptom, but had been informed by his friend that she was only liver-grown, and would, in a few months, be as small in the waist as ever. "Yes," said I, "a few weeks, I believe, will do the business. In short, Strap, it is my opinion that you are egregiously imposed upon; and that this friend is no other than a rascal who wants to palm his trull upon you for a wife, that he may at once deliver himself from the importunities of the mother, and the expense of her bantling for which reason I would not have you trust implicitly to the report he makes of her wealth, which is inconsistent with his behaviour nor run your head precipitately into a noose, that you may afterwards wish exchanged for the hangman's." He seemed very much startled at my insinuation, and promised to look twice before he leaped, saying, with some heat,—"Odds, if I find his intention is to betray me, we shall see which of us is the better man." My precaution was verified in less than a fortnight, her great belly producing an infant, to the unspeakable amazement of Strap, who was, before this happened, inclined to believe I had refined a little too much in my penetration. His false friend disappointed, and in a few days after, an execution was issued against her goods and household-furniture, which were seized by the creditors.

Meanwhile I met my friend Banter at the ordinary, and in the evening went to the opera with him and Mr Chatter, who pointed out Melinda in one of the boxes, and offered to introduce me to her, observing, at the same time, that she was a reigning toast worth ten thousand pounds. This piece of information made my heart bound with joy, and I discovered great eagerness to accept the proposal, upon which he assured me I should dance with her at the next assembly, if he had any influence in that quarter. So saying, he went round, spoke to her some minutes, and, as I imagined, pointed at me; then returning, told me, to my inexpressible pleasure, that I might depend upon what he had promised, for she was now engaged as my partner. Banter, in a whisper, gave me to understand that she was an incorrigible coquette, who would grant the same favour to any young fellow in England of a tolerable appearance, merely to engage him among the herd of her admirers, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them daily increase, that she was of a cold insensible disposition, dead to every passion but vanity, and so blind to merit, that he would lay any wager

the wealthiest fool should carry her at last. I attributed a good deal of this intelligence to the satirical turn of my friend, or resentment for having himself suffered a rebuff from the lady in question, and, at any rate, trusted so much to my own accomplishments, as to believe no woman could resist the ardour of my addresses.

Full of this confidence, I repaired to Hampstead, in company with Billy Chatter, my Lord Hobbie, and Doctor Wagtail. There I saw a very brilliant assembly, before whom I had the honour to walk a minuet with Melinda, who charmed me with her frank manner and easiness of behaviour. Before the country-dances began, I received a message, by a person I did not know, from Bragwell, who was present, importing, that nobody who knew him presumed to dance with Melinda, while he was there in person, and that I would do well to relinquish her without noise, because he had a mind to lead up a country-dance with her. This extraordinary intimation, which was delivered in the lady's hearing, did not at all discompose me, who by this time was pretty well acquainted with the character of my rival. I therefore, without the least symptom of concern, bade the gentleman tell Mr Bragwell, that, since I was so happy as to obtain the lady's consent, I should not be solicitous about his, and desired the bearer himself to bring me no such impertinent messages for the future. Melinda affected a sort of confusion, and pretended to wonder that Mr Bragwell should give himself such liberties with regard to her, who had no manner of connexion with the fellow. I laid hold of this opportunity to display my valour, and offered to call him to an account for his insolence, a proposal which she absolutely refused, under pretence of consulting my safety, though I could perceive, by the sparkling of her eyes, that she would not have thought herself affronted in being the subject of a duel. I was by no means pleased with this discovery of her thoughts, which not only argued the most unjustifiable vanity, but likewise the most barbarous indifference; however, I was allured by her fortune, and was resolved to gratify her pride, in making her the occasion of a public quarrel between me and Bragwell, who, I was pretty certain, would never drive matters to a dangerous extremity.

While we danced together, I observed this formidable rival at one end of the room, encircled with a cluster of beaux, to whom he talked with great vehemence, casting many big looks at me, from time to time. I guessed the subject of his discourse, and as soon as I had handed my partner to her seat, strutted up to the place where he stood, and, cocking my hat in his face, demanded aloud if he had any thing to say to me. He answered with a sullen tone—"Nothing at present

sir," and turned about upon his heel "Well," said I, "you know where I am to be found at any time" His companions stared at one another, and I returned to the lady, whose features brightened at my approach, and immediately a whisper ran through the whole room, after which so many eyes were turned upon me, that I was ready to sink with confusion. When the ball broke up, I led her to her coach, and, like a true French gallant, would have got up behind it, in order to protect her from violence on the road; but she absolutely refused my offer, and expressed her concern that there was not an empty seat for me within the vehicle.

Next day in the afternoon, I waited on her at her lodgings, by permission, in company with Chatter, and was very civilly received by her mother with whom she lived, there were a good many fashionable people present, chiefly young fellows, immediately after tea, a couple of card-tables were set, at one of which I had the honour to play with Melinda, who, in less than three hours, made shift to plunder me of eight guineas. I was well enough content to lose a little money with a good grace, that I might have an opportunity, in the mean time, to say soft things, which are still more welcome when accompanied with good luck, but I was by no means satisfied of her fair play, a circumstance that shocked me not a little, and greatly impaired my opinion of her disinterestedness and delicacy. However, I was resolved to profit by this behaviour, and treat her in my turn with less ceremony, and accordingly, I laid close siege to her, and finding her not at all disgusted with the gross incense I offered, that very night made a declaration of love in plain terms. She received my addresses with great gaiety, and pretended to laugh them off, but, at the same time, treated me with such particular complacency, that I was persuaded I had made a conquest of her heart, and concluded myself the happiest man alive. Elevated with these flattering ideas, I sat down again to cards after supper, and with great cheerfulness suffered myself to be cheated of ten guineas more.

It was late before I took my leave, after being favoured with a general invitation, and when I got into bed, the adventures of the day hindered me from sleeping. Sometimes I pleased myself with the hopes of possessing a fine woman with ten thousand pounds, then I would ruminate on the character I had heard of her from Banter, and compare it with the circumstances of her conduct towards me, which seemed to bear too great a resemblance to the picture he had drawn. This introduced a melancholy reflection on the expense I had undergone, and the smallness of my funds to support it, which, by the bye, were none of my own. In short, I found myself involved in doubts and per-

plexities, that kept me awake the greatest part of the night.

In the morning, Strap, with whom I had not conversed for two days, presented himself with the utensils for shaving me, upon which I asked his opinion of the lady whom he had seen me conduct to her coach at Hampstead,—"Odd!" she's a delicious creature," cried he, "and, as I am informed, a great fortune. I am sorry you did not insist on going home with her. I dare say, she would not have refused your company, for she seemed to be a good-humoured soul." "There's a time for all things," said I. "You must know, Strap, I was in company with her till one o'clock this morning." I had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to caper about the room, and snap his fingers, crying, in a transport,—"The day's our own!"—"the day's our own!" I gave him to understand that his triumph was a little premature, and that I had more difficulties to surmount than he was aware of, then I recounted to him the intelligence I had received from Banter. At which he changed colour, shook his head, and observed there was no faith in woman. I told him I was resolved to make a bold push notwithstanding, although I foresaw it would lead me into a great expense, and bade him guess the sum I had lost last night at cards. He scratched his chin, and professed his abhorrence of cards, the very name of which being mentioned, made him sweat with vexation, as it recalled the money-dropper to his remembrance,—"But, however," said he, "you have to do with other guess-people now. Why, I suppose, if you had a bad run last night, you would scarce come off for less than ten or twelve shillings." I was mortified at this piece of simplicity, which I imagined, at that time, was all affected, by way of reprimand for my folly, and asked with some heat, if he thought I spent the evening in a cellar with chairmen and bunters, giving him to know, at the same time, that my expense had amounted to eighteen guineas. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to express the astonishment and concern of Strap, on hearing this piece of news, the bason in which he was preparing the lather for my chin, dropped out of his hands, and he remained some time immovable in that ludicrous attitude, with his mouth open, and his eyes thrust forward considerably beyond their station, but remembering my disposition, which was touchy and impatient of control, he smothered his chagrin, and attempted to recollect himself. With this view he endeavoured to laugh, but, in spite of his teeth, broke out in a whimper, took up his wash-ball and pewter-pot, scrubbed my beard with the one, and discharged the other upon my face. I took no notice of his confusion, but after he had fully recovered himself, put him in mind of his right, and

assured him of my readiness to surrender his effects whenever he should think proper to demand them. He was nettled at my insinuation, which he thought proceeded from my distrust of his friendship, and begged I would never talk to him in that strain again, unless I had a mind to break his heart.

This good creature's unalterable friendship for me affected me with the most grateful sentiments, and acted as a spur to my resolution of acquiring a fortune, that I might have it in my power to manifest my generosity in my turn. For this purpose I determined to bring matters to a speedy conclusion with Melinda; well knowing that a few such nights as the last, would effectually incapacitate me from prosecuting that or any other advantageous amour.

While my meditations were busied in planning out my future conduct, Mr Banter favoured me with a visit, and, after breakfast, asked how I had passed the preceding evening. I answered, I was very agreeably entertained at a private house. "Yes," said he, with a sarcastic smile, "you deserved something extraordinary for the price you paid." I was surprised at this remark, and pretended ignorance of his meaning. "Come, come, Random," continued he, "you need not make a mystery of it to me, the whole town has it. I wish that foolish affair between you and Bragwell at Hampstead had been less public. It has set all the busy-bodies at work to find out your real character and situation, and you cannot imagine what conjectures have already circulated at your expense. One suspects you to be a Jesuit in disguise, another thinks you are an agent from the pretender, a third believes you to be an upstart gamester, because nobody knows any thing of your family or fortune, a fourth is of opinion that you are an Irish fortune-hunter." This last hypothesis touched me so nearly, that to conceal my confusion, I was fain to interrupt his detail, and damn the world for an envious meddling community, that would not suffer a gentleman to live without molestation. He took no notice of this apostrophe, but went on,—"For my own part, I neither know, nor desire to know, who or what you are, this I am certain of, that few people make a mystery of their origin or situation, who can boast of any thing advantageous in either, and my own opinion of the matter is, that you have raised yourself by your industry, from nothing to the appearance you now maintain, and which you endeavour to support by some matrimonial scheme." Here he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, and perceiving my face covered with blushes, told me, now he was confirmed in his opinion:—"Look ye, Random," said he, "I have divined your plan, and am confident it will never succeed. You are too honest, and too ignorant of the town, to practise the

necessary cheats of your profession, and detect the conspiracies that will be formed against you. Besides, you are downright bashful—What the devil set up for a fortune-hunter before you have conquered the sense of shame? perhaps you are entitled by your merit, and I believe you are, to a richer and better wife than Melinda, but, take my word for it, she is not to be won at that rate, or, if you are so lucky as to carry her, between you and me, you may say, as Teague did, *By my soul, I have gained a loss*." She would take care to spend her fortune in a twinkling, and soon make you sick of her extravagance." I was alarmed by his discourse, while I resented the freedom of it, and expressed my disgust, by telling him, he was mistaken in my intentions, and desiring he would give me leave to regulate my conduct according to the dictates of my own reason. He made an apology for the liberty he had taken, and ascribed it to the warmth of his friendship for me, as an uncommon instance of which, he borrowed five guineas, assuring me there were very few people in the world whom he would so far favour with his confidence. I gave him the money, and professed myself so well convinced of his sincerity, that he had no occasion to put it to such extraordinary proofs for the future. "I thought," said he, "to have asked five pieces more, but hearing you were bubbled of eighteen last night, I presumed you might be out of cash, and resolved to model my demand accordingly." I could not help admiring the cavalier behaviour of this spark, of whom I desired to know his reason for saying I was bubbled. He then gave me to understand, that, before he came to my lodgings, he had beat up Tom Tossle, who, having been present, informed him of the particulars, rehearsed all the fine things I said to Melinda, with which he proposes to entertain the town, and, among other circumstances, assured him, my mistress cheated me with so little art, that nobody but a mere novice could have been imposed upon.

The thoughts of becoming a subject of railery for coxcombs, and losing my money to boot, stung me to the quick, but I made a virtue of my indignation, and swore that no man should, with impunity, either asperse the character of Melinda, or turn my behaviour into ridicule. He replied in a dry manner, that I would find it an Herculean task to chastise every body who would laugh at my expense, and as for the character of Melinda, he did not see how it could suffer by what was laid to her charge, for that cheating at cards, far from being reckoned a blemish among people of fashion, was looked upon as an honourable indication of superior genius and address—"But let us wave this subject," said he, "and go to the coffeehouse, in order to make a party for dinner."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We repair to the coffeehouse, where we overhear a curious dispute between Wagtail and Medlar, which is referred to our decision—the doctor gives an account of his experiment—Medlar is roasted by Banter at the ordinary—the old gentleman's advice to me.

BEING as willing to drop the theme, he to propose it, I accompanied him thither, where we found Mr Medlar and Dr Wagtail disputing upon the word *custard*, which the physician affirmed should be spelled with a *g*, because it was derived from the Latin word *gustare*,—"to taste." But Medlar pleaded custom in behalf of *c*, observing, that, by the doctor's rule, we ought to change pudding into bdding, because it is derived from the French word *boudin*, and in that case, why not retain the original orthography and pronunciation of all the foreign words we have adopted, by which means our language would become a dissonant jargon, without standard or propriety? The controversy was referred to us, and Banter, notwithstanding his real opinion to the contrary, decided it in favour of Wagtail upon which the peevish annuitant arose, and uttering the monosyllable "Pish!" with great emphasis, removed to another table.

We then inquired of the doctor what progress he had made in the experiment of distilling tinder water, and he told us he had been at all the glass-houses about town, but could find nobody who would undertake to blow a retort large enough to hold the third part of the quantity prescribed, but he intended to try the process on as much as would produce five drops, which would be sufficient to prove the specific, and then he would make it a parliamentary affair that he had already purchased a considerable weight of rags, in reducing which to tinder, he had met with a misfortune, which had obliged him to change his lodgings, for he had gathered them in a heap on the floor, and set fire to them with a candle, on the supposition that the boards would sustain no damage, because it is the nature of flame to ascend, but by some very extraordinary accident the wood was invaded, and began to blaze with great violence, which disordered him so much, that he had not presence of mind enough to call for assistance, and the whole house must have been consumed, with him in the midst of it, had not the smoke, that rolled out of the windows in clouds, alarmed the neighbourhood, and brought people to his succour, that he had lost a pair of black velvet breeches and a tie-wig in the hurry, besides the expense of the rags, which were rendered useless by the water used to quench the flame, and the damage of the floor, which

he was compelled to repair. That his landlord, believing him distracted, had insisted on his quitting his apartment at a minute's warning, and he was put to incredible inconvenience, but now he was settled in a very comfortable house, and had the use of a large paved yard for preparing his tinder, so that he hoped in a very short time to reap the fruits of his labour.

After having congratulated the doctor on his prospect, and read the papers, we repaired to an auction of pictures, where we entertained ourselves an hour or two. From thence we adjourned to the Mall, and, after two or three turns, went back to dinner, Banter assuring us, that he intended to roast Medlar at the ordinary, and indeed we were no sooner seated, than the cynic began to execute his purpose, by telling the old gentleman, that he looked extremely well, considering the little sleep he had enjoyed last night. To this compliment Medlar made no reply, but by a stare accompanied with a significant grin,—and Banter went on thus—"I don't know whether most to admire the charity of your mind, or the vigour of your body. Upon my soul, Mr Medlar, you do generous things with the best taste of any man I know. You extend your compassion to real objects, and exact only such returns as they are capable of making. You must know, gentlemen," (said he turning to the company) "I had been up most part of the night with a friend who is ill of a fever, and on my return home this morning chanced to pass by a gin-shop still open, whence issued a confused sound of mirth and jollity upon which I popped in my head, and perceived Mr Medlar dancing bare-headed in the midst of ten or twenty ragged bunters, who rejoiced at his expense. But indeed, Mr Medlar, you ought not to sacrifice your constitution to your benevolence. Consider you grow old apace, and therefore have a reverend care of your health, which must certainly be very much impaired by these nocturnal expeditions." The testy senior could no longer contain himself, but cried hastily, "'Tis well known that your tongue is no slandr." "I think," said the other, "you might spare that observation, as you are very sensible, that my tongue hath done you signal service on many occasions. You may remember, that when you made your addresses to the fat widow, who kept a public house at Islington, there was a report spread very much to the prejudice of your manhood, which coming to the ears of your mistress, you were discarded immediately, and I brought matters to a reconciliation, by assuring her you had three bastards at nurse in the country. How you ruined your own affair afterwards, it is neither my business nor inclination to relate." This anecdote, which had no other foundation than in Banter's own invention, afforded a good deal of mirth to

every body present, and provoked Mr Medlar beyond all sufferance; so that he started up in a mighty passion, and, forgetting that his mouth was full, bespattered those who sat next to him, while he discharged his indignation in a volley of oaths, and called Banter insignificant puppy, impertinent jack-anapes, and a hundred such appellations; telling the company, he had invented these false malicious aspersions, because he would not lend him money to squander away upon rooks and whores. "A very likely story (said Banter), that I should attempt to borrow money of a man who is obliged to practise a thousand shifts to make his weekly allowance hold out till Saturday's night. Sometimes he sleeps four-and-twenty hours at a stretch, by which means he saves three meals besides coffeehouse expense. Sometimes he is fain to put up with bread and cheese and small beer for dinner, and sometimes he regales on two penny worth of ox-cheek in a cellar." "You are a lying miscreant," cried Medlar, in an ecstasy of rage, "I can always command money enough to pay your tailor's bill, which I am sure is no trifle, and I have a good mind to give you a convincing proof of my circumstances, by prosecuting you for defamation, sirrah." By this time the violence of his wrath had deprived him of his appetite, and he sat silent, unable to swallow one mouthful, while his tormentor enjoyed his mortification, and increased his chagrin, by advising him to lay in plentifully for his next day's fast.

Dinner being ended, we came down stairs to the coffee-room, and Banter went away to keep an appointment, saying he supposed he should see Wagtail and me in the evening at the Bedford coffeehouse. He was no sooner gone, than the old gentleman took me aside, and said he was sorry to see me so intimated with that fellow, who was one of the most graceless rakes about town, and had already wasted a good estate and constitution upon harlots, that he had been the ruin of many a young man, by introducing them into debauched company, and setting a lewd example of all manner of wickedness, and that, unless I was on my guard, he would strip me in a short time both of my money and reputation. I thanked him for his information, and promised to conduct myself accordingly, wishing, however, his caution had been a few hours more early, by which means I might have saved five guineas. Notwithstanding this intelligence, I was not climbable to impute some part of the charge to Medlar's revenge for the liberties taken with him at dinner, and, therefore, as soon as I could disengage myself, applied to Wagtail for his opinion of the character in question; resolved to compare their accounts, allowing for the prejudice of each, and to form my judgment upon both, without adhering strictly to either. The doctor assured

me, that he was a very pretty gentleman of family and fortune, a scholar, a wit, a critic, and perfectly well acquainted with the town, that his honour and courage were unquestionable, though some extravagances he had been guilty of, and his talent for satire, had procured him enemies, and made some people shy of his acquaintance. From these different sketches, I concluded that Banter was a young fellow of some parts, who had spent his fortune, but retained his appetites, and fallen out with the world, because he could not enjoy it to his wish.

I went to the Bedford coffeehouse in the evening, where I met my friends, from thence proceeded to the play, and afterwards carried them home to my lodgings, where we supped in great good humour.

CHAPTER XLIX

I receive a challenge—the consequences of it—the quarrel being made up, am put in arrest, by the care and affection of Strap—but immediately released upon explaining my affair—the behaviour of Mr Oregon and his two friends—I visit Melinda, whom I divert with an account of the duel—propose marriage—she refers the matter to her mother, of whom I make a solemn demand of her daughter—the old lady's behaviour—I am discarded—resent their disdain

WHEN I was ready to go abroad next day, Strap brought me a letter, *To Mr Random, Esq. Those*—which, upon opening, I found contained a challenge, conceived in these very extraordinary terms.

"SIR,—Whereas I am informed that you make love to Miss Melinda Goosetrap—This is to let you know that she is under promise of marriage to me, and that I am at this present waiting at the back of Mountague-house, with a pair of good pistols in my hand, and if you will keep your appointment, I will make your tongue confess (after the breath is out of your body) that you do not deserve her as well as, yours, &c.

"ROBERT OREGAN."

I guessed, from the style and subscription of this billet, that my rival was a true Milesian, and was not a little uneasy at the contents, especially that part in which he asserted his right to my mistress by promise, a circumstance I did not know how to reconcile to her good sense and penetration. However, this was no time for me to decline the defiance, because the success of my addresses might, in a great measure, depend upon my behaviour in that affair. I therefore immediately loaded my pistols, and betook myself in a hackney-coach to the place appointed, where I found a tall raw-boned man, with a hard featured countenance, and

black bushy beard, walking by himself, wrapped up in a shabby great-coat, over which his own hair descended in a leathern queue from his head, that was covered with a greasy hat, trimmed with a tarnished *point d'Espagne*. He no sooner perceived me advancing, than he pulled a pistol from his bosom, and presenting it at me, snapped it without the least preamble. Alarmed at this rude salutation, I made a stand, and before he could adjust his other piece, fired one of mine at him, without doing any damage. By this time he was ready with his second, that flashed in the pan without going off upon which he called with a true Tipperary cadence,—“Fire away, honey,” and began to hammer his flint with great deliberation. But I was resolved to make use of the advantage fortune had given me, and therefore stepped up, without throwing away my fire, desiring him to ask his life, or prepare for another world, but this stout Hibernian refused to condescend, and complained bitterly of my having quitted my ground before he could return my shot, saying, I ought to go back to my station, and let him have an equal chance with me. I endeavoured to persuade him that I had given him a double chance already, and it was my business to prevent him from enjoying a third,—but now, since I had an opportunity, I demanded a parley, and desired to know his condition, and reason for calling me to the field, who, to the best of my remembrance, far from having done him any injury, had never before seen him. He told me that he was a gentleman of fortune, who had spent all he had, and hearing that Melinda had got ten thousand pounds, he intended to make himself master of that sum by espousing her, and was determined, in an honourable way, to cut the throats of all those who stood between him and his hopes. I then demanded to know the foundation of his hopes, and, now, that I had seen him, being more and more astonished at the circumstance of the promise, desired that he would explain that mystery, he gave me to understand that he trusted entirely to his birth and personal merit, that he had frequently written to Melinda, setting forth his claim and pretensions, but she was never kind enough to send an answer, or even to admit him into her presence, and that the promise he mentioned in his letter was made by his friend Mr Gahagan, who assured him, that no woman could resist a man of his appearance. I could not forbear laughing to excess at the simplicity of my rival, who did not seem to relish my mirth, but began to be very serious upon which I endeavoured to appease him, by giving him my word of honour, that, far from prejudicing his addresses to the lady, I would represent him to her in the most favourable light I could with any regard to truth, but he must not be surprised

if she should remain blind to his deserts, for nothing was more capricious than a woman's mind, and the affection of that sex was seldom purchased with virtue alone. That my declaration might have the better effect, I took notice of his dishabille, and professing sorrow at seeing a gentleman reduced, shipped two guineas into his hand at sight of which he threw away his pistols, and hugging me in his arms, cried,—“Arrah, by Jasus now, you are the best friend I have met with these seven long years.” When I had suffered some minutes in his embrace, he quitted me, and picking up his rusty arms, wished the devil might burn him, if ever he should give me any further trouble about womankind.

The quarrel being thus amicably composed, I begged leave to look at his pistols, which I found so crazy and so foul, that I believe it was happy for him neither of them was discharged, for one of them would certainly have split in the going off, and he would, in all probability, have lost his hand in the explosion, but what gave me a lively idea of the man's character, was to find, upon examination, that one of them had been loaded without being primed, and the other primed without a charge.

While we walked home together, I expressed a desire of knowing my new friend's history and he informed me of his having served in the German army as a volunteer against the Turks, that, for his behaviour at the siege of Belgrade, he had been honoured with an ensign's commission, and afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in which station it was his misfortune to affront his captain, who challenged him to the field, and was killed in the duel, upon which he was obliged to retreat—that he had been in England some years soliciting his friends for provision in the British army, but being hitherto unsuccessful, was desired by Mr Gahagan to turn his thoughts to matrimony, and make his fortune by an advantageous match in consequence of which advice, he had made up to Melinda, and having heard, by means of an Irish footman in the family, that I was her chief favourite, had called me out, in hopes of removing, by my death, the greatest obstruction to his desires. But now he was convinced of my honour and generosity, he swore, by the blessed Virgin, he would think of her no more, if there was not another woman in the world. As a farther proof of his veracity, which I did not at all doubt, he opened an old iron snuff-box, and pulled out his commission in the imperial army, and his captain's challenge, which he preserved as testimonials of his character. I was so well convinced of this poor man's honesty and courage, that I determined to speak in his behalf to some of my acquaintance, who might recommend his case to the consideration of those who could provide for

him, and, in the mean time, to accommodate him with a few clothes, by which his appearance would be much mended, and himself enabled to renew his solicitations in person.

As we walked along, conversing socially together, we were met by a file of musketeers, and Strap at their head, who no sooner approached, than, with a frantic look, he cried,—"Seize them!—in the name of God! seize them!" We were accordingly surrounded, and I put in arrest by the corporal, who was commanding officer, but Captain Oregon disengaged himself, and ran with such speed towards Tottenham-court road, that he was out of sight in a moment. When my arms were delivered up, and myself secured, Strap became a little more composed, and asked pardon for the liberty he had taken, which he hoped I would excuse, as it proceeded from his affection. He then told me, that, suspecting the letter (which by the bye was brought by the author himself) contained something extraordinary, he had peeped through the key-hole, and seen me load my pistols, upon which he ran down to Whitehall, and applied to the officer on guard for a party to put me in arrest; but before he returned, I was gone in a coach, that he had inquired which way I went, and having heard that duels were commonly fought at the back of Montague house, he conducted the guard to this place, where he thanked God for having found me safe and sound. I gave him to understand that I forgave his officious concern for once, but cautioned him, in pretty severe terms, for making me the subject of idle conversation for the future, then, turning to the corporal, thanked him for his care, and gave him a crown to drink with his men, assuring him that the *rencontre* was over long before he came up, and every thing compromised, as he might have observed by our behaviour, as a farther proof of which he would find, upon examination, that one of my pistols had been discharged, but this civil person, without giving himself or me any further trouble, received the bounty with a thousand bows and acknowledgements, and returning the pistols, released me immediately.

He was not gone a hundred yards, when my friend Oregon came up, in order to rescue me, with two tatterdemalions, whom he had engaged for that purpose about the purloins of St Giles's: one of them was armed with a musket that wanted a lock, and another with a rusty broad-sword, but their dress surpassed all description. When he understood I was already free, he made an apology for his abrupt departure, and introduced me to his two companions, first, to counsellor Fitz-clabber, who, he told me, was then employed in compiling a history of the kings of Munster, from Irish manuscripts; and then to his friend Mr Gahagan, who was a profound philosopher and politician, and had

projected many excellent schemes for the good of his country. But it seems these literati had been very ill rewarded for their ingenious labours, for between them both there was but one shirt and half a pair of breeches. I thanked them very kindly for their readiness to assist me, and having offered my service in my turn, bade them good morrow, desiring Oregon to accompany me to my lodgings, where he was fitted with decent clothes from my wardrobe, so much to his satisfaction, that he swore eternal gratitude and friendship to me, and, at my request, recounted all the adventures of his life.

In the afternoon I waited on Melinda, who received me with great kindness and familiarity, and laughed excessively at my adventure with the Irishman, to whose wishes she was no stranger, having more than a dozen letters in her possession, which he had wrote to her on the subject of love, and which, for my entertainment, she submitted to my perusal. Having made ourselves merry at the expense of this poor admirer, I seized the opportunity of her mother's going out of the room, and introduced my own passion, which I recommended to her with all the ardour and eloquence I was master of. I flattered, sighed, swore, entreated, and acted a thousand extravagancies, in hopes of making some impression on her heart, but she heard every thing I said without discovering the least emotion, and other company came in before she would vouchsafe one serious reply. After tea, the cards were brought in, according to custom, and it was my good fortune to have Melinda for my partner, by which means, instead of losing, I came off with five guineas clear gain.

I soon became acquainted with a good many people of fashion, and spent my time in the modish diversions of the town, such as plays, operas, masquerades, drums, assemblies, and puppet-shows, chiefly in company with Melinda, whom I cultivated with all the eagerness and address that my prospect could inspire, or my education afford. I spared neither my person nor my purse to gratify her vanity and pride: my rivals were intimidated, and indeed outshone, and, after all, I began to fear that the dear creature had not a heart to lose. At last, finding myself unable to support the expense of this amour much longer, I was determined to bring the matter to a crisis; and one evening, while we were together by ourselves, complained of her indifference, described the tortures of suspense to a love-sick mind, and pressed her to disclose her sentiments of matrimony and me, with such earnestness, that she could not, with all her art, shift the subject, but was obliged to come to an *éclaircissement*. She told me with a careless air, that she had no objection to my person, and, if I could satisfy her mother in other

particulars, I should not find her averse to the match, but she was resolved to do nothing in such a momentous concern without the advice and consent of her parent. This was no very agreeable declaration to me, whose aim had been to win her inclination first, and then secure my conquest by a private marriage, to which I flattered myself she would express no reluctance. That I might not, however, desert my cause before it was desperate, I waited on her mother, and with great formality demanded the daughter in marriage. The good lady, who was a very notable woman, behaved with great state and civility, thanked me for the honour I intended her family, and said, she did not doubt that I was in all respects qualified to make a woman happy, but it concerned her, as a parent anxious about the welfare of her child, to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, and know what settlement I proposed to make. To this intimation, which would have utterly disconcerted me if I had not expected it, I replied, without hesitation, that, though my fortune was very small, I was a gentleman by birth and education, would maintain her daughter in the sphere of a gentlewoman, and settle her own dowry on her and her heirs for ever. This careful matron did not seem to relish my proposal, but observed, with a demure countenance, that there was no necessity for settling that upon her child which was her own already; however, if I pleased, her lawyer should confer with mine upon the matter, and, in the mean time, she desired I would favour her with the perusal of my rent-roll. Notwithstanding the vexation I was under, I could scarce forbear laughing in her face, at the mention of my rent-roll, which was, indeed, a severe piece of satire upon my pretensions. I frankly owned I had no landed estate, and told her, that I could not exactly specify the sum I was master of, until I had regulated my affairs, which were at present in some disorder, but that I would take an opportunity of satisfying her on that head very soon.

It was not long before I took my leave, and returned to my lodgings in a very melancholy mood, persuaded that I had nothing more to expect from that quarter. I was confirmed in this opinion next day, when I went back with a view of explaining myself more fully to the old gentlewoman, and was told by the footman that his ladies were not at home, although I had seen Melinda through the blinds at a parlour window, as I went up to the door. Incensed at this affront, I quit- ted the door, without saying one word, and as I repassed the parlour, bowed to miss, who still remained in the same situation, securely screened, as she thought, from my view.

This disappointment gave me more uneasiness on Strap's account than my own, for I was in no danger of dying for love of Melinda, on the contrary, the remembrance of

my charming Narcissa was a continual check upon my conscience, during the whole course of my addresses; and perhaps contributed to the bad success of my scheme, by controlling my raptures, and condemning my design.

There was a necessity for informing my companion of every thing that happened to me, and I performed this piece of duty in an affected passion, swearing I would be his pack-horse no longer, and desiring him to take the management of his affairs into his own hands. This finesse had the desired effect for, instead of grumbling over my miscarriage, Strap was frightened at the passion I feigned, and begged me, for the love of God, to be appeased, observing, that although we had suffered a great loss, it was not irreparable, and if fortune frowned to-day, she might, perhaps, smile to-morrow. I pretended to acquiesce in his remarks, praise his equanimity, and promise to improve by misfortune. He, on the other hand, pretended to be perfectly well satisfied with my conduct, and conjured me to follow the dictates of my own reflection, but, in spite of all his affectation, I could perceive his inward affliction, and his visage sensibly increased in longitude from that day.

CHAPTER L

I long to be revenged on Melinda—apply to Banter for his assistance—he contrives a scheme for that purpose, which is put in execution with great success—I make an attempt on the heart of Miss Gripwell, but am disappointed—grow melancholy, and have recourse to the bottle—receive a billet-doux—am ravished with the contents—find myself involved in an intrigue, which I imagined would make my fortune—am confounded at my mistake, which banishes all thoughts of matrimony.

In the mean time, my attention was wholly engrossed in search of another mistress, and the desire of being revenged on Melinda, in both which schemes I was very much assisted by Billy Clatter, who was such a necessary creature among the ladies, that in all private dances he engaged the men. To him, therefore, I applied, desiring he would introduce me to a partner of some figure at the next private assembly, for the sake of a frolic, the intention of which I would afterwards communicate. Billy, who had heard something of a difference between Melinda and me, immediately smoked part of my design, and, thinking I only wanted to alarm her jealousy a little, promised to gratify my desire, by matching me with a partner worth thirty thousand pounds, whom

the ladies of this end of the town had lately taken under their management and protection. Upon further inquiry, I found this person's name was Miss Biddy Gripewell, that her father, who had been a pawnbroker, died intestate, by which means all his substance descended to his daughter, who was so little a favourite, that, could the old man have prevailed with his own rapacious disposition to part with as much money as would have paid the expense of a will, she would not have inherited a sixth part of his fortune. That, during his life, far from being educated in a way suitable to such great expectations, she was obliged to live like a servant wench, and do the most menial offices in the family, but his funeral was no sooner performed, than she assumed the fine lady, and found so many people of both sexes to flatter, caress, and instruct her, that, for want of discretion and experience, she was grown insufferably vain and arrogant, and pretended to no less than a duke or earl at least for a husband. That she had the misfortune to be neglected by the English quality, but a certain poor Scottish lord was then making interest to be introduced to her acquaintance in the mean time, she had fallen into the hands of a notable lady, who had already disposed of her to a lieutenant of foot, a distant relation of her ladyship, though miss as yet knew nothing of the affair. And, lastly, that, if I proposed to dance with her, I must give him leave to represent me as a knight or foreign count at least. I was ravished at this piece of information, and consented, for one night, to personate a French marquis, that I might the easier fulfil my revenge.

Having made the appointment with Chatter, I went to Banter's lodgings, as I had by this time conceived a great opinion of his penetration and knowledge, and, after I had enjoyed secrecy, told him every circumstance of my disgrace with Melinda, and imparted the plan I had projected to mortify that proud coquette, desiring his advice in improving, and assistance in executing, the scheme. Nothing could be more agreeable to his misanthropical temper than an account of her behaviour and my resentments. He applauded my resolution, and proposed that I should not only provide myself with a proper partner, but also procure such an one for Miss Goosetrap as should infallibly entail upon her the ridicule of all her acquaintance. For this purpose he mentioned his barber, who, he said, was an exceedingly great coxcomb, lately come from Paris, whose absurd affectation and grimace would easily pass upon her for the sprightly politesse of a gentleman improved by travel. I hugged him for this hint, and he assured me, it would be no difficult matter to make him believe that Melinda, having seen him by accident, was captivated by his appearance,

and longed for his acquaintance. He actually engaged him on this pretence, and painted his good fortune in such colours, that the poor shaver was quite beside himself with joy. He was immediately fitted with a tawdry suit of clothes belonging to Banter, and by him recommended to Chatter as a very pretty fellow just returned from his travels. Mr Billy, who acted as gentleman usher to a great many of the fair sex in and about town, undertook at once to bespeak Melinda in his behalf, and every thing happened according to my wish.

At the time appointed, I appeared dressed to the best advantage, and, in the character of marquis, had the honour of opening the ball with the rich heiress, who attracted the eyes of the whole company by the prodigious number of jewels with which she was adorned. Among others, I perceived Melinda, who could no more conceal her envy than astonishment at my success. Her curiosity was still more flagrant and tormenting, for she had never seen Miss Gripewell before, and Chatter, who alone could give her any satisfaction on that head, was engaged in conversation at the other end of the room. I observed her impatience, and exulted in her chagrin, and, after my partner was seated, took the opportunity of passing by her to make a slight bow without stopping, which completed my triumph and her indignation. She changed colour, bridled up, assumed an air of disdain, and flirted her fan with such a fury, that it went to pieces in a moment, to the no small entertainment of those who sat near and observed her.

At length the metamorphosed barber took her out, and acted his part with such ridiculous extravagance, that the mirth of the whole company was excited at his expense, and his partner so much ashamed,—that, before the country-dances began, she retired in great confusion, under pretence of being taken suddenly ill, and was followed by her gallant, who, no doubt, imagined her indisposition was nothing but love, and laid hold of the occasion of conducting her home, to comfort her, with an assurance of his entertaining a reciprocal passion. They were no sooner gone, than an inquisitive whisper of,—“Who is he?” ran round the room, and Chatter could give no other intelligence about him, than that he was a man of fortune just returned from his travels. I, who alone was acquainted with his real quality, affected ignorance, well knowing that female curiosity would not rest satisfied with such a general account, and that the discovery would proceed with a better grace from any body than me.

Meanwhile, I was tempted by the richness of the prize to practise upon Miss Gripewell's heart, but soon found it too well fortified with pride and indifference to yield to any efforts in my own character, and I nei-

ther would nor could preserve the title I had borrowed longer than that night.

As I expected, every thing came to light next day. The barber, in pure simplicity of heart, detected himself to Melinda, and discovered the foundation of his hopes she sickened at the affront, and was ashamed to show her face in public for many weeks after this accident. Poor Chatter found it impossible to justify himself to her satisfaction, was in utter disgrace with Miss Gripewell, for having imposed me upon her as a nobleman, and suffered very much in his character and influence among the ladies in general.

Finding my finances diminished more than one half, and my project as little advanced as on the first day of my arrival in town, I began to despair of success, and grew melancholy at the prospect of approaching want. To dispel the horrors of this fiend, I had recourse to the bottle, and kept more company than ever. I became particularly attached to the playhouse, conversed with the actors behind the scenes, grew acquainted with a body of templars, and in a short time commenced a professed wit and critic. Indeed, I may say without vanity, that I was much better qualified than any one of my companions, who were, generally speaking, of all the creatures I ever conversed with, the most ignorant and assuming. By means of these avocations, I got the better of care, and learned to separate my ideas in such a manner, that, whenever I was attacked by a gloomy reflection, I could shove it aside, and call in some agreeable reverie to my assistance. This was not the case with Strap, who practised a thousand shifts to conceal the sorrow that preyed upon his carcass, and reduced him to the resemblance of a mere skeleton.

While I thus posted in a thoughtless manner towards poverty, I one day received, by the penny-post, a letter, written in a woman's hand, containing a great many high-flown compliments, warm protestations of love, couched in a very poetical style, an earnest desire of knowing whether or not my heart was engaged, by leaving an answer at a certain place, directed to R. B., and the whole subscribed—"Your incognita." I was transported with joy on reading the contents of this billet-doux, which I admired as a masterpiece of tenderness and elegance, and was already up to the ears in love with the author, whom my imagination represented as a lady of fortune in the bloom of youth and beauty. Elevated with this conjecture, I went to work, and exhausted my invention in composing an answer suitable to the sublimity of her style, and the ardour of her sentiments. I expressed my admiration of her wit in terms the most hyperbolical, and while I acknowledged myself unworthy of her regard, declared myself enamoured of

her understanding, and, in the most pathetic manner, implored the honour of an interview. Having finished this performance, and communicated it to Strap,—who skipped about for joy,—I despatched him with it to the place appointed, which was the house of a milliner not far from Bond-street, and desired him to keep watch near the door for some time, that he might discover the person who should call for it. In less than an hour he returned with a joyful countenance, and told me, that, soon after he had delivered the letter, a chairman was called, to whom it was given, with directions to carry it to the house of a rich gentleman in the neighbourhood, whither he (Strap) followed him, and saw it put into the hands of a waiting-woman, who paid the messenger and shut the door that upon an inquiry at an alehouse hard by, where he called for a pint of beer, he understood the gentleman to whom the house belonged had an only daughter, very handsome, who would inherit his whole estate, and who certainly was the author of the billet I had received. I was of the same opinion, and hugging myself in the happy prospect, dressed immediately, and passed in great state by the house that contained my unknown admirer. Nor was my vanity disappointed for I perceived a beautiful young creature standing at one of the windows of the dining-room, who, I imagined, observed me with more than common curiosity. That I might indulge her view, and at the same time feast my own, I affected to stop, and gave orders to Strap, in the street, just opposite to her station, by which means I had an opportunity of seeing her more distinctly, and of congratulating myself on having made a conquest of so much perfection. In a few minutes she retired, and I betook myself to the ordinary, in a rapture of hope,—which deprived me of appetite for that meal, and sent me home in the evening to indulge my contemplation.

Early next day I was favoured with another epistle from my unknown charmer,—signifying her unutterable joy at the receipt of mine, which, while it made a tender of my heart, convinced her of the value of it. Above all things, she professed extreme pleasure in finding me so much attached to her understanding, a circumstance that not only flattered her in the most sensible part, but at the same time argued my own sagacity. As for the interview I desired, she assured me, that I could not be more eager for such an occasion than she. but she must not only sacrifice a little more to decorum, but be satisfied of my honourable intentions, before she would grant that request. Meanwhile, she gave me to understand, that although she might owe some deference to the opinion of certain persons, she was resolved, in an affair that so nearly concerned her happiness, to consult her own inclination, prefer-

ably to the advice of the whole world. especially as she was urged to such condescension by no consideration of fortune,—what she depended upon being her own without restriction or controul. Struck with admiration at the philosophy and self-denial of my mistress, who seemed insensible of the beauty she possessed, and, in particular, ravished with that piece of intelligence, by which I learned her fortune was independent, I resumed the pen, launched out into encomiums on the dignity of her sentiments, affected to undervalue the charms of external beauty, pretended to ground my passion on the qualities of her mind, complained of her rigour in sacrificing my repose to an over-scrupulous regard to decorum, and declared the purity of my designs in the most solemn and pathetic vows. This performance being sealed and directed, was sent to the place appointed, by Strap, who, that we might be still the more confirmed in our belief, renewed his watch, and in a little time brought back the same information as before,—with this addition, that Miss Sparkle (the name of my correspondent) looking out at the window, no sooner saw the messenger arrive, than she shut the casement in a sort of beautiful confusion, and disappeared, cager, no doubt, to hear from the dear object of her love.

My doubts now vanished, the long-expected port appeared, and I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of that happiness I had been in quest of so long. After dinner I sauntered, in company with Dr Wagtail, to that part of the town in which my innamorata lived, and as he was a mere register, inquired of him into the name, character, and fortune of every body who possessed a good house in the streets through which we passed when it came to his turn to mention Sir John Sparkle, he represented him as a man of an immense estate, and narrow disposition, who mewed up his only child, a fine young lady, from the conversation of mankind, under the strict watch and inspection of an old governess, who was either so honest, envious, or insatiable, that nobody had been, as yet, able to make her a friend or get access to her charge, though numbers attempted it every day, not so much on account of her expectations from her father, who, being a widower, might marry again and have sons, as for a fortune of twelve thousand pounds left her by an uncle, of which she could not be deprived. This piece of news exactly tallying with the last part of the letter I had been honoured with in the morning, had such an effect on me, that any man, except Wagtail, might have observed my emotion, but his attention was too much engrossed by the contemplation of his own importance, to suffer him to be affected with the deportment of any other body, unless it happened to be so particular that he could not help taking notice of it.

When I had disengaged myself from him, whose conversation grew insipid to me, I went home and made Strap acquainted with the fruit of my researches. This faithful squire was almost choked with transports, and even wept with joy,—but whether on account of himself or me, I shall not pretend to determine. Next day a third billet-doux was brought to me, containing many expressions of tenderness, mingled with some doubts about the artifice of man, the inconstancy of youth, and the jealousy often attending the most sincere passion, withal desiring I would excuse her, if she should try me a little longer, before she declared herself beyond the power of retracting. These interesting scruples added fuel to my flame, and impatience to my hope. I redoubled my complaints of her indifference, and pressed her to an assignation with such fervid entreaties, that, in a few days, she consented to meet me at the house of that milliner who had forwarded all my letters. During the interval between the date of her promise and the hour of appointment, my pride soured beyond all reason and description, I lost all remembrance of the gentle Narcissa, and my thoughts were wholly employed in planning triumphs over the malice and contempt of the world.

At length the happy hour arrived. I flew to the place of rendezvous, and was conducted into an apartment, where I had not waited ten minutes, when I heard the rustling of silk and the sound of feet ascending the stairs. My heart took the alarm and beat quick, my cheeks glowed, my nerves thrilled, and my knees shook with ecstasy. I perceived the door opening, saw a gold brocade petticoat advance, and sprang forward to embrace my charmer. Heaven and earth! how shall I paint my situation, when I found Miss Sparkle converted into a wrinkled hag turned of seventy! I was struck dumb with amazement, and petrified with horror. The ancient Urganda perceived my disorder, and approaching with a languishing air, seized my hand, asking, in a squeaking tone, if I was indisposed. Her monstrous affectation completed the disgust I had conceived for her at first appearance, and it was a long time before I could command myself so much as to behave with common civility at length, however, I recollected myself, and pronounced an apology for my behaviour, which, I said, proceeded from a dizziness that seized me all of a sudden. My hoary Dulcinea, who, no doubt, had been alarmed at my confusion, no sooner learned the cause to which I now ascribed it, than she discovered her joy in a thousand amorous coquetries, and assumed the sprightly airs of a girl of sixteen. One while she ogled me with her dim eyes quenched in rheum, then, as if she was ashamed of that freedom, she affected to look down, blush, and play with her fan,

then toss her head, that I might not perceive a palsy that shook it, ask some childish questions with a lisping accent, giggle and grin with her mouth shut, to conceal the ravages of time upon her teeth, leer upon me again, sigh piteously, fling herself about in her chair to show her agility, and act a great many more absurdities that youth and beauty can alone excuse. Shocked as I was at my disappointment, my disposition was incapable of affronting any person who loved me, I therefore endeavoured to put a good face on the matter for the present, resolving to drop the whole affair as soon as I should get clear of her company. With this view I uttered some civil things, and, in particular, desired to know the name of the lady who had honoured me so much. She told me her name was Withers, that she lived with Sir John Sparkle in quality of governess to his only daughter, in which situation she had picked up a comfortable sufficiency to make her easy for life, that she had the pleasure of seeing me at church, where my appearance and deportment made such an impression upon her heart, that she could enjoy no ease till she had inquired into my character, which she found so amiable in all respects, that she yielded to the violence of her inclination, and ventured to declare her passion, with too little regard, perhaps, to the decorum of her sex, but she hoped I would forgive a trespass, of which I myself was, in some measure, the cause, and impute her intrusion to the irresistible dictates of love. No decayed rake ever swallowed a bolus with more reluctance than I felt in making a reply suitable to this compliment, when, instead of the jewel, I found the crazy casket only in my power, and yet my hopes began to revive a little when I considered that, by carrying on the appearance of an intrigue with the duenna, I might possibly obtain access to her charge. Encouraged by this suggestion, my temper grew more serene, my reserve wore off, I talked *en cavalier*, and even made love to this antiquated coquette, who seemed extremely happy in her adorer, and spread all her allurements to make her imagined conquest more secure. The good woman of the house treated us with tea and sweetmeats, and afterwards withdrew, like a civil experienced matron as she was. Left thus to our mutual endearments, Miss Withers (for she was still a maiden) began to talk of matrimony, and expressed so much impatience in all her behaviour, that had she been fifty years younger, I might possibly have gratified her longing without having recourse to the church; but this step my virtue as well as interest forbade. When the inclinations of an old maid settle upon a young fellow, he is persecuted with her addresses, but should he once grant her the favour, he will never be able to disentangle himself from her importunities and reproaches. It

was my business to defer the ceremony as long as possible, under the most specious pretences, with a view of becoming acquainted with Miss Sparkle in the mean time, and I did not despair of success, when I considered that, in the course of our correspondence, I should in all probability be invited to visit my mistress in her own apartment, and by these means have an opportunity of conversing with her charming ward. Pleased with this prospect, my heart dilated with joy, I talked in raptures to the stale governante, and kissed her shrivelled hand with great devotion, she was so much transported with her good fortune, that she could not contain her ecstasy, but flew upon me like a tigress, and pressed her skinny lips to mine, when (as it was no doubt concerted by her evil genius) a dose of garlic she had swallowed that morning, to dispel wind I suppose, began to operate with such a sudden explosion, that human nature, circumstanced as I was, could not endure the shock with any degree of temper. I lost all patience and reflection, flung away from her in an instant, snatched my hat and cane, and ran down stairs as if the devil had me in pursuit, and could scarce restrain the convulsion of my bowels, which were grievously offended by the perfume that assaulted me. Strap, who waited my return with impatience, seeing me arrive in the utmost disorder, stood motionless with apprehension, and durst not inquire into the cause.

After I had washed my mouth more than once, and recruited my spirits with a glass of wine, I recounted to him every particular of what had happened, to which he made no other reply for some time, than lifting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and uttering a hollow groan. At length he observed, in a melancholy tone, that it was a thousand pities my organs were so delicate as to be offended with the smell of garlic.—"Ah! God help us," said he, "'tis not the steams of garlic, no, nor of something else, that would give me the least uneasiness—see what it is to be a cobbler's son." I replied hastily,—"I wish then you would go and retrieve my miscarriage." At this suggestion he started, forced a smile, and left the room, shaking his head. Whether the old gentlewoman resented my abrupt departure so much that her love changed into disdain, or was ashamed to see me on account of her infirmity, I know not, but I was never troubled again with her passion.

CHAPTER LI

I cultivate an acquaintance with two noblemen—I am introduced to Earl Strutwell—his kind promises and invitation—the behaviour of his porter and lacquey—he receives me with an appearance of

uncommon affection—undertakes to speak in my behalf to the minister—informs me of his success, and wishes me joy—introduces a conversation about Petronius Arbiter—falls in love with my watch, which I press upon him—I make a present of a diamond ring to Lord Straddle—impart my good fortune to Strap and Banter, who disabuses me, to my utter mortification.

BAFFLED hitherto in my matrimonial schemes, I began to question my talents for the science of fortune hunting, and to bend my thoughts towards some employment under the government, with the view of procuring which, I cultivated the acquaintance of Lord Straddle and Swillpot, whose fathers were men of interest at court. I found these young noblemen as open to my advances as I could desire, I accompanied them in their midnight rambles, and often dined with them at taverns, where I had the honour of paying the reckoning.

I one day took the opportunity, while I was loaded with protestations of friendship, to disclose my desire of being settled in some sinecure, and to solicit their influence in my behalf. Swillpot, squeezing my hand, said I might depend upon his service by G— The other swore that no man would be more proud than he to run my errands. Encouraged by these declarations, I ventured to express an inclination to be introduced to their fathers, who were able to do my business at once. Swillpot frankly owned he had not spoke to his father these three years, and Straddle assured me his father having lately disoblged the minister by subscribing his name to a protest in the house of peers, was thereby rendered incapable of serving his friends at present, but he undertook to make me acquainted with Earl Strutwell, who was hand and glove with a certain person who ruled the roast. This offer I embraced with many acknowledgements, and plied him so closely, in spite of a thousand evasions, that he found himself under a necessity of keeping his word, and actually carried me to the levee of this great man, where he left me in a crowd of fellow-dependents, and was ushered to a particular closet audience, from whence in a few minutes he returned with his lordship, who took me by the hand, assured me he would do me all the service he could, and desired to see me often. I was charmed with my reception, and although I had heard that a courtier's promise is not to be depended upon, I thought I discovered so much sweetness of temper and candour in this earl's countenance, that I did not doubt of finding my account in his protection. I resolved, therefore, to profit by this permission, and waited on him next audience day, when I was favoured with a particular smile, squeeze

if the hand, and a whisper, signifying that he wanted half an hour's conversation with me in private, when he should be disengaged, and for that purpose desired me to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him to-morrow morning. This invitation, which did not a little flatter my vanity and expectation, I took care to observe, and went to his lordship's house at the time appointed. Having rapped at the gate, the porter unbolted and kept half open, placing himself in the gap, like soldiers in a breach, to dispute my passage. I asked if his lord was stirring? He answered with a surly aspect,—"No." "At what hour does he commonly rise?" said I. "Sometimes sooner, sometimes later," said he, closing the door upon me by degrees. I then told him, I was come by his lordship's own appointment, to which intimation this Cerberus replied,—"I have received no orders about the matter," and was upon the point of shutting me out, when I recollected myself all of a sudden, and slipping a crown into his hands, begged, as a favour, that he would inquire, and let me know whether or not the earl was up. The grim janitor relented at the touch of my money, which he took with all the indifference of a tax-gatherer, and showed me into a parlour, where, he said, I might amuse myself till such time as his lord should be awake. I had not sat ten minutes in this place when a footman entered, and, without speaking, stared at me. I interpreted this piece of his behaviour into,—"Pray, sir, what is your business?" and asked the same question I had put to the porter, when I accosted him first. The lacquey made the same reply, and disappeared before I could get any farther intelligence. In a little time he returned, on pretence of poking the fire, and looked at me again with great earnestness, upon which I began to perceive his meaning, and, tipping him with half-a-crown, desired he would be so good as to fall upon some method of letting the earl know that I was in the house. He made a low bow, said,—"Yes, sir," and vanished. This bounty was not thrown away, for, in an instant, he came back, and conducted me to a chamber, where I was received with great kindness and familiarity by his lordship, whom I found just risen, in his morning gown and slippers. After breakfast he entered into a particular conversation with me about my travels, the remarks I had made abroad, and examined me to the full extent of my understanding. My answers seemed to please him very much, he frequently squeezed my hand, and looking at me with a singular complacency in his countenance, bade me depend upon his good offices with the minister in my behalf. "Young men of your qualifications," said he, "ought to be cherished by every administration. For my own part, I see so little merit

in the world, that I have laid it down as a maxim, to encourage the least appearance of genius and virtue to the utmost of my power—you have a great deal of both, and will not fail of making a figure one day, if I am not mistaken, but you must lay your account of mounting by gradual steps to the summit of your fortune. Rome was not built in a day. As you understand the languages perfectly well, how would you like to cross the sea as secretary to an embassy?" I assured his lordship, with great eagerness, that nothing could be more agreeable to my inclination upon which he bade me make myself easy, my business was done, for he had a place of that kind in his view. This piece of generosity affected me so much, that I was unable for some time to express my gratitude, which at length broke out in acknowledgements of my own unworthiness, and encomiums on his benevolence. I could not even help shedding tears at the goodness of this noble lord, who no sooner perceived them than he caught me in his arms, and hugged and kissed me with a seemingly paternal affection. Confounded at this uncommon instance of fondness for a stranger, I remained a few moments silent and ashamed, then rose and took my leave, after he had assured me that he would speak to the minister in my favour that very day, and desired that I would not for the future give myself the trouble of attending at his levee, but come at the same hour every day when he should be at leisure, that is, three times a-week.

Though my hopes were now very sanguine, I determined to conceal my prospect from every body, even from Strap, until I should be more certain of success, and, in the mean time, give my patron no respite from my solicitations. When I renewed my visit, I found the street door open to me, as if by enchantment, but, in my passage towards the presence room, I was met by the valet-de-chambre, who cast some furious looks at me, the meaning of which I could not comprehend. The earl saluted me at entrance with a tender embrace, and wished me joy of his success with the premier, who, he said, had preferred his recommendation to that of two other noblemen very urgent in behalf of their respective friends, and absolutely promised that I should go to a certain foreign court, in quality of secretary to an ambassador and plenipotentiary, who was to set out in a few weeks, on an affair of vast importance to the nation. I was thunderstruck with my good fortune, and could make no other reply, than kneel, and attempt to kiss my benefactor's hand, which submission he would not permit, but, raising me up, pressed me to his breast with surprising emotion, and told me he had now taken upon himself the care of making my fortune. What enhanced the value of the benefit still the more, was his

making light of the favour, and shifting the conversation to another subject among other topics of discourse, that of the *belles lettres* was introduced, upon which his lordship held forth with great taste and erudition, and discovered an intimate knowledge of the authors of antiquity—"Here's a book," said he, taking one from his bosom, "written with great elegance and spirit, and though the subject may give offence to some narrow-minded people, the author will always be held in esteem by every person of wit and learning." So saying, he put into my hand *Petronius Arbiter*, and asked my opinion of his wit and manner. I told him, that, in my opinion, he wrote with great ease and vivacity, but was withal so lewd and indecent, that he ought to find no quarter or protection among people of morals or taste. "I own," replied the earl, "that his taste in love is generally decried, and indeed condemned by our laws, but perhaps that may be more owing to prejudice and misapprehension, than true reason and deliberation. The best man among the ancients is said to have entertained that passion, one of the wisest of their legislators has permitted the indulgence of it in his commonwealth, the most celebrated poets have not scrupled to avow it, at this day it prevails not only over all the east, but in most parts of Europe, in our own country it gains ground apace, and in all probability will become in a short time a more fashionable vice than simple fornication. Indeed, there is something to be said in vindication of it, for, notwithstanding the severity of the law against offenders in this way, it must be confessed that the practice of this passion is unattended with that curse and burden upon society, which proceeds from a race of miserable and deserted bastards, who are either murdered by their parents, deserted to the utmost want and wretchedness, or bred up to prey upon the commonwealth and it likewise prevents the debauchery of many a young maiden, and the prostitution of honest men's wives, not to mention the consideration of health, which is much less liable to be impaired in the gratification of this appetite, than in the exercise of common venery, which, by ruining the constitutions of our young men, has produced a puny progeny, that degenerates from generation to generation. Nay, I have been told, that there is another motive, perhaps more powerful than all these, that induces people to cultivate this inclination, namely the exquisite pleasure attending its success."

From this discourse, I began to be apprehensive that his lordship, finding I had travelled, was afraid I might have been infected with this spurious and sordid desire abroad, and took this method of sounding my sentiments on the subject. Fired at this supposed suspicion, I argued against it with great

warmth, as an appetite unnatural, absurd, and of pernicious consequence, and declared my utter detestation and abhorrence of it in these lines of the satirist

Eternal infamy the wretch confound,
Who planted first that vice on British ground !
A vice that, 'spite of sense and nature, reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains

The earl smiled at my indignation, told me he was glad to find my opinion of the matter so conformable to his own, and that what he had advanced was only to provoke me to an answer, with which he professed himself perfectly well pleased

After I had enjoyed a long audience, I happened to look at my watch, in order to regulate my motions by it, and his lordship observing the chased case, desired to see the device, and examine the execution, which he approved with some expressions of admiration. Considering the obligations I lay under to his lordship, I thought there could not be a fitter opportunity than the present to manifest in some shape my gratitude, I therefore begged he would do me the honour to accept of the watch, as a small testimony of the sense I had of his lordship's generosity, but he refused it in a peremptory manner, and said he was sorry I should entertain such a mercenary opinion of him, observing, at the same time, that it was the most beautiful piece of workmanship he had ever seen, and desiring to know where he could have such another. I begged a thousand pardons for the freedom I had taken, which I hoped he would impute to nothing else but the highest veneration for his person, told him, that, as it came to my hand by accident in France, I could give him no information about the maker, for there was no name on the inside, and once more humbly entreated that he would indulge me so far as to use it for my sake. He was still positive in refusing it, but was pleased to thank me for my generous offer, saying, it was a present that no nobleman need be ashamed of receiving, though he was resolved to show his disinterestedness with regard to me, for whom he had conceived a particular friendship, and insisted (if I was willing to part with the watch) upon knowing what it had cost, that he might at least indemnify me, by refunding the money. On the other hand, I assured his lordship, that I should look upon it as an uncommon mark of distinction, if he would take it without further question, and, rather than disoblige me, he was at last persuaded to put it in his pocket, to my no small satisfaction, who took my leave immediately, after having received a kind squeeze, and an injunction to depend upon his promise.

Buoyed up with this reception, my heart opened; I gave away a guinea among the lacqueys who escorted me to the door, flew to the lodgings of Lord Straddle, upon whom

I forced my diamond ring, as an acknowledgment for the great service he had done me, and from thence hied me home, with an intent of sharing my happiness with honest Strap. I determined, however, to heighten his pleasure, by depressing his spirits at first, and then bringing in the good news with double relish. For this purpose, I affected the appearance of disappointment and chagrin, and told him, in an abrupt manner, that I had lost my watch and diamond. Poor Hugh, who had been already harassed into a consumption by intelligence of this sort, no sooner heard these words, than, unable to contain himself, he cried with distraction in his looks,—"God in heaven forbid!" I could carry on the farce no longer, but, laughing in his face, told him every thing that had passed, as above recited. His features were immediately unbended, and the transition was so affecting, that he wept for joy, called my Lord Strutwell by the appellations of Jewel, Phoenix, *Rara avis*, and praised God that there was still some virtue left among our nobility. Our mutual congratulations being over, we gave way to our imagination, and anticipated our happiness by prosecuting our success through the different steps of promotion, till I arrived at the rank of a prime minister, and he to that of my first secretary.

Intoxicated with these ideas, I went to the ordinary, where, meeting with Banter, I communicated the whole affair in confidence to him, concluding with an assurance that I would do him all the service in my power. He heard me to an end with great patience, then regarding me a good while with a look of disdain, pronounced,—"So, your business is done, you think?" "As good as done, I believe," said I. "I'll tell you," replied he, "what will do it still more effectually—a halter—'sdeath' if I had been such a gull to two such scoundrels as Strutwell and Straddle, I would without any more ado tuck myself up." Shocked at this exclamation, I desired him, with some confusion, to explain himself, upon which he gave me to understand, that Straddle was a poor contemptible wretch, who lived by borrowing, and pimping for his fellow peers, that, in consequence of this last capacity, he had doubtless introduced me to Strutwell, who was so notorious for a passion for his own sex, that he was amazed his character had never reached my ears, and that, far from being able to obtain for me the post he had promised, his interest at court was so low, that he could scarce provide for a superannuated footman once a year in the customs or excise—that it was a common thing for him to amuse strangers, whom his jackals ran down, with such assurances and caresses as he had bestowed on me, until he had stripped them of their cash and every thing valuable about them—very often of their chastity, and then leave them a prey to want and infamy,—that he allowed

his servants no other wages than that part of the spoil which they could glean by their industry, and the whole of his conduct towards me was so glaring, that nobody who knew any thing of mankind could have been imposed upon by his insinuations.

I leave the reader to judge how I relished this piece of information, which precipitated me from the most exalted pinnacle of hope to the lowest abyss of despondence, and well nigh determined me to take Banter's advice, and finish my chagrin with a halter. I had no room to suspect the veracity of my friend, because, upon recollection, I found every circumstance of Strutwell's behaviour exactly tallying with the character he had described. His hugs, embraces, squeezes, and eager looks, were now no longer a mystery, no more than his defence of Petronius, and the jealous frown of his valet-de-chambre, who, it seems, had been the favourite pathic of his lord.

CHAPTER LII.

I attempt to recover my watch and jewel, but to no purpose—resolve to revenge myself on Strutwell by my importunity—I am reduced to my last guinea—obliged to inform Strap of my necessity, who is almost distracted with the news—but, nevertheless, obliged to pawn my best sword for present subsistence—that small supply being exhausted, I am almost stupified with my misfortunes—go to the gaming table by the advice of Banter, and come off with unexpected success—Strap's ecstasy—Mrs Gawky waits upon me, professes remorse for her perfidy, and employs my assistance—I do myself a piece of justice by her means, and afterwards reconcile her to her father

I WAS so confounded, that I could make no reply to Banter, who reproached me with great indignation for having thrown away upon rascals that which, had it been converted into ready money, would have supported the rank of a gentleman for some months, and enabled me at the same time to oblige my friends. Stupified as I was, I could easily divine the source of his concern, but sneaked away in a solitary manner, without yielding the least answer to his expostulations, and began to deliberate with myself in what manner I should attempt to retrieve the movables I had so foolishly lost. I should have thought it no robbery to take them again by force, could I have done it without any danger of being detected, but as I could have no such opportunity, I resolved to work by finesse, and go immediately to the lodgings of Straddle, where I was so fortunate as to find him. "My lord," said I, "I have just now recollected, that the diamond I had the

honour of presenting to you is loosened a little in the socket and there is a young fellow just arrived from Paris, who is reckoned the best jeweller in Europe, I knew him in France, and, if your lordship will give me leave, will carry the ring to him to be set to rights." His lordship was not to be caught in this snare, he thanked me for my offer, and told me, that, having himself observed the defect, he had already sent it to his own jeweller to be mended. And, indeed, by this time, I believe it was in the jeweller's hands, though not in order to be mended, for it stood in need of no alteration.

Baulked in this piece of politics, I cursed my simplicity, but resolved to play a surer game with the earl, which I thus devised. I did not doubt of being admitted into familiar conversation with him as before, and hoped, by some means, to get the watch into my hand, and then, on pretence of winding or playing with it, drop it on the floor, when in all probability the fall would disorder the works so as to stop its motion. This event would furnish me with an opportunity of insinuating upon carrying it away in order to be repaired, and then I should have been in no hurry to bring it back. What pity it was I could not find an occasion of putting this fine scheme in execution! When I went to renew my visit to his lordship, my access to the parlour was as free as ever, but after I had waited some time, the valet-de-chambre came in with his lordship's compliments, and a desire to see me to-morrow at his levee, he being at present so much indisposed, that he could not see company. I interpreted this message into a bad omen, and came away muttering curses against his lordship's politeness, and ready to go to loggerheads with myself for being so egregiously duped. But that I might have some satisfaction for the loss I had sustained, I besieged him closely at his levee, and persecuted him with my solicitations, not without faint hopes, indeed, of reaping something more from my industry than the bare pleasure of making him uneasy, though I could never obtain another private hearing during the whole course of my attendance: neither had I resolution enough to undeceive Strap, whose looks in a little time were so whetted with impatience, that, whenever I came home, his eyes devoured me, as it were, with eagerness of attention. At length, however, finding myself reduced to my last guinea, I was compelled to disclose my necessity, though I endeavoured to sweeten the discovery by rehearsing to him the daily assurances I received from my patron. But these promises were not of efficacy sufficient to support the spirits of my friend, who no sooner understood the lowness of my finances, than, uttering a dreadful groan, he exclaimed,—"In the name of God, what shall we do!" In order to comfort him, I said,

that many of my acquaintance, who were in a worse condition than we, supported, notwithstanding, the character of gentlemen, and advising him to thank God that we had as yet incurred no debt, proposed he should pawn my sword of steel inlaid with gold, and trust to my discretion for the rest. This expedient was wormwood and gall to poor Strap, who, in spite of his invincible affection for me, still retained notions of economy and expense suitable to the narrowness of his education, nevertheless, he complied with my request, and raised seven pieces on the sword in a twinkling. This supply, inconsiderable as it was, made me as happy for the present, as if I had kept five hundred pounds in bank, for by this time I was so well skilled in procrastinating every troublesome reflection, that the prospect of want seldom affected me very much, let it be never so near. And now, indeed, it was nearer than I imagined my landlord having occasion for money, put me in mind of my being indebted to him five guineas in lodging, and telling me he had a sum to make up, begged I would excuse his importunity, and discharge the debt. Though I could ill spare so much cash, my pride took the resolution of disbursing it. This I did in a cavalier manner, after he had written a discharge, telling him, with an air of scorn and resentment, I saw he was resolved that I should not be long in his books, while Strap, who stood by, and knew my circumstances, wrung his hands in secret, gnawed his nether-lip, and turned yellow with despair. Whatever appearance of indifference my vanity enabled me to put on, I was thunderstruck with this demand, which I had no sooner satisfied, than I hastened into company, with a view of beguiling my cares with conversation, or of drowning them with wine.

After dinner, a party was accordingly made in the coffeehouse, from whence we adjourned to the tavern, where, instead of sharing the mirth of the company, I was as much chagrined at their good humour as a damned soul in hell would be at a glimpse of heaven. In vain did I swallow bumper after bumper, the wine had lost its effect upon me, and, far from raising my dejected spirits, could not even lay me asleep. Banter, who was the only intimate I had (Strap excepted), perceived my anxiety, and, when we broke up, reproached me with pusillanimity, for being cast down at any disappointment that such a rascal as Strutwell could be the occasion of. I told him I did not at all see how Strutwell's being a rascal alleviated my misfortune, and gave him to understand that my present grief did not so much proceed from that disappointment, as from the low ebb of my fortune, which was sunk to something less than two guineas. At this declaration, he cried,—"Pshaw! is that all?" and assured me there were a thousand ways

of living in town without a fortune, he himself having subsisted many years entirely by his wit. I expressed an eager desire of being acquainted with some of these methods, and he, without further expostulation, bade me follow him. He conducted me to a house under the piazzas in Covent Garden, which we entered, and having delivered our swords to a grim fellow, who demanded them at the foot of the staircase, ascended to the second story, where I saw multitudes of people standing round two gaming tables, loaded in a manner with gold and silver. My conductor told me this was the house of a worthy Scotch Lord, who, using the privilege of his peerage, had set up public gaming tables, from the profits of which he drew a comfortable livelihood. He then explained the difference between the *sitters* and the *bettors*, characterised the first as old hooks, and the last as bubbles, and advised me to try my fortune at the silver table, by betting a crown at a time. Before I would venture any thing, I considered the company more particularly, and there appeared such a group of villainous faces, that I was struck with horror and astonishment at the sight. I signified my surprise to Banter, who whispered in my ear, that the bulk of those present were sharpers, highwaymen, and apprentices, who having embezzled their masters' cash, made a desperate push in this place to make up their deficiencies. This account did not encourage me to hazard any part of my small pittance, but at length, being teased by the importunities of my friend, who assured me there was no danger of being ill used, because people were hired by the owner to see justice done to every body, I began by risking one shilling, and in less than an hour my winning amounted to thirty. Convinced by this time of the fairness of the game, and animated with success, there was no need of further persuasion to continue the play. I lent Banter (who seldom had any money in his pocket) a guinea, which he carried to the gold table, and lost in a moment. He would have borrowed another, but, finding me deaf to his arguments, went away in a pet. Meanwhile, my gain advanced to six pieces, and my desire of more increased in proportion, so that I moved to the higher table, where I laid half a guinea on every throw, and fortune still favouring me, I became a sitter, in which capacity I remained until it was broad day, when I found myself, after many vicissitudes, one hundred and fifty guineas in pocket.

Thinking it now high time to retire with my booty, I asked if any body would take my place, and made a motion to rise upon which an old Gascon, who sat opposite to me, and of whom I had won a little money, started up with fury in his looks, crying,—"*Restez, foutez, restez, il faut donner moi*

mon ravanchio " At the same time, a Jew who sat near the other, insinuated that I was more beholden to art than fortune for what I had got, that he had observed me wipe the table very often, and that some of the divisions seemed to be greasy. This intimation produced a great deal of clamour against me, especially among the losers, who threatened, with many oaths and imprecations, to take me up by a warrant as a sharper, unless I would compromise the affair by refunding the greatest part of my winning. Though I was far from being easy under this accusation, I relied upon my innocence, threatened in my turn to prosecute the Jew for defamation, and boldly offered to submit my cause to the examination of any justice in Westminster, but they knew themselves too well to put their characters on that issue, and finding I was not to be intimidated into any concession, dropped their plea, and made way for me to withdraw. I would not, however, stir from the table, until the Israelite had retracted what he had said to my disadvantage, and asked pardon before the whole assembly.

As I marched out with my prize, I happened to tread upon the toes of a tall raw-boned fellow, with a hooked nose, fierce eyes, black thick eyebrows, a pigtail wig of the same colour, and a formidable hat pulled over his forehead, who stood gnawing his fingers in the crowd, and no sooner felt the application of my shoe-heel, than he roared out in a tremendous voice,—“Blood and wounds! you son of a w——, what’s that for?” I asked pardon with a great deal of submission, and protested I had no intention of hurting him, but the more I humbled myself, the more he stormed, and insisted upon gentlemanly satisfaction, at the same time provoking me with scandalous names that I could not put up with, so that I gave a loose to my passion, returned his Billingsgate, and challenged him to follow me down to the piazzas. His indignation cooling as mine warmed, he refused my invitation, saying, he would choose his own time, and returned towards the table, muttering threats, which I neither dreaded, nor distinctly heard, but, descending with great deliberation, received my sword from the door-keeper, whom I gratified with a guinea, according to the custom of the place, and went home in a rapture of joy.

My faithful valet, who had sat up all night in the utmost uneasiness on my account, let me in with his face beslobbered with tears, and followed me to my chamber, where he stood silent like a condemned criminal, in expectation of hearing that every shilling was spent. I guessed the situation of his thoughts, and, assuming a sullen look, bade him fetch me some water to wash. He replied, without lifting his eyes from the ground,—“In my simple conjecture, you

have more occasion for rest, not having, I suppose, slept these four-and-twenty hours.” “Bring me some water,” said I, in a peevish tone, upon which he sneaked away, shrugging his shoulders. Before he returned, I had spread my whole stock on the table in the most ostentatious manner, so that, when it first saluted his view, he stood like one entranced, and having rubbed his eyes more than once, to assure himself of his being awake, broke out into,—“Lord have mercy upon us! what a vast treasure is here!” “Tis all our own, Strap,” said I “take what is necessary, and redeem the sword immediately.” He advanced towards the table, stopped short by the way, looked at the money and me by turns, and, with a wildness in his countenance, produced from joy checked by distrust, cried,—“I dare say, it is honestly come by.” To remove his scruples, I made him acquainted with the whole story of my success, which when he heard, he danced about the room in an ecstasy, crying,—“God be praised! a white stone!—God be praised! a white stone!” so that I was afraid the sudden change of fortune had disordered his intellects, and that he was run mad with joy. Extremely concerned at this event, I attempted to reason him out of his frenzy, but to no purpose, for, without regarding what I said, he continued to frisk up and down, and repeat his rhapsody of—“God be praised! a white stone!” At last I arose in the utmost consternation, and, laying violent hands upon him, put a stop to his extravagance, by fixing him down to a settee that was in the room. This constraint banished his delirium, he started, as if just awoke, and, terrified at my behaviour, cried,—“What is the matter?” When he learned the cause of my apprehension, he was ashamed of his transports, and told me, that, in mentioning the white stone, he alluded to the *diæ fasti* of the Romans, *albo lapide notati*.

Having no inclination to sleep, I secured my cash, dressed, and was just going abroad, when the servant of the house told me there was a gentlewoman at the door, who wanted to speak with me. Surprised at this information, I bade Strap show her up, and in less than a minute saw a young woman of a shabby decayed appearance enter my room. After half a dozen courtesies, she began to sob, and told me her name was Gawky, upon which information I immediately recollected the features of Miss Lavement, who had been the first occasion of my misfortunes. Though I had all the reason in the world to resent her treacherous behaviour to me, I was moved at her distress, and professing my sorrow at seeing her so reduced, desired her to sit, and inquired into the particulars of her situation. She fell upon her knees, and implored my forgiveness for the injuries

she had done me, protesting before God, that she was forced, against her inclination, into that hellish conspiracy which had almost deprived me of my life, by the entreaties of her husband, who having been afterwards renounced by his father on account of his marriage with her, and unable to support a family on his pay, left his wife at her father's house, and went with the regiment to Germany, where he was broken for misbehaviour at the battle of Dettingen, since which time she had heard no tidings of him. She then gave me to understand, with many symptoms of penitence, that it was her misfortune to bear a child four months after marriage, by which event her parents were so incensed, that she was turned out of doors with the infant, that died soon after, and had hitherto subsisted in a miserable indigent manner, on the extorted charity of a few friends, who were now quite tired of giving that, not knowing where or how to support herself one day longer, she had fled for succour even to me, who, of all mankind, had the least cause to assist her, relying upon the generosity of my disposition, which, she hoped, would be pleased with this opportunity of avenging itself in the noblest manner on the wretch who had wronged me. I was very much affected with her discourse, and having no cause to suspect the sincerity of her repentance, raised her up, freely pardoned all she had done against me, and promised to befriend her as much as lay in my power.

Since my last arrival in London, I had made no advances to the apothecary, imagining it would be impossible for me to make my innocence appear, so unhappily was my accusation circumstanced. Strap indeed had laboured to justify me to the schoolmaster, but, far from succeeding in his attempt, Mr Concordance dropped all correspondence with him because he refused to quit his connection with me. Things being in this situation, I thought a fairer opportunity of vindicating my character could not offer than that which now presented itself. I therefore stipulated with Mrs Gawky, that, before I would yield her the least assistance, she should do me the justice to clear my reputation by explaining upon oath, before a magistrate, the whole of the conspiracy, as it had been executed against me. When she had given me this satisfaction, I presented her with five guineas a sum so much above her expectation, that she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses, and was ready to worship me for my benevolence. The declaration signed with her own hand, I sent to her father, who, upon recollecting and comparing the circumstances of my charge, was convinced of my integrity, and waited upon me next day, in company with his friend the schoolmaster, to whom he had communicated my vindication. After mutual salutation, Monsieur Lavement began a long

apology for the unjust treatment I had received, but I saved him a good deal of breath, by interrupting his harangue, and assuring him, that, far from entertaining a resentment against him, I thought myself obliged to his lenity, which allowed me to escape, after such strong presumptions of guilt appeared against me. Mr Concordance, thinking it now his turn to speak, observed, that Mr Random had too much candour and sagacity to be disobliged at their conduct, which, all things considered, could not have been otherwise, with any honesty of intention. "Indeed," said he, "if the plot had been unravelled to us by any supernatural intelligence, if it had been whispered by a genie, communicated in a dream, or revealed by an angel from on high, we should have been to blame in crediting ocular demonstration, but as we were left in the mist of mortality, it cannot be expected we should be incapable of imposition. I do assure you, Mr Random, no man on earth is more pleased than I am at this triumph of your character, and as the news of your misfortune panged me to the very entrails, this manifestation of your innocence makes my midriff quiver with joy." I thanked him for his concern, desired them to undeceive those of their acquaintance who judged harshly of me, and, having treated them with a glass of wine, represented to Lavement the deplorable condition of his daughter, and pleaded her cause so effectually, that he consented to settle a small annuity on her for life, but could not be persuaded to take her home, because her mother was so much incensed, that she would never see her.

CHAPTER LIII

I purchase new clothes—reprimand Strutwell and Straddle—Banter proposes another matrimonial scheme—I accept of his terms—set out for Bath in a stage-coach, with the young lady and her mother—the behaviour of an officer and lawyer—our fellow-travellers described—a smart dialogue between my mistress and the captain

HAVING finished this affair to my satisfaction, I found myself perfectly at ease, and looking upon the gaming-table as a certain resource for a gentleman in want, became more gay than ever. Although my clothes were almost as good as new, I grew ashamed of wearing them, because I thought every body, by this time, had got an inventory of my wardrobe. For which reason, I disposed of a good part of my apparel to a salesman in Monmouth-street for half the value, and bought two new suits with the money. I likewise purchased a plain gold watch, de

sparing of recovering that which I had so foolishly given to Strutwell, whom, notwithstanding, I still continued to visit at his levee, until the ambassador he had mentioned set out with a secretary of his own choosing. I thought myself then at liberty to expostulate with his lordship, whom I treated with great freedom in a letter, for amusing me with vain hopes, when he neither had the power nor inclination to provide for me. Nor was I less reserved with Staddle, whom I in person reproached for misrepresenting to me the character of Strutwell, which I did not scruple to aver was infamous in every respect. He seemed very much enraged at my freedom, talked a great deal about his quality and honour, and began to make some comparisons which I thought so injurious to mine, that I demanded an explanation with great warmth, and he was mean enough to equivocate, and condescend in such a manner, that I left him with a hearty contempt of his behaviour.

About this time, Banter, who had observed a surprising and sudden alteration in my appearance and disposition, began to inquire very minutely into the cause, and as I did not think fit to let him know the true state of the affair, lest he might make free with my purse, on the strength of having proposed the scheme that filled it, I told him that I had received a small supply from a relation in the country, who at the same time had promised to use all his interest (which was not small) in soliciting some post for me that should make me easy for life. "If that be the case," said Banter, "perhaps you won't care to mortify yourself a little, in making your fortune another way. I have a relation who is to set out for Bath next week, with an only daughter, who being sickly and decrepit, intends to drink the waters for the recovery of her health. Her father, who was a rich Turkey merchant, died about a year ago, and left her with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, under the sole management of her mother, who is my kinswoman. I would have put in for the plate myself, but there is a breach at present between the old woman and me. You must know, that some time ago I borrowed a small sum of her, and promised, it seems, to pay it before a certain time, but being disappointed in my expectation of money from the country, the day elapsed, without my being able to take up my note, upon which she wrote a peremptory letter, threatening to arrest me, if I did not pay the debt immediately. Nettled at this precise behaviour, I sent a damned severe answer, which enraged her so much, that she actually took out a writ against me. Whereupon, finding the thing grow serious, I got a friend to advance the money for me, discharged the debt, went to her house, and abused her for her unfriendly dealing. She was provoked

by my reproaches, and scolded in her turn. The little deformed urchin joined her mother with such virulence and volubility of tongue, that I was fain to make my retreat, after having been honoured with a great many scandalous epithets, which gave me plainly to understand that I had nothing to hope from the esteem of the one, or the affection of the other. As they are both utter strangers to life, it is a thousand to one but the girl will be picked up by some scoundrel or other at Bath, if I don't provide for her otherwise. You are a well-looking fellow, Random, and can behave as demurely as a quaker. Now, if you will give me an obligation for five hundred pounds, to be paid six months after your marriage, I will put you in a method of carrying her in spite of all opposition."

This proposal was too advantageous for me to be refused, the writing was immediately drawn up and executed, and Banter giving me notice of the time when, and the stage coach in which they were to set out, I bespoke a place in the same convenience, and having hired a horse for Strap, who was charmed with the prospect, set forward accordingly.

As we embarked before day, I had not the pleasure for some time of seeing Miss Snapper (that was the name of my mistress), nor even of perceiving the number and sex of my fellow-travellers, although I guessed that the coach was full, by the difficulty I found in seating myself. The first five minutes passed in a general silence, when, all of a sudden, the coach heeling to one side a boisterous voice pronounced,—"To the right and left, cover your flanks, d—e 'whiz!" I easily discovered, by the tone and manner of this exclamation, that it was uttered by a son of Mars, neither was it hard to conceive the profession of another person who sat opposite to me, and observed, that we ought to have been well satisfied of the security before we entered upon the premises. These two sallies had not the desired effect, we continued a good while as mute as before, till at length the gentleman of the sword, impatient of longer silence, made a second effort, by swearing he had got into a meeting of quakers. "I believe so too," said a shrill female voice at my left hand, "for the spirit of folly begins to move." "Out with it then, madam," replied the soldier. "You seem to have no occasion for a midwife," cried the lady. "D—n my blood!" exclaimed the other, "a man can't talk to a woman, but she immediately thinks of a midwife." "True, sir," said she, "I long to be delivered." "What! of a mouse, madam?" said he. "No, sir," said she, "of a fool." "Are you far gone with a fool?" said he. "Little more than two miles," said she. "By gad, you are a wit, madam!" cried the officer. "I wish I could with any justice

return the compliment," said the lady | "Zounds, I have done," said he. "Your bolt is soon shot, according to the old proverb," said she. The warrior's powder was quite spent, the lawyer advised him to drop the prosecution and a grave matron, who sat on the left hand of the victorious wit, told her, she must not let her tongue run so fast among strangers. This reprimand, softened with the appellation of *child*, convinced me that the satirical lady was no other than Miss Snapper, and I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly. The champion, finding himself so smartly handled, changed his battery, and began to expatiate upon his own exploits—"You talk of shot, madam," said he, "d—e" I have both given and received some shot in my time. I was wounded in the shoulder by a pistol-ball at Dettungen, where—I say nothing—but by G—d' if it had not been for me—all's one for that—I despise boasting, d—e' whiz!" So saying, he whistled one part and hummed another of *Black joke*, then addressing himself to the lawyer, went on thus—"Wouldn't you think it d—d hard, after having, at the risk of your life, recovered the standard of a regiment, that had been lost, to receive no preferment for your pains? I don't choose to name no names, sink me but howsomever, this I will refer, by G—d, and that is this. A musketeer of the French guards, having taken a standard from a certain cornet of a certain regiment, d—e' was retreating with the prize as fast as his horse's heels could carry him, sink me' upon which, I snatched up a firelock that belonged to a dead man, d—e' whiz' and shot his horse under him, d—n my blood! The fellow got upon his feet, and began to repose me, upon which I charged my bayonet breast high, and ran him through the body, by G—d' One of his comrades coming to his assistance, shot me in the shoulder, as I told you before, and another gave me a confusion on the head with the butt-end of his carbine, but, d—e' that did not signify. I killed one, put the other to flight, and taking up the standard, carried it off very deliberately. But the best joke of all was, the son of a b—h of a cornet who had surrendered it in a cowardly manner, seeing it in my possession, demanded it from me, in the front of the line. 'D—n my blood,' says he, 'where did you find my standard?' says he. 'D—n my blood,' said I, 'where,' said I, 'did you lose it,' said I. 'That's nothing to you,' says he, 'tis my standard,' says he, 'and by G—d I'll have it,' says he. 'D—n—n seize me,' says I, 'if you shall,' says I; 'till I have first delivered it to the general,' says I; and accordingly I went to the headquarters, after the battle, and delivered it to my Lord Stair, who promised to do for me, but I am no more than a poor lieutenant still, d—n my blood."

Having vented this repetition of expletives, the lawyer owned he had not been requited according to his deserts, observed, that the labourer is always worthy of his hire, and asked if the promise was made before witnesses, because, in that case, the law would compel the general to perform it,—but understanding that the promise was made over a bottle, without being restricted to time or terms, he pronounced it not valid in law, proceeded to inquire into the particulars of the battle, and affirmed, that although the English had drawn themselves into a premunire at first, the French managed their cause so lamely in the course of the dispute, that they would have been utterly nonsuited, had they not obtained a *noli prosequi*. In spite of these enlivening touches, the conversation was like to suffer another long interruption, when the lieutenant, unwilling to conceal any of his accomplishments, that could be displayed in his present situation, offered to regale the company with a song, and interpreting our silence into a desire of hearing, began to warble a fashionable air, the first stanza of which he pronounced thus

Would you task the moon-tied hair,
To you flagrant beau repair,
Where, waving with the popling vow,
The bantling fine will shelter you, &c

The sense of the rest he perverted as he went on, with such surprising facility, that I could not help thinking he had been at some pains to burlesque the performance. Miss Snapper ascribed it to the true cause, namely ignorance, and when he asked her how she relished his music, answered, that, in her opinion, the music and the words were much of a piece. "O d—n my blood," said he, "I take that as a high compliment, for every body allows the words are damnable fine." "They may be so," replied the lady, "for aught I know, but they are above my comprehension." "I an't obliged to find you comprehension, madam, curse me!" cried he. "No, nor to speak sense neither," said she. "D—n my heart," said he, "I'll speak what I please." Here the lawyer interposed, by telling him there were some things he must not speak. And upon being defied to give an instance, mentioned treason and defamation. "As for the king," cried the soldier, "God bless him—I eat his bread, and have lost blood in his cause, therefore I have nothing to say to him—but by G—d, I dare say any thing to any other man." "No," said the lawyer, "you dare not call me a rogue." "D—e, for why?" said the other. "Because," replied the counsellor, "I should have a good action against you, and recover." "Well, well," cried the officer, "if I dare not call you a rogue, I dare thank you one, d—e." This stroke of wit he accompanied with a loud

laugh of self-approbation, which unluckily did not affect the audience, but effectually silenced his antagonist, who did not open his mouth for the space of an hour, except to clear his pipe with three *hems*, which, however, produced nothing

CHAPTER LIV.

Day breaking, I have the pleasure of viewing the person of Miss Snapper, whom I had not seen before—the soldier is witty upon me—is offended, talks much of his valour—is reprimanded by a grave gentleman—we are alarmed with the cry of highwaymen—I get out of the coach, and stand in my own defence—they ride off without having attacked us—I pursue them—one of them is thrown from his horse and taken—I return to the coach—am complimented by Miss Snapper—the captain's behaviour on this occasion—the pride reproaches me in a soliloquy—I upbraid her in the same manner—the behaviour of Mrs Snapper at breakfast disobliges me—the lawyer is witty upon the officer, who threatens him

IN the mean time, day breaking in upon us, discovered to one another the faces of their fellow-travellers, and I had the good fortune to find my mistress not quite so deformed nor disagreeable as she had been represented to me. Her head, indeed, bore some resemblance to a hatchet, the edge being represented by her face, but she had a certain delicacy in her complexion, and a great deal of vivacity in her eyes, which were very large and black, and though the protuberance of her breast, when considered alone, seemed to drag her forwards it was easy to perceive an equivalent on her back, which balanced the other, and kept her body in *equilibrio*. On the whole, I thought I should have great reason to congratulate myself, if it should be my fate to possess twenty thousand pounds incumbered with such a wife. I began, therefore, to deliberate about the most probable means of acquiring the conquest, and was so much engrossed by this idea, that I scarce took any notice of the rest of the people in the coach, but revolved my project in silence, while the conversation was maintained, as before, by the object of my hopes, the son of Mars, and the barrister, who by this time had recollected himself, and talked in terms as much as ever. At length a dispute happened, which ended in a wager, to be determined by me, who was so much absorbed in contemplation, that I neither heard the reference nor the question, which was put to me by each in his turn affronted at my supposed contempt, the soldier, with great vociferation, swore I was either dumb or deaf, if not both, and

that I looked as if I could not say *boh* to a goose. Aroused at this observation, I fixed my eyes upon him, and pronounced with emphasis the interjection *boh*. Upon which he cocked his hat in a fierce manner, and cried,—“D—e, sir, what d’y’e mean by that?” Had I intended to answer him, which, by the by was not my design, I should have been anticipated by miss, who told him my meaning was to show that I could cry *boh* to a goose, and laughed very heartily at my laconic reproof. Her explanation and mirth did not help to appease his wrath, which broke out in several martial insinuations, such as,—“I do not understand such freedoms, d—e ‘d—n my blood! I am a gentleman, and bear the king’s commission. ‘Sblood’ some people deserve to have their noses pulled for their impertinence.” I thought to have checked these ejaculations by a frown, because he had talked so much of his valour, that I had long ago rated him as an ass in a lion’s skin, but this expedient did not answer my expectation, he took umbrage at the contraction of my brows, swore he did not value my sulky looks a fig’s end, and protested he feared no man breathing. Miss Snapper said she was very glad to find herself in company with a man of so much courage, who, she did not doubt, would protect us from all attempts of highwaymen during our journey. “Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, madam,” replied the officer. “I have got a pair of pistols—here they are,—which I took from a horse officer at the battle of Dettingen—they are double loaded, and if any highwayman in England robs you of the value of a pin, while I have the honour of being in your company, d—n my heart.” When he had expressed himself in this manner, a prim gentleman, who had sat silent hitherto, opened her mouth, and said she wondered how any man could be so rude as to pull out such weapons before ladies. “D—e, madam,” cried the champion, “if you are so much afraid at sight of a pistol, how d’y’e propose to stand fire if there should be occasion?” She then told him that if she thought he could be so unmanly as to use fire-arms in her presence, whatever might be the occasion, she would get out of the coach immediately, and walk to the next village where she might procure a convenience to herself. Before he could make any answer, my Dulcinea interposed, and observed, that, far from being offended at a gentleman’s using his arms in his own defence, she thought herself very lucky in being along with one by whose valour she stood a good chance of saving herself from being rifled. The pride cast a disdainful look at miss, and said, that people who have but little to lose are sometimes most solicitous about preserving it. The old lady was affronted at this innuendo, and took notice, that people ought

to be very well informed before they spoke slightly of other people's fortunes, lest they discover their own envy, and make themselves ridiculous. The daughter declared, that she did not pretend to vie with any body in point of riches; and if the lady who insisted upon non-resistance, would promise to indemnify us for all the loss we should sustain, she would be one of the first to persuade the captain to submission, in case we should be attacked. To this proposal, reasonable as it was, the reserved lady made no other reply than a scornful glance and a toss of her head. I was very well pleased with the spirit of my mistress; and even wished for an opportunity of distinguishing my courage under her eye, which I believed could not fail of prepossessing her in my favour, when, all of a sudden, Strap rode up to the coach-door, and told us in a great fright, that two men on horseback were crossing the heath (for by this time we had passed Hounslow), and made directly towards us. This piece of information was no sooner delivered than Mrs Snapper began to scream, her daughter grew pale, the other lady pulled out her purse to be in readiness, the lawyer's teeth chattered, while he pronounced,—" 'Tis no matter—we'll sue the county, and recover." The captain gave evident signs of confusion, and I, after having commanded the coachman to stop, opened the door, jumped out, and invited the warrior to follow me. But finding him backward and astonished, I took his pistols, and giving them to Strap, who had by this time alighted, and trembled very much, I mounted on horseback, and taking my own (which I could better depend upon) from the holsters, cocked them both, and faced the robbers, who were now very near us. Seeing me ready to oppose them on horseback, and another man armed a-foot, they made a halt at some distance to reconnoitre us, and after having rode round us twice, myself still facing about as they rode, went off the same way as they came, at a hand-gallop. A gentleman's servant coming up with a horse at the same time, I offered him a crown to assist me in pursuing them, which he no sooner accepted, than I armed him with the officer's pistols, and we galloped after the thieves, who, trusting to the swiftness of their horses, stopped till we came within shot of them, and then firing at us, put their nags to the full speed. We followed them as fast as our breasts could carry us; but not being so well mounted as they, our efforts would have been to little purpose, had not the horse of one of them stumbled, and thrown his rider with such violence over his head, that he lay senseless when we came up; and was taken without the least opposition; while his comrade consulted his own safety in flight, without regarding the distress of his friend. We scarce had time to

make ourselves masters of his arms and tie his hands together, before he recovered his senses, when learning his situation, he affected surprise, demanded to know by what authority we used a gentleman in that manner, and had the impudence to threaten us with a prosecution for robbery. In the mean time we perceived Strap coming up with a crowd of people, armed with different kinds of weapons, and, among the rest a farmer, who no sooner perceived the thief, whom we had secured, than he cried, with great emotion,—"There's the fellow who robbed me an hour ago, of twenty pounds in a canvass bag." He was immediately searched, and the money found exactly as it had been described upon which we committed him to the charge of the countryman, who carried him to the town of Hounslow, which, it seems, the farmer had alarmed, and I having satisfied the footman for his trouble, according to promise, returned with Strap to the coach, where I found the captain and lawyer busy in administering smelling bottles and cordials to the grave lady, who had gone into a fit at the noise of the firing.

When I had taken my seat, Miss Snapper, who from the coach had seen every thing that happened, made me a compliment on my behaviour, and said, she was glad to see me returned without having received any injury. Her mother too owned herself obliged to my resolution, and the lawyer told me that I was entitled by act of parliament to a reward of forty pounds, for having apprehended a highwayman. The soldier observed, with a countenance in which impudence and shame, struggling, produced some disorder, that if I had not been in such a d—d hurry to get out of the coach, he would have secured the rogues effectually, without all this bustle and loss of time, by a scheme which my heat and precipitation ruined. "For my own part," continued he, "I am always extremely cool on these occasions." "So it appeared by your trembling," said the young lady. "Death and d—n—n," cried he, "your sex protects you, madam, if any man on earth durst tell me so much, I'd send him to hell, d—n my heart' in an instant." So saying, he fixed his eyes upon me, and asked if I had seen him tremble? I answered without hesitation,—"Yes." "D—e, sir," said he, "d'ye doubt my courage?" I replied,—"Very much." This declaration quite disconcerted him, he looked blank, and pronounced with a faltering voice—"O! 'tis very well—d—n my blood! I shall find a time." I signified my contempt of him, by thrusting my tongue in my cheek, which humbled him so much, that he scarce swore another oath aloud during the whole journey.

The precise lady having recruited her spirits by the help of some strong waters, began a soliloquy, in which she wondered

that any man, who pretended to maintain the character of a gentleman, could, for the sake of a little paltry coin, throw persons of honour into such quandaries as might endanger their lives, and professed her surprise, that women were not ashamed to commend such brutality, at the same time vowing, that, for the future, she would never set foot in a stage coach, if a private convenience could be had for love or money.

Nettled at her remarks, I took the game method of conveying my sentiments, and wondered in my turn that any woman of common sense should be so unreasonable as to expect that people, who had neither acquaintance or connection with her, would tamely allow themselves to be robbed and maltreated, merely to indulge her capricious humour. I likewise confessed my astonishment at her insolence and ingratitude in taxing a person with brutality, who deserved her approbation and acknowledgement, and vowed, that if ever she should be assaulted again, I would leave her to the mercy of the spoiler, that she might know the value of my protection.

This person of honour did not think fit to carry on the altercation any farther, but seemed to chew the cud of her resentment with the crest-fallen captain, while I entered into discourse with my charmer, who was the more pleased with my conversation, as she had conceived a very indifferent opinion of my intellects from my former silence. I should have had cause to be equally satisfied with the sprightliness of her genius, could she have curbed her imagination with judgment, but she laboured under such a profusion of talk, that I dreaded her unruly tongue, and felt by anticipation the horrors of an eternal clack. However, when I considered, on the other hand, the joys attending the possession of twenty thousand pounds, I forgot her imperfections, seized occasion by the fore-lock, and endeavoured to insinuate myself into her affection. The careful mother kept a strict watch over her, and though she could not help behaving civilly to me, took frequent opportunities of discouraging our communication, by reprimanding her for being so free with strangers, and telling her she must learn to speak less, and think more. Abridged of the use of speech, we conversed with our eyes, and I found the young lady very eloquent in this kind of discourse. In short, I had reason to believe that she was sick of the old gentleman's tuition, and that I should find it no difficult matter to supersede her authority.

When we arrived at the place where we were to breakfast, I alighted, and helped my mistress out of the coach, as well as her mother, who called for a private room, to which they withdrew, in order to eat by themselves. As they retired together, I perceived that miss had got more twists from nature than I

had before observed, for she was bent sideways in the figure of an S, so that her progression very much resembled that of a crab. The prude also chose the captain for her messmate, and ordered breakfast for two only to be brought into another separate room, while the lawyer and I, deserted by the rest of the company, were fain to put up with each other. I was a good deal chagrined at the stately reserve of Mrs Snapper, who I thought did not use me with all the complaisance I deserved, and my companion declared, that he had been a traveller for twenty years, and never knew the stage-coach rules so much infringed before. As for the honourable gentlewoman, I could not conceive the meaning of her attachment to the lieutenant, and asked the lawyer if he knew for which of the soldier's virtues she admired him¹. The counsellor facetiously replied,—“I suppose the lady knows him to be an able conveyancer, and wants him to make a settlement in tail.” I could not help laughing at the archness of the barrister, who entertained me during breakfast with a great deal of wit of the same kind, at the expense of our fellow travellers, and, among other things, said, he was sorry to find the young lady saddled with such incumbrances.

When we had made an end of our repast, and paid our reckoning, we went into the coach, took our places, and bribed the driver with sixpence, to revenge us on the rest of his fare, by hurrying them away in the midst of their meal. This task he performed to our satisfaction, after he had disturbed their enjoyment with his importunate clamour. The mother and daughter obeyed the summons first, and coming to the coach-door, were obliged to desire the coachman's assistance to get in, because the lawyer and I had agreed to show our resentment by our neglect. They were no sooner seated, than the captain appeared as much heated as if he had been pursued a dozen miles by an enemy, and immediately after him came the lady, not without some marks of disorder. Having helped her up, he entered himself, growling a few oaths against the coachman for his importunate interruption, and the lawyer comforted him by saying, that if he had suffered a *non prois* through the obstinacy of the defendant, he might have an opportunity to join issue at the next stage. This last expression gave offence to the grave gentlewoman, who told him, if she was a man, she would make him repent of such obscenity, and thanked God she had never been in such company before. At this insinuation the captain thought himself under a necessity of espousing the lady's cause, and accordingly threatened to cut off the lawyer's ears, if he should give his tongue any such liberties for the future. The poor counsellor begged pardon, and universal silence ensued.

CHAPTER LV.

I resolve to ingratiate myself with the mother, and am favoured by accident—the precise lady finds her husband, and quits the coach—the captain is disappointed of his dinner—we arrive at Bath—I accompany Miss Snapper to the long room, where she is attacked by Beau Nash, and turns the laugh against him—I make love to her, and receive a check—squire her to an assembly, where I am blessed with a sight of my dear Narcissa, which discomposes me so much, that Miss Snapper, observing my disorder, is at pains to discover the cause—is piqued at the occasion, and, in our way home, pays me a sarcastic compliment—I am met by Miss Williams, who is maid and confidant of Narcissa—she acquaints me with her lady's regard for me while under the disguise of a servant, and describes the transports of Narcissa on seeing me at the assembly, in the character of a gentleman—I am surprised with an account of her aunt's marriage, and make an appointment to meet Miss Williams next day

DURING this unsocial interval, my pride and interest maintained a severe conflict on the subject of Miss Snapper, whom the one represented as unworthy of notice, and the other proposed as the object of my whole attention the advantages and disadvantages attending such a match were opposed to one another by my imagination, and at length my judgment gave it so much in favour of the first, that I resolved to prosecute my scheme with all the address in my power I thought I perceived some concern in her countenance, occasioned by my silence, which she, no doubt, imputed to my disgust at her mother's behaviour, and as I believed the old woman could not fail of ascribing my muteness to the same motive, I determined to continue that sullen conduct towards her, and fall upon some other method of manifesting my esteem for the daughter nor was it difficult for me to make her acquainted with my sentiments by the expression of my looks, which I modelled into the characters of humility and love, and which were answered by her with all the sympathy and approbation I could desire But when I began to consider, that, without further opportunities of improving my success, all the progress I had hitherto made would not much avail, and that such opportunities could not be enjoyed without the mother's permission, I concluded it would be requisite to vanquish her coldness and suspicion by my assiduities and respectful behaviour on the road, and she would in all likelihood invite me to visit her at Bath, where I did not fear of being able to cultivate

her acquaintance as much as would be necessary to the accomplishment of my purpose And indeed accident furnished me with an opportunity of obliging her so much, that she could not, with any appearance of good manners, forbear to gratify my inclination

When we arrived at our dining-place, we found all the eatables in the inn bespoken by a certain nobleman, who had got the start of us, and in all likelihood my mistress and her mother must have dined with Duke Humphrey, had I not exerted myself in their behalf, and bribed the landlord with a glass of wine, to curtail his lordship's entertainment of a couple of fowls and some bacon, which I sent with my compliments to the ladies They accepted my treat with a great many thanks, and desired I would favour them with my company at dinner, where I amused the old gentlewoman so successfully, by maintaining a seemingly disinterested ease in the midst of my civility, that she signified a desire of being better acquainted, and hoped I would be so kind as to see her sometimes at Bath While I enjoyed myself in this manner, the precise lady had the good fortune to meet with her husband, who was no other than gentleman, or, in other words, valet-de-chambre, to the very nobleman whose coach stood at the door Proud of the interest she had in the house, she affected to show her power by introducing the captain to her spouse, as a person who had treated her with great civility, upon which he was invited to a share of their dinner, while the poor lawyer, finding himself utterly abandoned, made application to me, and was, through my intercession, admitted into our company Having satisfied our appetites, and made ourselves merry at the expense of the person of honour, the civil captain, and complaisant husband, I did myself the pleasure of discharging the bill by stealth, for which I received a great many apologies and acknowledgements from my guests, and we re-embarked at the first warning The officer was obliged, at last, to appease his hunger with a luncheon of bread and cheese, and a pint bottle of brandy, which he dispatched in the coach, cursing the inappetence of his lordship, who had ordered dinner to be put back a whole hour

Nothing remarkable happened during the remaining part of our journey, which was finished next day, when I waited on the ladies to the house of a relation, in which they intended to lodge, and passing that night at the inn, took lodgings in the morning for myself

The forenoon was spent in visiting every thing that was worth seeing in the place, in company with a gentleman to whom Banter had given me a letter of introduction, and in the afternoon I waited on the ladies, and found miss a good deal indisposed with the fatigue of the journey As they foresaw they

should have occasion for a male acquaintance to squire them at all public places, I was received with great cordiality, and had the mother's commission to conduct them next day to the long room, which we no sooner entered, than the eyes of every body present were turned upon us; and when we had suffered the martyrdom of their looks for some time, a whisper circulated at our expense, which was accompanied with many contemptuous smiles, and tittering observations, to my utter shame and confusion. I did not so much conduct, as follow, my charge to a place where she seated her mother and herself, with astonishing composure, notwithstanding the unmannerly behaviour of the whole company, which seemed to be assumed merely to put her out of countenance. The celebrated Mr Nash, who commonly attends in this place, as master of the ceremonies, perceiving the disposition of the assembly, took upon himself the task of gratifying their ill-nature still further, by exposing my mistress to the edge of his wit. With this view he approached us, with many bows and grimaces, and, after having welcomed Miss Snapper to the place, asked her, in the hearing of all present, if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog? I was so much incensed at his insolence that I should certainly have kicked him where he stood, without ceremony, had not the young lady prevented the effects of my indignation, by replying, with the utmost vivacity,—“His name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was.” This repartee, so unexpected and just, raised such an universal laugh at the aggressor, that all his assurance was insufficient to support him under their derision, so that, after he had endeavoured to compose himself by taking snuff, and forcing a smile, he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude, while my Dulcinea was applauded to the skies, for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room. This event, with which I was infinitely pleased at first, did not fail of alarming me, upon further reflection, when I considered that the more she was caressed by persons of distinction, the more her pride would be inflamed, and consequently the obstacles to my success multiplied and enlarged. Nor were my presaging fears untrue. That very night I perceived her a little intoxicated with the incense she had received, and though she still behaved with a particular civility to me, I foresaw, that, as soon as her fortune should be known, she would be surrounded with a swarm of admirers, some one of whom might possibly, by excelling me in point of wealth, or in the arts of flattery and scandal, supplant me in her esteem, and find means to make the mother of his party. I resolved, therefore, to lose no time, and being invited to spend the evening with them

found an opportunity in spite of the old gentlewoman's vigilance, to explain the meaning of my glances in the coach, by paying homage to her wit, and professing myself enamoured of her person. She blushed at my declaration, and in a favourable manner disapproved of the liberty I had taken, putting me in mind of our being strangers to each other, and desiring I would not be the means of interrupting our acquaintance by any such unseasonable strokes of gallantry for the future. My ardour was effectually checked by this reprimand, which was, however, delivered in such a gentle manner, that I had no cause to be disobliged, and the arrival of her mother delivered me from a dilemma, in which I should not have known how to demean myself a minute longer. neither could I resume the easiness of carriage with which I came in. My mistress acted on the reserve, and the conversation beginning to flag, the old lady introduced her kinswoman of the house, and proposed a hand at whist.

While we amused ourselves at this diversion, I understood from the gentlewoman, that there was to be an assembly next night, at which I begged to have the honour of dancing with miss. She thanked me for the favour I intended her, assured me she never did dance, but signified a desire of seeing the company, when I offered my service, which was accepted, not a little proud of being exempted from appearing with her in a situation, that, notwithstanding my profession to the contrary, was not at all agreeable to my inclination.

Having supped, and continued the game, till such time as the successive yawns of the mother warned me to be gone, I took my leave, and went home, where I made Strap very happy with an account of my progress. Next day I put on my gayest apparel, and went to drink tea at Mrs Snapper's, according to appointment, when I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that she was laid up with the toothach, and that miss was to be intrusted to my care. Accordingly, we set out for the ball-room pretty early in the evening, and took possession of a commodious place, where we had not sat longer than a quarter of an hour, when a gentleman dressed in a green frock came in, leading a young lady, whom I immediately discovered to be the adorable Narcissa. Good heaven! what were the thrills of my soul at that instant! my reflection was overwhelmed with a torrent of agitation, my heart throbbed with surprising violence, a sudden mist overspread my eyes, my ears were invaded with a dreadful sound, I panted for want of breath, and, in short, was for some moments entranced. This first tumult subsiding, a crowd of flattering ideas rushed upon my imagination, every thing that was soft, sensible, and engaging in the character

of that dear creature, recurred to my remembrance, and every favourable circumstance of my own qualifications appeared in all the aggravation of self conceit, to heighten my expectation. Neither was this transport of long duration: the dread of her being already disposed of intervened, and overcast my enchanting reverie. My presaging apprehension represented her encircled in the arms of some happy rival, and of consequence for ever lost to me. I was stung with this suggestion, and believing the person who conducted her to be the husband of this amiable young lady, already devoted him to my fury, and stood up to mark him for my vengeance, when I recollected, to my unspeakable joy, her brother, the fox-hunter, in the person of her gallant. Undeceived so much to my satisfaction in this particular, I gazed, in a frenzy of delight, on the irresistible charms of his sister, who no sooner distinguished me in the crowd, than her evident confusion afforded a happy omen to my flame. At sight of me she started, the roses instantly vanished from her polished cheeks, and returned in a moment with a double glow that overspread her lovely neck, while her enchanting bosom heaved with strong emotion. I hailed these favourable symptoms, and, lying in wait for her looks, did homage with my eyes. She seemed to approve my declaration, by the complacency of her aspect, and I was so transported with her discovery, that more than once I was on the point of making up to her to disclose the throbbings of my heart in person, had not that profound veneration which her presence always inspired, restrained the unseasonable impulse. All my powers being engrossed in this manner, it may easily be imagined how ill I entertained Miss Snapper, on whom I could not now turn my eyes, without making comparisons very little to her advantage. It was not even in my power to return distinct answers to the questions she asked me from time to time, so that she could not help observing my absence of mind, and having a turn for observation, watched my glances, and tracing them to the divine object, discovered the cause of my disorder. That she might, however, be convinced of the truth of her conjecture, she began to interrogate me with regard to Narcissa, and, notwithstanding all my endeavours to disguise my sentiments, perceived my attachment by my confusion. Upon which she assumed a stateliness of behaviour, and sat silent during the remaining part of the entertainment. At any other time, her suspicion would have alarmed me, but now I was elevated by my passion above every other consideration. The mistress of my soul having retired with her brother, I discovered so much uneasiness at my situation, that Miss Snapper proposed to go home, and while I conducted her to a chair, told me she had too great a regard for me to

keep me any longer in torment. I feigned ignorance of her meaning, and having seen her safely at her lodgings, took my leave, and went home in an ecstasy, where I disclosed every thing that had happened to my confidant and humble servant, Strap, who did not relish the accident so well as I expected, and observed that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, "but however," said he, "you know best,—you know best." Next day, as I went to the pump-room, in hopes of seeing or hearing some tidings of my fair enslaver, I was met by a gentlewoman, who, having looked hard at me, cried,—“O Christ! Mr Random!” Surprised at this exclamation, I examined the countenance of the person who spoke, and immediately recognised my old sweetheart and fellow-sufferer, Miss Williams.

I was mightily pleased to find this unfortunate woman under such a decent appearance, professed my joy at seeing her so well, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of her conversation. She was heartily rejoiced at the apparent easiness of my fortune, and gave me to know, that she, as yet, had no habitation that she could properly call her own, but would wait on me at any place I should please to appoint. Understanding that she was unengaged for the present, I showed her the way to my own lodgings, where, after a very affectionate salutation, she informed me of her being very happy in the service of a young lady to whom she was recommended by a former mistress deceased, into whose family she had recommended herself by the honest deceit she had concerted while she lived with me in the garret at London. She then expressed a vehement desire to be acquainted with the vicissitudes of my life since we parted, and excused her curiosity on account of the concern she had for my interest. I forthwith granted her request, and when I described my situation in Sussex, perceived her to attend to my story with particular eagerness. She interrupted me when I had finished that period, with,—“Good God! is it possible!”—and then begged I would be so good as to continue my relation, which I did as briefly as I could, burning with impatience to know the cause of her surprise, about which I had already formed a very interesting conjecture. When I had brought my adventures down to the present day, she seemed very much affected with the different circumstances of my fortune, and saying, with a smile, she behaved my mistresses were now at a period, proceeded to inform me, that the lady whom she served was no other than the charming Narcissa, who had honoured her with her confidence for some time, in consequence of which trust, she had often repeated the story of John Brown, with great admiration and regard, that she loved to dwell upon the particulars of his

character, and did not scruple to own a tender approbation of his flame. I became delirious at this piece of intelligence, strained Miss Williams in my embrace, called her the angel of my happiness, and acted such extravagancies, that she might have been convinced of my sincerity, had she not been satisfied of my honour before. As soon as I was in a condition to yield attention, she described the present situation of her mistress, who had no sooner reached her lodgings the night before, than she closeted her, and, in a rapture of joy, gave her to know that she had seen me at the ball, where I appeared in the character which she always thought my due, with such advantage of transformation, that unless my image had been engraven on her heart, it would have been impossible to know me for the person who had worn her aunt's livery, that, by the language of my eyes, she was assured of the continuance of my passion for her, and consequently of my being unengaged to any other, and that, though she did not doubt I would speedily fall upon some method of being introduced, she was so impatient to hear of me, that she (Miss Williams) had been sent abroad this very morning, on purpose to learn the name and character I at present bore. My bosom had been hitherto a stranger to such a flood of joy as now rushed upon it: my faculties were overborne by the tide. It was some time before I could open my mouth, and much longer ere I could utter a coherent sentence. At length I fervently requested her to lead me immediately to the object of my adoration; but she resisted my importunity, and explained the danger of such premature conduct—"How favourable soever," said she, "my lady's inclination towards you may be, you may depend upon it, she will not commit the smallest trespass on decorum, either in disclosing her own, or in receiving a declaration of your passion, and although the great veneration I have for you has prompted me to reveal what she communicated to me in confidence, I know so well the severity of her sentiments with respect to the punctilios of her sex, that, if she should learn the least surmise of it, she would not only dismiss me as a wretch unworthy of her benevolence, but also for ever shun the efforts of your love." I assented to the justness of her remonstrance, and desired she would assist me with her advice and direction upon which it was concerted between us, that, for the present, I should be contented with her telling Narcissa, that, in the course of her inquiries, she could only learn my name; and that if, in a day or two, I could fall upon no other method of being introduced to her mistress, she would deliver a letter from me, on pretence of consulting her happiness, and say that I met her in the street, and bribed her to this piece of service. Matters being thus adjusted, I kept my old acquaintance to breakfast, and learned from her conversation, that my rival, Sir Timothy, had drunk himself into an apoplexy, of which he died five months ago, that the savage was still unmarried, and that his aunt had been seized with a whim which he little expected, and chosen the schoolmaster of the parish for her lord and husband, but matrimony not agreeing with her constitution, she had been hectic and dropsical a good while, and was now at Bath, in order to drink the waters for the recovery of her health, that her niece had accompanied her hither at her request, and attended her with the same affection as before, notwithstanding the mistake she had committed, and that her nephew, who had been exasperated at the loss of her fortune, did not give his attendance out of good will, but purely to have an eye on his sister, lest she should likewise throw herself away, without his consent or approbation. Having enjoyed ourselves in this manner, and made an assignation to meet next day at a certain place, Miss Williams took her leave, and Strap's looks being very inquisitive about the nature of the communication subsisting between us, I made him acquainted with the whole affair, to his great astonishment and satisfaction.

CHAPTER LVI

I become acquainted with Narcissa's brother, who invites me to his house, where I am introduced to that adorable creature—after dinner, the squire retires to take his nap—Freeman, guessing the situation of my thoughts, withdraws likewise on pretence of business—I declare my passion to Narcissa—am well received—charmed with her conversation—the squire detains us to supper—I elude his design by a stratagem, and get home sober

In the afternoon I drank tea at the house of Mr Freeman, to whom I had been recommended by Banter, where I had not sat five minutes, till the fox-hunter came in, and by his familiar behaviour appeared to be intimate with my friend. I was at first under some concern, lest he should recollect my features, but when I found myself introduced to him as a gentleman from London, without being discovered, I blessed the opportunity that brought me into his company, hoping that, in the course of our acquaintance, he would invite me to his house. Nor were my hopes frustrated; for, as we spent the evening together, he grew extremely fond of my conversation, asked a great many childish questions about France and other foreign parts, and seemed so highly entertained with my answers, that, in his cups, he shook me often by the hand, pronounced me an honest

fellow, and, in fine, desired our company at dinner next day in his own house. My imagination was so much employed in anticipating the happiness I was to enjoy next day, that I slept very little that night, but, rising early in the morning, went to the place appointed, where I met my she-friend, and imparted to her my success with the squire. She was very much pleased at the occasion, which (she said) could not fail of being agreeable to Narcissa, who, in spite of her passion for me, had mentioned some scruples relating to my true situation and character, which the delicacy of her sentiments suggested, and which she believed I would find it necessary to remove, though she did not know how. I was a good deal startled at this insinuation, because I foresaw the difficulty I should find in barely doing myself justice, for although it was never my intention to impose myself upon any woman, much less on Narcissa, as a man of fortune, I laid claim to the character of a gentleman, by birth, education, and behaviour, and yet (so unluckily had the circumstances of my life fallen out) I should find it a very hard matter to make good my pretensions even to these, especially to the last, which was the most essential. Miss Williams was as sensible as I of this my disadvantage, but comforted me with observing, that when once a woman had bestowed her affections on a man, she cannot help judging of him in all respects with a partiality easily influenced in his favour. She remarked, that although some situations of my life had been low, yet none of them had been infamous, that my indignity had been the crime not of me, but of fortune, and that the miseries I had undergone, by improving the faculties both of mind and body, qualified me the more for any dignified station, and would of consequence recommend me to the good graces of any sensible woman. She therefore advised me to be always open and unreserved to the inquiries of my mistress, without unnecessarily betraying the meanest occurrences of my fate, and trust to the strength of her love and reflection for the rest. The sentiments of this sensible young woman, on this as well as on almost every other subject, perfectly agreed with mine. I thanked her for the care she took of my interests, and promising to behave myself according to her direction, we parted, after she had assured me, that I might depend upon her best offices with her mistress, and that she would from time to time communicate to me such intelligence as she should procure relating to my flame. Having dressed myself to the best advantage, I waited for the time of dinner with the most fearful impatience, and as the hour drew nigh, my heart beat with such increased velocity, and my spirits contracted such disorder, that I began to suspect my resolution, and even to wish myself disen-

gaged. At last Mr Freeman called at my lodgings, in his way, and I accompanied him to the house where all my happiness was deposited. We were very kindly received by the squire, who sat smoking his pipe in a parlour, and asked if we chose to drink any thing before dinner, though I had never more occasion for a cordial, I was ashamed to accept his offer, which was also refused by my friend. We sat down, however, and entered into conversation, which lasted half an hour, so that I had time to recollect myself, and, so capricious were my thoughts, even to hope that Narcissa would not appear—when, all of a sudden, a servant, coming in, gave us notice that dinner was upon the table—and my perturbation returned with such violence, that I could scarce conceal it from the company as I ascended the staircase. When I entered the dining-room, the first object that saluted my ravished eyes was the divine Narcissa, blushing like Aurora, adorned with all the graces that meekness, innocence, and beauty can diffuse. I was seized with a giddiness, my knees tottered, and I scarce had strength enough to perform the ceremony of salutation, when her brother, slapping me on the shoulder, cried,—“Measter Randan, that there is my sister.” I approached her with great eagerness and fear, but in the moment of our embrace, my soul was agonized with rapture, it was a lucky circumstance for us both, that my entertainer was not endued with an uncommon stock of penetration, for our mutual confusion was so manifest, that Mr Freeman perceived it, and, as we went home together, congratulated me on my good fortune. But so far was Bruin from entertaining the least suspicion, that he encouraged me to begin a conversation with my mistress in a language unknown to him, by telling her, that he had brought a gentleman who could jabber with her in French and other foreign lingos, as fast as she pleased; then turning to me, said,—“Odds bods! I wish you would hold discourse with her in your French or Italiano, and tell me if she understands it as well as she would be thought to do—there’s her aunt and she will chatter together whole days in it, and I can’t have a mouthful of English for love or money.” I consulted the look of my amiable mistress, and found her averse to his proposal, which she declined with a sweetness of denial peculiar to herself, as a piece of disrespect to that part of the company which did not understand the language in question. As I had the happiness of sitting opposite to her, I feasted my eyes much more than my palate, which she tempted in vain with the most delicious bits carved by her fair hand, and recommended by her persuasive tongue, but all my other appetites were swallowed up in the immensity of my love, which I fed by gazing incessantly on the delightful object. Dinner was scarce ended, when the squire

became very drowsy, and, after several dreadful yawns, got up, stretched himself, took two or three turns across the room, begged we would allow him to take a short nap, and, having laid a strong injunction on his sister to detain us till his return, went to his repose without further ceremony. He had not been gone many minutes, when Freeman, guessing the situation of my heart, and thinking he could not do me a greater favour than to leave me alone with Narcissa, pretended to recollect himself all of a sudden, and starting up, begged the lady's pardon for half an hour, for he had luckily remembered an engagement of some consequence, that he must perform at that instant, so saying, he took his leave, promising to come back time enough for tea, leaving my mistress and me in great confusion. Now that I enjoyed an opportunity of disclosing the pangs of my soul, I had not power to use it. I studied many pathetic declarations, but when I attempted to give them utterance, my tongue denied its office, and she sat silent, with a downcast look, full of anxious alarm, her bosom heaving with expectation of some great event. At length I endeavoured to put an end to this solemn pause, and began with,—"It is very surprising, madam,"—here the sound dying away, I made a full stop—while Narcissa, starting, blushed, and, with a timid accent, answered,—"Sir?" Confounded at this note of interrogation, I pronounced, with the most sheepish bashfulness,—"Madam!"—To which she replied,—"I beg pardon—I thought you had spoken to me." Another pause ensued—I made another effort, and though my voice faltered very much at the beginning, made shift to express myself in this manner—"I say, madam, 'tis very surprising that love should act so inconsistently with itself, as to deprive its votaries of the use of their faculties when they have most need of them. Since the happy occasion of being alone with you presented itself, I have made many unsuccessful attempts to declare my passion for the loveliest of her sex—a passion which took possession of my soul, while my cruel fate compelled me to wear a servile disguise so unsuitable to my birth, sentiments, and, let me add, my deserts yet favourable in one respect, as it furnished me with opportunities of seeing and adoring your perfections—yes, madam, it was then your dear idea entered my bosom, where it has lived unimpaired in the midst of numberless cares, and animated me against a thousand dangers and calamities." While I spoke thus, she concealed her face with her fan, and when I ceased speaking, recovering herself from the most beautiful confusion, told me, she thought herself very much obliged by my favourable opinion of her, and that she was very sorry to hear I had been unfortunate. Encouraged by this gentle reply, I proceeded, owned myself sufficiently recom-

pensed by her kind compassion for what I had undergone, and declared that the future happiness of my life depended solely upon her. "Sir," said she, "I should be very ungrateful, if, after the signal protection you once afforded me, I should refuse to contribute towards your happiness, in any reasonable condescension." Transported at this acknowledgement, I threw myself at her feet, and begged she would regard my passion with a favourable eye. She was alarmed at my behaviour, entreated me to rise, lest her brother should discover me in that posture, and to spare her, for the present, upon a subject for which she was altogether unprepared. In consequence of this remonstrance, I arose, assuring her I would rather die than disobey her, but, in the mean time, begged her to consider how precious the minutes of this opportunity were, and what restraint I put upon my inclination in sacrificing them to her desire. She smiled with unspeakable sweetness, and said there would be no want of opportunities, provided I could maintain the good opinion her brother had conceived of me, and I, enchanted by her charms, seized her hand, which I well nigh devoured with kisses. But she checked my boldness with a severity of countenance, and desired I would not so far forget myself or her as to endanger the esteem she had for me. She reminded me of our being almost strangers to each other, and of the necessity there was for her knowing me better before she could take any resolution in my favour, and, in short, mingled so much good sense and complacency in her reproof, that I became as much enamoured of her understanding, as I had been before of her beauty, and asked pardon for my presumption with the utmost reverence of conviction. She forgave my offence with her usual affability, and sealed my pardon with a look so full of bewitching tenderness, that for some minutes my senses were lost in ecstasy. I afterwards endeavoured to regulate my behaviour according to her desire, and turn the conversation upon a more indifferent subject, but her presence was an insurmountable obstacle to my design. While I beheld so much excellence, I found it impossible to call my attention from the contemplation of it. I gazed with unintermittible fondness, I grew mad with admiration—"My condition is insupportable!" cried I, "I am distracted with passion, why are you so exquisitely fair? why are you so enchantingly good? why has nature dignified you with charms so much above the standard of women? and, wretch that I am, how dares my unworthiness aspire to the enjoyment of such perfection?"

She was startled at my ravings, reasoned down my transport, and by her irresistible eloquence soothed my soul into a state of tranquil felicity, but, lest I might suffer a relapse, industriously promoted other sub-

jects to entertain my imagination. She chid me for having omitted to inquire about her aunt, who (she assured me), in the midst of all her absence of temper, and detachment from common affairs, often talked of me with uncommon warmth. I professed my veneration for the good lady, excused my omission, by imputing it to the violence of my love, which engrossed my whole soul, and desired to know the situation of her health upon which the amiable Narcissa repeated what I had heard before of her marriage, with all the tenderness for her reputation that the subject would admit of, told me she lived with her husband hard by, and was so much afflicted with the dropsy and wasted by a consumption, that she had small hopes of her recovery. Having expressed my sorrow for her distemper, I questioned her about my good friend Mrs Sagely, who I learned (to my great satisfaction) was still in good health, and who had, by the encomiums she bestowed upon me after I was gone, confirmed the favourable impressions my behaviour at parting had made on Narcissa's heart. The circumstance introduced an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Timothy Thickett, who (she informed me) had found means to incense her brother so much against me, that she found it impossible to undeceive him, but, on the contrary, suffered very much in her own character by his scandalous insinuations that the whole parish was alarmed, and actually in pursuit of me, so that she had been in the utmost consternation upon my account, well knowing how little my own innocence and her testimony would have weighed with the ignorance, prejudice, and brutality, of those who must have judged me, had I been apprehended, that Sir Timothy, having been seized with a fit of apoplexy, from which with great difficulty he was recovered, began to be apprehensive of death, and to prepare himself accordingly for that great event, as a step to which he sent for her brother, owned with great contrition the brutal design he had upon her, and of consequence acquitted me of the assault, robbery, and correspondence with her, which he laid to my charge, after which confession he lived about a month in a languishing condition, and was carried off by a second assault.

Every word that this dear creature spoke riveted the chains with which she held me enslaved my mischievous fancy began to work, and the tempest of my passion to wake again, when the return of Freeman destroyed the tempting opportunity, and enabled me to quell the rising tumult. A little while after the squire staggered into the room rubbing his eyes,—and called for his tea, which he drank out of a small bowl, qualified with brandy, while we took it in the usual way. Narcissa left us in order to visit her aunt, and when Freeman and I proposed to take our leave, he insisted on our

spending the evening at his house with such obstinacy of affection, that we were obliged to comply. For my own part, I should have been glad of the invitation, by which (in all likelihood) I should be blessed with more of his sister's company, had I not been afraid of risking her esteem by entering into a debauch of drinking with him—which, from the knowledge of his character, I foresaw would happen but there was no remedy. I was forced to rely upon the strength of my constitution, which I hoped would resist intoxication longer than the squire's—and to trust to the good nature and discretion of my mistress for the rest.

Our entertainer, resolving to begin by times, ordered the table to be furnished with liquor and glasses immediately after tea, but we absolutely refused to set in for drinking so soon, and prevailed upon him to pass away an hour or two at whist, in which we engaged as soon as Narcissa returned. The savage and I happened to be partners at first, and as my thoughts were wholly employed in a more interesting game, I played so ill, that he lost all patience, swore bitterly, and threatened to call for wine if they would not grant him another associate. This desire was gratified, and Narcissa and I were of a side, he won for the same reason that made him lose before. I was satisfied, my lovely partner did not repine, and the time slipped away very agreeably, until we were told that supper was served in another room.

The squire was enraged to find the evening so unprofitably spent, and wreaked his vengeance on the cards, which he tore, and committed to the flames with many execrations, threatening to make us redeem our loss with a large glass and quick circulation, and indeed we had no sooner supped, and my charmer withdrawn, than he began to put his threats in execution. Three bottles of port (for he drank no other sort of wine) were placed before us, with as many water-glasses, which were immediately filled to the brim, after his example, by each out of his respective allowance, and emptied in a trice, *to the best in Christendom*. Though I swallowed this and the next as fast as the glass could be replenished, without hesitation or show of reluctance, I perceived that my brain would not be able to bear many bumpers of this sort, and, dreading the perseverance of a champion who began with such vigour, I determined to make up for the deficiency of my strength by a stratagem, which I actually put in practice when the second course of bottles was called for. The wine being strong and heady, I was already a good deal discomposed by the dispatch we had made, Freeman's eyes began to reel, and Bruin himself was elevated into a song, which he uttered with great vociferation. When I therefore saw the second round brought in, I assured a grey a, and a friend

him with a French catch on the subject of drinking, which, though he did not understand it, delighted him highly, and, telling him that your choice spirits at Paris never troubled themselves with glasses, asked if he had not a bowl or cup in the house that would contain a whole quart of wine? "Odds niggers!" cried he, "I have a silver caudle cup that holds just the quantity, for all the world—fetch it hither, Numps!" The vessel being produced I made him decant his bottle into it, which he having done, I nodded in a very deliberate manner, and said,—"Pledge you!" He stared at me for some time, and crying,—"What 'all at one pull, Measter Randan!" I answered,—"At one pull, sir,—you are no milk-sop—we shall do you justice!" "Shall you," said he, shaking me by the hand, "odd then I'll see it out, an 't were a mile to the bottom Here's to our better acquaintance, Measter Randan!" So saying, he applied it to his lips, and emptied it in a breath. I knew the effect of it would be almost instantaneous, therefore, taking the cup, began to discharge my bottle into it, telling him he was now qualified to drink with the cham of Tartary. I had no sooner pronounced these words, than he took umbrage at them, and, after several attempts to spit, made shift to stammer out,—"A f—t for your chams of T—Tartary, 'a am a f—f—free-born Englishman, worth th—three thousand a-year, and v—value no man, damme!" Then dropping his jaw, and fixing his eyes, he hiccuped aloud, and fell upon the floor, as mute as a flounder. Mr Freeman, heartily glad at his defeat, assisted me in carrying him to bed, where we left him to the care of his servants, and went home to our respective habitations, congratulating each other on our good fortune.

CHAPTER LVII.

Miss Williams informs me of Narcissa's approbation of my flame—I appease the squire—write to my mistress, am blessed with an answer—beg leave of her brother to dance with her at a ball, obtain his consent and hers—enjoy a private conversation with her—I am perplexed with reflections—have the honour of appearing her partner at a ball—we are complimented by a certain nobleman—he discovers some symptoms of a passion for Narcissa—I am stung with jealousy—Narcissa, alarmed, retires—I observe Melinda in the company—the squire is captivated by her beauty

I WAS met next morning, at the usual place, by Miss Williams, who gave me joy of the progress I had made in the affection of her mistress, and blessed me with an account of that dear creature's conversation with her,

after she had retired the night before from our company. I could scarce believe her information, when she recounted her expressions in my favour, so much more warm and passionate were they than my most sanguine hopes had presaged, and was particularly pleased to hear that she approved of my behaviour to her brother after she withdrew. Transported at the news of my happiness, I presented my ring to the messenger, as a testimony of my gratitude and satisfaction, but she was above such mercenary considerations, and refused my compliment with some resentment, saying she was not a little mortified to see my opinion of her so low and contemptible. I did myself a piece of justice by explaining my behaviour on this head, and, to convince her of my esteem, promised to be ruled by her directions in the prosecution of the whole affair, which I had so much at heart, that the repose of my life depended upon the consequence.

As I fervently wished for another interview, where I might pour out the effusions of my love without danger of being interrupted, and perhaps reap some endearing return from the queen of my desires, I implored her advice and assistance in promoting this event, but she gave me to understand, that Narcissa would make no precipitate compliances of this kind, and that I would do well to cultivate her brother's acquaintance, in the course of which I should not want opportunities of removing that reserve which my mistress thought herself obliged to maintain during the infancy of our correspondence. In the mean time she promised to tell her lady, that I had endeavoured, by presents and persuasions, to prevail upon her (Miss Williams) to deliver a letter from me, which she had refused to charge herself with until she should know Narcissa's sentiments of the matter, and said, by these means she did not doubt of being able to open a literary communication between us, which could not fail of introducing more intimate connexions.

I approved of her counsel, and our appointment being renewed for next day, left her with an intent of falling upon some method of being reconciled to the squire, who, I supposed, would be offended with the trick we had put upon him. With this view, I consulted Freeman, who, from his knowledge of the fox-hunter's disposition, assured me there was no other method of pacifying him, than that of sacrificing ourselves for one night to an equal match with him in drinking. This expedient I found myself necessitated to comply with for the interest of my passion, and therefore determined to commit the debauch at my own lodgings, that I might run no risk of being discovered by Narcissa in a state of brutal degeneracy. Mr Freeman, who was to be of the party, went at my desire, to the squire, in order to

engage him, while I took care to furnish myself for his reception. My invitation was accepted, my guests honoured me with their company in the evening, when Bruin gave me to understand that he had drank many tuns of wine in his life, but was never served such a trick as I had played upon him the night before. I promised to atone for my trespass, and having ordered to every man his bottle, began the contest with a bumper to the health of Narcissa. The toasts circulated with great devotion, the liquor began to operate, our mirth grew noisy, and as Freeman and I had the advantage of drinking small French claret, the savage was effectually tamed before our senses were in the least affected, and carried home in an apoplexy of drunkenness.

I was next morning, as usual, favoured with a visit from my kind and punctual confidante, who telling me she was permitted to receive my letters for her mistress, I took up my pen immediately, and following the first dictates of my passion, wrote as follows —

"DEAR MADAM,

"Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul, the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears, that rule my breast by turns, I should need no other witness than this paper to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But, alas! expression wrongs my love! I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey! Your beauty fills me with wonder, your understanding with ravishment, and your goodness with adoration! I am transported with desire, distracted with doubts, and tortured with impatience! Suffer me, then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach you in person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ear, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love, to gaze with ecstasy on the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue, and to rejoice in her smiles of approbation, which will banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of your enraptured

"R—— R——"

Having finished this effusion, I committed it to the care of my faithful friend, with an injunction to second my entreaty with all her eloquence and influence, and, in the mean time, went to dress, with an intention of visiting Mrs Snapper and Miss, whom I had utterly neglected, and indeed almost forgot, since my dear Narcissa had resumed the empire of my soul. The old gentlewoman received me very kindly, and miss affected a frankness and gaiety, which, however, I could easily perceive were forced and dissembled, among other things, she pretended to joke me upon my passion for Narcissa, which she averred was no secret,

and asked if I intended to dance with her at the next assembly. I was a good deal concerned to find myself become the town-talk on this subject, lest the squire, having notice of my inclinations, should disapprove of them, and, by breaking off all correspondence with me, deprive me of the opportunities I now enjoyed. But I resolved to use the interest I had with him while it lasted, and that very night, meeting him occasionally,*asked his permission to solicit her company at the ball, which he very readily granted, to my inexpressible satisfaction.

Having been kept awake the greatest part of the night by a thousand delightful reveries that took possession of my fancy, I got up by times, and, flying to the place of rendezvous, had in a little time the pleasure of seeing Miss Williams approach with a smile on her countenance, which I interpreted into a good omen. Neither was I mistaken in my presage, she presented me with a letter from the idol of my soul, which, after having kissed it devoutly, I opened with the utmost eagerness, and was blessed with her approbation in these terms —

"SIR,

"To say I look upon you with indifference, would be a piece of dissimulation, which I think no decorum requires, and no custom can justify. As my heart never felt an impression that my tongue was ashamed to declare, I will not scruple to own myself pleased with your passion, confident of your integrity, and so well convinced of my own discretion, that I should not hesitate in granting you the interview you desire, were I not overawed by the prying curiosity of a malicious world, the censure of which might be fatally prejudicial to the reputation of your

"NARCISSA"

No anchorite in the ecstasy of devotion ever adored a relique with more fervour than that with which I kissed this inimitable proof of my charmer's candour, generosity, and affection. I read it over a hundred times, was ravished with her confession in the beginning, but the subscription of *your Narcissa* yielded me such delight as I had never felt before. My happiness was still increased by Miss Williams, who blessed me with a repetition of her lady's tender expressions in my favour, when she received and read my letter. In short, I had all the reason in the world to believe that this gentle creature's bosom was possessed by a passion for me, as warm, though perhaps not so impetuous, as mine for her.

I informed my friend of the squire's consent to my dancing with Narcissa at the ball, and desired her to tell her mistress, that I would do myself the honour of visiting her in the afternoon, in consequence of his permission, when I hoped to find her as indulgent as her brother had been complaisant in that particular. Miss Williams expressed a

good deal of joy at hearing I was so much in favour with the fox-hunter, and ventured to assure me, that my visit would be very agreeable to my mistress, the rather because Bruin was engaged to dine abroad. This was a circumstance which I scarce need say pleased me. I went immediately to the long-room, where I found him, and, affecting to know nothing of his engagement, told him, I would do myself the pleasure to wait upon him in the afternoon, and present his sister with a ticket for the ball. He shook me by the hand, according to custom, and, giving me to understand that he was to dine abroad, desired me to go and drink tea with Narcissa notwithstanding, and promised to prepare her for my visit in the mean time.

Every thing succeeding thus to my wish, I waited with incredible impatience for the time, which no sooner arrived than I hastened to the scene, which my fancy had pre-occupied long before. I was introduced accordingly to the dear enchantress, whom I found accompanied by Miss Williams, who, on pretence of ordering tea, retired at my approach. This favourable accident, which alarmed my whole soul, disordered her also. I found myself actuated by an irresistible impulse, I advanced to her with eagerness and awe, and, profiting by the confusion that prevailed over her, clasped the fair angel in my arms and imprinted a glowing kiss upon her lips, more soft and fragrant than the dewy rose-bud just bursting from the stem. Her face was in an instant covered with blushes—her eyes sparkled with resentment—I threw myself at her feet, and implored her pardon. Her love became an advocate in my cause, her look softened into forgiveness, she raised me up, and chid me with so much sweetness of displeasure, that I should have been tempted to repeat the offence, had not the coming in of a servant with the tea-board prevented my presumption. While we were subject to be interrupted or overheard, we conversed about the approaching ball, at which she promised to grace me as a partner, but when the equipage was removed, and we were left alone, I resumed the more interesting theme, and expressed myself with such transport and agitation, that my mistress, fearing I would commit some extravagance, rung the bell for her maid, whom she detained in the room as a check upon my vivacity. I was not sorry for this precaution, because I could unbosom myself without reserve before Miss Williams, who was the confidante of us both. I therefore gave a loose to the inspirations of my passion, which operated so successfully upon the tender affections of Narcissa, that she laid aside the constraint she had hitherto worn, and blessed me with the most melting declaration of her mutual flame. It was impossible for me to forbear taking the advantage of this endearing condescension. She now gently yielded

to my embraces, while I, encircling all that I held dear within my arms, tasted in advance the joys of that paradise I hoped in a little time wholly to possess. We spent the afternoon in all the ecstasy of hope, that the most fervent love, exchanged by mutual vows, could inspire, and Miss Williams was so much affected with our chaste caresses, which recalled the sad remembrance of what she was, that her eyes were filled with tears.

The evening being pretty far advanced, I forced myself from the dear object of my flame, who indulged me in a tender embrace at parting, and, repairing to my lodgings, communicated to my friend Strap every circumstance of my happiness, which filled him with so much pleasure, that it ran over at his eyes, and he prayed heartily, that no envious devil might, as formerly, dash the cup of blessing from my lip. When I reflected on what had happened, and especially on the unreserved protestations of Narcissa's love, I could not help being amazed at her omitting to inquire into the particular circumstances of the life and fortune of one whom she had favoured with her affection, and I began to be a little anxious about the situation of her finances, well knowing that I should do an irreparable injury to the person my soul held most dear, if I should expose her, without being able to support her in the rank which was certainly her due. I had heard, indeed, while I served her aunt, that her father had left her a considerable sum, and that every body believed she would inherit the greatest part of her kinswoman's dowry, but I did not know how far she might be restricted by the old gentleman's will in the enjoyment of what he left her, and I was too well informed of the virtuoso's late conduct, to think my mistress could have any expectations from that quarter. I confided, however, in the good sense and policy of my charmer, who, I was sure, would not consent to unite her fate with mine, before she had fully considered and provided for the consequence.

The ball-night being arrived, I dressed myself in a suit I had reserved for some grand occasion, and, having drank tea with Narcissa and her brother, conducted my angel to the scene, where she in a moment eclipsed all her female competitors for beauty, and attracted the admiration of the whole assembly. My heart dilated with pride on this occasion, and my triumph rejected all bounds, when, after we had danced together a certain nobleman, remarkable for his figure and influence in the *beau monde*, came up and, in the hearing of all present, honoured us with a very particular compliment upon our accomplishments and appearance, but this transport was soon checked, when I perceived his lordship attach himself with great assiduity to my mistress, and saw some warm things, which I thought savoured too

much of passion. It was then I began to feel the pangs of jealousy—I dreaded the power and address of my rival—I sickened at his discourse. When she opened her lips to answer, my heart died within me, when she smiled, I felt the pains of the damned. I was enraged at his presumption, I cursed her complaisance: at length he quitted her, and went to the other side of the room. Narcissa suspecting nothing of the rage that inflamed me, put some questions to me as soon as he was gone, to which I made no reply, but assumed a grim look, which too well denoted the agitation of my breast, and surprised her not a little. She no sooner observed my emotion, than she changed colour, and asked what ailed me, but before I could make answer, her brother, pulling me by the sleeve, bade me take notice of a lady who sat fronting us, whom I immediately, to my vast astonishment, distinguished to be Melinda, accompanied by her mother, and an elderly gentleman whom I did not know. ‘Wounds!’ Mr Randan,” cried the squire, “is she not a delicate piece of stuff? ‘Sdeath!’ I have a good mind—if I thought she was a single person.” Notwithstanding the perplexity I was in, I had reflection enough to foresee that my passion might suffer greatly by the presence of this lady, who in all probability would revenge herself upon me for having formerly disgraced her, by spreading reports to my prejudice. I was therefore alarmed at these symptoms of the squire’s admiration, and for some time did not know what reply to make, when he asked my opinion of her beauty. At length I came to a determination, and told him that her name was Melinda, and that she had a fortune of ten thousand pounds and was said to be under promise of marriage to a certain lord, who deferred his nuptials a few months, until he should be of age. I thought this piece of intelligence, which I had myself invented, would have hindered him effectually from entertaining any farther thoughts of her, but I was egregiously mistaken. The fox-hunter had too much self-sufficiency to despair of success against any competitor on earth: he therefore made light of her engagement, saying, with a smile of self-approbation,—“Mayhap she will change her mind—what signifies his being a lord? I think myself as good a man as e’er a lord in Christendom,—and I’ll see if a commoner worth three thousand a-year won’t serve her turn.” This determination startled me not a little; I knew he would soon discover the contrary of what I advanced, and as I believed he would find her ear open to his addresses, did not doubt of meeting with every obstacle in my amour that her malice could invent, and her influence execute. This reflection increased my chagrin. My vexation was evident. Narcissa insisted on going home immediately, and, as I led her to the door, her

noble admirer, with a look full of languishment, directed to her a profound bow, which stung me to the soul. Before she went into the chair, she asked, with an appearance of concern, what was the matter with me, and I could pronounce no more than—‘By heaven!’ I’m distracted.”

CHAPTER LVIII

Tortured with jealousy, I go home and abuse Strap—receive a message from Narcissa, in consequence of which I hasten to her apartment, where her endearing assurances banish all my doubts and apprehensions—in my retreat discover somebody in the dark, whom, suspecting to be a spy, I resolve to kill, but, to my great surprise, am convinced of his being no other than Strap—Melinda slanders me—I become acquainted with Lord Quiverwit, who endeavours to sound me with regard to Narcissa—the squire is introduced to his lordship, and grows cold towards me—I learn from my confidante, that this nobleman professes honourable love to my mistress, who continues faithful to me, notwithstanding the scandalous reports she has heard to my prejudice—I am mortified with an assurance that her whole fortune depends upon the pleasure of her brother—Mr Freeman condoles me on the decline of my character, which I vindicate so much to his satisfaction, that he undertakes to combat fame in my behalf.

HAVING uttered this exclamation, at which she sighed, I went home in the condition of a frantic bedlamite, and finding the fire in my apartment almost extinguished, vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence, that he roared hideously with pain, and, when I quitted my hold, looked so foolishly aghast, that no unconcerned spectator could have seen him, without being seized with an immoderate fit of laughter. It is true, I was soon sensible of the injury I had done, and asked pardon for the outrage I had committed, upon which my faithful valet, shaking his head, said,—“I forgive you, and may God forgive you.” But he could not help shedding some tears at my unkindness. I felt unspeakable remorse for what I had done, cursed my own ingratitude, and considered his tears as a reproach that my soul, in her present disturbance, could not bear. It set all my passions into a ferment, I swore horrible oaths without meaning or application, I foamed at the mouth, kicked the chairs about the room, and played abundance of mad pranks, that frightened my friend almost out of his senses. At length my transport subsided, I became melancholy, and wept insensibly.

During my state of dejection, I was surprised with the appearance of Miss Williams, whom Strap, blubbering all the while, had conducted into the chamber, without giving me previous notice of her approach. She was extremely affected with my condition, which she had learned from him, begged me to moderate my passion, suspend my conjectures, and follow her to Narcissa, who desired to see me forthwith. That dear name operated upon me like a charm. I started up, and without opening my lips, was conducted into her apartment through the garden, which we entered by a private door. I found the adorable creature in tears. I was melted at the sight—we continued silent for some time—my heart was too full to speak—her snowy bosom heaved with fond resentment,—at last she sobbing cried,—“What have I done to disoblige you?” My heart was pierced with the tender question. I drew near with the utmost reverence of affection.—I fell upon my knees before her, and, kissing her hand, exclaimed,—“O thou art all goodness and perfection.” I am undone by my want of merit.—I am unworthy to possess thy charms, which heaven hath destined for the arms of some more favoured being.” She guessed the cause of my disquiet, upbraided me gently for my suspicion, and gave me such flattering assurances of her eternal fidelity, that all my doubts and fears forsook me, and peace and satisfaction reigned within my breast.

At midnight I left the fair nymph to her repose, and being let out by Miss Williams, at the garden gate by which I entered, began to explore my way homeward in the dark, when I heard at my back a noise like that of a baboon when he mews and chatters. I turned instantly, and perceiving something black, concluded I was discovered by some spy employed to watch for that purpose. aroused at this conjecture, by which the reputation of the virtuous Narcissa appeared in jeopardy, I drew my sword, and would have sacrificed him to her fame, had not the voice of Strap restrained my arm. it was with great difficulty he could pronounce,—“D—d—do’ mum—um—um—murder me, if you please.” Such an effect had the cold upon his jaws, that his teeth rattled like a pair of castanets. Pleased to be thus undeceived, I laughed at his consternation, and asked what brought him thither upon which he gave me to understand, that his concern for me had induced him to follow me to that place, where the same reason had detained him till now, and he frankly owned, that, in spite of the esteem he had for Miss Williams, he began to be very uneasy about me, considering the disposition in which I went abroad, and if I had staid much longer, would have certainly alarmed the neighbourhood in my behalf. The knowledge of this his intention confounded me. I represented to him

the mischievous consequences that would have attended such a rash action, and cautioning him severely against any such design for the future, concluded my admonition with an assurance, that in case he should ever act so madly, I would, without hesitation, put him to death. “Have a little patience,” cried he in a lamentable tone, “your displeasure will do the business, without your committing murder.” I was touched with this reproach, and, as soon as we got home, made it my business to appease him, by explaining the cause of that transport during which I had used him so unworthily.

Next day, when I went into the long-room, I observed several whispers circulate all of a sudden, and did not doubt that Melinda had been busy with my character. but I consoled myself with the love of Narcissa, upon which I rested with the most perfect confidence, and going up to the rowly-powly table, won a few pieces from my suspected rival, who, with an easy politeness, entered into conversation with me, and desiring my company, at the coffeehouse, treated me with tea and chocolate. I remembered Strutwell, and guarded against his insinuating behaviour, nor was my suspicion wrong placed, he artfully turned the discourse upon Narcissa, and endeavoured, by hinting at an intrigue he pretended to be engaged in elsewhere, to learn what connection there was between her and me. But all his finesse was ineffectual, I was convinced of his dissimulation, and gave such general answers to his inquiries, that he was forced to drop the subject and talk of something else.

While we conversed in this manner, the savage came in with another gentleman, who introduced him to his lordship, and he was received with such peculiar marks of distinction, that I was persuaded the courtier intended to use him in some shape or other, and from thence I drew an unlucky omen. But I had more cause to be dismayed the following day, when I saw the squire in company with Melinda and her mother, who honoured me with several disdainful glances, and when I afterwards threw myself in his way, instead of the cordial shake of the hand, he returned my salute with a cold repetition of—“Servant, servant,” which he pronounced with such indifference, or rather contempt, that, if he had not been Narcissa’s brother, I should have affronted him in public.

These occurrences disturbed me not a little. I foresaw the brooding storm, and armed myself with resolution for the occasion, but Narcissa being at stake, I was far from being resigned. I could have renounced every other comfort of life with some degree of fortitude, but the prospect of losing her disabled all my philosophy, and tortured my soul into madness.

Miss Williams found me next morning full of anxious tumult, which did not abate

when she told me, that my Lord Quiverwit, having professed honourable intentions, had been introduced to my lovely mistress by her brother, who had, at the same time, from the information of Melinda, spoken of me as an Irish fortune-hunter, without either birth or estate, who supported myself in the appearance of a gentleman by sharpening and other infamous practices; and who was of such an obscure origin, that I did not even know my own extraction. Though I expected all this malice, I could not hear it with temper, especially as truth was so blended with falsehood in the assertion, that it would be almost impossible to separate the one from the other in my vindication. But I said nothing on this head, being impatient to know how Narcissa had been affected with the discovery. That generous creature, far from believing these imputations, was no sooner withdrawn with her confidante, than she inveighed with great warmth against the malevolence of the world, to which only she ascribed the whole of what had been said to my disadvantage, and calling every circumstance of my behaviour to her into review before her, found every thing so polite, honourable, and uninterested, that she could not harbour the least doubt of my being the gentleman I assumed. "I have indeed," said she, "purposely forbore to ask the particulars of his life, lest the recapitulation of some misfortunes which he has undergone should give him pain and as to the article of his fortune, I own myself equally afraid of inquiring into it, and of discovering the situation of my own, lest we should find ourselves both unhappy in the explanation, for alas! my provision is conditional, and depends entirely on my marrying with my brother's consent."

I was thunderstruck with this intelligence, the light forsook my eyes, the colour vanished from my cheeks, and I remained in a state of universal trepidation. My female friend, perceiving my disorder, encouraged me with assurances of Narcissa's constancy, and the hope of some accident favourable to our love, and, as a farther consolation, gave me to understand, that she had acquainted my mistress with the outlines of my life, and, that, although she was no stranger to the present low state of my finances, her love and esteem were rather increased than diminished by the knowledge of my circumstances. I was greatly comforted by this assurance, which saved me a world of confusion and anxiety for I must have imparted my situation one day to Narcissa, and this task I could not have performed without shame and disorder.

As I did not doubt that, by this time, the scandalous aspersions of Melinda were diffused all over the town, I resolved to collect my whole strength of assurance, to browbeat the efforts of her malice, and to publish her

adventure with the frenchified barber, by way of reprisal. In the mean time, having promised to be at the garden gate about midnight, Miss Williams took her leave, bidding me repose myself entirely on the affection of my dear Narcissa, which was as perfect as inviolable. Before I went abroad, I was visited by Freeman, who came on purpose to inform me of the infamous stories that were raised at my expense. I heard thereof with great temper, and in my turn disclosed every thing that had happened between Melinda and me, and, among other circumstances, entertained him with the story of the barber, letting him know what share his friend Banter had in that affair. He was convinced of the injury my reputation had suffered, and no longer doubting the fountain from whence this deluge of slander had flowed upon me, undertook to undeceive the town in my behalf, and roll the stream back upon its source, but, in the mean time, cautioned me from appearing in public while the prepossession was so strong against me, lest I should meet with some affront that might have had consequences.

CHAPTER LIX

I receive an extraordinary message at the door of the long-room, which I however enter, and affront the squire, who threatens to take the law of me—rebuke Melinda for her malice—she weeps with vexation—Lord Quiverwit is severe upon me—I retort his sarcasm—am received with the utmost tenderness by Narcissa, who desires to hear the story of my life—we vow eternal constancy to one another—I retire—am waked by a messenger, who brings me a challenge from Quiverwit, whom I meet, engage, and vanquish.

I THANKED him for his advice, which, however, my pride and resentment would not permit me to follow, for he no sooner left me, in order to do justice to my character among his friends and acquaintance, than I sallied out, and went directly to the long-room. I was met at the door by a servant, who presented to me a billet without a subscription, importing that my presence was disagreeable to the company, and desiring I would take the hint without further disturbance, and bestow myself elsewhere for the future. This peremptory message filled me with indignation. I followed the fellow who delivered it, and seizing him by the collar, in presence of all the company, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not discover the scoundrel who had charged him with such an impudent commission, that I might punish him as he deserved. The messenger, affrighted at my menaces and furious looks, fell upon his knees, and told me, that the

gentleman who ordered him to deliver the letter was no other than Narcissa's brother, who, at that time, stood at the other end of the room, talking to Melinda. I went up to him immediately, and, in the hearing of his innamorata, accosted him in these words—"Look'ee, squire, was it not for one consideration that protects you from my resentment, I would cane you where you stand, for having had the presumption to send me this scurrilous intimation," which I tore to pieces, and threw in his face, at the same time darting an angry regard at his mistress, I told her, I was sorry she had put it out of my power to compliment her upon her invention, but at the expense of her good nature and veracity. Her admirer, whose courage never rose but in proportion to the wine he had swallowed, instead of resenting my address in what is called an honourable way, threatened to prosecute me for an assault, and took witnesses accordingly, while she, piqued at his pusillanimous behaviour, and enraged at the sarcasm I had uttered against her, endeavoured to make her quarrel a public cause, and wept aloud with spite and vexation. The tears of a lady could not fail of attracting the notice and concern of the spectators, to whom she complained of my rudeness with great bitterness, saying, if she was a man, I durst not use her so. The greatest part of the gentlemen, already prejudiced against me, were offended at the liberty I had taken, as appeared from their looks, though none of them signified their disgust any other way, except my Lord Quiverwit, who ventured to say, with a sneer, that I was in the right to establish my own character, of which he had now no longer any doubt. Nettled at this severe equivocal, which raised a laugh at my expense, I replied with some warmth—"I am proud of having in that particular got the start of your lordship." He made no answer to my repartee, but, with a contemptuous smile, walked off, leaving me in a very disagreeable situation. In vain did I make up to several people of my acquaintance, whose conversation, I hoped, would banish my confusion, every body shunned me like a person infected, and I should not have been able to bear my disgrace, had not the idea of the ever-faithful and fond Narcissa come to my relief. I quitted the scene of my mortification, and sauntering about the town, happened to wake from my contemplation, when I found myself just opposite to a toy-shop, which I entered, and purchased a ring set with a ruby in the form of a heart, surrounded by diamond sparks, for which I paid ten guineas, intending it for a present to the charmer of my soul.

I was introduced, at the hour appointed, to this divine creature, who, notwithstanding what she had heard to my disadvantage, received me with the utmost confidence and tenderness, and having been informed of the

general sketches of my life by Miss Williams, expressed a desire of knowing the particular circumstances, which I related with great candour, omitting, however, some things, that I concluded altogether improper for her ear, and which the reader's reflection will easily suggest. As my story was little else than a recital of misfortunes, the tear of sympathy ceased not to trickle down her enchanting eyes during the whole of the narration, which, when I had finished, she recompensed me for my trouble with the most endearing protestations of eternal love. She bewailed her restricted condition, as it was the means of retarding my happiness, told me, that Lord Quiverwit, by her brother's permission, had been to drink tea with her that very afternoon, and actually proposed marriage, and seeing me extremely affected with this piece of information, offered to give me a convincing proof of her affection, by espousing me in private, and leaving the rest to fate. I was penetrated with this instance of her regard, but that I might not be outdone in generosity, resisted the bewitching temptation, in consideration of her honour and interest, at the same time, I presented my ring as a pledge of my inviolable attachment, and on my knees implored Heaven to shower its curses on my head, if ever my heart should entertain one thought unworthy of the passion I then avowed. She received my token, gave me in return her picture in miniature, exquisitely drawn, and set in gold, and in the same posture called Heaven to witness and to judge her flame.

Our vows being thus reciprocally breathed, a confidence of hope ensued, and our mutual fondness becoming as intimate as innocence would allow, I grew insensible of the progress of time, and it was morning before I could tear myself from this darling of my soul. My good angel foresaw what would happen, and permitted me to indulge myself on this occasion, in consideration of the fatal absence I was doomed to suffer.

I went to bed immediately on my return to my lodging, and having slept about two hours, was awakened by Strap, who, in great confusion, told me there was a footman below with a letter, which he would deliver to nobody but myself. Alarmed at this piece of news, I desired my friend to show him up to my chamber, and received the following letter, which, he said, required an immediate answer.

"SIR,

"When any man injures my honour, let the difference of rank between us be ever so great, I am contented to waive the privilege of my quality, and to seek reparation from him on equal terms. The insolence of our reply to me yesterday in the long-room might have overlooked, had not your presumptive emulation in a much more interesting affair, and a discovery which I made this

morning, concurred in persuading me to chastise your audacity with my sword. If you therefore have spirit enough to support the character you assume, you will not fail to follow the bearer immediately to a convenient place, where you shall be met by

"QUIVERWIT"

Whether I was enervated by the love and favour of Narcissa, or awed by the superior station of my antagonist, I know not, but I never had less inclination to fight than at this time. however, finding there was a necessity for vindicating the reputation of my mistress, as well as for asserting my own honour, I forthwith arose, and dressing in a hurry, put on my sword, bade Strap attend me, and set out with my conductor, cursing my bad fortune all the way, for having been observed in my return from my angel for so I interpreted his lordship's discovery. When I came within sight of my rival, his lacquey told me he had orders to stop, upon which I commanded Strap to halt also, while I walked forward, resolving, if possible, to come to an explanation with my challenger, before we should come to battle. Nor was an opportunity wanting, for I no sooner approached, than he asked, with a stern countenance, what business I had in Mr Topehall's garden so early in the morning? "I don't know, my lord," said I "how to answer a question put to me with such magisterial haughtiness. If your lordship will please to expostulate calmly, you will have no cause to repent of your condescension, otherwise, I am not to be intimidated into any confession." "There is no room for denial," answered he, "I saw you come out with my own eyes." "Did any other person see me?" said I "I neither know nor care," said he, "I want no other evidence than that of my own senses." Pleased to hear that the suspicion was confined to him alone, I endeavoured to appease his jealousy by owning an intrigue with the waiting-maid, but he had too much discernment to be so easily imposed upon, and told me there was only one way to convince him of the truth of what I alleged, which was no other than renouncing all claim to Narcissa upon oath, and promising, upon honour, never to speak to her for the future. Exasperated at this proposal, I unsheathed my sword, saying,—"Heavens! what title have you, or any man on earth, to impose such terms upon me?" He did the same, and making towards me with a contracted brow, said I was a villain, and had dishonoured Narcissa. "He's a scandalous villain," I replied, in a transport of fury, "who brands me with that imputation!" She is a thousand times more chaste than the mother that bore you; and I will assert her honour with my heart's blood." so saying, I rushed upon him with more eagerness than address, and endeavouring to get within his point, received a wound

in my neck, which redoubled my rage. He excelled me in temper as well as in skill, by which means he parried my thrusts with great calmness, until I had almost exhausted my spirits, and when he perceived me beginning to flag, attacked me fiercely in his turn. Finding himself however better opposed than he expected, he resolved to follow his longe, and close with me, accordingly his sword entered my waistcoat, on the side of the breast-bone, and running up between my shirt and skin, appeared over my left shoulder. I imagined that his weapon had perforated my lungs, and of consequence that the wound was mortal, therefore, determined not to die unrevenged, I seized his shell, which was close to my breast, before he could disengage his point, and keeping it fast with my left hand, shortened my own sword with my right, intending to run him through the heart, but he received the thrust in the left arm, which penetrated up to the shoulder-blade. Disappointed in this expectation, and afraid still that death would frustrate my revenge, I grappled with him, and being much the stronger, threw him upon the ground, where I wrested his sword out of his hand, and, so great was my confusion, instead of turning the point upon him, struck out three of his foreteeth with the hilt. In the mean time our servants, seeing us fall, ran up to separate and assist us, but, before their approach, I was upon my feet, and had discovered that my supposed mortal wound was only a slight scratch. The knowledge of my own safety disarmed me of a good deal of my resentment, and I began to inquire with some concern into the situation of my antagonist, who remained on the ground bleeding plentifully at his mouth and arm. I helped his footman to raise him, and having bound up his wound with my handkerchief, assured him it was not dangerous, I likewise restored his sword, and offered to support him to his house. He thanked me with an air of sullen dignity, and whispering that I should hear from him soon, went away, leaning on his servant's shoulder.

I was surprised at this promise, which I construed into a threat, and resolved, if ever he should call me out again, to use whatever advantage fortune might give me over him in another manner. In the mean time I had leisure to take notice of Strap, who seemed quite stupified with horror. I comforted him with an assurance that I had received no damage, and explained the nature of this affair as we walked homeward. By the time I had got into my apartment, I found the wound in my neck stiff and uneasy, and a good deal of clotted blood run down upon my shirt upon which I pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned my collar, that I might dress it with more ease. My friend no sooner perceived my shirt quite dyed with blood, than imagining I had got

at least twenty thousand wounds, he cried—"O Jesus!" and fell flat on the floor. I stopped the bleeding with a little dry lint and applying a plaster over it, cleansed myself from the gore, shifted and dressed while he lay senseless at my feet, so that when he recovered, and saw me perfectly well, he could scarce believe his own eyes. Now that the danger was past, I was very well pleased with what had happened, hoping that it would soon become known, and consequently dignify my character not a little in this place. I was also proud of having shown myself, in some shape, worthy the love of Narcissa, who, I was persuaded, would not think the worse of me for what I had done.

CHAPTER LX

I am visited by Freeman, with whom I appear in public, and am caressed—am sent for by Lord Quiverwit, whose presence I quit in a passion—Narcissa is carried off by her brother—I intend to pursue him, and am dissuaded by my friend—engage in play, and lose all my money—set out for London—try my fortune at the gaming table without success—receive a letter from Narcissa—bulk my tailor

WHEN I entertained myself with these reflections, the news of the duel being communicated by some unknown channel, spread all over the town. I was visited by Freeman, who testified his surprise at finding me, for he was told that, Lord Quiverwit being dead of his wounds, I had absconded in order to avoid the cognizance of the law. I asked if people guessed the occasion of the quarrel and understanding it was attributed to his lordship's resentment of my reply in the long-room, confirmed that conjecture, glad to find Narcissa unsuspected. My friend, after I had assured him that my antagonist was in no danger, wished me joy of the event, than which, he said, nothing could happen more opportunely to support the idea he had given of my character to his friends, among whom he had been very assiduous in my behalf.

On the strength of this assurance, I went with him to the coffee-house, where I was saluted by a great many of those very persons who had shunned me the preceding day, and I found every body making merry with the story of Melinda's French gallant. While I remained in this place, I received a message from Lord Quiverwit, desiring, if I was not engaged, to see me at his house.

Thither I immediately repaired, and was conducted to an apartment, where I was received by his lordship in bed. When we were left by ourselves, he thanked me, in very polite terms, for having used the advantage fortune had given me over him with such moderation, and asked pardon for any

offence his resentment might have prompted him to commit—"I would willingly," said he, "make you my friend, but as it is impossible for me to divest myself of my passion for Narcissa, I am too well convinced of your sentiments, to think we shall ever agree on that subject. I took the liberty, therefore, of sending for you, in order to own candidly, that I cannot help opposing your success with that young lady, though, at the same time, I promise to regulate my opposition by the dictates of justice and honour. This, however, I think proper to advertise you of, that she has no independent fortune, and if you should even succeed in your addresses, you would have the mortification to see her reduced to indigence, unless you have wherewithal to support her—and I am credibly informed of your incapacity that way—nay, I will confess, that, urged by this consideration, I have actually sent notice to her brother of the progress I suspect you have made in her affection, and desired him to take his precautions accordingly." Alarmed and provoked at this information, I told his lordship, that I did not see how he could reconcile that piece of conduct with his profession of open dealing, and flung away from him in a passion.

As I walked homeward, in hope of hearing from my mistress as usual by means of Miss Williams, I was surprised by the waving of a handkerchief from the window of a coach and six that passed by me at full speed, and, upon further observation, I saw a servant on horseback riding after it, who, I knew by his livery, belonged to the squire Thunderstruck with this discovery, the knowledge of my misfortune rushed all at once upon my reflection. I guessed immediately that the signal was made by the dear hand of Narcissa, who, being hurried away in consequence of Lord Quiverwit's message to her brother, had no other method of relating her distress, and imploring my assistance. Frantic with this conjecture, I ran to my lodgings, snatched my pistols, and ordered Strap to get post-horses, with such incoherence of speech and disorder, that the poor valet, terrified with the suspicion of another duel, instead of providing what I desired, went forthwith to Freeman, who, being informed of my behaviour, came straight to my apartment, and conjured me so pathetically to make him acquainted with the cause of my uneasiness, that I could not refuse telling him my happiness was fled with Narcissa, and that I must retrieve her, or perish. He represented the madness of such an undertaking, and endeavoured to divert me from it with great strength of friendship and reason. But all his arguments would have been ineffectual, had he not put me in mind of the dependence I ought to have on the love of Narcissa, and the attachment of her maid, who could not fail of finding opportunities to

advertise me of their situation, and at the same time demonstrated the injury my character's reputation must suffer from my precipitate retreat. I was convinced and composed by these considerations. I appeared in public with an air of tranquillity, was well received by the best company in town, and, my misfortune taking air, condoned accordingly; while I had the satisfaction of seeing Melinda so universally discountenanced, that she was fain to return to London, in order to avoid the scoffs and censure of the ladies at Bath. But though the hope of hearing from the darling of my soul supported my spirits a little while, I began to be very uneasy, when, at the end of several weeks, I found that expectation disappointed. In short, melancholy and despondence took possession of my soul, and repining at that Providence, which, by acting the stepmother towards me, kept me from the fruition of my wishes, I determined, in a fit of despair, to risk all I had at the gaming-table, with a view of acquiring a fortune sufficient to render me independent for life, or of plunging myself into such a state of misery as would effectually crush every ambitious hope that now tortured my imagination.

Actuated by this fatal resolution, I engaged in play, and after some turns of fortune, found myself, at the end of three days, worth a thousand pounds, but it was not my intention to stop here, for which cause I kept Strap ignorant of my success, and continued my career, until I was reduced to five guineas, which I would have hazarded also, had I not been ashamed to fall from a bet of two hundred pounds to such a petty sum.

Having thus executed my scheme, I went home, amazed to find myself so much at ease, and informed my friend Strap of my mischance, with such calmness, that he, imagining I joked, affected to receive the tidings with great equanimity. Both he and I found ourselves mistaken very soon. I had misinterpreted my own stupidity into deliberate resignation, and he had reason to believe me in earnest, when he saw me next morning agitated with the most violent despair, which he endeavoured to alleviate with all the consolation in his power.

In one of my lucid intervals, however, I charged him to take a place in the stage-coach for London, and in the mean time paid my debts in Bath, which amounted to thirty shillings only. Without taking leave of my friends, I embarked, Strap having the good fortune to find a return-horse, and arrived in town, without having met with any thing remarkable on the road. While we crossed Bagshot-heath, I was seized with a sort of inclination to retrieve my fortune, by laying passengers under contribution in some such place. My thoughts were so circumstanced at this time, that I should have digested the crime of robbery, so righteously had I con-

certed my plan, and ventured my life in the execution, had I not been deterred by reflection upon the infamy that attends detection.

The apartment I formerly lived in being unengaged I took possession of it, and next day went in quest of Banter, who received me with open arms, in expectation of having his bond discharged to his liking, but when he understood what had happened, his countenance changed of a sudden, and he told me, with a dryness of displeasure peculiar to himself, that, if he was in my place, he would put it out of fortune's power to play him such another trick, and be avenged of his own indiscretion at once. When I desired him to explain his meaning, he pointed to his neck, raised himself on his tip-toes, and was going away without any further ceremony, when I put him in mind of my indigence, and demanded the five guineas I formerly lent him. "Five guineas!" cried he, "zounds!" had you acted with common prudence, you might have had twenty thousand in your pocket by this time. I depended upon five hundred from you, as much as if I had had notes for it in the bank, and by all the rules of equity, you are indebted to me for that sum." I was neither pleased nor convinced by this computation, and insisted on my right with such determined obstinacy, that he was fain to alter his tone, and appease my clamour, by assuring me that he was not master of five shillings. Society in distress generally promotes a good understanding among people; from being a dun, I descended to be a client, and asked his advice about repairing my losses. He counselled me to have recourse again to the gaming-table, where I succeeded so well before, and put myself in a condition by selling my watch. I followed his directions, and having accommodated him with a few pieces, went to the place, where I lost every shilling.

Then I returned to my lodgings full of desperate resolution, and having made Strap acquainted with my fate, ordered him to pawn my sword immediately, that I might be enabled to make another effort. This affectionate creature no sooner understood my purpose, than, seized with inexpressible sorrow at the prospect of my misery, he burst into tears, and asked what I proposed to do, after the small sum he could raise on the sword should be spent? "On my own account," said he, "I am quite unconcerned, for, while God spares my health and these ten fingers, I can earn a comfortable subsistence anywhere; but what must become of you, who have less humility to stoop, and more appetites to gratify?" Here I interrupted him, by saying, with a gloomy aspect, I should never want a resource while I had a loaded pistol in possession. Stupified with horror at this dreadful insinuation, he stood mute for some time, and then broke out into, "God of his infinite mercy enable you

to withstand that temptation of the devil. Consider your situation:—O!—there is no repentance in the grave. O!—and thus ever we should come to this, we are not enjoined to range ourselves to the will of Heaven—where is your patience? *Derick*—patient? *Derick*—you are that a young man—there may be many good things in store for you—*Avoids in haste, and says*—*remember your uncle*. Mr. Bowling—perhaps he is now on his voyage homeward, pleasing himself with the hopes of seeing and relieving you; nay, peradventure he is already arrived, for the ship was expected about this time. A ray of hope shot athwart my soul at this suggestion; I thanked my friend for his seasonable recollection, and after having promised to take no resolution till his return, dismissed him to Weymouth for intelligence.

In his absence I was visited by Baxter, who being informed of my bad luck at play, told me, that fortune would probably be one day weary of persecuting me. "In the mean time," said he, "here is a letter for you, which I received just now inclosed in one from Freeman." I snatched it with eagerness, and knowing the superscription to be of Narcissa's hand-writing, kissed it with transport, and having opened it, read:—

"It is with great difficulty that I have stolen from the observation of those spies who are set over me, this opportunity of telling you, that I was suddenly carried away from Bath by my brother, who was informed of our correspondence by Lord Quiverwit, whom, I since understand, you have wounded in a duel on my account. As I am fully convinced of your honour and love, I hope I shall never hear of such desperate proofs of either for the future. I am so strictly watched, that it will be impossible for you to see me, until my brother's suspicions shall abate, or heaven contrive some other unforeseen event in our behalf. In the mean time you may depend on the constancy and affection of your own

"NARCISSA."

"P. S. Miss Williams, who is my fellow-prisoner, desires to be remembered to you. We are both in good health, and only in pain for you, especially as it will be impracticable for you to convey any message or letter to the place of our confinement; for which reason, pray desist from any attempt, that, by misarrying, might prolong our captivity."

"NARCISSA."

This kind letter afforded me great consolation; I communicated it to Baxter, and at the same time showed him the picture. He approved of her beauty and good sense, and could not help owning, that my notion of Miss Snapper was excusable, when such a fine creature engrossed my attention.

I began to be reconciled to my fate, and

imagined, that if I could contrive means of subsisting until my escape should arrive, in case he was not already at home, he would enable me to do something substantial in behalf of my wife and daughter. I therefore consulted Baxter about a discreet supply, who, after pondering upon the matter, said credit with a banker, than he advised me to take off some of those suits of rich clothes, and convert them into cash, by selling them at half price to a merchant in Monmouth street. I was started at this proposal, which I thought involved a title of fraud; but he rendered it palatable, by observing, that in a few months I might be in a condition to do every body justice; and, in the mean time, I was acquitted by the honesty of my intention. I suffered myself to be persuaded by his salvo, by which my necessity, rather than my judgment, was convinced; and when I found there were no accounts of the ship in which my title was embarked, actually put the scheme in practice, and raised by it five and twenty guineas, paying him for his advice with the odd five.

CHAPTER LXI.

I am arrested—carried to the Marshalsea—and my old acquaintance Beau Jackson in that jail—he informs me of his adventures—Strap arrives, and with difficulty is comforted—Jackson introduces me to a poet—I admire his conversation and capacity—I am deeply affected with my misfortune—Strap takes himself as a journeyman barber.

But this expedient was in a few weeks attended with a consequence I did not foresee, a player having purchased one of the suits which were exposed to sale, appeared in it on the stage one night, while my tailor unfortunately happened to be present. He knew it immediately, and inquiring minutely into the affair, discovered my whole contrivance; upon which he came to my lodgings, and telling me that he was very much straitened for want of money, presented his bill, which amounted to £30. Surprised at this unexpected demand, I affected to treat him cavalierly, *showing some other*, asked if he doubted my honour, and, telling him I should take care *what I dealt with* for the future, bade him come again in three days. He obeyed me punctually, demanded his money, and finding himself amused with bare promises, returned the very day to the street. I was not much affected at this adventure, which, indeed, put an end to a state of horrible expectation; but I refused to go to a sponging-house, where I heard there was nothing but the most flagrant imposition, and a coach being called, was carried to the Marshalsea, attended by a bailiff and his fol-

lower, who were very much disappointed and chagrined at my resolution.

The turnkey, guessing from my appearance that I had money in my pocket, received me with the repetition of the Latin word *desponsa*, and gave me to understand that I must pay before-hand for the apartment I should choose to dwell in. I desired to see his conveniences, and hired a small paltry bed-chamber for a crown a week, which, in any other place, would have let for half the money. Having taken possession of this dismal habitation, I sent for Strap, and my thoughts were busied in collecting matter of consolation to that faithful squire, when somebody knocked at my door, which I no sooner opened, than a young fellow entered, in very shabby clothes, and marvellous foul linn. After a low bow, he called me by my name, and asked if I had forgot him. His voice assisted me in recollecting his person, whom I soon recognized to be my old acquaintance Jackson, of whom mention is made in the first part of my memoirs. I saluted him cordially, expressed my satisfaction at finding him alive, and condoled him on his present situation, which, however, did not seem to affect him much, for he laughed very heartily at the occasion of our meeting so unexpectedly in this place. Our mutual compliments being past, I inquired about his amour with the lady of fortune, which seemed to be so near a happy conclusion when I had the pleasure of seeing him last, and, after an immoderate fit of laughter, he gave me to understand, that he had been most egregiously bit in that affair. "You must know," said he, "that a few days after our adventure with the bawd and her b—ches, I found means to be married to that same fine lady you speak of, and passed the night with her at her lodgings, so much to her satisfaction, that early in the morning, after a good deal of snivelling and sobbing, she owned, that far from being an heiress of great fortune, she was no other than a common woman of the town, who had decoyed me into matrimony, in order to enjoy the privilege of a *femme couverte*, and that unless I made my escape immediately, I should be arrested for a debt of her contracting, by bailiffs employed and instructed for that purpose. Startled at this intimation, I rose in a twinkling, and taking leave of my spouse with several hearty damns, got safe into the verge of the court, where I kept snug until I was appointed surgeon's mate of a man of war at Portsmouth, for which place I set out on Sunday, went on board of my ship, in which I sailed to the Straits, where I had the good fortune to be made surgeon of a ship that came home a few months after, and was put out of commission; whereupon I came to London, imagining myself forgotten, and freed from my wife and her creditors; but had not been in town a week

before I was arrested for a debt of her's, amounting to £20, and brought to this place, where I have been fixed by another action since that time. However, you know my disposition, I defy care and anxiety; and being on the half-pay list, make shift to live here tolerably easy." I congratulated him on his philosophy, and remembering that I was in his debt, repaid the money he formerly lent me, which, I believe, was far from being unreasonable. I then inquired about the economy of the place, which he explained to my satisfaction and after we had agreed to mess together, he was just going to give orders for dinner, when Strap arrived.

I never in my life saw sorrow so extravagantly expressed in any countenance as in that of my honest friend, which was, indeed, particularly adapted by nature for such impressions. When we were left by ourselves, I communicated to him my disaster, and endeavoured to console him with the same arguments he had formerly used to me, withal representing the fair chance I had of being relieved in a short time by Mr Bowling. But his grief was unutterable, he seemed to give attention without listening, and wrung his hands in silence, so that I was in a fair way of being infected by his behaviour, when Jackson returned, and perceiving the deference I paid to Strap, although in a footman's habit, distributed his crumbs of comfort with such mirth, jollity, and unconcern, that the features of the distressed squire relaxed by degrees, he recovered the use of speech, and began to be a little more reconciled to this lamentable event. We dined together on boiled beef and greens, brought from a cook's shop in the neighbourhood, and although this meal was served up in a manner little corresponding with the sphere of life in which I had lately lived, I made a virtue of necessity, ate with good appetite, and treated my friends with a bottle of wine, which had the desired effect, of increasing the good humour of my fellow-prisoner, and exhilarating the spirits of Strap, who now talked cavalierly of my misfortune.

After dinner, Jackson left us to our private affairs; when I desired my friend to pack up all our things and carry them to some cheap lodging he should choose for himself in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, after he had discharged my lodging, for which purpose I gave him money. I likewise recommended to him the keeping my misfortune secret, and saying to my landlord, or any other who should inquire for me, that I was gone into the country for a few weeks; at the same time I laid strong injunctions upon him to call every second day upon Baxter, in case he should receive any letter for me from Narcissa, by the channel of Freeman; and by all means to leave a direction for himself, at my uncle's lodgings in Wap-

ping, by which I might be found when my kinsman should arrive.

When he departed to execute these orders (which, by the by, were punctually performed that very night), I found myself so little seasoned to my situation, that I dreaded reflection, and sought shelter from it in the company of the beau, who, promising to regale me with a lecture upon taste, conducted me to the common side, where I saw a number of naked miserable wretches assembled together. We had not been here many minutes, when a figure appeared, wrapt in a dirty rug, tied about his loins with two pieces of list, of different colours, knotted together, having a black bushy beard, and his head covered with a huge mass of brown periwig, which seemed to have been ravished from the head of some scarecrow. This apparition stalking in with great solemnity, made a profound bow to the audience, who signified their approbation by a general response of—"how d'y'e do, doctor?" He then turned towards us, and honoured Jackson with a particular salutation upon which my friend, in a formal manner, introduced him to me by the name of Mr Melopoyne. This ceremony being over, he advanced into the middle of the congregation, which crowded around him, and hemming three times, to my utter astonishment pronounced, with great significance of voice and gesture, a very elegant and ingenious discourse upon the difference between genius and taste, illustrating his assertions with apt quotations from the best authors, ancient as well as modern. When he had finished his harangue, which lasted a full hour, he bowed again to the spectators, not one of whom (I was informed) understood so much as a sentence of what he had uttered. They manifested, however, their admiration and esteem, by a voluntary contribution, which, Jackson told me, one week with another, amounted to eighteen pence. This moderate stipend, together with some small presents that he received for making up differences, and deciding causes among the prisoners, just enabled him to breathe and walk about in the grotesque figure I have described. I understood also that he was an excellent poet, and had composed a tragedy, which was allowed by every body who had seen it to be a performance of great merit, that his learning was infinite, his morals unexceptionable, and his modesty invincible. Such a character could not fail of attracting my regard, I longed impatiently to be acquainted with him, and deemed Jackson would engage him to spend the evening in my apartment. My request was granted, he favoured us with his company, and in the course of our conversation, perceiving that I had a strong passion for the *belles lettres*, acquitted himself so well on that subject, that I expressed a fervent desire of seeing his productions. In this point too he gratified

my inclination: he promised to bring his tragedy to my room next day, and, in the mean time, entertained me with some detached pieces, which gave me a very advantageous idea of his poetical talent. Among other things, I was particularly pleased with some elegies in imitation of Tibullus, one of which I beg leave to submit to the reader, as a specimen of his complexion and capacity

I

Where now are all my flattering dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest,—

Smee first thy beauty fixed my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

II

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower

III

For me, no more I'll range the empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

IV

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimmering taper blue,
Where damps hang mouldering on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew

V

There, leagued with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine,
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign

VI

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

I was wonderfully affected with this pathetic complaint, which seemed so well calculated for my own disappointment in love, that I could not help attaching the idea of Narcissa to the name of Monimia, and of forming such melancholy presages of my passion, that I could not recover my tranquillity, and was fain to have recourse to the bottle, which prepared me for a profound sleep, that I could not otherwise have enjoyed. Whether these impressions invited and introduced a train of other melancholy reflections, or my fortitude was all exhausted in the effort I made against despondence during the first day of my imprisonment, I cannot determine; but I awoke in the horrors, and found my imagination haunted with such dismal apparitions, that I was ready to despair;—and I believe the reader will own I had no great cause to congratulate

late myself, when I considered my situation. I was interrupted in the midst of these gloomy apprehensions by the arrival of Strap, who contributed not a little to the re-establishment of my peace, by letting me know that he had hired himself as a journeyman barber; by which means he would be able not only to save me a considerable expense, but even make a shift to lay up something for my subsistence after my money should be spent, in case I should not be relieved before

CHAPTER LXII.

I read Melopoy'n's tragedy, and conceive a vast opinion of his genius—he recounts his adventures.

WHILE we ate our breakfast together, I made him acquainted with the character and condition of the poet, who came in with his play at that instant, and, imagining we were engaged about business, could not be prevailed upon to sit, but, leaving his performance, went away. My friend's tender heart was melted at the sight of a gentleman and Christian (for he had a great veneration for both these epithets) in such misery, and assented with great cheerfulness to a proposal I made of clothing him with our superfluities, a task with which he charged himself, and departed immediately to perform it.

He was no sooner gone, than I locked my door, and sat down to the tragedy, which I read to the end with vast pleasure, not a little amazed at the conduct of the managers who had rejected it. The fable, in my opinion, was well chosen, and naturally conducted; the incidents interesting, the characters beautifully contrasted, strongly marked, and well supported; the diction poetical, spirited, and correct, the unities of the drama maintained with the most scrupulous exactness, the opening gradual and engaging, the *peripetous* surprising and the catastrophe affecting; in short, I judged it by the laws of Aristotle and Horace, and could find nothing in it exceptionable, but a little too much embellishment in some few places, which objection he removed to my satisfaction, by a quotation from Aristotle's *Poetics*, importing, that the least interesting parts of a poem ought to be raised and dignified by the charms and energy of diction.

I revered his genius, and was seized with an eager curiosity to know the particular events of a fortune so unworthy of his merit. At this instant Strap returned with a bundle of clothes, which I sent with my compliments to Mr Melopoy'n, as a small token of my regard, and desired the favour of his company to dinner. He accepted my present and invitation, and in less than half an hour made his appearance in a decent dress, which altered his figure very much to his advantage.

I perceived by his countenance that his heart was big with gratitude, and endeavoured to prevent his acknowledgements, by asking pardon for the liberty I had taken. He made no reply, but, with an aspect full of admiration and esteem, bowed to the ground, while the tears gushed from his eyes. Affected with these symptoms of an ingenuous mind, I shifted the conversation, and complimented him on his performance, which, I assured him, afforded me infinite pleasure. My approbation made him happy. Dinner being served, and Jackson arrived, I begged their permission for Strap to sit at table with us, after having informed them that he was a person to whom I was extremely obliged, they were kind enough to grant that favour, and we ate together with great harmony and satisfaction.

Our meal being ended, I expressed my wonder at the little regard Mr Melopoy'n had met with from the world, and signified a desire of hearing how he had been treated by the managers of the playhouses, to whom I understood from Jackson he had offered his tragedy without success. "There is so little entertaining in the incidents of my life," said he, "that I am sure the recital will not recompence your attention, but, since you discover an inclination to know them, I understand my duty too well to disappoint your desire.

"My father, who was a curate in the country, being, by the narrowness of his circumstances, hindered from maintaining me at the university, took the charge of my education upon himself, and laboured with such industry and concern in the undertaking, that I had little cause to regret the want of public masters. Being at great pains to consult my natural bias, he discovered in me betimes an inclination for poetry, upon which he recommended me to an intimate acquaintance with the classics, in the cultivation of which he assisted me with paternal zeal and uncommon erudition. When he thought me sufficiently acquainted with the ancients, he directed my studies to the best modern authors, French and Italian, as well as English, and laid a particular injunction upon me to make myself master of my mother tongue.

"About the age of eighteen, I grew ambitious of undertaking a work of some consequence, and, with my father's approbation, actually planned the tragedy you have read, but, before I had finished four acts, that indulgent parent died, and left my mother and me in very indigent circumstances. A near relation, compassionating our distress, took us into his family, where I brought my fable to a conclusion, and soon after that period my mother quitted this life. When my sorrow for this melancholy event had subsided, I told my kinsman, who was a farmer, that, having paid my last duty to my parent, I had now no attachment to detain me in the

country, and therefore was resolved to set out for London, and offer my play to the stage, where I did not doubt of acquiring a large share of fame as well as fortune, in which case I should not be unmindful of my friends and benefactors. My cousin was ravished with the prospect of my felicity and willingly contributed towards the expense of fitting me out for my expedition.

"Accordingly I took a place in the wagon, and arrived in town, where I hired an apartment in a garret, willing to live as frugal as possible, until I should know what I had to expect from the manager, to whom I intended to offer my play. For, though I looked upon myself as perfectly secure of a good reception, imagining that a patentee would be as eager to receive as I to prevent my production, I did not know whether or not he might be pre-engaged in favour of another author, a circumstance that would certainly retard my success. On this consideration, too, I determined to be speedy in my application, and even to wait upon one of the managers the very next day. For this purpose, I inquired of my landlord if he knew where either or both of them lived, and he being curious to know my business, and at the same time appearing to be a very honest friendly man (a tallow-chandler), I made him acquainted with my design, upon which he told me that I went the wrong way to work, that I would not find such easy access to a manager as I imagined, and that, if I delivered my performance without proper recommendation, it would be as one to a thousand if ever it should be minded. "Take my advice," said he, "and your business is done. One of the patentees is a good catholic, as I am, and uses the same father who confesses me. I will make you acquainted with this good priest, who is an excellent scholar, and if he should approve of your play, his recommendation will go a great way in determining Mr Supple to bring it on the stage." I applauded his expedient, and was introduced to the friar, who, having perused the tragedy, was pleased to signify his approbation, and commended me in particular for having avoided all reflections upon religion. He promised to use all his influence with his son Supple in my behalf, and to inform himself that very day at what time it would be proper for me to wait upon him with the piece. He was punctual in performing his engagement, and next morning gave me to understand that he had mentioned my affair to the manager, and that I had no more to do than to go to his house any time in the forenoon, and make use of his name, upon which I should find immediate admittance. I took his advice, put my performance in my bosom, and having received directions, went immediately to the house of Mr Supple, and knocked at the door, which had a wicket in the middle, faced with a net-

work of iron. Through this a servant, having viewed me for some time, demanded to know my business. I told him my business was with Mr Supple, and that I came from Mr O'Varnish. He examined my appearance once more, then went away, returned in a few minutes, and said his master was busy, and could not be seen. Although I was a little mortified at my disappointment I was persuaded that my reception was owing to Mr Supple's ignorance of my errand, and, that I might meet with no more obstructions of the same kind, I desired Mr O'Varnish to be my introducer the next time. He complied with my request, and obtained immediate admittance to the manager, who received me with the utmost civility, and promised to read my play with the first convenience. By his own appointment I called again in a fortnight, but he was gone out, I returned in a week after, and the poor gentleman was extremely ill, I renewed my visit in a fortnight after that, and he assured me he had been so much fatigued with business, that he had not been able as yet to read it to an end, but he would take the first opportunity, and, in the mean time, observed, that what he had just seen of it was very entertaining. I comforted myself with this declaration a few weeks longer, at the end of which I appeared again before his wicket, was let in, and found him laid up with the gout. I no sooner entered his chamber, than, looking at me with a languishing eye, he said,—"Mr Melopoyne, I'm heartily sorry for an accident that has happened during my illness. You must know, that my eldest boy, finding your manuscript upon the table in the dining-room, where I used to read it, carried it into the kitchen, and leaving it there, a negligent wench of a cook-maid, mistaking it for waste paper, has expended it all but a few leaves in singing fowls upon the spit. But I hope the misfortune is not irreparable, since, no doubt, you have several copies."

"I protest to you, my good friend, Mr Random, I was extremely shocked at this information, but the good-natured gentleman seemed to be so much affected with my misfortune, that I suppressed my concern, and told him, that although I had no other copy, I should be able to retrieve the loss by writing another from my memory, which was very tenacious. You cannot imagine how well pleased Mr Supple was at this assurance, he begged I would set about it immediately, and carefully revolve and recollect every circumstance, before I pretended to commit it to paper, that it might be the same individual play that he had perused. Encouraged by this injunction, which plainly demonstrated how much he interested himself in the affair, I tasked my remembrance and industry, and in three weeks produced the exact image of the former, which was conveyed to him by my good friend Father

O'Varnish, who told me the next day that Mr Supple would revise it superficially, in order to judge of its sameness with the other, and then give his final answer. For this examination I allotted a week; and, in full confidence of seeing it acted in a little while, demanded an audience of the manager, when that term was expired. But, alas! the season had slipped away insensibly; he convinced me, that, if my play had been put into rehearsal at that time, it could not have been ready for performing until the end of March, when the benefit nights came on, consequently it would have interfered with the interest of the players, whom it was not my business to disoblige.

"I was fain to acquiesce in these reasons, which, to be sure, were extremely just, and to reserve my performance for the next season, when he hoped I would not be so unlucky, although it was a grievous disappointment to me, who by this time began to want both money and necessaries, having, on the strength of my expectation from the theatre, launched out into some extravagances, by which the sum I brought to town was already almost consumed. Indeed, I ought to be ashamed at the circumstance of my conduct, for my finances were sufficient, with good economy, to have maintained me comfortably a whole year. You will perhaps be amazed when I tell you, that in six months I expended not a farthing less than ten guineas; but when one considers the temptations to which a young man is exposed in this great city, especially if he is addicted to pleasure, as I am, the wonder will vanish, or at least abate. Nor was the cause of my concern limited to my own situation entirely, I had written an account of my good reception to my kinsman the farmer, and desired him to depend upon me for the money he had kindly accommodated me with about the end of February, which promise I now found myself unable to perform. However, there was no remedy but patience, I applied to my landlord, who was a very good-natured man, candidly owned my distress, and begged his advice in laying down some plan for my subsistence. He readily promised to consult his confessor on this subject, and told me I was welcome, in the mean time, to lodge and board with him, until fortune should put it in my power to make restitution.

"Mr O'Varnish being informed of my necessity, offered to introduce me to the author of a weekly paper, who, he did not doubt, would employ me in that way, provided he should find me duly qualified; but, upon inquiry, I understood that this journal was calculated to foment divisions in the commonwealth, and therefore I desired to be excused from engaging in it. He then proposed that I should write something in the poetical way, which I might dispose of

to a bookseller for a pretty sum of ready money, and perhaps establish my own character into the bargain. This event would infallibly procure friends, and my tragedy would appear next season to the best advantage, by being supported both by interest and reputation. I was charmed with this prospect, and having heard what friends Mr Pope acquired by his pastorals, set about a work of that kind, and in less than six weeks composed as many eclogues, which I forthwith offered to an eminent bookseller, who desired me to leave them for his perusal, and he would give me an answer in two days. At the end of that time I went to him, when he returned the poems, telling me they would not answer his purpose, and sweetened his refusal by saying there were some good clever lines in them. Not a little dejected at this rebuff, which, I learned from Mr O'Varnish, was owing to the opinion of another author, whom this bookseller always consulted on these occasions, I applied to another person of the same profession, who told me, the town was cloyed with pastorals, and advised me, if I intended to profit by my talents, to write something satirical or luscious, such as the *Button Hole*, *Shockey and Towzer*, the *Leaky Vessel*, &c.—and yet this was a man, in years, who wore a reverend periwig, looked like a senator, and went regularly to church. Be that as it will, I scorned to prostitute my pen in the manner he proposed, and carried my papers to a third, who assured me, that poetry was entirely out of his way, and asked if I had got never a piece of secret history, thrown into a series of letters, or a volume of adventures, such as those of Robinson Crusoe and Colonel Jack, or a collection of conundrums, wherewith to entertain the plantations. Being quite unfurnished for this dealer, I had recourse to another with as little success, and I verily believe was rejected by the whole trade.

"I was afterwards persuaded to offer myself as a translator, and accordingly repaired to a person, who was said to entertain numbers of that class in his pay. He assured me he had already a great deal of that work on his hands, which he did not know what to do with, observed that translation was a mere drug, that branch of literature being overstocked with an inundation of authors from North Briton, and asked what I would expect per sheet for rendering the Latin classics into English?—That I might not make myself too cheap, I determined to set a high price upon my qualifications, and demanded half a guinea for every translated sheet. "Half a guinea!" cried he, staring at me, then paused a little, and said, he had no occasion for my service at present. I found my error, and, resolving to make amends, fell one half in my demand; upon

which he stared at me again, and told me his hands were full. I attempted others, without finding employment, and was actually reduced to a very uncomfortable prospect, when I bethought myself of offering my talents to the printers of halfpenny ballads, and other such occasional essays as are hawked about the streets. With this view, I applied to one of the most noted and vociferous of this tribe, who directed me to a person whom I found entertaining a whole crowd of them with gin, bread and cheese. He carried me into a little back parlour, very neatly furnished, where I signified my desire of being enrolled among his writers, and was asked what kind of composition I professed. Understanding that my inclination leaned towards poetry, he expressed his satisfaction, telling me one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in bedlam, and the other was become dosed with drinking drams, so that he had not done any thing tolerable these many weeks. When I proposed that we should enter into terms of agreement, he gave me to understand, that his bargains were always conditional, and his authors paid in proportion to the sale of their works.

"Having therefore settled these conditions, which (I do assure you) were not very advantageous to me, he assigned me a subject for a ballad, which was to be finished in two hours, and I retired to my garret in order to perform his injunction. As the theme happened to suit my fancy, I completed a pretty sort of an ode within the time prescribed, and brought it to him, big with hope of profit and applause. He read it in a twinkling, and, to my utter astonishment, told me, it would not do, though indeed he owned I wrote a good hand, and spelled very well, but my language was too high flown, and of consequence not at all adapted to the capacity and taste of his customers. I promised to rectify that mistake, and in half an hour humbled my style to the comprehension of vulgar readers. He approved of the alteration, and gave me some hopes of succeeding in time, though he observed, that my performance was very deficient in the quaintness of expression that pleases the multitude, however, to encourage me, he ventured the expense of printing and paper, and, if I remember aright, my share of the sale amounted to fourpence halfpenny.

"From that day I studied the Grub-street manner with great diligence, and at length became such a proficient, that my works were in great request among the most polite of the chairmen, draymen, hackney coachmen, footmen, and servant maids. Nay, I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing my productions, adorned with cuts, pasted upon the wall as ornaments in beer cellars and cobblers' stalls, and have actually heard them sung in clubs of substantial tradesmen. But

empty praise (you know, my dear friend) will not supply the cravings of nature. I found myself in danger of starving in the midst of all my fame, for of ten songs I composed, it was well if two had the good fortune to please. For this reason I turned my thoughts to prose, and, during a track of gloomy weather, published an apparition, on the substance of which I subsisted very comfortably a whole month. I have made many a good meal upon a monster, a rape has often afforded me great satisfaction, but a murder, well timed, was my never-failing resource. What then? I was a most miserable slave to my employers, who expected to be furnished at a minute's warning with prose and verse, just as they thought the circumstances of the times required, whether the inclination was absent or present. Upon my sincerity, Mr Random, I have been so much pestered and besieged by those children of clamour, that life became a burden to me.

CHAPTER LXIII

The continuation and conclusion of Mr Melopoy'n's story

I MADE shift, notwithstanding, to maintain myself till the beginning of next winter, when I renewed my addresses to my friend Mr Supple, and was most graciously received. 'I have been thinking of your affair, Mr Melopoy'n,' said he, 'and am determined to show how far I have your interest at heart, by introducing you to a young nobleman of my acquaintance, who is remarkable for his fantastic in dramatic writings, and is, besides, a man of such influence, that, if once he should approve of your play, his patronage will support it against all the efforts of envy and ignorance. For I do assure you, that merit alone will not bring success. I have already spoke of your performance to Lord Rattle, and if you will call at my house in a day or two, you shall have a letter of introduction to his lordship.' I was sensibly touched with this mark of Mr Supple's friendship, and looking upon my affair as already done, went home and imparted my good fortune to my landlord, who, to render my appearance more acceptable to my patron, procured a suit of new clothes for me on his own credit.

"Not to trouble you with idle particulars, I carried my tragedy to his lordship's lodgings, and sent it up, along with Mr Supple's letter, by one of his servants, who desired me, by his lord's order, to return in a week. I did so, and was admitted to his lordship, who received me very courteously, told me he had perused my play, which he thought, on the whole, was the best *coup d'essai* he had ever seen, but that he had marked some places in the margin, which he imagined might be altered for the better. I was trans-

ported with this reception, and promised (with many acknowledgements of his lordship's generosity), to be governed solely by his advice and direction. 'Well, then,' said he, 'write another fair copy with the alterations I have proposed, and bring it to me as soon as possible, for I am resolved to have it brought on the stage this winter.' You may be sure I set about this task with alacrity, and although I found his lordship's remarks much more numerous, and of less importance, than I expected, I thought it was not my interest to dispute upon trifles with my patron, therefore new modelled it, according to his desire, in less than a month.

"When I waited upon him with the manuscript, I found one of the actors at breakfast with his lordship, who immediately introduced him to my acquaintance, and desired him to read a scene of my play. This task he performed very much to my satisfaction, with regard to emphasis and pronunciation, but he signified his disgust at several words in every page, which I presuming to defend, Lord Rattle told me, with a peremptory look, I must not pretend to dispute with him, who had been a player these twenty years, and understood the economy of the stage better than any man living. I was forced to submit, and his lordship proposed the same actor should read the whole play in the evening, before some gentlemen of his acquaintance, whom he would convene at his lodgings for that purpose.

"I was present at the reading, and I protest to you, my dear friend, I never underwent such a severe trial in the whole course of my life as at that juncture, for although the player might be a very honest man, and a good performer, he was excessively illiterate and assuming, and made a thousand frivolous objections, which I was not permitted to answer. However, the piece was very much applauded on the whole, the gentlemen present, who, I understood, were men of fortune, promised to countenance and support it as much as they could, and Lord Rattle assuring me that he would act the part of a careful nurse to it, desired me to carry it home, and alter it immediately according to their remarks. I was fain to acquiesce in his determination, and fulfilled his injunctions with all the expedition in my power, but, before I could present the new copy, my good friend Mr Supple had disposed of his property and patent to one Mr Brayer, so that fresh interest was to be made with the new manager. This task Lord Rattle undertook, having some acquaintance with him, and recommended my performance so strongly that it was received.

"I looked upon myself now as upon the eve of reaping the fruits of all my labour. I waited a few days in expectation of its being put into rehearsal, and wondering at the delay, applied to my worthy patron, who ex-

cused Mr Brayer, on account of the multiplicity of business in which he was involved, and bade me beware of teasing the patentee. I treasured this caution, and exerted my patience three weeks longer, at the end of which his lordship gave me to understand that Mr Brayer had read my play, and owned it had indubitable merit, but as he had long been pre-engaged to another author, he could not possibly represent it that season; though, if I would reserve it for the next, and, in the interim, make such alterations as he had proposed by observations on the margin, I might depend upon his compliance.

Thunderstruck at this disappointment, I could not, for some minutes, utter one syllable. At length, however, I complained bitterly of the manager's insincerity in amusing me so long, when he knew from the beginning that he could not gratify my desire. But his lordship reprimanded me for my freedom, said Mr Brayer was a man of honour, and imputed his behaviour with respect to me to nothing else but forgetfulness. And indeed I have had some reason, since that time, to be convinced of his bad memory, for, in spite of appearances, I will not allow myself to interpret his conduct in any other way. Lord Rattle, observing me very much affected with my disappointment, offered his interest to bring on my play at the other house, which I eagerly accepting, he forthwith wrote a letter of recommendation to Mr Bellow, actor, and prime minister to Mr Vandal, proprietor of that theatre, and desired me to deliver it with my tragedy without loss of time. Accordingly I hastened to his house, where, after having waited a whole hour in a lobby, I was admitted to his presence, and my performance received with great state. He told me he was extremely busy at present, but he would peruse it as soon as possible, and bade me call again in a week. I took my leave, not a little astonished at the port and supercilious behaviour of this stage-player, who had not treated me with good manners, and began to think the dignity of a poet greatly impaired since the days of Euripides and Sophocles, but all this was nothing in comparison of what I have since observed.

"Well, Mr Random, I went back at the appointed time, and was told that Mr Bellow was engaged, and could not see me. I repeated my visit a few days after, and, having waited a considerable time, was favoured with an audience, during which, he said, he had not as yet read my play. nettled at this usage, I could contain myself no longer, but telling him, I imagined he would have paid more deference to Lord Rattle's recommendation, demanded my manuscript with some expressions of resentment. 'Ay,' said he, in a theatrical tone, 'with all my heart.' Then pulling out a drawer of the bureau at which he sat, he took out a bundle

and threw it upon a table that was near him, pronouncing the word,—‘there,’ with great disdain. I took it up, and perceiving, with some surprise, that it was a comedy, told him it did not belong to me, upon which he offered me another, which I also disclaimed. A third was produced and rejected for the same reason. At length he pulled out a whole handful, and spread them before me, saying,—‘There are seven—take which you please—or take them all.’ I singled out my own, and went away, struck dumb with admiration at what I had seen—not so much on account of his insolence, as of the number of new plays, which from this circumstance I concluded were yearly offered to the stage. You may be sure I did not fail to carry my complaint to my patron, who did not receive it with all the indignation I expected, but taxed me with precipitation, and told me I must lay my account with bearing the humours of the players, if I intended to write for the stage.—‘There is now no other remedy,’ said he, ‘but to keep it till the next season for Mr Brayer, and alter it at your leisure in the summer, according to his directions.’ I was now reduced to a terrible alternative, either to quit all hopes of my tragedy, from which I had all along promised myself a large share of fortune and reputation, or to encounter eight long months of adversity in preparing for, and expecting its appearance. This last penance, painful as it was, seemed most eligible to my reflection at that time, and therefore I resolved to undergo it.

“Why should I tire you with particulars of no consequence? I wrestled with extreme poverty until the time of my probation was expired, and went to my Lord Rattle in order to remind him of my affair, when I understood, to my great concern, that his lordship was just on the point of going abroad, and which was still more unfortunate for me, Mr Brayer had gone into the country, so that my generous patron had it not in his power to introduce me personally, as he intended however, he wrote a very strong letter to the manager in my favour, and put him in mind of the promise he had made in behalf of my play.

“As soon as I was certified of Brayer’s return, I went to his house with this letter, but was told he was gone out. I called again next day early in the morning, received the same answer, and was desirous to leave my name and business, I did so, and returned the day after, when the servant still affirmed that his master was gone abroad, though I perceived him, as I retired, observing me through a window. Incensed at this discovery, I went to a coffee-house hard by, and inclosing his lordship’s letter in one from myself, demanded a categorical answer. I sent it to his house by a servant, who returned in a few minutes, and told me Mr Brayer would be glad to see me at that instant. I

obeyed the summons, and was received with such profusion of compliments and apologies, that my resentment immediately subsided, and I was even in pain for the concern which this honest man showed at the mistake of his servant, who, it seems, had been ordered to deny him to every body but me. He expressed the utmost veneration for his good and noble friend Lord Rattle, whom he should be always proud to serve, promised to peruse the play with all dispatch, and give me a meeting upon it, and, as a testimony of his esteem, made me a present of a general order for the season, by which I should be admitted to any part of the theatre. This was a very agreeable compliment to me, whose greatest pleasure consisted in seeing dramatic performances, and you need not doubt that I often availed myself of my privilege. As I had an opportunity of being behind the scenes when I pleased, I frequently conversed with Mr Brayer about my play, and asked when he intended to put it into rehearsal, but he had always so much business upon his hands, that it remained with him unopened a considerable while, and I became very uneasy about the season, that wasted apace, when I saw in the papers another new play advertised, which had been written, offered, accepted, and rehearsed, in the compass of three months. You may easily guess how much I was confounded at this event. I own to you, that in the first transports of my anger, I suspected Mr Brayer of having acted towards me in the most pitiful, perfidious manner, and was actually glad at his disappointment in the success of his favourite piece, which, by the strength of art, lingered till the third night, and then died in a deplorable manner. But, now that passion has no share in my reflection, I am willing to ascribe his behaviour to his want of memory, or want of judgment, which, you know, are natural defects, that are more worthy of compassion than reproach.

“About this time I happened to be in company with a gentlewoman, who, having heard of my tragedy, told me she was acquainted with the wife of a gentleman, who was very well known to a lady, who had great interest with a person who was intimate with Earl Shoorwit, and that, if I pleased, she would use her influence in my behalf. As this nobelman had the character of a *Mæcenas* in the nation, and could stamp a value upon any work by his sole countenance and approbation, I accepted her offer with eagerness, in full confidence of seeing my reputation established, and my wishes fulfilled in a very short time, provided I should have the good fortune to please his lordship’s taste. I withdrew the manuscript from the hands of Mr Brayer, and committed it to the care of this gentlewoman, who laboured so effectually in my interest, that in less than a month it was conveyed to the

earl, and in a few weeks after, I had the satisfaction to hear that he had read and approved it very much. Transported with this piece of intelligence, I flattered myself with the hopes of his interesting himself in its favour, but hearing no more of the matter in three whole months, I began (God forgive me) to suspect the veracity of the person who brought me the good tidings; for I thought it impossible that a man of his rank and character, who knew the difficulty of writing a good tragedy, and understood the dignity of the work, should read and applaud an essay of this kind, without feeling an inclination to befriend the author, whom his countenance alone could raise above dependence. But it was not long before I found my friend very much wronged by my opinion.

"You must know that the civilities I have received from Lord Rattle, and the desire he manifested to promote the success of my play, encouraged me to write an account of my bad fortune to his lordship, who condescended so far as to desire, by letter, a young squire of a great estate, with whom he was intimate, to espouse my cause, and, in particular, made me acquainted with one Mr Marmozet, a celebrated player, who had lately appeared on the stage with astonishing eclat, and bore such sway in the house where he acted, that the manager durst not refuse any thing he recommended. The young gentleman whom Lord Rattle had employed for this purpose, being diffident of his own interest with Mr Marmozet, had recourse to a nobleman of his acquaintance, who, at his solicitation, was so good as to introduce me to him, and the conversation turning upon my performance, I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, to hear that Earl Sheerwit had spoken very much in its praise, and even sent Mr Marmozet the copy, with a message, expressing a desire that he would act in it next season. Nor was the favourite actor backward in commending the piece, which he mentioned with some expressions of regard that I do not choose to repeat, assuring me that he would appear in it provided he should be engaged to play at all during the ensuing season. In the meantime, he desired I would give him leave to peruse it in the country, whither he intended to remove next day, that he might have leisure to consider and point out such alterations as might, perhaps, be necessary for its representation, and took my direction, that he might communicate by letter the observations he should make. Trusting to these assurances, and the interest which had been made in my behalf, I hugged myself in the expectation of seeing it not only acted, but acted to the greatest advantage, and as I thought could not fail of recompensing me in an ample manner for the anxiety and affliction I had undergone. But six weeks being elapsed, I did not know how to recon-

cile Mr Marmozet's silence, with his promise of writing to me ten days after he set out for the country. However, I was at last favoured with a letter, importing that he had made some remarks on my tragedy, which he would freely impart at meeting, and advising me to put it, without loss of time, into the hands of that manager who had the best company, as he himself was quite uncertain whether or not he should be engaged that winter. I was a good deal alarmed at this last part of his letter, and advised about it with a friend, who told me, it was a plain indication of Mr Marmozet's desire to get rid of his promise, that his pretended uncertainty about acting next winter was no other than a scandalous evasion, for, to his certain knowledge, he was already engaged, or at least in terms, with Mr Vandal, and that his design was to disappoint me, in favour of a new comedy, which he had purchased of the author, and intended to bring upon the stage for his own advantage.

"In short, my dear sir, this person, who, I must own, is of a sanguine complexion, handled the moral character of Mr Marmozet with such severity, that I began to suspect him of some particular prejudice, and put myself upon my guard against his insinuations. I ought to crave pardon for this tedious narration of trivial circumstances, which, however interesting they may be to me, must certainly be very dry and insipid to the ear of one unconcerned in the affair. But I understand the meaning of your looks, and will proceed. Well, sir, Mr Marmozet, upon his return to town, treated me with uncommon complaisance, and invited me to his lodgings, where he proposed to communicate his remarks, which I confess were more unfavourable than I expected, but I answered his objections, and, as I thought, brought him over to my opinion, for, on the whole, he signified the highest approbation of the performance. In the course of our dispute, I was not a little surprised to find this poor gentleman's memory so treacherous, as to let him forget what he had said to me, before he went out of town, in regard to Earl Sheerwit's opinion of my play, which he now professed himself ignorant of, and I was extremely mortified at hearing from his own mouth, that his interest with Mr Vandal was so very low, as to be insufficient of itself to bring a new piece upon the stage. I then begged his advice; and he counselled me to apply to Earl Sheerwit for a message in my favour to the manager, who would not presume to refuse any thing recommended by so great a man, and he was so kind as to promise to second this message with all his power, I had immediate recourse to the worthy gentlewoman my friend, already mentioned, who opened the channels of her conveyance with such expedition, that in a few days I had the promise of the message, pro-

vided I could assure myself of Mr Vandal's being unengaged to any other author, for his lordship did not choose to condescend so far, until he should understand that there was a probability (at least) of succeeding. At the same time that he blessed me with this piece of news, I was startled at another, by the same channel of communication; which was, that Mr Marmozet, before he advised me to this application, had informed the earl that he had read my play, and found it altogether unfit for the stage. Though I could not doubt the certainty of this intelligence, I believed there was some misapprehension in the case, and, without taking any notice of it, told Mr Marmozet the answer I had been favoured with, and he promised to ask Mr Vandal the question proposed. I waited upon him in a day or two, when he gave me to understand that Mr Vandal, having professed himself free of all engagements, he had put my play into his hands, and represented it as a piece strongly recommended by Earl Sheerwit, who (he assured him) would honour him with a message in its favour, and he desired me to call for an answer at Mr Vandal's house in three days. I followed his directions, and found the manager, who, being made acquainted with my business, owned that Mr Marmozet had given him a manuscript play, but denied that he had mentioned Earl Sheerwit's name. When I informed him of the circumstances of the affair, he said he had no engagement with any author, that he would read my tragedy forthwith, and did not believe he should venture to reject it in contradiction to his lordship's opinion, for which he had the utmost veneration, but put it into rehearsal without loss of time. I was so much intoxicated with this encouragement, that I overlooked the mysterious conduct of Mr Marmozet, and attended the manager at the time appointed, when, to my infinite confusion, he pronounced my play improper for the stage, and rejected it accordingly. As soon as I could recollect myself from the disorder into which this unexpected refusal had thrown me, I expressed a desire of hearing his objections, which were so groundless, indistinct, and unintelligible, that I persuaded myself he had not at all perused the piece, but had been prompted by somebody, whose lessons he had not rightly retained. However, I have been since informed, that the poor man's head, which was not naturally very clear, had been disordered with superstition, and that he laboured under the tyranny of a wife and the terrors of hell-fire at the same time. Precipitated, in this manner, from the highest pinnacle of hope to the abyss of despondence, I was ready to sink under the burden of my affliction, and in the bitterness of my anguish, could not help entertaining some doubts of Mr Marmozet's integrity, when I recollected and compared the cir-

cumstances of his conduct towards me. I was encouraged in this suspicion, by being told, that my Lord Sheerwit had spoke of his character with great contempt, and, in particular, resented his insolence in opposing his own taste to that of his lordship concerning my tragedy. While I hesitated between different opinions of the matter, that friend, who (as I told you before) was a little hot-headed, favoured me with a visit, and having heard a circumstantial account of the whole affair, could not contain his indignation, but affirmed without ceremony, that Marmozet was the sole occasion of my disappointment, that he had acted from first to last with the most perfidious dissimulation, capoling me with insinuating civilities, while he underneath employed all his art and influence to prejudice the ignorant manager against my performance, that nothing could equal his hypocrisy but his avarice, which engrossed the faculties of his soul so much, that he scrupled not to be guilty of the meanest practices to gratify that sordid appetite; that, in consequence of this disposition, he had prostituted his honour in betraying my inexperience, and in undermining the interest of another author of established reputation, who had also offered a tragedy to the stage, which he thought would interfere with the success of the comedy he had bought, and determined to bring on at all events.

"I was shocked at the description of such a monster, which I could not believe existed in the world, bad as it is, and argued against the asseverations of my friend, by demonstrating the bad policy of such behaviour, which could not fail of entailing infamy upon the author, and the small temptation that a man of Mr Marmozet's figure and success could have to consult his interest in such a grovelling manner, which must create contempt and abhorrence of him in his patrons, and effectually deprive him of the countenance and protection he now enjoys in such an eminent degree. He pretended to laugh at my simplicity, and asked if I knew for which of his virtues he was so much caressed by the people of fashion? 'It is not,' said he, 'for the qualities of his heart, that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment. His avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing, but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties of quality for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan, when a poet of the most exquisite genius is not able to attract the least regard.' God forbid, Mr Random, that I should credit assertions that degrade the dignity of our superiors so much, and represent that poor man as the most abject of all beings! No, I looked

upon them as the hyperboles of passion, and though that comedy of which he spoke did actually appear, I dare not doubt the existence of Mr Marmozet, who, I am told, is as much as ever in favour with the earl; a circumstance that surely could not be, unless he had vindicated his character to the satisfaction of his lordship. Pray forgive this long digression, and give me the hearing a little longer, for, thank heaven! I am now near the goal.

"Baffled in all my attempts, I despaired of seeing my play acted; and bethought myself of choosing some employment that might afford a sure, though mean, subsistence, but my landlord, to whom I was by this time considerably indebted, and who had laid his account with having his money paid all in a heap, from the profits of my third night, could not brook his disappointment, therefore made another effort in my behalf, and, by dint of interest, procured a message from a lady of fashion to Mr Brayer, who had always professed a great veneration for her, desiring that he would set up my play forthwith, and assuring him that she and all her friends would support it in the performance. To strengthen my interest, she engaged his best actors in my cause, and, in short, exerted herself so much, that it was again received, and my hopes began to revive. But Mr Brayer, honest man, was so much engrossed by business of vast consequence, though to appearance he had nothing at all to do, that he could not find time to read it until the season was pretty far advanced, and read it he must, for, notwithstanding his having promised it before, his memory did not retain one circumstance of the matter.

At length he favoured it with his attention, and, having proposed certain alterations, sent his duty to the lady who patronised it, and promised, on his honour, to bring it on next winter, provided these alterations should be made, and the copy delivered to him before the end of April. With an aching heart I submitted to these conditions, and performed them accordingly, but fortune owed me another unforfeited mortification. Mr Marmozet, during the summer, became joint partner with Mr Brayer, so that, when I claimed performance of articles, I was told he could do nothing without the consent of his partner, who was pre-engaged to another author.

"My condition was rendered desperate by the death of my good friend and landlord, whose executors obtained a judgment against my effects, which they seized, and turned me out into the streets naked, friendless, and forlorn. There I was arrested at the suit of a tailor and thrown into this prison, where I have made shift to live these five weeks on the bounty of my fellow-prisoners, who, I hope, are not the worse for the instruction and good offices by which I manifest

my gratitude, but, in spite of all their charitable endeavours, my life was scarce tolerable, until your uncommon benevolence enabled me to enjoy it with comfort."

CHAPTER LXIV.

I am seized with a deep melancholy, and become a clown—am relieved by my uncle—he privately upon me to engage with his owners as surgeon of the ship which he commands—he makes me a considerable present—entertains Strap as his steward—I take leave of my friends, and go on board—the ship arrives in the Downs

I SHALL not make any reflections on this story, in the course of which the reader must perceive how egregiously the simplicity and milky disposition of this worthy man had been duped and abused by a set of scoundrels, who were so habituated to falsehood and equivocation, that I verily believe they would have found the utmost difficulty in uttering one syllable of truth, though their lives had depended upon their sincerity. Notwithstanding all I had suffered from the knavery and selfishness of mankind, I was amazed and incensed at the base indifference which suffered such uncommon merit as he possessed to languish in obscurity, and struggle with all the miseries of a loathsome jail, and should have blessed the occasion that secluded me from such a perfidious world, had not the remembrance of the amiable Narcissa preserved my attachment to that society of which she constituted a part. The picture of that lovely creature was the constant companion of my solitude. How often did I contemplate the resemblance of those enchanting features that first captivated my heart! How often did I weep over those endearing scenes which her image recalled! and how often did I curse my perfidious fate for having robbed me of the fair original! In vain did my imagination flatter me with schemes of future happiness, surely reason always interposed, and in a moment overthrew that unsubstantial fabric, by calling to the extravagance of my hope, and representing my unhappy situation in the right point of view. In vain did I fly for refuge to the amusements of the place, and engage in the parties of Jackson, at cards, billiards, nine-pins, and fives, a train of melancholy thoughts took possession of my soul, which even the conversation of Melopoyne could not divert. I ordered Strap to inquire every day at Banter's lodgings, in expectation of hearing again from my charmer; and my disappointment considerably augmented my chagrin. My affectionate valet was infected with my sorrow, and often sat with me whole hours without

speaking, uttering sigh for sigh, and shedding tear for tear. This fellowship increased our distemper, he became incapable of business, and was discarded by his master, while I, seeing my money melt away, without any certainty of deliverance, and in short, all my hopes frustrated, grew negligent of life, lost all appetite, and degenerated into such a sloven, that, during the space of two months, I was neither washed, shifted, nor shaved, so that my face, rendered meagre with abstinence, was obscured with dirt, and overshadowed with hair, and my whole appearance squalid and even frightful, when, one day, Strap brought me notice that there was a man below who wanted to speak with me. Roused at this intelligence, and in full hopes of receiving a letter from the dear object of my love, I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and found, to my infinite surprise, my generous uncle, Mr Bowling. Transported at the sight, I sprung forward to embrace him upon which he started aside with great agility, drew his hanger, and put himself upon his guard, crying,—“Avast, brother, avast! sheer off!—Yo ho! you turnkey, why don't you keep a better look-out! here's one of your crazy prisoners broke from his lashings, I do suppose.” I could not help laughing heartily at his mistake, but this I soon rectified by my voice, which he instantly recollected, and shook me by the hand with great affection, testifying his concern at seeing me in such a miserable condition.

I conducted him to my apartment, where, in presence of Strap, whom I introduced to him as one of my best friends, he gave me to understand that he was just arrived from the coast of Guinea, after having made a pretty successful voyage, in which he had acted as mate, until the ship was attacked by a French privateer, that the captain being killed during the engagement, he had taken the command, and was so fortunate as to sink the enemy, after which exploit he fell in with a merchant ship from Martinico, laden with sugar, indigo, and some silver, and, by virtue of his letter of marque, attacked, took, and brought her safe into Kinsale, in Ireland, where she was condemned as a lawful prize, by which means he had not only got a pretty sum of money, but also acquired the favour of his owners, who had already conferred upon him the command of a large ship, mounted with twenty nine-pounders, ready to sail upon a very advantageous voyage, which he was not at liberty to discover. And he assured me, it was with the greatest difficulty he had found me, in consequence of a direction left for him at his lodgings at Wapping.

I was rejoiced beyond measure at this account of his good fortune, and, at his desire, recounted all the adventures that had happened to me since we parted. When he understood the particulars of Strap's

attachment to me, he squeezed his hand very cordially, and promised to make a man of him, then giving me ten guineas for my present occasion, took a direction for the tailor who arrested me, and went away in order to discharge the debt, telling me at parting, that he would soon fetch up all my lec-way with a wet sail.

I was utterly confounded at this sudden transition, which affected me more than any reverse I had formerly felt, and a crowd of incoherent ideas rushed so impetuously upon my imagination, that my reason could neither separate nor connect them, when Strap, whose joy had manifested itself in a thousand fooleries, came into my room with his shaving utensils, and, without any previous intimation, began to lather my beard, whistling with great emotion all the while. I started from my reverie, and being too well acquainted with Strap to trust myself in his hands while he was under such agitation, desired to be excused, sent for another barber, and suffered myself to be trimmed. Having performed the ceremony of ablution, I shifted, and, dressing in my gayest apparel, waited for the return of my uncle, who was agreeably surprised at my sudden transformation.

This beneficent kinsman had satisfied my creditor, and obtained an order for my discharge, so that I was no longer a prisoner, but as I had some reluctance to part with my friends and fellows in distress, I prevailed upon Mr Bowling to favour us with his company, and invited Mr Melopoy and Jackson to spend the evening at my apartment, where I regaled them with a supper, good wine, and the news of my release, on which they heartily congratulated me, notwithstanding the loss of my company, which, they were pleased to say, they should severely feel. As for Jackson, his misfortune made so little impression on himself, and he was altogether so loose, indifferent, and indiscreet, that I could scarce pity his situation, but I had conceived a veneration and friendship for the poet, who was in all respects an object much more worthy of compassion and regard. When our guests withdrew, and my uncle had retired, with an intention to visit me next morning, I made up a bundle of some linen, and other necessaries, and, bidding Strap carry them to Mr Melopoy's lodgings, went thither myself and pressed it upon his acceptance, with five guineas, which with much difficulty he received, assuring me at the same time that he should never have it in his power to make satisfaction. I then asked if I could serve him any other way, to which he answered,—“you have already done too much,” and, unable to contain the emotions of his soul any longer, burst into tears, and wept aloud. Moved at this spectacle, I left him to his repose, and, when my uncle returned in the morning, represented his character in such a favourable

light, that the honest seaman was affected with his distress, and determined to follow my example, in presenting him with five pieces more. upon which, that I might save him some confusion, I advised Mr Bowling to inclose it in a letter, to be delivered by Strap after we should be gone.

This was accordingly done. I took a formal leave of all my acquaintance in the jail, and just as I was about to step into a hackney coach at the gate, Jackson calling me, I returned, and he asked me in a whisper if I could lend him a shilling. His demand being so moderate, and in all likelihood the last he would make upon me, I shipped a guinea into his hand, which he no sooner perceived, than he cried,—“O Jesus! a guinea!” then laying hold of a button of my coat broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, when his convulsion was ended, told me I was an honest fellow, and let me go. The coachman was ordered to drive to Mr Bowling’s lodgings, where, when we arrived he entered into a serious discourse with me on the subject of my situation, and proposed that I should sail with him in quality of his surgeon, in which case he would put me in a method of getting a fortune in a few years by my own industry, and assured me, that I might expect to inherit all that he should die possessed of, provided I should survive him. Though I was penetrated with a sense of his generosity, I was startled at a proposal that offered violence to my love, and signified my sentiments on that head, which he did not seem to relish, but observed, that love was the fruit of idleness; that, when once I should be employed in business, and my mind engaged in making money, I should be no more troubled with these silly notions, which none but your fair-weather Jacks, who have nothing but their pleasure to mind, ought to entertain. I was piqued at this insinuation, which I looked upon as a reproach, and, without giving myself time to deliberate, accepted his offer. He was overjoyed at my compliance, carried me immediately to his chief owner, with whom a bargain was struck, so that then I could not retract with honour, had I been ever so much averse to the agreement. That I might not have time to cool, he bade me draw out a list of medicines for a complement of five hundred men, adapted to the distempers of hot climates, and sufficient for a voyage of eighteen months, and carry it to a certain wholesale apothecary, who would also provide me in two well qualified mates. While I was thus employed, Strap came in, and looked very blank, when he understood my resolution; however, after a pause of some minutes, he insisted upon going along with me, and at my desire was made ship’s steward by captain Bowling, who promised to be at the expense of fitting him out, and to lend him two hundred pounds to purchase an adventure.

When I had delivered my list of medicines, chosen a couple of my own countrymen for mates, and bespoke a set of chirurgical instruments, my uncle told me that, by his last voyage, he had cleared almost three thousand pounds, one third of which he would immediately make over and put into my hands, that he would procure for me credit to the value of as much more, in such goods as would turn to best account in the country to which we were bound, and that, although he looked upon my interest as his own, he would keep the remaining part of his fortune in his own disposal, with a view of preserving his independence, and a power of punishing me, in case I should not make a good use of what he had already bestowed.

Without troubling the reader with an account of the effect which this surprising generosity had upon my mind, I shall only say that his promises were instantly performed, and an invoice of merchandize proper for the voyage presented to me, that I might purchase the goods, and ship them with all expedition. In the midst of this hurry, the remembrance of my charming Narcissa often interposed, and made me the most miserable of all mortals. I was distracted with the thought of being torn from her, perhaps for ever, and though the hope of seeing her again might have supported me under the torments of separation, I could not reflect upon the anguish she must feel at parting with me, and the incessant sorrows to which her tender bosom would be exposed during my absence, without being pierced with the deepest affliction. As my imagination was daily and nightly upon the rack to invent some method of mitigating this cruel stroke, or at least of acquitting my love and honour in the opinion of this gentle creature, I at length stumbled upon an expedient, with which the reader will be made acquainted in due time, and, in consequence of my determination, became less uneasy and disturbed.

My business being finished, and the ship ready to sail, I resolved to make my last appearance among my acquaintance at the other end of the town, where I had not been seen since my imprisonment, and as I had, by the advice of my uncle, taken off some very rich clothes for sale, I put on the gayest suit in my possession, and went in a chair to the coffee-house I used to frequent, where I found my friend Banter so confounded at the magnificence of my dress, that, when I made up to him, he gazed at me with a look of astonishment, without being able for some minutes to open his lips, then pulling me aside by the sleeve, and fixing his eyes on mine, accosted me in this manner —“Ransom, where the devil have you been? eh?—What is the meaning of all this finery?—Oh! I understand you!—You are just arrived from the country!—what! the roads are good, eh?—Well, Ransom, you are a bold

fellow, and a lucky fellow—but take care, the pitcher goes often to the well, but is broken at last.” So saying he pointed to his collar, by which gesture, and the broken hints he had ejaculated, I found he suspected me of having robbed on the highway, and I laughed very heartily at his supposition. Without explaining myself any further, I told him he was mistaken in his conjecture, that I had been for some time past with the relation of whom he had frequently heard me speak, and that, as I should set out next day upon my travels, I had come to take my leave of my friends, and to receive of him the money he had borrowed from me, which, now that I was going abroad, I should certainly have occasion for. He was a little disconcerted at this demand, but, recollecting himself in a moment, swore, in an affected passion, that I had used him extremely ill, and he would never forgive me, for having, by this short warning, put it out of his power to free himself of an obligation he could no longer bear. I could not help smiling at this pretended delicacy, which I commended highly, telling him he needed not to be uneasy on that score, for I would give him a direction to a merchant in the city, with whom I would leave a discharge for the sum, to be delivered upon payment. He professed much joy at this expedient, and, with great eagerness, asked the person’s name and place of abode, which he forthwith wrote in his pocket book, assuring me that he should not be long in my debt. This affair, which I knew he would never after think of, being settled to his satisfaction, I sent cards to all my friends, desiring the favour of their company at a tavern in the evening, when they honoured my invitation, and I had the pleasure of treating them in a very elegant manner, at which they expressed equal admiration and applause. Having enjoyed ourselves till midnight, I took my leave of them, and was well nigh stifled with caresses. Next day I set out with Strap in a post-chaise for Gravesend, where we went on board, and, the wind serving, weighed anchor in less than twelve hours. Without meeting with any accident, we reached the Downs, where we were obliged to come to an anchor, and wait for an easterly wind to carry us out of the Channel.

CHAPTER LXV

I set out for Sussex—consult Mrs Sagely—achieve an interview with Narcissa—return to the ship—we get clear of the Channel—I learn our destination—we are chased by a large ship—the company are dismayed, and encouraged by the captain’s speech—our pursuer happens to be an English man of war—we arrive at the coast of Guinea—purchase four

hundred negroes, sail for Paraguay, get safe into the river of Plate, and sell our cargo to great advantage.

It was now I put in execution the scheme I had projected at London, and asking leave of the captain for Strap and me to stay on shore till the wind should become favourable, my request was granted, because he had orders to remain in the Downs until he should receive some dispatches from London, which he did not expect in less than a week. Having imparted my resolution to my trusty valet, who (though he endeavoured to dissuade me from such a rash undertaking) would not quit me in the enterprise, I hired horses, and set out immediately for that part of Sussex where my charmer was confined, which was not above thirty miles distant from Deal, where we mounted. As I was perfectly well acquainted with the extent of the squire’s estate and influence, I halted within five miles of his house, where we remained till the twilight, at which time we set forward, and, by the favour of a dark night, reached a copse about half a mile from the village where Mrs Sagely lived. Here we left our horses tied to a tree, and went directly to the house of my old benefactress, Strap trembling all the way, and venting ejaculatory petitions to Heaven for our safety. Her habitation being quite solitary, we arrived at the door without being observed, when I ordered my companion to enter by himself, and, in case there should be company with her, deliver a letter which I had written for that purpose, and say that a friend of hers in London, understanding that he intended to travel this road, had committed it to his care. He rapped at the door, to which the good old matron coming, told him, that, being a lone woman, he must excuse her, if she did not open it, until he had declared his name and business. He answered, that his name was unknown to her, and that his business was to deliver a letter, which (to free her from all apprehension) he would convey to her through the space between the door and threshold. This he instantly performed, and she no sooner read the contents, which specified my being present, than she cried,—“If the person who wrote this letter be at hand, let him speak, that I may be assured by his voice whether or not I may safely admit him.” I forthwith applied my mouth to the keyhole, and pronounced,—“Dear mother, you need not be afraid, it is I, so much indebted to your goodness, who now crave admittance.” She knew my voice, and opening the door immediately, received me with a truly maternal affection, manifesting, by the tears she let fall, her concern lest I should be discovered, for she had been informed of every thing that had happened between Narcissa and me from the dear captive’s own mouth. When I explained

the motive of my journey, which was no other than a desire of seeing the object of my love before I should quit the kingdom, that I might in person convince her of the necessity I was under to leave her, reconcile her to that event, by describing the advantages that in all probability would attend it, repeat my vows of eternal constancy, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of a tender embrace at parting. I say, when I had thus signified my intention, Mrs Sagely told me that Narcissa, upon her return from Bath, had been so strictly watched, that nobody but one or two of the servants, devoted to her brother, was admitted to her presence, that afterwards she had been a little enlarged, and was permitted to see company, during which indulgence, she had been several times at the cottage, but of late she had been betrayed by one of the servants, who discovered to the squire, that he had once carried a letter from her to the post-house, directed to me, upon which information she was now more confined than ever, and that I could have no chance of seeing her, unless I would run the risk of getting into the garden, where she and her maid were every day allowed to take the air, and lie hid until I should have an opportunity of speaking to them—an adventure attended with such danger, that no man in his right wits would attempt it. This enterprise, hazardous as it was, I resolved to perform, in spite of all the arguments of Mrs Sagely, who reasoned, chid, and entreated by turns, and the tears and prayers of Strap, who conjured me, on his knees, to have more regard to myself as well as to him, than to attempt my own destruction in such a precipitate manner. I was deaf to every thing but the suggestions of my love, and ordering him to return immediately with the horses to the inn from whence we set out, and wait for my coming in that place, he at first peremptorily refused to leave me, until I persuaded him, that if our horses should remain where they were till daylight, they would certainly be discovered, and the whole country alarmed. On this consideration he took his leave in a sorrowful plight, kissed my hand, and, weeping, cried,—“God knows if ever I shall see you again.” My kind landlady, finding me obstinate, gave me her best advice how to behave in the execution of my project, and after having persuaded me to take a little refreshment, accommodated me with a bed, and left me to my repose.

Early in the morning I arose, and, armed with a couple of loaded pistols and a hanger, went to the back part of the squire's garden, climbed over the wall, and, according to Mrs Sagely's direction, concealed myself in a thicket hard by an alcove that terminated a walk at a good distance from the house, which (I was told) my mistress mostly frequented. Here I absconded from five o'clock

in the morning to six in the evening, without seeing a human creature, at last I perceived two women approaching, whom, by my throbbing heart, I soon recognized to be the adorable Narcissa and Miss Williams. I felt the strongest agitation of soul at the sight, and guessing that they would repose themselves in the alcove, stepped into it unperceived, and laid upon the stone table a picture of myself in miniature for which I had sat in London, purposing to leave it with Narcissa before I should go abroad. I exposed it in this manner, as an introduction to my own appearance, which, without some previous intimation, I was afraid might have an unlucky effect upon the delicate nerves of my fair enslaver, and then withdrew into the thicket, where I could hear their discourse, and suit myself to the circumstances of the occasion. As they advanced, I observed an air of melancholy in the countenance of Narcissa, blended with such unspeakable sweetness, that I could scarce refrain from flying into her arms, and kissing away the pearly drop that stood collected in each bewitching eye. According to my expectation, she entered the alcove, and, perceiving something on the table, took it up. No sooner did she cast her eye upon the features, than, startled at the resemblance, she cried,—“Good God!” and the roses instantly vanished from her cheeks. Her confidant, alarmed at this exclamation, looked at the picture, and, struck with the likeness, exclaimed,—“O Jesus! the very features of Mr Random!” Narcissa, having recollected herself a little, said,—“Whatever angel brought it hither as a comfort to me in my affliction, I am thankful for the benefit, and will preserve it as the dearest object of my care.” So saying, she kissed it with surprising ardour, shed a flood of tears, and then deposited the lifeless image in her lovely bosom. Transported at these symptoms of her unaltered affection, I was about to throw myself at her feet, when Miss Williams, whose reflection was less engaged than that of her mistress, observed that the picture could not transport itself hither, and that she could not help thinking I was not far off. The gentle Narcissa, starting at this conjecture, answered,—“Heaven forbid! for, although nothing in the universe could yield me satisfaction equal to that of his presence for one poor moment, in a proper place, I would rather forfeit his company—almost for ever, than to see him here, where his life would be exposed to so much danger.” I could no longer restrain the impulse of my passion, but, breaking from my concealment, stood before her, when she uttered a fearful shriek, and fainted in the arms of her companion. I flew towards the treasure of my soul, clasped her in my embrace, and, with the warmth of my kisses, brought her again to life. Oh that I were endowed with the

expression of a Raphael, the graces of a Guido, the magic touches of a Titian, that I might represent the fond concern, the chastened rapture and ingenuous blush, that mingled on her beauteous face, when she opened her eyes upon me, and pronounced,—“O heavens! is it you!”

I am afraid I have already encroached upon the reader's patience with the particulars of this amour, on which (I own) I cannot help being impertinently circumstantial. I shall therefore omit the less material passages of this interview, during which I convinced her reason, though I could not appease the sad presages of her love, with regard to the long voyage and dangers I must undergo. When we had spent an hour (which was all she could spare from the barbarity of her brother's vigilance) in lamenting over our hard fate, and in repeating our reciprocal vows, Miss Williams reminded us of the necessity there was for our immediate parting, and, sure, lovers never parted with such sorrow and reluctance as we. But because my words are incapable of doing justice to this affecting circumstance, I am obliged to draw a veil over it, and observe, that I returned in the dark to the house of Mrs Sagely, who was overjoyed to hear of my success, and opposed the tumults of my grief with such strength of reason, that my mind regained in some measure its tranquillity, and, that very night, after having forced upon the good gentlewoman a purse of twenty guineas, as a token of my gratitude and esteem, I took my leave of her, and set out on foot for the inn, where my arrival freed honest Strap from the horrors of unutterable dread. We took horse immediately, and alighted early next morning at Deal, where I found my uncle in great concern on account of my absence, because he had received his despatches, and must have weighed with the first fair wind, whether I had been on board or not. Next day, a brisk easterly gale springing up, we set sail, and in eight and forty hours got clear of the Channel.

When we were about two hundred leagues to westward of the Land's end, the captain taking me apart into the cabin, told me that, now he was permitted by his instructions, he would disclose the intent and destination of our voyage. “The ship,” said he, “which has been fitted out at a great expense, is bound for the coast of Guinea, where we shall exchange part of our cargo for slaves and gold dust, from thence we will transport our negroes to Buenos Ayres in New Spain, where (by virtue of passports obtained from our own court and that of Madrid) we will dispose of them and the goods that remain on board for silver, by means of our supercargo, who is perfectly well acquainted with the coast, the lingo, and inhabitants.” Being thus let into the secret of our expedition, I borrowed of the supercargo a Spanish gram-

mar, dictionary, and some other books of the same language, which I studied with such application, that, before we arrived in New Spain, I could maintain a conversation with him in that tongue. Being arrived in the warm latitudes, I ordered (with the captain's consent) the whole ship's company to be blooded and purged, myself undergoing the same evacuation, in order to prevent those dangerous fevers to which northern constitutions are subject in hot climates, and I have reason to believe that this precaution was not unserviceable, for we lost but one sailor during our whole passage to the coast.

One day, when we had been about five weeks at sea, we descried to windward a large ship bearing down upon us with all the sail she could carry. Upon which my uncle ordered the studding-sails to be hoisted, and the ship to be cleared for engaging, but, finding that (to use the seaman's phrase) we were very much wronged by the ship which had us in chase, and which by this time had hoisted French colours, he commanded the studding-sails to be taken in, the courses to be clewed up, the main-topsail to be backed, the tampions to be taken out of the guns, and every man to repair to his quarters. While every body was busied in the performance of these orders, Strap came upon the quarter-deck, trembling and looking aghast, and, with a voice half suppressed by fear, asked if I thought we were a match for the vessel in pursuit of us. Observing his consternation, I said, “What! are you afraid, Strap?” “Afraid!” he replied, “n-n-no, what should I be afraid of?” I thank God I have a clear conscience, but I believe it will be a bloody battle, and I wish you may not have occasion for another hand to assist you in the cockpit.” I immediately perceived his drift, and making the captain acquainted with his situation, desired he might be stationed below with me and my mates. My uncle, incensed at his pusillanimity, bade me send him down instantly, that his fear might not infect the ship's company, whereupon, I told the poor steward that I had begged him for my assistant, and desired him to go down and help my mates to get ready the instruments and dressings. Notwithstanding the satisfaction he must have felt at these tidings, he affected a shyness of quitting the upper deck, and said, he hoped I did not imagine he was afraid to do his duty above board for he believed himself as well prepared for death as any man in the ship, no disparagement to me or the captain. I was disgusted at his affectation, and, in order to punish his hypocrisy, assured him he might take his choice either of going down to the cockpit with me, or of staying upon deck during the engagement. Alarmed at this indifference, he replied, “Well, to oblige you, I'll go down, but remember it is more for your sake than my own.” So saying, he disappeared

in a twinkling, without waiting for an answer

By this time we could observe two tier of guns in the ship which pursued us, and which was now but two short miles astern. This discovery had an evident effect upon the sailors, who did not scruple to say, that we should be torn to pieces, and blown out of the water, and that, if in case any of them should lose their precious limbs, they must go a begging for life, for there was no provision made by the merchants for those poor souls who are maimed in their service. The captain, understanding this backwardness, ordered the crew abait, and spoke to them thus: "My lads, I am told you hang an a—se I have gone to sea thirty years, a man and a boy, and never saw English sailors afraid before. Mayhap you may think I want to expose you for the lucre of gain. Whosoever thinks so, thinks a d—ned lie, for my whole cargo is insured, so that, in case I should be taken, my loss would not be great. The enemy is stronger than we, to be sure. What then have we not a chance for carrying away one of her masts, and so get clear of her? If we find her too hard for us, 'tis but striking at last. If any man is hurt in the engagement, I promise, on the word of an honest seaman, to make him a recompense according to his loss. So now, you that are lazy, lubberly, cowardly dogs, get away and skulk in the hold and bread-room, and you that are jolly boys, stand by me, and let us give one broadside for the honour of Old England." This eloquent harangue was so well adapted to the disposition of his hearers, that one and all of them, pulling off their hats, waved them over their heads, and saluted him with three cheers, upon which he sent his boy for two large case-bottles of brandy, and, having treated every man with a dram, they repaid to their quarters, and waited impatiently for the word of command. I must do my uncle the justice to say, that, in the whole of his disposition, he behaved with the utmost intrepidity, conduct, and deliberation. The enemy being very near, he ordered me to my station, and was just going to give the word for hoisting the colours, and firing, when the supposed Frenchman hauled down his white pennant, jack, and ensign, hoisted English ones, and fired a gun a-head of us. This was a joyful event to Captain Bowling, who immediately showed his colours, and fired a gun to leeward, upon which the other ship ran along-side of us, hailed him, and, giving him to know that she was an English man-of-war of forty guns, ordered him to hoist out his boat and come on board. This command he obeyed with the more alacrity, because upon inquiry he found that she was commanded by an old messmate of his, who was overjoyed to see him, detained him to dinner, and sent his large for the supercargo and me, who were

very much caressed on his account. As this commander was destined to cruise upon the French in the latitude of Martinico, his stem and quarters were adorned with white flowers-de-lis, and the whole shell of the ship so much disguised for a decoy to the enemy, that it was no wonder my uncle did not know her, although he had sailed on board of her many years. We kept company with her four days, during which time the captains were never asunder, and then parted, our course lying different from hers.

In less than a fortnight after our separation, we made the land of Guinea, near the mouth of the river Gambia, and trading along the coast as far to the southward of the line as Angola and Benguela, in less than six months disposed of the greatest part of our cargo, and purchased four hundred negroes, my adventure having been laid out in gold dust.

Our compliment being made up, we took our departure from Cape Negro, and arrived in the Rio de la Plata in six weeks, having met with nothing remarkable in our voyage, except an epidemic fever, not unlike the jail distemper, which broke out among our slaves, and carried off a good many of the ship's company, among whom I lost one of my mates, and poor Strap had well nigh given up the ghost. Having produced our passport to the Spanish governor, we were received with great courtesy, sold our slaves in a very few days, and could have put off five times the number at our own price, though we were obliged to smuggle the rest of our merchandise, consisting of European bale-goods, which, however, we made shift to dispose of at a great advantage.

CHAPTER LXVI

I am invited to the villa of a Spanish don, where we meet with an English gentleman, and make a very interesting discovery—we leave Buenos Ayres, and arrive at Jamaica

Our ship being freed from the disagreeable lading of negroes, to whom indeed I had been a miserable slave since our leaving the coast of Guinea, I began to enjoy myself, and breathe with pleasure the pure air of Paraguay, this part of which is reckoned the Montpellier of South America, and has obtained, on account of its climate, the name of Buenos Ayres. It was in this delicious place that I gave myself entirely up to the thoughts of my dear Narcissa, whose image still kept possession of my breast, and whose charms, enhanced by absence, appeared to my imagination, if possible, more engaging than ever. I calculated the profits of my voyage, which even exceeded my expectation, resolved to purchase a handsome sine-

cure upon my arrival in England, and, if I should find the squire as averse to me as ever, marry his sister by stealth, and in case our family should increase, rely upon the generosity of my uncle, who was by this time worth a considerable sum.

While I amused myself with these agreeable projects, and the transporting hopes of enjoying Narcissa, we were very much caressed by the Spanish gentlemen, who frequently formed parties of pleasure for our entertainment, in which we made excursions a good way into the country. Among those who signalized themselves by their civility to us, there was one Don Antonio de Ribera, a very polite young gentleman, with whom I had contracted an intimate friendship, who invited us one day to his country house, and, as a further inducement to our compliance, promised to procure for us the company of an English signor, who had been settled in those parts many years, and acquired the love and esteem of the whole province by his affability, good sense, and honourable behaviour.

We accepted his invitation, and set out for his villa, where we had not been longer than an hour, when the person arrived, in whose favour I had been so much prepossessed. He was a tall man, remarkably well shaped, of a fine mien and appearance, commanding respect, and seemed to be turned of forty, the features of his face were saddened with a reserve and gravity, which in other countries would have been thought the effect of melancholy, but here appeared to have been contracted by his commerce with the Spaniards, who are remarkable for that severity of countenance. Understanding from Don Antonio that we were his countrymen, he saluted us all round very complaisantly, and, fixing his eyes very attentively on me, uttered a deep sigh. I had been struck with a profound veneration for him at his first coming into the room, and no sooner observed this expression of his sorrow directed, as it were, in a particular manner to me, than my heart took part in his grief, I sympathized involuntarily, and sighed in my turn. Having asked leave of our entertainer, he accosted us in English, professed his satisfaction at seeing so many of his countrymen in such a remote place, and asked the captain, who went by the name of Signor Thoma, from what part of Britain he had sailed, and whither he was bound. My uncle told him that we had sailed from the river Thames, and were bound to the same place by the way of Jamaica, where we intended to take in a lading of sugar.

Having satisfied himself in these and other particulars about the state of the war, he gave us to understand, that he had a longing desire to revisit his native country, in consequence of which he had already transmitted to Europe the greatest part of his fortune in

neutral bottoms, and would willingly embark the rest of it with himself in our ship, provided the captain had no objection to such a passenger. My uncle very prudently replied, that for his part he should be very glad of his company, if he could procure the consent of the governor, without which he durst not admit him on board, whatever inclination he had to oblige him. The gentleman approved of his discretion, and, telling him that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the connivance of the governor, who was his good friend, shifted the conversation to another subject.

I was overjoyed to hear his intention, and already interested myself so much in his favour, that, had he been disappointed, I should have been very unhappy. In the course of our entertainment, he eyed me with uncommon attachment. I felt a surprising attraction towards him. When he spoke, I listened with attention and reverence, the dignity of his deportment filled me with affection and awe, and in short the emotions of my soul, in presence of this stranger, were strong and unaccountable.

Having spent the best part of the day with us, he took his leave, telling Captain Thoma, that he should hear from him in a short time. He was no sooner gone than I asked a thousand questions about him of Don Antonio, who could give me no other satisfaction than that his name was Don Rodrigo, that he had lived fifteen or sixteen years in these parts, was reputed rich, and supposed to have been unfortunate in his younger years, because he was observed to nourish a pensive melancholy, even from the time of his first settlement among them, but that nobody had ventured to inquire into the cause of his sorrow, in consideration of his peace, which might suffer in the recapitulation of his misfortunes.

I was seized with an irresistible desire of knowing the particulars of his fate, and enjoyed not one hour of repose during the whole night; by reason of the eager conceptions that inspired me with regard to his story, which I resolved (if possible) to learn. Next morning, while we were at breakfast, three mules richly compassioned arrived with a message from Don Rodrigo, desiring our company, and that of Don Antonio, at his house, which was situated about ten miles further up in the country. I was pleased with this invitation, in consequence of which we mounted the mules which he had provided for us, and alighted at his house before noon. Here we were splendidly entertained by the generous stranger, who still seemed to show a particular regard for me, and after dinner made me a present of a ring set with a beautiful amethyst, the production of that country, saying, at the same time, that he was once blessed with a son, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age. This observation, delivered with a profound sigh,

made my heart throb with violence, a crowd of confused ideas rushed upon my imagination, which, while I endeavoured to unravel, my uncle, perceiving my absence of thought, and tapping me on the shoulder said, "Oons, are you asleep, Rory?" Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo, with uncommon eagerness of voice and look, pronounced, "Pray, captain, what is the young gentleman's name?" "His name," said my uncle, "is Roderick Random." "Gracious powers!" cried the stranger, starting up—"and his mother's?" "His mother," answered the captain amazed, "was called Charlotte Bowling." "O bounteous heaven!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, springing across the table, and clasping me in his arms, "my son! my son! have I found thee again? do I hold thee in my embrace, after having lost and despaired of seeing thee so long?" So saying, he fell upon my neck, and wept aloud for joy, while the power of nature operating strongly in my breast, I was lost in rapture, and while he pressed me to his heart, let fall a shower of tears into his bosom. His utterance was choked up a good while by the agitation of his soul, at length he broke out into, "Mysterious Providence! O my dear Charlotte, there yet remains a pledge of our love! and such a pledge!—so found! O infinite goodness, let me adore thy all wise decrees!" Having thus expressed himself, he knelt upon the floor, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and remained some minutes in a silent ecstasy of devotion. I put myself in the same posture, adored the all good Disposer in a prayer of mental thanksgiving, and, when his ejaculation was ended, did homage to my father, and craved his paternal blessing. He hugged me again with unutterable fondness, and, having implored the protection of heaven upon my head, raised me from the ground, and presented me as his son to the company, who wept in concert over this affecting scene. Among the rest, my uncle did not fail to discover the goodness and joy of his heart. *Albert, unused to the melting mood*, he blubbered with great tenderness, and wringing my father's hand, cried, "Brother Random, I'm rejoiced to see you—God be praised for this happy meeting!" Don Rodrigo, understanding that he was his brother-in-law, embraced him affectionately, saying, "Are you my Charlotte's brother? Alas! unhappy Charlotte! but why should I repine? we shall meet again, never more to part! Brother, you are truly welcome. Dear son, I am transported with unspeakable joy! This day is a jubilee—my friends and servants shall share my satisfaction."

While he despatched messengers to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, to announce this event, and gave orders for a grand entertainment, I was so much affected with the tumults of passion, which assailed me on this great, sudden, and unexpected occasion,

that I fell sick, fevered, and in less than three hours became quite delirious, so that the preparations were countermanded, and the joy of the family converted into grief and despair. Physicians were instantly called, I was plentifully blooded in the foot, my lower extremities were bathed in a decoction of salutiferous herbs in ten hours after I was taken ill, I enjoyed a critical sweat, and next day felt no remains of the distemper, but an agreeable lassitude, which did not hinder me from getting up. During the progress of this fever, which, from the term of its duration, is called *ephemera*, my father never once quitted my bedside, but administered the prescriptions of the physicians with the most pious care, while Captain Bowling manifested his concern by the like attendance. I no sooner found myself delivered from the disease, than I bethought myself of my honest friend Strap, and resolving to make him happy forthwith in the knowledge of my good fortune, told my father, in general, that I had been infinitely obliged to this faithful adherent, and begged he would indulge me so far as to send for him, without letting him know my happiness, until he could receive an account of it from my own mouth.

My request was instantly complied with, and a messenger with a spare mule despatched to the ship, carrying orders from the captain to the mate, to send the steward by the bearer. My health being, in the mean time, re-established, and my mind composed, I began to relish this important turn of my fortune, in reflecting upon the advantages with which it must be attended, and, as the idea of my lovely Narcissa always joined itself to every scene of happiness I could imagine, I entertained myself now with the prospect of possessing her in that distinguished sphere to which she was entitled by her birth and qualifications. Having often mentioned her name while I was deprived of my senses, my father guessed that there was an intimate connexion between us, and discovering the picture that hung in my bosom by a riband, did not doubt that it was the resemblance of my amiable mistress. In this belief he was confirmed by my uncle, who told him that it was the picture of a young woman, to whom I was under promise of marriage. Alarmed at this piece of information, Don Rodrigo took the first opportunity of questioning me about the particulars of this affair, which when I had candidly accounted, he approved of my passion, and promised to contribute all in his power towards its success. Though I never doubted his generosity, I was transported on this occasion, and, throwing myself at his feet, told him he had now completed my happiness, for, without the possession of Narcissa, I should be miserable among all the pleasures of life. He raised me with a smile of paternal fondness, said, he knew what it was to

be in love, and observed, that, if he had been as tenderly beloved by his father as I was by mine, he should not now perhaps have cause—here he was interrupted by a sigh, the tear rushed into his eye, he suppressed the dictates of his grief, and, the time being opportune, desired me to relate the passages of my life, which my uncle had told him were manifold and surprising. I recounted the most material circumstances of my fortune, to which he listened with wonder and attention, manifesting from time to time those different emotions which my different situations may be supposed to have raised in a parent's breast, and, when my detail was ended, blessed God for the adversity I had undergone, which, he said, enlarged the understanding, improved the heart, steered the constitution, and qualified a young man for all the duties and enjoyments of life much better than any education which affluence could bestow.

When I had thus satisfied his curiosity, I discovered an inclination to hear the particulars of his story, which he gratified by beginning with his marriage, and proceeded to the day of his disappearing, as I have related in the first part of my memoirs. "Careless of life," continued he, "and unable to live in a place where every object recalled the memory of my dear Charlotte, whom I had lost through the barbarity of an unnatural parent, I took my leave of you, my child, then an infant, with a heart full of unutterable woe, but little suspecting that my father's unkindness would have descended to my innocent orphan, and, setting out alone at midnight for the nearest seaport, early next morning got on board a ship, bound, as I had heard, for France, and, bargaining with the master for my passage, bade a long adieu to my native country, and put to sea with the first fair wind. The place of our destination was Granville, but we had the misfortune to run upon a ridge of rocks near the island of Alderney, called the Caskets, where, the sea running high, the ship went to pieces, the boat sunk alongside, and every soul on board perished, except myself, who, by the assistance of a grating, got on the coast of Normandy. I went directly to Caen, where I was so lucky as to meet with a count, whom I had formerly known in my travels with this gentleman I set out for Paris, where I was recommended by him and other friends as tutor to a young nobleman, whom I accompanied to the court of Spain. There we remained a whole year, at the end of which, my pupil being recalled by his father, I quitted my office, and stayed behind, by the advice of a certain Spanish grandee, who took me into his protection, and introduced me to another nobleman, who was afterwards created viceroy of Peru. He insisted upon my attending him to his government in the Indies, where, however, by reason of my

religion, it was not in his power to make my fortune any other way than by encouraging me to trade, which I had not long prosecuted when my patron died, and I found myself in the midst of strangers, without one friend to support or protect me. Urged by this consideration, I sold my effects, and removed to this country, the governor of which, having been appointed by the viceroy, was my intimate acquaintance. Here has heaven prospered my endeavours during a residence of sixteen years, in which my tranquillity was never invaded but by the remembrance of your mother, whose death I have in secret mourned without ceasing, and the reflection of you, whose fate I could never learn, notwithstanding all my inquiries by means of my friends in France, who, after the most strict examination, could give me no other account than that you went abroad six years ago, and was never after heard of. I could not rest satisfied with this imperfect information, and, though my hope of finding you was but languid, resolved to go in quest of you in person, for which purpose I have re-umitted to Holland the value of twenty thousand pounds, and am in possession of fifteen thousand more, with which I intended to embark myself on board of Captain Bowling, before I discovered this amazing stroke of Providence, which, you may be sure, has not altered my intention."

My father, having entertained us with this agreeable sketch of his life, withdrew in order to relieve Don Antonio, who, in his absence, had done the honours of his house, and I was just dressed for my appearance among the guests, when Strap arrived from the ship.

He no sooner entered the grand apartment in which I was, and saw the magnificence of my apparel, than his speech was lost in amazement, and he gaped in silence at the objects that surrounded him. I took him by the hand, observed that I had sent for him to be a witness and sharer of my happiness, and told him I had found a father. At these words he started, and, after having continued some minutes with his mouth and eyes wide open, cried, "Ah!—odd, I know what!—go thy ways, poor Narcissa, and go thy ways, somebody else—well—Lord, what a thing is love! God help us! are all our mad pranks and protestations come to this! and have you fixed your habitation in this distant land? God prosper you—I find we must part at last—for I would not leave my poor carcass so far from my native home for all the wealth of the universe!" With these ejaculations, he began to sob and make wry faces, upon which I assured him of his mistake, both in regard to Narcissa and my staying in Paraguay, and informed him as briefly as I could of the great event that had happened. Never was rapture more indifferently expressed than in the behaviour of this worthy creature, who cried, laughed,

whistled, sung, and danced, all in a breath. His transport was scarce over, when my father entered, who no sooner understood that this was Strap, than he took him by the hand, saying, "Is this the honest man who befriended you so much in your distress? You are welcome to my house, and I will soon put it in the power of my son to reward you for your good offices in his behalf; in the mean time go with us, and partake of the repast that is provided." Strap, wild as he was with joy, would by no means accept of the proffered honour, crying, "God forbid! I know my distance—your worship shall excuse me." And Don Rodrigo, finding his modesty invincible, recommended him to his major-domo, to be treated with the utmost respect, while he carried me into a large saloon, where I was presented to a numerous company, who loaded me with compliments and caresses, and congratulated my father in terms not proper for me to repeat.

Without specifying the particulars of our entertainment, let it suffice to say, it was at the same time elegant and sumptuous, and the rejoicings lasted two days after which Don Rodrigo settled his affairs, converted his effects into silver and gold, visited and took leave of all his friends, who were grieved at his departure, and honoured me with considerable presents, and coming on board of my uncle's ship, with the first fair wind we sailed from the Rio de la Plata, and in two months came safe to an anchor in the harbour of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica.

CHAPTER LXVII

I visit my old friend Thomson—we set sail for Europe—meet with an odd adventure—arrive in England—I ride across the country from Portsmouth to Sussex—converse with Mrs Sagely, who informs me of Narcissa's being in London—in consequence of this intelligence I proceed to Canterbury—meet with my old friend Morgan—arrive at London—visit Narcissa—introduce my father to her—he is charmed with her good sense and beauty—we come to a determination of demanding her brother's consent to our marriage

I INQUIRED, as soon as I got ashore, about my generous companion Mr Thomson, and hearing that he lived in a flourishing condition upon the estate left him by his wife's father, who had been dead some years, I took horse immediately, with the consent of Don Rodrigo, who had heard me mention him with great regard, and in a few hours reached the place of his habitation.

I should much wrong the delicacy of Mr Thomson's sentiments, to say barely he was

glad to see me, he felt all that the most sensible and disinterested friendship could feel on this occasion, introduced me to his wife, a very amiable young lady, who had already blessed him with two fine children, and, being as yet ignorant of my circumstances, frankly offered me the assistance of his purse and interest. I thanked him for his generous intention, and made him acquainted with my situation, on which he congratulated me with great joy, and, after I had stayed with him a whole day and night, accompanied me back to Kingston, to wait upon my father, whom he invited to his house. Don Rodrigo complied with his request, and, having been handsomely entertained during the space of a week, returned, extremely well satisfied with the behaviour of my friend and his lady, to whom, at parting, he presented a very valuable diamond ring, as a token of his esteem. During the course of my conversation with Mr Thomson, he gave me to understand, that his and my old commander, Captain Oakum, was dead some months, and that, immediately after his death, a discovery had been made of some valuable effects that he had feloniously secreted out of a prize, by the assistance of Dr Mackshane, who was now actually in prison on that account, and, being destitute of friends, subsisted solely on the charity of my friend, whose bounty he had implored in the most abject manner, after having been the barbarous occasion of driving him to that terrible extremity on board of the Thunder, which we have formerly related. Whatever this wretch might have been guilty of, I applauded Mr Thomson's generosity towards him in his distress, which wrought so much upon me also, that I sent him ten pistoles, in such a private manner that he could never know his benefactor.

While my father and I were caressed among the gentlemen on shore, Captain Bowling had written to his owners by the packet, which sailed a few days after our arrival, signifying his prosperous voyage hitherto, and desiring them to insure his ship and cargo homeward-bound, after which precaution he applied himself so heartily to the task of loading his ship, that, with the assistance of Mr Thomson, she was full in less than six weeks. This kind gentleman likewise procured for Don Rodrigo bills upon London for the greatest part of his gold and silver, by which means it was secured against the risk of the seas and the enemy, and before we sailed, supplied us with such large quantities of all kinds of stock, that not only we, but the ship's company, fared sumptuously during the voyage.

Every thing being ready, we took our leave of our kind entertainers, and, going on board at Port Royal, set sail for England on the first day of June. We beat up to windward, with fine easy weather, and one night, believ-

ing ourselves near Cape Tiberoon, lay too, with an intention to wood and water next morning in the bay. While we remained in this situation, a sailor, having drank more new rum than he could carry, staggered overboard, and, notwithstanding all the means that could be used to preserve him, went to the bottom and disappeared. About two hours after this melancholy accident happened, as I enjoyed the cool air on the quarter deck, I heard a voice rising, as it were, out of the sea, and calling,—“ho, the ship, ahoy!” Upon which one of the men upon the fore-castle cried,—“I’ll be damn’d if that an’t Jack Marlinspike, who went overboard!” Not a little surprised at this event, I jumped into the boat that lay along-side, with the second mate and four men, and, rowing towards the place from whence the voice (which repeated the hail) seemed to proceed, we perceived something floating upon the water, when we had rowed a little farther, we discerned it to be a man riding upon a hencoop, who, seeing us approach, pronounced with a hoarse voice,—“damn your bloods! why did you not answer when I hailed?” Our mate, who was a veritable seaman, hearing this salute, said,—“By G—, my lads, this is none of our man: this is the devil—pull away for the ship!” The fellows obeyed his command, without question, and were already some fathoms on our return, when I insisted on their taking up the poor creature, and prevailed upon them to go back to the wreck, which when we came near the second time, and signified our intention, we received an answer of—“Avast, avast,—what ship, brother?” Being satisfied in this particular, he cried,—“Damn the ship! I was in hopes it had been my own—where are you bound?” We satisfied his curiosity in this particular too upon which he suffered himself to be taken on board, and after having been comforted with a dram, told us he belonged to the Vesuvio man of war, upon a cruise off the island of Hispaniola, that he had fallen overboard about four-and-twenty hours ago, and the ship being under sail, they did not choose to bring too, but tossed a hencoop overboard for his convenience, upon which he was in good hopes of reaching the cape next morning; howsoever, he was as well content to be aboard of us, because he did not doubt that we should meet his ship, and, if he had gone ashore in the bay, he might have been taken prisoner by the French. My uncle and father were very much diverted with the account of this fellow’s unconcerned behaviour, and, in two days, meeting with the Vesuvio, as he expected, sent him on board of her, according to his desire.

Having beat up successfully the windward passage, we stretched to the northward, and, falling in with a westerly wind, in eight weeks arrived in soundings, and in two days

after made the Lizard. It is impossible to express the joy I felt at the sight of English ground. Don Rodrigo was not unmoved, and Strap shed tears of gladness. The sailors profited by our satisfaction, the shoe that was nailed to the mast being quite filled with our liberality. My uncle resolved to run up into the Downs at once, but the wind shifting when we were abreast of the isle of Wight, he was obliged to turn into St Helen’s, and come to Spithead, to the great mortification of the crew, thirty of whom were immediately pressed on board of a man of war.

My father and I went ashore immediately at Portsmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ship and take care of our effects, and I discovered so much impatience to see my charming Narcissa, that my father permitted me to ride across the country to her brother’s house, while he should hire a post-chaise for London, where he would wait for me at a place to which I directed him.

Fired with all the eagerness of passion, I took post that very night, and in the morning reached an inn, about three miles from the squire’s habitation, where I remained till evening, allaying the torture of my impatience with the rapturous hope of seeing that divine creature, after an absence of eighteen months, which, far from impairing, had raised my love to the most exalted pitch. Neither were my reflections free from apprehensions, that sometimes intervened in spite of all my hope, and represented her as having yielded to the importunity of her brother, and blessed the arms of a happy rival. My thoughts were even maddened with the fear of her death, and when I arrived in the dark at the house of Mrs Sagely, I had not for some time courage to desire admittance, lest my soul should be shocked with dismal tidings. At length, however, I knocked, and no sooner certified the good gentlewoman of my voice, than she opened the door, and received me with a most affectionate embrace, that brought tears into her aged eyes. “For heaven’s sake! dear mother,” cried I, “tell me how is Narcissa? is she the same that I left her?” She blessed my ears with saying,—“she is as beautiful, in as good health, and as much yours as ever.” Transported at this assurance, I begged to know if I could not see her that very night, when this sage matron gave me to understand that my mistress was in London, and that things were strangely altered in the squire’s house since my departure, that he had been married a whole year to Melinda, who at first found means to wean his attention so much from Narcissa, that he became quite careless of that lovely sister, comforting himself with the clause in his father’s will, by which she would forfeit her fortune by marrying without his consent; that my mistress, being but in-

differently treated by her sister-in-law, had made use of her freedom some months ago, and gone to town, where she was lodging with Miss Williams, in expectation of my arrival, and had been pestered with the addresses of Lord Quiverwit, who, finding her heart engaged, had fallen upon a great many shifts to persuade her that I was dead, but finding all his artifices unsuccessful, and despairing of gaining her affection, he had consoled himself for her indifference by marrying another lady some weeks ago, who had already left him on account of some family uneasiness. Besides this interesting information, she told me, that there was not a great deal of harmony between Melinda and the squire, who was so much disgusted at the number of gallants who continued to hover about her even after marriage, that he had hurried her down into the country much against her own inclination, where their mutual animosities had arisen to such a height, that they preserved no decency before company or servants, but abused one another in the grossest terms.

This good old gentlewoman, to give me a convincing proof of my dear Narcissa's unalterable love, gratified me with a sight of the last letter she had favoured her with, in which I was mentioned with so much honour, tenderness and concern, that my soul was fired with impatience, and I determined to ride all night, that I might have it the sooner in my power to make her happy. Mrs. Sagely perceiving my eagerness, and her maternal affection being equally divided between Narcissa and me, begged leave to remind me of the sentiments with which I went abroad, that would not permit me for any selfish gratification to prejudice the fortune of that amiable young lady, who must entirely depend upon me, after having bestowed herself in marriage. I thanked her for her kind concern, and as briefly as possible described my flourishing situation, which afforded this humane person infinite wonder and satisfaction. I told her, that, now I had an opportunity to manifest my gratitude for the obligations I owed, I would endeavour to make her old age comfortable and easy, as a step to which, I proposed she should come and live with Narcissa and me. This venerable gentlewoman was so much affected with my words, that the tears ran down her ancient cheeks, she thanked heaven that I had not belied the presages she had made on her first acquaintance with me, acknowledging my generosity, as she called it, in the most elegant and pathetic expressions; but declined my proposal, on account of her attachment to the dear melancholy cottage where she had so peacefully consumed her solitary widowhood. Finding her unmovable on this subject, I insisted on her accepting a present of thirty guineas, and took my leave, resolving to accommodate

her with the same sum annually, for the more comfortable support of the infirmities of old age.

Having rode all night, I found myself at Canterbury in the morning, where I alighted to procure fresh horses, and, as I walked into the inn, perceived an apothecary's shop on the other side of the street, with the name of Morgan over the door. Alarmed at this discovery, I could not help thinking that my old messmate had settled in this place, and, upon inquiry, found my conjecture true, and that he was married lately to a widow in that city, by whom he had got three thousand pounds. Rejoiced at this intelligence, I went to his shop as soon as it was open, and found my friend behind the counter, busy in preparing a glyster. I saluted him at entrance with—

Your servant, Mr Morgan. Upon which he looked at me, and replying,—“Your most humble servant, goot sir,” rubbed his ingredients in the mortar, without any emotion. “What!” said I, “Morgan, have you forgot your old messmate?” At these words, he looked up again, and starting, cried,—“As Cot is my—sure it cannot—yes, by my salvation, I believe it is my dear friend Mr Rantom.” He was no sooner convinced of my identity, than he threw down the pestle, overset the mortar, and, jumping over the board, swept up the contents with his clothes, flew about my neck, hugged me affectionately, and daubed me all over with turpentine and the yolk of eggs, which he had been mixing when I came in. Our mutual congratulations being over, he told me, that he found himself a widower upon his return from the West Indies that he had got interest to be appointed surgeon of a man of war, in which capacity he had served some years, until he married an apothecary's widow, with whom he now enjoyed a pretty good sum of money, peace and quiet, and an indifferent good trade. He was very desirous of hearing my adventures, which I assured him I had not time to relate, but told him in general, my circumstances were very good, and that I hoped to see him when I should not be in such a hurry as at present. He insisted, however, on my staying breakfast, and introduced me to his wife, who seemed to be a decent, sensible woman, pretty well stricken in years. In the course of our conversation, he showed the sleeve buttons I had exchanged with him at our parting in the West Indies, and was not a little proud to see that I had preserved his with the same care. When I informed him of Mackshane's condition, he seemed at first to exult over his distress, but, after a little recollection, said,—“well, he has paid for his malice, I forgive him, and may Cot forgive him likewise.” He expressed great

concern for the soul of Captain Oakum, which he believed was now gnashing its teeth, but it was some time before I could convince him of Thomson's being alive, at whose good fortune, nevertheless, he was extremely glad.

Having renewed our protestations of friendship, I bade the honest Welchman and his spouse farewell, and taking post horses, arrived at London that same night, where I found my father in good health, to whom I imparted what I had learned of Narcissa. This indulgent parent approved of my intention of marrying her, even without a fortune, provided her brother's consent could not be obtained, promised to make over to me in a few days a sufficiency to maintain her in a fashionable manner, and expressed a desire of seeing this amiable creature, who had captivated me so much.

As I had not slept the night before, and was besides fatigued with my journey, I found myself under a necessity of taking some repose, and went to bed accordingly, next morning, about ten o'clock, I took a chair, and, according to Mrs Sagely's directions, went to my charmer's lodgings, and inquired for Miss Williams. I had not waited in the parlour longer than a minute, when this young woman entered, and no sooner perceived me, than she shrieked and ran backward, but I got between her and the door, and, clasping her in my arms, brought her to herself with an embrace. "Good heaven!" cried she, "Mr Random, is it you indeed? my mistress will run distracted with joy!" I told her, it was from an apprehension that my sudden appearance might have some bad effect on my dear Narcissa, that I had desired to see her first, in order to concert some method of acquainting her mistress gradually with my arrival. She approved of my conduct, and, after having yielded to the suggestions of her own friendship in asking if my voyage had been successful, charged herself with that office, and left me glowing with desire of seeing and embracing the object of my love. In a very little time I heard somebody coming down stairs in haste, and the voice of my angel pronounce, with an eager tone,—"O heaven! is it possible! where is he?" How were my faculties aroused at this well-known sound! and how was my soul transported, when she broke in upon my view, in all the bloom of ripened beauty! *Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love!*—Yon whose souls are susceptible of the most delicate impressions, whose tender bosoms have felt the affecting vicissitudes of love, who have suffered an absence of eighteen long months from the dear object of your hope, and found at your return the melting fair, as kind and as constant as your heart could wish, do me justice on this occasion, and conceive what

unutterable rapture possessed us both, while we flew into each other's arms! This was no time for speech,—locked in a mutual embrace, we continued some minutes in a silent trance of joy.—When I thus encircled all that my soul held dear,—while I hung over her beauties,—beheld her eyes sparkle, and every feature flush with virtuous fondness, when I saw her enchanting bosom heave with undissembled rapture, and knew myself the happy cause—Heavens! what was my situation! I am tempted to commit my paper to the flames, and to renounce my pen for ever, because its most ardent and lucky expression so poorly describes the emotions of my soul. "O adorable Narcissa!" cried I, "O miracle of beauty, love, and truth! I at last fold thee in my arms! I at last can call thee mine! No jealous brother shall thwart our happiness again, fortune hath at length recompensed me for all my sufferings, and enabled me to do justice to my love!" The dear creature smiled ineffably charming, and, with a look of bewitching tenderness, said,—“And shall we never part again?” “Never!” I replied, “thou wondrous pattern of all earthly perfection! never, until death shall divide us!” By this ambrosial kiss, a thousand times more fragrant than the breeze that sweeps the orange grove, I never more will leave thee.”

As my first transport abated, my passion grew turbulent and unruly. I was giddy with standing on the brink of bliss, and all my virtue and philosophy were scarce sufficient to restrain the mordant sallies of desire. Narcissa perceived the conflict within me, and, with her usual dignity of prudence, called off my imagination from the object in view, and, with eager expressions of interested curiosity, desired to know the particulars of my voyage. In this I gratified her inclination, bringing my story down to the present hour. She was infinitely surprised at the circumstance of my finding my father, which brought tears into her lovely eyes. She was transported at hearing that he approved my flame, discovered a longing desire of being introduced to him, congratulated herself and me upon my good fortune, and observed that this great and unexpected stroke of fate seemed to have been brought about by the immediate direction of Providence. Having entertained ourselves some hours with the genuine effusions of our souls, I obtained her consent to complete my happiness as soon as my father should judge it proper, and applying with my own hands a valuable necklace, composed of diamonds and amethysts set alternately, which an old Spanish lady at Paraguay had presented me with, I took my leave, promising to return in the afternoon with Don Rodrigo. When I went home, this generous parent inquired very affectionately about the health of my

dear Narcissa, to whom that I might be the more agreeable, he put into my hand a deed, by which I found myself in possession of the fifteen thousand pounds, exclusive of the profits of my own merchandise, which amounted to three thousand more. After dinner I accompanied him to the lodging of my mistress, who, being dressed for the occasion, made a most dazzling appearance. I could perceive him struck with her figure, which I really think was the most beautiful that ever was created under the sun. He embraced her tenderly, and told her, he was proud of having a son who had spirit to attempt, and qualifications to engage the affections of such a fine lady. She blushed at this compliment, and with eyes full of the softest languishment turned upon me, said, she should have been unworthy of Mr Random's attention, had she been blind to his extraordinary merit. I made no other answer than a low bow. My father, sighing, pronounced,—“Such once was my Charlotte!” while the tear rushed into his eye, and the tender heart of Narcissa manifested itself in two precious drops of sympathy, which, but for his presence, I would have kissed away. Without repeating the particulars of our conversation, I shall only observe, that Don Rodrigo was as much charmed with her good sense as with her appearance, and she was no less pleased with his understanding and polite address. It was determined that he should write to the squire, signifying his approbation of my passion for his sister, and offering a settlement which he should have no reason to reject, and that, if he should refuse the proposal, we would crown our mutual wishes without any farther regard to his will.

CHAPTER LXVIII

My father makes a present to Narcissa—the letter is dispatched to her brother—I appear among my acquaintance—Bauter's behaviour—the squire refuses his consent—my uncle comes to town—approves of my choice—I am married—we meet the squire and his lady at the play—our acquaintance is courted

AFTER having spent the evening to the satisfaction of all present, my father addressed himself thus to Narcissa,—“Madam, give me leave to consider you hereafter as my daughter, in which capacity I insist upon your accepting this first instance of my paternal duty and affection.” With these words he put into her hand a bank-note of £500, which she no sooner examined, than, with a low courtesy she replied,—“Dear sir, though I have not the least occasion for this supply, I have too great a veneration for you to refuse this proof of your generosity and

esteem, which I the more freely receive, because I already look upon Mr Random's interest as inseparably connected with mine.” He was extremely well pleased with her frank and ingenuous reply, upon which we saluted, and wished her good night. The letter, at my request, was dispatched to Sussex by an express, and in the mean time, Don Rodrigo, to grace my nuptials, hired a ready furnished house, and set up a very handsome equipage.

Though I passed the greatest part of the day with the darling of my soul, I found leisure sometimes to be among my former acquaintance, who were astonished at the magnificence of my appearance. Bauter, in particular, was confounded at the strange vicissitudes of my fortune, the causes of which he endeavoured in vain to discover, until I thought fit to disclose the whole secret of my last voyage, partly in consideration of our former intimacy, and partly to prevent unfavourable conjectures, which he and others, in all probability, would have made in regard to my circumstances. He professed great satisfaction at this piece of news, and I had no cause to believe him insincere, when I considered that he would now look upon himself as acquitted of the debt he owed me, and at the same time flatter himself with hopes of borrowing more. I carried him home to dinner with me, and my father liked his conversation so much, that, upon hearing his difficulties, he desired me to accommodate him for the present, and inquire if he would accept of a commission in the army, towards the purchase of which he would willingly lend him money. Accordingly, I gave my friend an opportunity of being alone with me, when, as I expected, he told me that he was just on the point of being reconciled to an old rich uncle, whose heir he was, but wanted a few pieces for immediate expense, which he desired I would lend him, and take his bond for the whole. His demand was limited to ten guineas, and when I put twenty into his hand, he stared at me for some moments, then putting it into his purse, said,—“Ay, 'tis all one,—you shall have the whole in a very short time.” When I had taken his note, to save the expense of a bond, I expressed some surprise that a fellow of his spirit should loiter away his time in idleness, and asked why he did not choose to make his fortune in the army. “What!” said he, “throw away my money upon a subaltern's commission, to be under the command of a parcel of scoundrels, who have raised themselves above me by the most infamous practices! no, I love independency too well to sacrifice my life, health, and pleasure, for such a pitiful consideration.” Finding him averse to this way of life, I changed the subject, and returned to Don Rodrigo, who had just received the following epistle from the squire.

"SIR,

"Concerning a letter which I received, subscribed R Random, this is the answer As for you, I know nothing of you Your son, or pretended son, I have seen,—if he marries my sister, at his peril be it, I do declare that he shall not have one farthing of her fortune, which becomes my property, if she takes a husband without my consent Your settlement I do believe is all a sham, and yourself no better than you should be, but if you had all the wealth of the Indies, your son shall never match in our family with the consent of

"ORSON TOPEHALL."

My father was not much surprised at this polite letter, after having heard the character of the author, and as for me, I was even pleased at his refusal, because I now had an opportunity of showing my disinterested love By his permission I waited on my charmer, and, having imparted the contents of her brother's letter, at which she wept bitterly, in spite of all my consolation and caresses, the time of our marriage was fixed at the distance of two days During this interval, in which my soul was wound up to the last stretch of rapturous expectation, Narcissa endeavoured to reconcile some of her relations in town to her marriage with me, but, finding them all deaf to her remonstrances, either out of envy or prejudice, she told me, with the most enchanting sweetness, while the tears bedewed her lovely cheeks,—“sure the world will no longer question your generosity, when you take a poor forlorn beggar to your arms” Affected with her sorrow, I pressed the fair mourner to my breast, and swore that she was more dear and welcome on that account, because she had sacrificed her friends and fortune to her love for me My uncle, for whose character she had a great veneration, being by this time come to town, I introduced him to my bride, and although he was not very much subject to refined sensations, he was struck dumb with admiration at her beauty After having kissed and gazed at her for some time, he turned to me, saying,—“Odds bobs, Rory! here's a notable prize indeed, finely built and gloriously rigged, i'faith! if she an't well manned when you have the command of her sirrah, you deserve to go to sea in a cockle shell No offence, I hope, niece, you must not mind what I say, being (as the saying is) a plain seafaring man, tho' mayhap I have as much regard for you as another” She received him with great civility, told him she had longed a great while to see a person to whom she was so much indebted for his generosity to Mr Random, that she looked upon him as her uncle, by which name she begged leave to call him for the future, and that she was very sure he could say nothing that would give her the least offence The honest captain was transported at her

courteous behaviour, and insisted upon giving her away at the ceremony, swearing that he loved her as well as if she was his own child, and that he would give two thousand guineas to the first fruit of our love as soon as it could squeak Every thing being prepared for the solemnization of our nuptials, which were to be performed privately at my father's house, the auspicious hour arrived, when Don Rodrigo and my uncle went in the coach to fetch the bride and Miss Williams, leaving me with a parson, Banter, and Strap, neither of whom had as yet seen my charming mistress My faithful valet, who was on the rack of impatience to behold a lady of whom he had heard so much, no sooner understood that the coach was returned, than he placed himself at a window to have a peep at her as she alighted, and when he saw her, clapped his hands together, turned up the white of his eyes, and, with his mouth wide open, remained in a sort of ecstasy, which broke out into,—“*O dea certe! qualis in Eurota ripis, aut per juga Cynthia exercet Diana chorus!*” The doctor and Banter were surprised to hear my man speak Latin, but when my father led Narcissa into the room, the object of their admiration was soon changed, as appeared in the countenances of both Indeed, they must have been the most insensible of beings, could they have beheld, without emotion, the divine creature that approached She was dressed in a sack of white satin, embroidered on the breast with gold, the crown of her head was covered with a small French cap, from whence descended her beautiful hair in ringlets that waved upon her snowy neck, which dignified the necklace I had given her, her looks glowed with modesty and love, and her bosom, through the veil of gauze that shaded it, afforded a prospect of Elysium I received this inestimable gift of Providence as became me, and in a little time the clergyman did his office, my uncle, at his own earnest request, acting the part of a father to my dear Narcissa, who trembled very much, and had scarce spirits sufficient to support her under this great change of situation Soon as she was mine by the laws of heaven and earth, I printed a burning kiss upon her lips, my father embraced her tenderly, my uncle hugged her with great affection, and I presented her to my friend Banter, who saluted her in a very polite manner, Miss Williams hung round her neck and wept plentifully, while Strap fell upon his knees, and begged to kiss his lady's hand, which she presented with great affability I shall not pretend to describe my own feelings at this juncture, let it suffice to say, that, after having supped and entertained ourselves till ten o'clock, I cautioned my Narcissa against exposing her health by sitting up too late, and she was prevailed upon to withdraw with her maid to an apartment destined for us When

she left the room, her face was overspread with a blush that set all my blood in a state of fermentation, and made every pulse beat with tenfold vigour. She was so cruel as to let me remain in this condition a full half hour, when, no longer able to restrain my impatience, I broke from the company, burst into her chamber, pushed out her confidante, locked the door, and found her—O heaven and earth!—a feast, a thousand times more delicious than my most sanguine hope presaged!—but let me not profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen. I was the happiest of men!

In the morning I was waked by three or four drums, which Banter had placed under the window, upon which I withdrew the curtain, and enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of contemplating those angelic charms, which were now in my possession! *Beauty! which, whether sleeping or awake, shot forth peculiar graces!* The light darting upon my Narcissa's eyes, she awoke also, and, recollecting her situation, hid her blushes in my bosom. I was distracted with joy. I could not believe the evidence of my senses, and looked upon all that had happened as the fictions of a dream. In the meantime my uncle knocked at the door, and bade me turn out, for I had had a long spell. I rose accordingly, and sent Miss Williams to her mistress, myself receiving the congratulations of Captain Bowling, who rallied me in his sea-phrase with great success. In less than an hour, Don Rodrigo led my wife in to breakfast, where she received the compliments of the company on her looks, which, they said, if possible, were improved by matrimony. As her delicate ears were offended with none of those indecent ambiguities which are too often spoke on such occasions, she behaved with dignity, unaffected modesty, and ease, and, as a testimony of my affection and esteem, I presented her, in presence of them all, with a deed, by which I settled the whole fortune I was possessed of on her and her heirs for ever. She accepted it with a glance of the most tender acknowledgement, observed that she could not be surprised at any thing of this kind I should do, and desired my father to take the trouble of keeping it, saying,—“Next to my own Mr Random, you are the person in whom I ought to have the greatest confidence.” Charmed with her prudent and ingenuous manner of proceeding, he took the paper, and assured her that it should not lose its value while in his custody.

As we had not many visits to give and receive, the little time we staid in town was spent in going to public diversions, where I have the vanity to think Narcissa seldom was eclipsed. One night, in particular, we had sent our footman to keep one of the stage boxes, which we no sooner entered, than we perceived in the opposite box the squire and his lady, who seemed not a little

surprised at seeing us. I was pleased at this opportunity of confronting them, the more, because Melinda was robbed of all her admirers by my wife, who happened that night to outshine her sister both in beauty and dress. She was piqued at Narcissa's victory, tossed her head a thousand different ways, flitted her fan, looked at us with disdain, then whispered to her husband, and broke out into an affected giggle, but all her arts proved ineffectual, either to discompose Mrs Random, or to conceal her own mortification, which at length forced her away long before the play was done. The news of our marriage being spread, with many circumstances to our disadvantage by the industry of this malignant creature, a certain set of persons, fond of scandal, began to inquire into the particulars of my fortune, which they no sooner understood to be independent, than the tables were turned, and our acquaintance was courted as much as it had been despised before. But Narcissa had too much dignity of pride to encourage this change of conduct, especially in her relations, whom she could never be prevailed upon to see, after the malicious reports they had raised to her prejudice.

CHAPTER LXIX

My father intends to revisit the place of his nativity—we propose to accompany him—my uncle renews his will in my favour, determining to go to sea again—we set out for Scotland—arrive at Edinburgh—purchase our paternal estate—proceed to it—halt at the town where I was educated—take up my bond to Crab—the behaviour of Potton and his wife, and one of my female cousins—our reception at the estate—Strap marries Miss Williams, and is settled by my father to his own satisfaction—I am more and more happy

My father intending to revisit his native country, and pay the tribute of a few tears at my mother's grave, Narcissa and I resolved to accompany him in the execution of his pious office, and accordingly prepared for the journey, in which, however, my uncle would not engage, being resolved to try his fortune once more at sea. In the mean time, he renewed his will in favour of my wife and me, and deposited it in the hands of his brother-in-law, while I (that I might not be wanting to my own interest) summoned the squire to produce his father's will at doctor's commons, and employed a proctor to manage the affair in my absence.

Every thing being thus settled, we took leave of all our friends in London, and set out for Scotland, Don Rodrigo, Narcissa, Miss Williams and I, in the coach, and

Strap, with two men in livery, on horseback As we made easy stages, my charmer held it out very well till we arrived at Edinburgh, where we proposed to rest ourselves some weeks.

Here Don Rodrigo having intelligence that the fox-hunter had spent his estate, which was to be exposed to sale by public auction, he determined to make a purchase of the spot where he was born, and actually bought all the land that belonged to his father.

In a few days after this bargain was made, we left Edinburgh, in order to go and take possession, and, by the way, halted one night in that town where I was educated. Upon inquiry, I found that Mr Crab was dead, whereupon I sent for his executor, paid the sum I owed, with interest, and took up my bond. Mr Potion and his wife hearing of our arrival, had the assurance to come to the inn where we lodged, and sent up their names, with a desire of being permitted to pay their respects to my father and me, but their sordid behaviour towards me, when I was an orphan, had made too deep an impression on my mind, to be effaced by this mean mercenary piece of condescension, I therefore rejected their message with disdain, and bade Strap tell them, that my father and I desired to have no communication with such low-minded wretches as they were.

They had not been gone half an hour, when a woman, without any ceremony, opened the door of the room where we sat, and, making towards my father, accosted him with, "Uncle, your servant—I am glad to see you." This was no other than one of my female cousins, mentioned in the first part of my memoirs, to whom Don Rodrigo replied,—"Pray, who are you, madam?" "O!" cried she, "my cousin Rory there knows me very well. Don't you remember me, Rory?" "Yes, madam," said I, "for my own part, I shall never forget you. Sir, this is one of the young ladies who (as I formerly told you) treated me so humanely in my childhood." When I pronounced these words, my father's resentment glowed in his visage, and he ordered her to be gone, with such a commanding aspect, that she retired in a fright, uttering curses as she went down stairs. We afterwards learned that she was married to an ensign, who had already spent all her fortune, and that her sister had bore a child to her mother's footman, who is now her husband, and keeps a petty ale-house in the country.

The fame of our flourishing condition having arrived at this place before us, we got notice that the magistrates intended next day to compliment us with the freedom of their town, upon which my father, considering their complaisance in the right point of view, ordered the horses to the coach early in the morning.

We proceeded to our estate, which lay

about twenty miles from this place, and when we came within half a league of the house, were met by a prodigious number of poor tenants, men, women and children, who testified their joy by loud acclamations, and accompanied our coach to the gate. As there is no part of the world in which the peasants are more attached to their lords than in Scotland, we were almost devoured by their affection. My father had always been their favourite, and now that he appeared their master, after having been thought dead so long, their joy broke out into a thousand extravagancies. When we entered the court-yard, we were surrounded by a vast number, who crowded together so closely to see us, that several were in danger of being squeezed to death, those who were near Don Rodrigo fell upon their knees and kissed his hand, or the hem of his garment, praying aloud for long life and prosperity to him, others approached Narcissa and me in the same manner, while the rest clapped their hands at a distance, and invoked heaven to shower its choicest blessings on our heads. In short, the whole scene, though rude, was so affecting, that the gentle partner of my heart wept over it, and my father himself could not refrain from dropping a tear.

Having welcomed his daughter and me to his house, he ordered some bullocks to be killed, and some hogsheds of ale to be brought from the neighbouring village, to regale these honest people, who had not enjoyed such a holiday for many years before.

Next day we were visited by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, most of them our relations, one of whom brought along with him my cousin the fox-hunter, who had stayed at his house since he was obliged to leave his own. My father was generous enough to receive him kindly, and even promised to purchase for him a commission in the army, for which he expressed great thankfulness and joy.

My charming Narcissa was universally admired and loved, for her beauty, affability, and good sense, and so well pleased with the situation of the place, and the company round, that she has not, as yet, discovered the least desire of changing her habitation.

We had not been many days settled, when I prevailed upon my father to pay a visit to the village where I had been at school. Here we were received by the principal inhabitants, who entertained us in the church, where Mr Syntax the schoolmaster (my tyrant being dead) pronounced a Latin oration in honour of our family. And none exerted themselves more than Strap's father and relations, who looked upon the honest valet as the first gentleman of their race, and honoured his benefactors accordingly. Having received the homage of this place, we retired, leaving forty pounds for the

benefit of the poor of the parish, and that very night, Strap being a little elevated with the regard that had been shown to him, and to me on his account, ventured to tell me, that he had a sneaking kindness for Miss Williams, and that, if his lady and I would use our interest in his behalf, he did not doubt that she would listen to his addresses. Surprised at this proposal, I asked if he knew the story of that unfortunate young gentlewoman upon which he replied

"Yes, yes, I know what you mean—she has been unhappy, I grant you—but what of that? I am convinced of her reformation, or else you and my good lady would not treat her with such respect—as for the censure of the world, I value it not a fig's end—besides, the world knows nothing of the matter." I commended his philosophy, and interested Narcissa in his cause, who interceded so effectually, that in a little time Miss Williams yielded her consent, and they were married with the approbation of Don Rodrigo, who gave him five hundred pounds to stock a farm, and made him overseer of his estate. My generous bed-fellow gave her maid the

same sum, so that they lived in great peace and plenty within half a mile of us, and daily put up prayers for our preservation.

If there be such a thing as true happiness on earth, I enjoy it. The impetuous transports of my passion are now settled and mellowed into endearing fondness and tranquillity of love, rooted by that intimate connexion and interchange of hearts, which nought but virtuous wedlock can produce. Fortune seems determined to make ample amends for her former cruelty, for my proctor writes, that notwithstanding the clause in my father-in-law's will, on which the squire founds his claim, I shall certainly recover my wife's fortune, in consequence of a codicil annexed, which explains that clause, and limits her restriction to the age of nineteen, after which she was at her own disposal. I would have set out for London immediately after receiving this piece of intelligence, but my dear angel has been qualmish of late, and begins to grow remarkably round in the waist, so that I cannot leave her in such an interesting situation, which I hope will produce something to crown my felicity.

END OF RODERICK RANDOM

THE

ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.

.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D

THE

ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES

CHAPTER I

In which certain personages of this delightful history are introduced to the reader's acquaintance

It was on the great northern road from York to London, about the beginning of the month of October, and the hour of eight in the evening, that four travellers were, by a violent shower of rain, driven for shelter into a little public house on the side of the highway, distinguished by a sign which was said to exhibit the figure of a black lion. The kitchen, in which they assembled, was the only room for entertainment in the house, paved with red bricks, remarkably clean, furnished with three or four Windsor chairs, adorned with shining plates of pewter, and copper saucepans nicely scoured, that even dazzled the eyes of the beholder, while a cheerful fire of sea-coal blazed in the chimney. Three of the travellers, who arrived on horseback, having seen their cattle properly accommodated in the stable, agreed to pass the time, until the weather should clear up, over a bowl of rumbo, which was accordingly prepared, but the fourth, refusing to join their company, took his station at the opposite side of the chimney, and called for a pint of twopenny, with which he indulged himself apart. At a little distance, on his left hand, there was another group, consisting of the landlady, a decent widow, her two daughters, the elder of whom seemed to be about the age of fifteen, and a country lad, who served both as waiter and ostler.

The social triumvirate was composed of Mr Fillet, a country practitioner in surgery and midwifery, Captain Crowe, and his nephew Mr Thomas Clarke, an attorney. Fillet was a man of some education, and a great deal of experience, shrewd, sly, and sensible. Captain Crowe had commanded a

merchant ship in the Mediterranean trade for many years, and saved some money by dint of frugality and traffic. He was an excellent seaman, brave, active, friendly in his way, and scrupulously honest, but as little acquainted with the world as a sucking child, whimsical, impatient, and so impetuous, that he could not help breaking in upon the conversation, whatever it might be, with repeated interruptions, that seemed to burst from him by involuntary impulse. When he himself attempted to speak, he never finished his period, but made such a number of abrupt transitions, that his discourse seemed to be an unconnected series of unfinished sentences, the meaning of which it was not easy to decypher.

His nephew, Tom Clark, was a young fellow, whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt. Before strangers he never owned himself an attorney without blushing, though he had no reason to blush for his own practice, for he constantly refused to engage in the cause of any client whose character was equivocal, and was never known to act with such industry as when concerned for the widow and orphan, or any other object, that sued *in forma pauperis*. Indeed he was so replete with human kindness, that as often as an affecting story or circumstance was told in his hearing, it overflowed at his eyes. Being of a warm complexion, he was very susceptible of passion, and somewhat libertine in his amours. In other respects, he piqued himself on understanding the practice of the courts, and in private company he took pleasure in laying down the law, but he was an indifferent orator, and tediously circumstantial in his explanations. His stature was rather diminutive, but, upon the whole, he had some title to the character of a pretty dapper little fellow.

The solitary guest had something very

forbidding in his aspect, which was contracted by an habitual frown. His eyes were small and red, and so deep set in the sockets, that each appeared like the unextinguished snuff of a farthing candle, gleaming through the horn of a dark lanthorn. His nostrils were elevated in scorn, as if his sense of smelling had been perpetually offended by some unsavoury odour, and he looked as if he wanted to shrink within himself from the impertinence of society. He wore a black periwig, as straight as the pinions of a raven, and this was covered with a hat flapped, and fastened to his head by a speckled handkerchief tied under his chin. He was wrapped in a great-coat of brown frieze, under which he seemed to conceal a small bundle. His name was Ferret, and his character distinguished by three peculiarities. He was never seen to smile, he was never heard to speak in praise of any person whatsoever, and he was never known to give a direct answer to any question that was asked, but seemed, on all occasions, to be actuated by the most perverse spirit of contradiction.

Captain Crowe, having remarked that it was squally weather, asked how far it was to the next market-town and understanding that the distance was not less than six miles, said he had a good mind to come to an anchor for the night, if so be as he could have a tolerable *berth* in this here harbour. Mr Fillet, perceiving by his style that he was a seafaring gentleman, observed that their landlady was not used to lodge such company, and expressed some surprise that he, who had no doubt endured so many storms and hardships at sea, should think much of travelling five or six miles a-horseback by moonlight. "For my part," said he, "I ride in all weathers, at all hours, without minding cold, wet, wind, or darkness. My constitution is so case-hardened, that I believe I could live all the year at Spitzbergen."

With respect to this road, I know every foot of it so exactly, that I'll engage to travel forty miles upon it blindfold, without making one false step, and if you have faith enough to put yourselves under my auspices, I will conduct you safe to an elegant inn, where you will meet with the best accommodation."

"Thank you, brother," replied the captain, "we are much beholden to you for your courteous offer; but howsoever, you must not think I mind foul weather more than my neighbours. I have worked hard aloft and a-low in many a taught gale—but this here is the case, d'ye see, we have run down a long day's reckoning, our beasts have had a hard spell, and as for my own hap, brother, I doubt my bottom-planks have lost some of their sheathing, being as how I a'n't used to that kind of scrubbing."

The doctor, who had practised aboard a man of war in his youth, and was perfectly well acquainted with the captain's dialect

assured him, that, if his bottom was damaged, he would *new pay* it with an excellent salve, which he always carried about him, to guard against such accidents on the road, but Tom Clarke, who seemed to have cast the eyes of affection upon the landlady's eldest daughter, Dolly, objected to their proceeding farther without rest and refreshment, as they had already travelled fifty miles since morning, and he was sure his uncle must be fatigued both in mind and body, from vexation, as well as from hard exercise, to which he had not been accustomed. Fillet then desisted, saying, he was sorry to find the captain had any cause of vexation, but he hoped it was not an incurable evil. This expression was accompanied with a look of curiosity, which Mr Clarke was glad of an occasion to gratify, for, as we have hinted above, he was a very communicative gentleman, and the affair which now lay upon his stomach interested him nearly.

"I'll assure you, sir," said he, "this here gentleman, Captain Crowe, who is my mother's own brother, has been cruelly used by some of his relations. He bears as good a character as any captain of a ship on the Royal Exchange, and has undergone a variety of hardships at sea. What d'ye think, now, of his bursting all his sinews, and making his eyes start out of his head, in pulling his ship off a rock, whereby he saved to his owners?"—Here he was interrupted by the captain, who exclaimed,—"Belay, Tom, belay—pr'ythee don't veer out such a deal of jaw. Clap a stopper on thy cable, and bring thyself up my lad. What a deal of stuff thou hast pumped up concerning bursting, and starting, and pulling ships. Laud have mercy upon us!—Look ye here, brother—look ye here—mind these poor crippled joints, two fingers on the starboard, and three on the larboard hand, crooked, d'ye see, like the knees of a bilander—I'll tell you what, brother, you seem to be a—ship deep laden—rich cargo—current setting into the bay—hard gale—lee shore—all hands in the boat—tow round the headland—self pulling for dear blood against the whole crew—snap go the finger-braces—crack went the eye-blocks. Bounce day-light—flash star-light—down I foundered, dark as hell—whiz went my ears, and my head spun like a whirlingig—That don't signify—I'm a Yorkshire boy, as the saying is—all my life at sea, brother, by reason of an old grandmother and maiden aunt, a couple of old stinking—kept me these forty years out of my grandfather's estate—Hearing as how they had taken their departure, came ashore, hired horses, and clapped on all my canvases, steering to the northward, to take possession of my—But it don't signify talking—these two old piratical—had held a palaver with a lawyer—an attorney, Tom, d'ye mind me, an at-

torney—and by his assistance hove me out of my inheritance,—that is all, brother—hove me out of five hundred pounds a-year—that's all—what signifies—but such wind-falls we don't every day pick up along shore—Fill about, brother—yes, by the Lord! those two smuggling harridans, with the assistance of an attorney—an attorney, Tom—hove me out of five hundred a-year—“Yes, indeed, sir,” added Mr Clarke, “those two malicious old women, docked the intail, and left the estate to an alien.”

Here Mr Ferret thought proper to intermingle in the conversation, with a—“*Pish!* what, do'st talk of docking the intail? Do'st not know that by the statute Westm 2, 13 Ed the will and intention of the donor must be fulfilled, and the tenant in *tail* shall not alien after issue bad, or before”—“Give me leave, sir,” replied Tom, “I presume you are a practitioner in the law. Now you know, that, in the case of a contingent *remainder*, the intail may be destroyed by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery, or otherwise destroying the particular estate, before the contingency happens. If *feoffees*, who possess an estate only during the life of a son, where divers *remainders* are limited over, make a *feoffment* in fee to him, by the *feoffment* all the future *remainders* are destroyed. Indeed, a person in *remainder* may have a writ of intrusion, if any do intrude after the death of a tenant for life, and the writ *ex gravi querela* lies to execute a devise in *remainder* after the death of a tenant in *tail* without issue.” “Spoke like a true disciple of Geber,” cried Ferret. “No, sir,” replied Mr Clarke, “Counsellor Caper is in the conveying way—I was clerk to Sergeant Croaker.” “Ay, now you may set up for yourself,” resumed the other, “for you can prate as unintelligibly as the best of them.”

“Perhaps,” said Tom, “I do not make myself understood. If so be as how that is the case, let us change the position, and suppose that this here case is a *tail after a possibility of issue extinct*. If a tenant in *tail* after a possibility make a *feoffment* of his land, he in reversion may enter for the forfeiture. Then we must make a distinction between *general tail* and *special tail*. It is the word *body* that makes the *intail*—there must be a *body* in the *tail*, devised to heirs male or female, otherwise it is a *fee-simple*, because it is not limited of what *body*. Thus a corporation cannot be seized in *tail*. For example, here is a young woman—what is your name, my dear?” “Dolly,” answered the daughter, with a courtesy—“Here's Dolly—I seize Dolly in *tail*—Dolly, I seize you in *tail*.” “Sha't then,” cried Dolly, pouting. “I am seized of land in fee—I settle on Dolly in *tail*.”

Dolly, who did not comprehend the nature

of the illustration, understood him in a literal sense, and, in a whimpering tone, exclaimed,—“Sha't then, I tell thee, cursed toad!” Tom, however, was so transported with his subject, that he took no notice of poor Dolly's mistake, but proceeded in his harangue upon the different kinds of *tails*, *remainders*, and *seins*, when he was interrupted by a noise that alarmed the whole company. The rain had been succeeded by a storm of wind, that howled around the house with the most savage impetuosity, and the heavens were overcast in such a manner, that not one star appeared, so that all without was darkness and uproar. This aggravated the horror of divers loud screams, which even the noise of the blast could not exclude from the ears of our astonished travellers. Captain Crowe called out,—“Avast, avast!” Tom Clarke sat silent, staring wildly, with his mouth still open. The surgeon himself seemed startled, and Ferret's countenance betrayed evident marks of confusion. The ostler moved nearer the chimney, and the good woman of the house, with her two daughters, crept closer to the company.

After some pause the captain, starting up,—“These,” said he, “be signals of distress. Some poor souls in danger of foundering—let us bear up a-head, and see if we can give them any assistance.” The landlady begged him, for Christ's sake, not to think of going out, for it was a spirit that would lead him astray into fens and rivers, and certainly do him a mischief. Crowe seemed to be staggered by this remonstrance, which his nephew reinforced, observing, that it might be a stratagem of rogues to decoy them into the fields, that they might rob them under the cloud of night. Thus exhorted, he resumed his seat, and Mr Ferret began to make very severe strictures upon the folly and fear of those who believed and trembled at the visitation of spirits, ghosts, and goblins. He said, he would engage with twelve pennvorth of phosphorus to frighten a whole parish out of their senses. Then he expatiated on the pusillanimity of the nation in general, ridiculed the militia, censured the government, and dropped some hints about a change of hands, which the captain could not, and the doctor would not, comprehend.

Tom Clarke, from the freedom of his discourse, concluded he was a ministerial spy, and communicated his opinion to his uncle in a whisper, while this misanthrope continued to pour forth his invectives with a fluency peculiar to himself. The truth is, Mr Ferret had been a party writer, not from principle, but employment, and had felt the rod of power, in order to avoid a second exertion of which, he now found it convenient to skulk about in the country, for he had received intimation of a warrant from the secretary of state, who wanted to be better acquainted with

his person. Notwithstanding the ticklish nature of his situation, it was become so habitual to him to think and speak in a certain manner, that, even before strangers, whose principles and connexions he could not possibly know, he hardly ever opened his mouth, without uttering some direct or implied sarcasm against the government.

He had already proceeded a considerable way in demonstrating that the nation was bankrupt and beggared, and that those who stood at the helm were steering full into the gulf of inevitable destruction, when his lecture was suddenly suspended by a violent knocking at the door, which threatened the whole house with immediate demolition. Captain Crowe, believing they should be instantly boarded, unsheathed his hanger, and stood in a posture of defence. Mr Fillet armed himself with the poker, which happened to be red hot, the ostler pulled down a rusty firelock, that hung by the roof over a fitch of bacon. Tom Clarke, perceiving the landlady and her children distracted with terror, conducted them, out of mere compassion, below stairs into the cellar, and as for Mr Ferret, he prudently withdrew into an adjoining pantry.

But as a personage of great importance in this entertaining history was forced to remain some time at the door before he could gain admittance, so must the reader wait with patience for the next chapter, in which he will see the cause of this disturbance explained much to his comfort and edification.

CHAPTER II

In which the hero of these adventures makes his first appearance on the stage of action

THE outward door of the Black Lion had already sustained two dreadful shocks, but at the third it flew open, and in stalked an apparition that smote the hearts of our travellers with fear and trepidation. It was the figure of a man armed cap-a-pee, bearing on his shoulders a bundle dropping with water, which afterwards appeared to be the body of a man that seemed to have been drowned, and fished up from the bottom of the neighbouring river.

Having deposited his burden carefully on the floor, he addressed himself to the company in these words — "Be not surprised, good people, at this unusual appearance, which I shall take an opportunity to explain, and forgive the rude and boisterous manner in which I have demanded, and indeed forced admittance. the violence of my intrusion was the effect of necessity. In crossing the river, my squire and his horse were swept away by the stream, and, with some difficulty, I have been able to drag him ashore,

though I am afraid my assistance reached him too late for, since I brought him to land, he has given no signs of life."

Here he was interrupted by a groan, which issued from the chest of the squire, and terrified the spectators as much as it comforted the master. After some recollection, Mr Fillet began to undress the body, which was laid in a blanket on the floor, and rolled from side to side by his direction. A considerable quantity of water being discharged from the mouth of this unfortunate squire, he uttered a hideous roar, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly around. Then the surgeon undertook for his recovery, and his master went forth with the ostler in quest of the horses, which he had left by the side of the river. His back was no sooner turned, than Ferret, who had been peeping from behind the pantry-door, ventured to rejoin the company, pronouncing, with a smile or rather grin of contempt,—"Hey-day! what precious mummery is this? What, are we to have the farce of Hamlet's ghost?" Adzooks," cried the captain, "my kinsman Tom has dropped a-stern—hope in God a has not bulged to, and gone to bottom." "Pish," exclaimed the misanthrope, "there's no danger; the young lawyer is only seizing Dolly in tail."

Certain it is, Dolly squeaked at that instant in the cellar, and Clarke appearing soon after in some confusion, declared she had been frightened by a flash of lightning, but this assertion was not confirmed by the young lady herself, who eyed him with a sullen regard, indicating displeasure, though not indifference, and when questioned by her mother, replied,—“A doan't maund what a says, so a doan't, vor all his goalden jacket, then.”

In the meantime the surgeon had performed the operation of phlebotomy on the squire, who was lifted into a chair, and supported by the landlady for that purpose, but he had not as yet given any sign of having retrieved the use of his senses. And here Mr Fillet could not help contemplating, with surprise, the strange figure and accoutrements of his patient, who seemed in age to be turned of fifty. His stature was below the middle size, he was thick, squat, and brawny, with a small protuberance on one shoulder, and a prominent belly, which, in consequence of the water he had swallowed, now strutted beyond its usual dimensions. His forehead was remarkably convex, and so very low, that his black bushy hair descended within an inch of his nose; but this did not conceal the wrinkles of his front, which were manifold. His small glimmering eyes resembled those of the Hampshire porlier, that turns up the soil with his projecting snout. His cheeks were shrivelled and puckered at the corners, like the seams of a regimental coat, as it comes from the hands of the contractor. His nose bore a strong analogy in shape to a

tennis-ball, and in colour to a mulberry, for all the water of the river had not been able to quench the natural fire of that feature. His upper jaw was furnished with two long white sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, such as the reader may have observed in the chaps of a wolf, or full-grown mastiff, and an anatomist would describe as a preternatural elongation of the *dentes canini*. His chin was so long, so peaked, and incurvated, as to form in profile, with his impending forehead, the exact resemblance of a moon in the first quarter. With respect to his equipage, he had a leathern cap upon his head, faced like those worn by marines, and exhibiting in embroidery the figure of a crescent. His coat was of white cloth, faced with black, and cut in a very antique fashion, and, in lieu of a waistcoat, he wore a buff jerkin. His feet were cased with loose buskins, which, though they rose almost to his knee, could not hide that curvature known by the appellation of bandy legs. A large string of bandaliers, garnished a broad belt that graced his shoulders, from whence depended an instrument of war, which was something between a back-sword and a cutlass, and a case of pistols were stuck in his girdle.

Such was the figure which the whole company now surveyed with admiration. After some pause, he seemed to recover his recollection. He rolled about his eyes around, and, attentively surveying every individual, exclaimed, in a strange tone,—"Bodikens' where's Gilbert?" This interrogation did not savour much of sanity, especially when accompanied with a wild stare, which is generally interpreted as a sure sign of a disturbed understanding; nevertheless the surgeon endeavoured to assist his recollection. "Come," said he, "have a good heart—How dost do, friend?" "Do!" replied the squire, "do as well as I can—that's a lie too. I might have done better—I had no business to be here." "You ought to thank God and your master," resumed the surgeon, "for the providential escape you have had." "Thank my master!" cried the squire, "thank the devil! Go and teach your grannum to crack filberts. I know who I'm bound to pray for, and who I ought to curse, the longest day I have to live."

Here the captain interposing,—"Nay, brother," said he, "you are bound to pray for this here gentleman as your sheet-anchor, for, if so be as he had not cleared your stowage of the water you had taken in at your upper works, and lightened your veins, d'ye see, by taking away some of your blood, adad' you had driven before the gale, and never been brought up in this world again, d'ye see?" "What, then, you would persuade me," replied the patient, "that the only way to save my life was to shed my precious blood? Look ye, friend, it shall

not be lost blood to me—I take you all to witness, that there surgeon, or apothecary, or farrier, or dog-doctor, or whatsoever he may be, has robbed me of the balsam of life—he has not left me so much blood in my body as would fatten a starved flea.—O' that there was a lawyer here to serve him with a *siserari*."

Then fixing his eyes upon Ferret, he proceeded—"An't you a limb of the law, friend?—No, I cry you mercy, you look more like a show-man or a conjurer." Ferret, nettled at this address, answered,—"It would be well for you, that I could conjure a little common sense into that numskull of yours." "If I want that commodity," rejoined the squire, "I must go to another market, I trow.—Your legerdemain men be more like to conjure the money from our pockets than sense into our skulls.—Vox my own part, I was once cheated of vorty good shillings by one of your broother cups-and-balls." In all probability he would have descended to particulars, had he not been seized with a return of his nausea, which obliged him to call for a bumper of brandy. This remedy being swallowed, the tumult in his stomach subsided. He desired he might be put to bed without delay, and that half a dozen eggs and a pound of bacon might, in a couple of hours, be dressed for his supper.

He was accordingly led off the scene by the landlady and her daughter, and Mr Ferret had just time to observe the fellow was a composition, in which he did not know whether knave or fool most predominated, when the master returned from the stable. He had taken off his helmet, and now displayed a very engaging countenance. His age did not seem to exceed thirty. He was tall, and seemingly robust, his face long and oval, his nose aquiline, his mouth furnished with a set of elegant teeth, white as the drifted snow, his complexion clear, and his aspect noble. His chestnut hair loosely flowed in short natural curls, and his grey eyes shone with such vivacity, as plainly showed that his reason was a little discomposed. Such an appearance prepossessed the greater part of the company in his favour, he bowed round with the most polite and affable address. Inquired about his squire, and, being informed of the pains Mr Fillet had taken for his recovery, insisted upon that gentleman's accepting a handsome gratuity; then, in consideration of the cold bath he had undergone, he was prevailed upon to take the post of honour, namely the great chair fronting the fire, which was reinforced with a billet of wood for his comfort and convenience.

Perceiving his fellow-travellers either over-awed in silence by his presence, or struck dumb with admiration at his equipage, he accented them in these words, while an agreeable smile dimpled on his cheek

"The good company wonders, no doubt, to see a man cased in armour, such as hath been for above a whole century disused in this and every other country of Europe, and perhaps they will be still more surprised, when they hear that man profess himself a novice of that military order, which hath of old been distinguished in Great Britain, as well as through all Christendom, by the name of knights-errant. Yes, gentlemen, in that painful and thorny path of toil and danger I have begun my career, a candidate for honest fame, determined, as far as in me lies, to honour and assert the efforts of virtue, to combat vice in all her forms, redress injuries, chastise oppression, protect the helpless and forlorn, relieve the indigent, exert my best endeavours in the cause of innocence and beauty, and dedicate my talents, such as they are, to the service of my country."

"What!" said Ferret, "you set up for a modern Don Quixote?—The scheme is rather too stale and extravagant—What was a humorous romance and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, and appear equally insipid and absurd, when really acted from affectation, at this time of day, in a country like England."

The knight, eyeing this censor with a look of disdain, replied, in a solemn, lofty tone—"He that from affectation imitates the extravagancies recorded of Don Quixote, is an impostor equally wicked and contemptible. He that counterfeits madness, unless he dissembles, like the elder Brutus, for some virtuous purpose, not only debases his own soul, but acts as a traitor to Heaven, by denying the divinity that is within him—I am neither an affected imitator of Don Quixote, nor, as I trust in Heaven, visited by that spirit of lunacy so admirably displayed in the fictitious character exhibited by the inimitable Cervantes. I have not yet encountered a windmill for a giant, nor mistaken this public house for a magnificent castle: neither do I believe this gentleman to be the constable, nor that worthy practitioner to be Master Elzabat, the surgeon recorded in *Amadis de Gaul*, nor you to be the enchanter Alquife, nor any other sage of history or romance—I see and distinguish objects as they are discerned and described by other men. I reason without prejudice, can endure contradiction, and, as the company perceives, even bear impertinent censure without passion or resentment. I quarrel with none but the foes of virtue and decorum, against whom I have declared perpetual war, and them I will every where attack as the natural enemies of mankind."

"But that war," said the cynic, "may soon be brought to a conclusion, and your adventures close in Brideswell, provided you meet with some determined constable, who will seize your worship as a vagrant, ac-

cording to the statute." "Heaven and earth!" cried the stranger, starting up, and laying his hand on his sword, "do I live to hear myself insulted with such an opprobrious epithet, and refrain from trampling into dust the insolent calumniator?"

The tone in which these words were pronounced, and the indignation that flashed from the eyes of the speaker, intimidated every individual of the society, and reduced Ferret to a temporary privation of all his faculties: his eyes retired within their sockets, his complexion, which was naturally of a copper hue, now shifted to a leaden colour; his teeth began to chatter, and all his limbs were agitated by a sudden palsy. The knight observed his condition and resumed his seat, saying,—"I was to blame: my vengeance must be reserved for very different objects—Friend, you have nothing to fear—the sudden gust of passion is now blown over. Recollect yourself, and I will reason calmly on the observation you have made."

This was a very seasonable declaration to Mr Ferret, who opened his eyes, and wiped his forehead, while the other proceeded in these terms—"You say I am in danger of being apprehended as a vagrant. I am not so ignorant of the laws of my country, but that I know the description of those who fall within the legal meaning of this odious term. You must give me leave to inform you, friend, that I am neither hearward, fencer, stroller, gipsy, mountebank, nor mendicant, nor do I practise subtle craft, to deceive and impose upon the king's lieges, nor can I be held as an idle disorderly person, travelling from place to place, collecting moneys by virtue of counterfeited passes, briefs, and other false pretences. In what respect, therefore, am I to be deemed a vagrant? Answer boldly, without fear or scruple."

To this interrogation the misanthrope replied, with a faltering accent,—"If not a vagrant, you incur the penalty for riding armed in affray of the peace." "But, instead of riding armed in affray of the peace," resumed the other, "I ride in preservation of the peace, and gentleman are allowed by the law to wear armour for their defence. Some ride with blunderbusses, some with pistols, some with swords, according to their various inclinations. Mine is to wear the armour of my forefathers, perhaps I use them for exercise, in order to accustom myself to fatigue, and strengthen my constitution, perhaps I assume them for a frolic."

"But if you swagger armed and in disguise, assault me on the highway, or put me in bodily fear, for the sake of the jest, the law will punish you in earnest," cried the other. "But my intention," answered the knight, "is carefully to avoid all those occasions of offence." "Then," said Ferret, "you may go unarmed like other sober people." "Not so," answered the knight, "as

I propose to travel all times, and in all places, mine armour may guard me against the attempts of treachery, it may defend me in combat against odds, should I be assaulted by a multitude, or have occasion to bring malefactors to justice."

"What, then," exclaimed the philosopher, "you intend to co-operate with the honourable fraternity of thief-takers?" "I do purpose," said the youth, eyeing him with a look of ineffable contempt, "to act as a coadjutor to the law, and even to remedy evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude but the infamous part of a thief-catcher's character I disclaim. I neither associate with robbers and pick-pockets, knowing them to be such, that, in being intrusted with their secrets, I may the more effectually betray them, nor shall I ever pocket the reward granted by the legislature to those by whom robbers are brought to conviction but I shall always think it my duty to rid my country of that pernicious vermin, which preys upon the bowels of the commonwealth—not but that an incorporated company of licensed thieves might, under proper regulations, be of service to the community."

Ferret, emboldened by the passive tameness with which the stranger bore his last reflection, began to think he had nothing of Hector but his outside, and gave a loose to all the acrimony of his party-rancour. Hearing the knight mention a company of licensed thieves,—"What else," cried he, "is the majority of the nation? What is your standing army at home, that eat up their fellow-subjects? What are your mercenaries abroad, whom you hire to fight their own quarrels? What is your militia, that wise measure of a sagacious ministry, but a larger gang of petty thieves, who steal sheep and poultry through mere idleness, and were they confronted with an enemy, would steal themselves away? What is your ——— but a knot of thieves, who pillage the nation under colour of law, and enrich themselves with the wreck of their country? When you consider the enormous debt of above an hundred millions, the intolerable load of taxes and impositions under which we groan, and the manner in which that burden is yearly accumulating, to support two German electorates, without our receiving any thing in return, but the shows of triumph and shadows of conquest. I say, when you reflect on these circumstances, and at the same time behold our cities filled with bankrupts, and our country with beggars, can you be so infatuated as to deny that the ministry is mad, or worse than mad, our wealth exhausted, our people miserable, our credit blasted, and our state on the brink of perdition? This prospect, indeed, will make the funter

impression, if we recollect that we ourselves are a pack of such profligate, corrupted, pusillanimous rascals, as deserve no salvation."

The stranger, raising his voice to a loud tone, replied,—"Such, indeed, are the insinuations, equally false and insidious, with which the desperate emissaries of a party endeavour to poison the minds of his majesty's subjects, in defiance of common honesty and common sense. But he must be blind to all perception, and dead to candour, who does not see and own that we are involved in a just and necessary war, which has been maintained on truly British principles, prosecuted with vigour, and crowned with success, that our taxes are easy, in proportion to our wealth, that our conquests are equally glorious and important, that our commerce flourishes, our people are happy, and our enemies reduced to despair. Is there a man who boasts a British heart, that repines at the success and prosperity of his country? Such there are, O shame to patriotism, and reproach to Great Britain! who act as the emissaries of France, both in word and writing, who exaggerate our necessary burdens, magnify our dangers, extol the power of our enemies, deride our victories, extenuate our conquests, condemn the measures of our government, and scatter the seeds of dissatisfaction through the land. Such domestic traitors are doubly the objects of detestation, first, in perverting truth, and, secondly, in propagating falsehood, to the prejudice of that community of which they have professed themselves members. One of these is well known by the name of Ferret, an old, rancorous, incorrigible instrument of sedition. happy it is for him that he has never fallen in my way, for, notwithstanding the maxims of forbearance which I have adopted, the indignation which the character of that cat-tiff inspires would probably impel me to some act of violence, and I should crush him like an ungrateful viper, that gnawed the bosom which warmed it into life!"

These last words were pronounced with a wildness of look, that even bordered upon frenzy. The misanthrope once more retired to the pantry for shelter, and the rest of the guests were evidently disconcerted.

Mr Fillet, in order to change the conversation, which was likely to produce serious consequences, expressed uncommon satisfaction at the remarks which the knight had made, signified his approbation of the honourable office he had undertaken, declared himself happy in having seen such an accomplished cavalier, and observed, that nothing was wanting to render him a complete knight-errant, but some celebrated beauty the mistress of his heart, whose idea might animate his breast, and strengthen his arm to the utmost exertion of valour. He added, that love was the soul of chivalry.

The stranger started at this discourse. He turned his eye on the surgeon with a fixed regard, his countenance changed, a torrent of tears gushed down his cheeks, his head sunk upon his bosom, he heaved a profound sigh, and remained in silence with all the external marks of unutterable sorrow. The company were, in some measure, infected by his despondence, concerning the cause of which, however, they would not venture to inquire.

By this time the landlady, having disposed of the squire, desired to know, with many courtesies, if his honour would not choose to put off his wet garments, assuring him, that she had a very good feather-bed at his service, upon which many gentlefolks of the first quality had lain, that the sheets were well aired, and that Dolly would warm them for his worship with a pan of coals. This hospitable offer being repeated, he seemed to wake from a trance of grief, arose from his seat, and bowing courteously to the company, withdrew.

Captain Crowe, whose faculty of speech had been all this time absorbed in amazement, now broke into the conversation with a volley of interjections—"Split my snatch-block!—Odd's firkin!—Splice my old shoes!—I have sailed the salt seas, brother, since I was no higher than the Triton's taffrel—east, west, north, and south, as the saying is—Blacks, Indians, Moors, Morattos, and Sea-boys,—but, smite my timbers! such a man of war—"

Here he was interrupted by his nephew, Tom Clarke, who had disappeared at the knight's first entrance, and now produced himself with an eagerness in his look, while the tears started in his eyes. "Lord bless my soul!" cried he, "I know that gentleman and his servant, as well as I know my own father. I am his own godson, uncle, he stood for me when he was a boy—yes, indeed, sir, my father was steward to the estate—I may say I was bred up in the family of Sir Everhard Greaves, who has been dead these two years—this is the only son, Sir Launcelot, the best natured, worthy, generous gentleman—I care not who knows it. I love him as well as if he was my own, flesh and blood—"

At this period, Tom, whose heart was of the melting mood, began to sob and weep plentifully, from pure affection. Crowe, who was not very subject to these tendernesses, dried him for a chicken-hearted lubber, repeating, with much peevishness,—"What do'st cry for? what do'st cry for, noddy?" The surgeon, impatient to know the story of Sir Launcelot, which he had heard imperfectly recounted, begged that Mr Clarke would compose himself, and relate it as circumstantially as his memory could retain the particulars, and Tom, wiping his eyes, promised to give him that satisfaction,

which the reader, if he be so minded, may partake in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

Which the reader, on perusal, may wish were chapter the last

THE doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the jalap, and mixed the ingredients *secundum artem*, Tom Clarke hemmed thrice, to clear his pipes, while the rest of the company, including Dolly and her mother, who had by this time administered to the knight, composed themselves into earnest and hushed attention. Then the young lawyer began his narrative to this effect—

"I tell ye what, gemmen, I don't pretend in this here case to flourish and harangue like a—having never been called to—but what of that d'ye see?—perhaps I may know as much as—facts are facts, as the saying is. I shall tell, repeat, and relate, a plain story—matters of fact, d'ye see, without rhetoric, oratory, ornament, or embellishment, without repetition, tautology, circumlocution, or going about the bush, facts which I shall aver, partly on the testimony of my own knowledge, and partly from the information of responsible evidences of good repute and credit, any circumstance known to the contrary notwithstanding—for, as the law saith, if so be as how there is an *exception* to evidence, that *exception* is in its nature but a denial of what is taken to be good by the other party, and *exceptio in non exceptis firmat regulam*, d'ye see—But howsoever, in regard to this here affair, we need not be so scrupulous as if we were pleading before a judge *sedente curia*."

Ferret, whose curiosity was rather more eager than that of any other person in this audience, being provoked by this preamble, dashed the pipe he had just filled in pieces against the grate, and after having pronounced the interjection *pish* with an acrimony of aspect altogether peculiar to himself,—"If," said he, "impertinence and folly were felony by the statute, there would be no want of unexceptionable evidence to hang such an eternal babbler." "Anan, babbler!" cried Tom, reddening with passion, and starting up, "I'd have you to know, sir, that I can bite as well as babble, and that, if I am so minded, I can run upon the foot after my game without being in fault, as the saying is, and which is more, I can shake an old fox by the collar."

How far this young lawyer might have proceeded to prove himself staunch on the person of the misanthrope, if he had not been prevented, we shall not determine, but the whole company were alarmed at his looks and expressions. Dolly's rosy cheeks assumed an ash-colour, while she ran between

the disputants, crying,—“Naay, naay—for the love of God doant then, doant then!” But Captain Crowe exerted a parental authority over his nephew, saying,—“Avast, Tom, avast! snug’s the word—we’ll have no boarding, d’ye see. Haul forward thy chair again, take thy berth, and proceed with thy story in a direct course, without yawing like a Dutch yanky.”

Tom, thus tutored, recollected himself, resumed his seat, and, after some pause, plunged at once into the current of narration.—“I told you before, gemmen, that the gentleman in armour was the only son of Sir Everhard Greaves, who possessed a free estate of five thousand a year in our county, and was respected by all his neighbours as much for his personal merit as for his family fortune. With respect to his son Launcelot, whom you have seen, I can remember nothing until he returned from the university, about the age of seventeen and then I myself was not more than ten years old. The young gentleman was at that time in mourning for his mother, though, God he knows, Sir Everhard had more cause to rejoice than to be afflicted at her death for, among friends (here he lowered his voice, and looked round the kitchen), she was very whimsical, expensive, ill-tempered, and I’m afraid, a little—upon the—flighty order—a little touched or so, but mum for that—the lady is now dead, and it is my maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The young squire was even then very handsome, and looked remarkably well in his weepers, but he had an awkward air and shambling gait, stooped mortally, and was so shy and silent that he would not look a stranger in the face, nor open his mouth before company. Whenever he spied a horse or carriage at the gate, he would make his escape into the garden, and from thence into the park, where many is the good time and often he has been found sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, reading Greek, Latin, and other foreign lingo.

“Sir Everhard himself was no great scholar, and my father had forgot his classical learning, and so the rector of the parish was desired to examine young Launcelot. It was a long time before he found an opportunity, the squire always gave him the slip. At length the parson caught him in bed of a morning, and locking the door, to it they went tooth and nail. What passed betwixt them the Lord in heaven knows, but, when the doctor came forth, he looked wild and haggard as if he had seen a ghost, his face as white as paper, and his lips trembling like an aspen leaf. ‘Parson,’ said the knight, ‘what is the matter?—how do’st find my son?’ I hope he won’t turn out a minny, and disgrace his family!” The doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, replied, with some hesitation,—‘he could not tell—he hoped the best—the squire was to be sure a very extra-

ordinary young gentleman.’ But the father urging him to give an explicit answer, he frankly declared, that, in his opinion, the son would turn out either a mirror of wisdom or a monument of folly, for his genius and disposition were altogether preternatural. The knight was sorely vexed at this declaration, and signified his displeasure by saying, the doctor, like a true priest, dealt in mysteries and oracles, that would admit of different and indeed contrary interpretations. He afterwards consulted my father, who had served as steward upon the estate for above thirty years, and acquired a considerable share of his favour.—‘Will Clarke,’ said he, with tears in his eyes, ‘what shall I do with this unfortunate lad? I would to God he had never been born, for I fear he will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. When I am gone, he will throw away the estate, and bring himself to infamy and ruin, by keeping company with rooks and beggars. O Will! I could forgive extravagance in a young man, but it breaks my heart to see my only son give such repeated proofs of a mean spirit and sordid disposition!’

“Here the old gentleman shed a flood of tears, and not without some shadow of reason. By this time Launcelot was grown so reserved to his father, that he seldom saw him, or any of his relations, except when he was in a manner forced to appear at table, and there his bashfulness seemed every day to increase. On the other hand, he had formed some very strange connections. Every morning he visited the stable, where he not only conversed with the grooms and helpers, but scraped acquaintance with the horses. He fed his favourites with his own hand, stoaked, carressed and rode them by turns till at last they grew so familiar, that, even when they were a-field at grass, and saw him at a distance, they would toss their manes, whinny like so many colts at sight of the dam, and galloping up to the place where he stood, smell him all over.

“You must know that I myself, though a child, was his companion in all these excursions. He took a liking to me on account of my being his god-son, and gave me more money than I knew what to do with. He had always plenty of cash for the asking, as my father was ordered to supply him liberally, the knight thinking that a command of money might help to raise his thoughts to a proper consideration of his own importance. He never could endure a common beggar, that was not either in a state of infancy or of old age, but, in other respects, he made the guinea fly in such a manner, as looked more like madness than generosity. He had no communication with your rich yeomen, but rather treated them and their families with studied contempt, because, forsooth, they pretended to assume the dress and manners of the gentry.

"They kept their footmen, their saddle-horses, and chaises their wives and daughters appeared in their jewels, their silks, and their satins, their negligees and trolopees, their clumsy shanks, like so many chines of beef, were cased in silk-hose and embroidered slippers, their raw-red fingers, gross as the pipes of a chamber-organ, which had been employed in milking the cows, in twirling the mop or churn-staff, being adorned with diamonds, were taught to thrum the pandola, and even to touch the keys of the harpsichord." Nay, in every village they kept a route, and set up an assembly, and in one place a hog-butcher was master of the ceremonies.

"I have heard Mr Greaves ridicule them for their vanity and awkward imitation, and therefore, I believe, he avoided all concerns with them, even when they endeavoured to engage his attention. It was the lower sort of people with whom he chiefly conversed, such as ploughmen, ditchers, and other day-labourers. To every cottager in the parish he was a bounteous benefactor. He was, in the literal sense of the word, a careful overseer of the poor, for he went from house to house, industriously inquiring into the distresses of the people. He repaired their huts, clothed their backs, filled their bellies, and supplied them with necessities for exercising their industry and different occupations.

"I'll give you one instance now, as a specimen of his character. He and I, strolling one day on the side of a common, saw two boys picking hips and haws from the hedges: one seemed to be about five, and the other a year older, they were both barefoot and ragged, but at the same time fat, fair, and in good condition. 'Who do you belong to?' said Mr Greaves. 'To Mary Stile,' replied the oldest, 'the widow that rents one of them houses.' 'And how do'st live, my boy?' thou lookest fresh and jolly,' resumed the squire. 'Lived well enough till yesterday,' answered the child. 'And pray what happened yesterday, my boy?' continued Mr Greaves. 'Happened' said he, 'why mammy had a couple of little Welch keawes, that g'ven milk enough, to fill all our bellies, mammy's, and mine, and Dick's here, and my two little sisters at hoam yesterday the squire seized the keawes for rent, God rot'un! Mammy's gone to bed sick and sulky, my two sisters be crying at hoam vor vood, and Dick and I be come hither to pick haws and bullies'.

"My godfather's face grew red as scarlet, he took one of the children in either hand, and leading them towards the house, found Sir Everhard talking with my father before the gate. Instead of avoiding the old gentleman, as usual, he brushed up to him with a spirit he had never shown before, and presenting the two ragged boys,—'Surely,

sir,' said he, 'you will not countenance that there ruffian, your steward, in oppressing the widow and fatherless?' On pretence of distraining for the rent of a cottage, he has robbed the mother of these and other poor infant orphans of two cows, which afforded them their whole sustenance. Shall you be concerned in tearing the hard-earned morsel from the mouth of indigence? Shall your name, which has been so long mentioned as a blessing, be now detested as a curse by the poor, the helpless, and forlorn? The father of these babes was once your game-keeper, who died of a consumption caught in your service. You see they are almost naked—I found them plucking haws and sloes, in order to appease their hunger. The wretched mother is starving in a cold cottage, distracted with the cries of other two infants, clamorous for food, and while her heart is bursting with anguish and despair, she invokes Heaven to avenge the widow's cause upon the head of her unrelenting landlord."

"This unexpected address brought tears into the eyes of the good old gentleman. Will Clarke,' said he to my father, 'how durst you abuse my authority at this rate? You who know I have been always a protector, not an oppressor, of the needy and unfortunate. I charge you, go immediately and comfort this poor woman with immediate relief, instead of her own cows, let her have two of the best milch cows of my dairy: they shall graze in my parks in summer, and be foddered with my hay in winter. She shall sit rent-free for life and I will take care of these her poor orphans'.

"This was a very affecting scene. Mr Launcelot took his father's hand and kissed it, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and Sir Everhard embraced his son with great tenderness, crying—'My dear boy! God be praised for having given you such a feeling heart.' My father himself was moved, tho' a practitioner of the law, and consequently used to distresses. He declared, that he had given no directions to distrain, and that the bailiff must have done it by his own authority. 'If that be the case,' said the young squire, 'let the inhuman rascal be turned out of our service'.

"Well, gemmen, all the children were immediately clothed and fed, and the poor widow had well-nigh run distracted with joy. The old knight, being of a humane temper himself, was pleased to see such proofs of his son's generosity: he was not angry at his spending his money, but at squandering away his time among the dregs of the people. For you must know, he not only made matches, portioned poor maidens, and set up young couples that came together without money, but he mingled in every rustic diversion, and bore away the prize in every contest. He excelled every

swain of that district in feats of strength and activity in leaping, running, wrestling, cricket, cudgel-playing, and pitching the bar, and was confessed to be, out of sight, the best dancer at all wakes and holidays happy was the country-girl who could engage the young squire as her partner To be sure, it was a comely sight for to see as how the buxom country-lasses, fresh and fragrant, and blushing like the rose, in their best apparel dight, their white hose, and clean short dimity petticoats, their gaudy gowns of printed cotton, their top-knots and stomachers, bedizened with bunches of ribands of various colours, green, pink and yellow, to see them crowned with garlands, and assembled on May-day, to dance before squire Launcelot, as he made his morning's progress through the village Then all the young peasants made their appearance with cockades, suited to the fancies of their several sweethearts, and boughs of flowering hawthorn The children sported about like flocks of frisking lambs, or the young fry swarming under the sunny bank of some meandering river The old men and women, in their holiday-garments, stood at their doors to receive their benefactor, and poured forth blessings on him as he passed the children welcomed him with their shrill shouts, the damsels with songs of praise, and the young men, with the pipe and tabor, marched before him to the May-pole, which was bedecked with flowers and bloom There the rural dance began a plentiful dinner, with oceans of good liquor, was bespoke at the White Hart the whole village was regaled at the squire's expense, and both the day and the night were spent in mirth and pleasure

"Lord help you! he could not rest if he thought there was an aching heart in the whole parish Every paltry cottage was in a little time converted into a pretty, snug, comfortable habitation, with a wooden porch at the door, glass casements in the windows, and a little garden behind, well stored with greens, roots, and sallads In a word, the poor's rate was reduced to a mere trifle, and one would have thought the golden age was revived in Yorkshire But, as I told you before, the old knight could not bear to see his only son so wholly attached to these lowly pleasures, while he industriously shunned all opportunities of appearing in that superior sphere to which he was designed by nature and by fortune He imputed his conduct to meanness of spirit, and advised with my father touching the properest expedient to wean his affections from such low-born pursuits My father counselled him to send the young gentleman up to London, to be entered as a student in the Temple, and recommended him to the superintendence of some person who knew the town, and might engage him insensibly in such amusements

and connexions, as would soon lift his ideas above the humble objects on which they had been hitherto employed. This advice appeared so salutary, that it was followed without the least hesitation The young squire himself was perfectly well satisfied with the proposal, and in a few days he set out for the great city but there was not a dry eye in the parish at his departure, although he prevailed upon his father to pay in his absence all the pensions he had granted to those who could not live on the fruit of their own industry In what manner he spent his time in London, it is none of my business to inquire, tho' I know pretty well what kind of lives are led by gemmen of your inn's of court I myself once belonged to Serjeant's Inn, and was perhaps as good a wit and a critic as any templar of them all Nay, as for that matter, tho' I despise vanity, I can aver with a safe conscience, that I had once the honour to belong to the society called *the town* we were all of us attorney's clerks, gemmen, and had our meetings at an ale-house in Butcher Row, where we regulated the diversions of the theatre

"But to return from this digression Sir Everhard Greaves did not seem to be very well pleased with the conduct of his son at London He got notice of some irregularities and scrapes into which he had fallen, and the squire seldom wrote his father, except to draw upon him for money, which he did so fast, that in eighteen months the old gentleman lost all patience

"At this period Squire Darnel chanced to die, leaving an only daughter, a minor, heiress of three thousand a-year, under the guardianship of her uncle Anthony, whose brutal character all the world knows The breath was no sooner out of his brother's body, than he resolved, if possible, to succeed him in parliament as representative for the borough of Ashenton Now you must know, that this borough had been for many years a bone of contention between the families of Greaves and Darnel, and at length the difference was compromised by the interposition of friends, on condition that Sir Everhard and Squire Darnel should alternately represent the place in parliament They agreed to this compromise for their mutual convenience, but they were never heartily reconciled Their political principles did not tally, and their wives looked upon each other as rivals in fortune and magnificence so that there was no intercourse between them, tho' they lived in the same neighbourhood On the contrary, in all disputes they constantly headed the opposite parties Sir Everhard understanding that Anthony Darnel had begun to canvass, and was putting every iron in the fire, in violation and contempt of the *pactum familiae* before mentioned, fell into a violent passion, that brought on a severe fit of the gout, by

which he was disabled from giving personal attention to his own interest. My father, indeed, employed all his diligence and address, and spared neither money, time, nor constitution, till at length he drank himself into a consumption, which was the death of him. But, after all, there is a great difference between a steward and a principal. Mr Darnel attended in *propria persona*, flattered and caressed the women, feasted the electors, hired mobs, made processions, and scattered about his money in such a manner, that our friends durst hardly show their heads in public.

"At this very crisis, our young squire, to whom his father had written an account of the transaction, arrived unexpectedly at Gravesbury-hall, and had a long private conference with Sir Everhard. The news of his return spread like wild-fire through all that part of the country, bonfires were made, and the bells set a-ringing in several towns and steeples, and next morning above seven hundred people were assembled at the gate, with music, flags, and streamers, to welcome their young squire, and accompany him to the borough of Ashenton. He set out on foot with his retinue, and entered one end of the town just as Mr Darnel's mob had come in at the other. Both arrived about the same time at the market place, but Mr Darnel, mounting first into the balcony of the town-house, made a long speech to the people in favour of his own pretensions, not without some invidious reflections glanced at Sir Everhard, his competitor.

"We did not much mind the acclamation of his party, which we knew had been hired for the purpose, but we were in some pain for Mr Greaves, who had not been used to speak in public. He took his turn, however, in the balcony, and, uncovering his head, bowed all around with the most engaging courtesy. He was dressed in a green frock trimmed with gold, and his own dark hair flowed about his ears in natural curls, while his face was overspread with a blush, that improved the glow of youth to a deeper crimson, and I dare say set many a female heart a-palpitating. When he made his first appearance, there was just such a humming and clapping of hands as you may have heard when the celebrated Garrick comes upon the stage in King Lear, or King Richard, or any other top character. But how agreeably were we disappointed, when our young gentleman made such an oration as would not have disgraced a Pitt, an Egmont, or a Murray! While he spoke, all was hushed in admiration and attention, you could have almost heard a feather dro, to the ground. It would have charmed you to hear with what modesty he recounted the services which his father and grandfather had done to the corporation, with what eloquence he expatiated upon the shameful infraction of the

treaty subsisting between the two families, and with what keen and spirited strokes of satire he retorted the sarcasms of Darnel.

"He no sooner concluded his harangue, than there was such a burst of applause, as seemed to rend the very sky. Our music immediately struck up, our people advanced with their ensigns, and, as every man had a good cudgel, broken heads would have ensued, had not Mr Darnel and his party thought proper to retreat with uncommon dispatch. He never offered to make another public entrance, as he saw the torrent ran so violently against him, but sat down with his loss, and withdrew his opposition, though at bottom extremely mortified and incensed. Sir Everhard was unanimously elected, and appeared to be the happiest man upon earth, for, besides the pleasure arising from his victory over this competitor, he was now fully satisfied that his son, instead of disgracing, would do honour to his family. It would have moved a heart of stone to see with what a tender transport of paternal joy he received his dear Launcelot, after having heard of his deportment and success at Ashenton, where, by-the-bye, he gave a ball to the ladies, and displayed as much elegance and politeness, as if he had been bred at the court of Versailles.

"This joyous season was of short duration. In a little time all the happiness of the family was overcast by a sad incident, which hath left such an unfortunate impression upon the mind of the young gentleman, as, I am afraid, will never be effaced. Mr Darnel's niece and ward, the great heiress, whose name is Aurelia, was the most celebrated beauty of the whole country, if I said the whole kingdom, or indeed all Europe perhaps I should barely do her justice. I don't pretend to be a limner, gemmen, nor does it become me to delineate such excellence, but surely I may presume to repeat from the play,

'Oh! she is all that painting can express,
'O! youthful poets' fancy when they love!'

"At that time she might be about seventeen, tall and fair, and so exquisitely shaped—you may talk of your Venus de Medicis, your Dianas, your nymphs, and Galateas, but if Praxiteles, and Roubillac, and Wilton, were to lay their heads together, in order to make a complete pattern of beauty, they would hardly reach her model of perfection. As for complexion, poets will talk of blending the lily with the rose, and bring in a parcel of similes of cowslips, carnations, pinks, and daisies. There's Dolly, now, has got a very good complexion: indeed she's the very picture of health and innocence—you are, indeed, my pretty lass;—but *parva componere magnus*. Miss Darnel is all amazing beauty, delicacy, and dignity! Then the softness and expression of her fine blue eyes,

her pouting lips of coral hue ; her neck, that rises like a tower of polished alabaster between two mounts of snow I tell you what, gemmen, it don't signify talking, if e'er a one of you was to meet this young lady alone, in the midst of a heath or common, or any unfrequented place, he would down on his knees, and think he kneeled before some supernatural being I'll tell you more, she not only resembles an angel in beauty, but a saint in goodness, and a hermit in humility, so void of all pride and affectation, so soft, and sweet, and affable, and humane ' Lord ' I could tell such instances of her charity '

"Sure enough, she and Sir Launcelot were formed by nature for each other, howsoever, the cruel hand of fortune hath intervened, and covered them for ever Every soul that knew them both said it was a thousand pities but they should come together, and extinguish, in their happy union, the mutual animosity of the two families, which had so often embroiled the whole neighbourhood Nothing was heard but the praises of Miss Aurelia Darnel and Mr Launcelot Greaves, and, no doubt, the parties were prepossessed by this applause in favour of each other At length Mr Greaves went one Sunday to her parish church, but, though the greater part of the congregation watched their looks, they could not perceive that she took the least notice of him, or that he seemed to be struck with her appearance He afterwards had an opportunity of seeing her, more at leisure, at the York assembly, during the races, but this opportunity was productive of no good effect, because he had that same day quarrelled with her uncle on the turf

"An old grudge, you know, gemmen, is soon inflamed to a fresh rupture It was thought Mr Darnel came on purpose to show his resentment They differed about a bet upon Miss Cleverlegs, and, in the course of the dispute, Mr Darnel called him a petulant boy The young squire, who was as hasty as gunpowder, told him he was man enough to chastise him for his insolence, and would do it on the spot, if he thought it would not interrupt the diversion In all probability they would have come to points immediately, had not the gentlemen interposed so that nothing further passed, but abundance of foul language on the part of Mr Anthony, and a repeated defiance to single combat

"Mr Greaves, making a low bow, retired from the field and in the evening danced at the assembly with a young lady from the bishopric, seemingly in good temper and spirits, without having any words with Mr Darnel, who was also present But in the morning he visited that proud neighbour betunes, and they had almost reached a grove of trees on the north side of the town, when they were suddenly overtaken by half-a-

dozen gentlemen, who had watched their motions It was in vain for them to dissemble their design, which could not now take effect They gave up their pistols, and a reconciliation was patched up by the pressing remonstrances of their common friends, but Mr Darnel's hatred still rankled at bottom, and soon broke out in the sequel About three months after this transaction, his niece Aurelia, with her mother, having been to visit a lady in the chariot, the horses being young, and not used to the traces, were startled at the braying of a jack-ass on the common, and, taking fright, ran away with the carriage, like lightning The coachman was thrown from the box, and the ladies screamed piteously for help Mr Greaves chanced to be a-horseback on the other side of an inclosure when he heard their shrieks, and, riding up to the hedge, knew the chariot, and saw their disaster The horses were then running full speed, in such a direction as to drive headlong over a precipice into a stone quarry, where they and the chariot and the ladies must be dashed in pieces

"You may conceive, gemmen, what his thoughts were when he saw such a fine young lady, in the flower of her age, just plunging into eternity when he saw the lovely Aurelia on the brink of being precipitated among rocks, where her delicate limbs must be mangled and torn asunder, when he perceived, that, before he could ride round by the gate, the tragedy would be finished The fence was so thick and high, flanked with a broad ditch on the outside, that he could not hope to clear it, although he was mounted on Scipio bred out of Miss Cowslip, the sire Muley, and his grandsire the famous Arabian Mustapha Scipio was bred by my father, who would not have taken a hundred guineas for him from any other person but the young squire—Indeed, I have heard my poor father say—"

By this time Ferret's impatience was become so outrageous, that he exclaimed, in a furious tone,—*"Damn your father, and his horse, and his colt into the bargain !"*

Tom made no reply, but began to strip with great expedition Captain Crowe was so choked with passion, that he could utter nothing but disjointed sentences he rose from his seat, brandished his horsewhip, and, seizing his nephew by the collar, cried,—*"Odds heartlikins ! sirrah, I have a good mind—Devil fire your running tackle, you land lubber !—can't you steer without all this tacking hither an thither, and the Lord knows whither !—Noint my block ! I'd give thee a rope's end for thy supper if it wan't—"*

Dolly had conceived a sneaking kindness for the young lawyer, and, thinking him in danger of being roughly handled, flew to his relief She twisted her hand in Crowe's neckcloth without ceremony, crying,—

"Shan't then, I tell thee, old codger,—who keeps a vix vor thy voolish trantrums?"

While Crowe looked black in the face, and ran the risk of strangulation under the gripe of this amazon, Mr Clarke having disengaged himself of his hat, wig, coat, and waistcoat, advanced in an elegant attitude of manual offence towards the misanthrope, who snatched up a gridiron from the chimney corner, and discord seemed to clap her sooty wings in expectation of battle. But, as the reader may have more than once already cursed the unconscionable length of this chapter, we must postpone to the next opportunity the incidents that succeeded this denunciation of war.

CHAPTER IV

In which it appears that the knight, when heartily set in for sleeping, was not easily disturbed

IN all probability the kitchen of the Black Lion, from a domestic temple of society and good fellowship, would have been converted into a scene or stage of sanguinary dispute, had not Pallas or Discretion interposed in the person of Mr Fillet, and, with the assistance of the ostler, disarmed the combatants, not only of their arms, but also of their resentment.

The impetuosity of Mr Clarke was a little checked at sight of the gridiron, which Ferret brandished with uncommon dexterity, a circumstance from whence the company were, upon reflection, induced to believe, that, before he plunged into the sea of politics, he had occasionally figured in the character of that facetious droll who accompanies your itinerant physicians, under the familiar appellation of Merry-Andrew or Jack-Pudding, and on a wooden stage entertains the populace with a solo on the salt-box, or a sonata on the tongs and gridiron. Be that as it may, the young lawyer seemed to be a little discomposed at the glancing of this extraordinary weapon of offence, which the fair hands of Dolly had scoured, until it had shone as bright as the shield of Achilles, or as the emblem of good old English fare, which hangs by a red ribbon round the neck of that thrice-honoured sage's head, in velvet bonnet cased, who presides by rotation at the genial board, distinguished by the title of the *beef-steak club*, where the delicate rumps irresistibly attract the stranger's eye, and, while they seem to cry,—“come cut me, come cut me,” constrain, by wondrous sympathy, each mouth to overflow, where the obliging and humorous Jemmy B——t, the gentle Billy H——d, replete with human kindness, and the generous Johnny R——d, respected and beloved by all the world, attend as the priests and ministers of mirth,

good cheer, and jollity, and assist with culinary art the raw, unpractised, awkward guest.

But to return from this digressive simile.—The other no sooner stooped between those menacing antagonists, than Tom Clarke very quietly resumed his clothes, and Mr Ferret resigned the gridiron without farther question. The doctor did not find it quite so easy to release the throat of Captain Crowe from the masculine grasp of the virago. Dolly, whose fingers could not be disengaged until the honest seaman was almost at the last gasp. After some pause, during which he panted for breath, and untied his neck-cloth,—“Damn thee for a brimstone galley,” cried he, “I was never so grappled withal since I knew a card from a compass. Adzooks! the jade has so taughtened my rigging, d’yee see, that I—Snatch by bowlines, if I come athwart thy hawser, I’ll turn thy keel upwards—or mayhap set thee a-driving under bare poles—I will—I will, you hell-fire, saucy—I will—”

Dolly made no reply, but, seeing Mr Clarke sit down again with great composure, took her station likewise at the opposite side of the apartment. Then Mr Fillet requested the lawyer to proceed with his story, which, after three hems, he accordingly prosecuted in these words.

“I told you, gemmen, that Mr Greaves was mounted on Scipio, when he saw Miss Darnel and her mother in danger of being hurried over a precipice. Without reflecting a moment, he gave Scipio the spur, and at one spring he cleared five and twenty feet, over hedge and ditch, and every obstruction. Then he rode full speed, in order to turn the coach-horses, and, finding them quite wild and furious, endeavoured to drive against the counter of the hither horse, which he missed, and staked poor Scipio on the pole of the coach. The shock was so great, that the coach-horses made a full stop within ten yards of the quarry, and Mr Greaves was thrown forwards towards the coach-box, which, mounting with admirable dexterity, he seized the reins before the horses could recover of their fright. At that instant the coachman came running up, and loosed them from the traces with the utmost dispatch. Mr Greaves had now time to give his attention to the ladies, who were well nigh distracted with fear. He no sooner opened the chariot-door, than Aurelia, with a wildness of look, sprung into his arms, and, clasping him round the neck, fainted away. I leave you to guess, gemmen, what were his feelings at this instant. The mother was not so discomposed, but that she could contribute to the recovery of her daughter, whom the young squire still supported in his embrace. At length she retrieved the use of her senses, and, perceiving the situation in which she was, the blood revisited her

face with a redoubled glow, while she desired him to set her down upon the turf.

"Mrs Darnel, far from being shy or reserved in her compliments of acknowledgements, kissed Mr Launcelot without ceremony, the tears of gratitude running down her cheeks. she called him her dear son, her generous deliverer, who, at the hazard of his own life, had saved her and her child from the most dismal fate that could be imagined.

"Mr Greaves was so much transported on this occasion, that he could not help disclosing a passion which he had hitherto industriously concealed. 'What I have done,' said he, 'was but a common office of humanity, which I would have performed for any of my fellow-creatures; but, for the preservation of Miss Aurelia Darnell, I would at any time sacrifice my life with pleasure.' The young lady did not hear this declaration unmoved, her face was again flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure: nor was the youth's confession disagreeable to the good lady her mother, who, at one glance, perceived all the advantages of such an union between the two families.

"Mr Greaves proposed to send the coachman to his father's stable for a pair of sober horses, that could be depended upon, to draw the ladies home to their own habitation, but they declined the offer, and chose to walk, as the distance was not great. He then insisted upon his being their conductor, and, each taking him under the arm, supported them to their own gate, where such an apparition filled all the domestics with astonishment. Mrs Darnel, taking him by the hand, led him into the house, where she welcomed him with another affectionate embrace, and indulged him with an ambrosial kiss of Aurelia, saying,—"But for you, we had both been by this time in eternity. Sure it was Heaven that sent you as an angel to our assistance." She kindly inquired if he had himself sustained any damage in administering that desperate remedy to which they owed their lives. She entertained him with a small collation, and, in the course of the conversation, lamented the animosity which had so long divided two neighbouring families of such influence and character. He was not slow in signifying his approbation of her remarks, and expressing the most eager desire of seeing all those unhappy differences removed in a word, they parted with mutual satisfaction.

"Just as he advanced from the outward gate, on his return to Gravebury-hall, he was met by Anthony Darnel on horseback, who, riding up to him with marks of surprise and resentment, saluted him with—"Your servant, sir, have you any commands for me?" The other replying, with an air of indifference,—"none at all," Mr Darnel asked what had procured him the honour of a visit. The young gentleman perceiving by the man-

ner in which he spoke that the old quarrel was not yet extinguished, answered, with equal disdain, that the visit was not intended for him, and that, if he wanted to know the cause of it, he might inform himself by his own servants. 'So I shall,' cried the uncle of Aurelia, 'and perhaps let you know my sentiments of the matter.' 'Hereafter, as it may be,' said the youth, who, turning out of the avenue, walked home, and made his father acquainted with the particulars of this adventure.

"The old gentleman chid him for his rashness, but seemed pleased with the success of his attempt, and still more so, when he understood his sentiments of Aurelia, and the deportment of the ladies.

"Next day the son sent over a servant with a compliment to inquire about their health, and the messenger, being seen by Mr Darnel, was told that the ladies were indisposed, and did not choose to be troubled with messages. The mother was really seized with a fever, produced by the agitation of her spirits, which every day became more and more violent, until the physicians despaired of her life. Believing that her end approached, she sent a trusty servant to Mr Greaves, desiring that she might see him without delay, and he immediately set out with the messenger, who introduced him in the dark.

"He found the old lady in bed almost exhausted, and the fair Aurelia sitting by her, overwhelmed with grief, her lovely hair in the utmost disorder, and her charming eyes inflamed with weeping. The good lady beckoning Mr Launcelot to approach, and directing all the attendants to quit the room, except a favourite maid, from whom I learned the story, she took him by the hand, and, fixing her eyes upon him with all the fondness of a mother, shed some tears in silence, while the same marks of sorrow trickled down his cheeks. After this affecting pause,—"My dear son," said she, "Oh! that I could have lived to see you so indeed! you find me hastening to the goal of life." Here the tender-hearted Aurelia, being unable to contain herself longer, broke out into a violent passion of grief, and wept aloud. The mother, waiting patiently till she had thus given vent to her anguish, calmly entreated her to resign herself submissively to the will of Heaven, then turning to Mr Launcelot,—"I had indulged," said she, "a fond hope of seeing you allied to my family. This is no time for me to insist upon the ceremonies and forms of a vain world. Aurelia looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than he threw himself on his knees before the young lady, and, pressing her hand to his lips, breathed the softest expressions which the most delicate love could suggest. 'I know,' resumed the mother,

'that your passion is mutually sincere, and I should die satisfied, if I thought your union would not be opposed but that violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia's sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive Mr Greaves, I have long admired your virtues, and am confident that I can depend upon your honour You shall give me your word, that, when I am gone, you will take no steps in this affair without the concurrence of your father, and endeavour, by all fair and honourable means, to vanquish the prejudices, and obtain the consent, of her uncle. the rest we must leave to the dispensation of Providence'

"The squire promised, in the most solemn and fervent manner, to obey all her injunctions, as the last dictates of a parent whom he should never cease to honour Then she favoured them both with a great deal of salutary advice, touching their conduct before and after marriage, and presented him with a ring, as a memorial of her affection, at the same time he pulled another off his finger, and made a tender of it as a pledge of his love to Aurelia, whom her mother permitted to receive this token Finally, he took a last farewell of the good matron, and returned to his father with the particulars of this interview

"In two days Mrs Darnel departed this life, and Aurelia was removed to the house of a relation, where her grief had like to have proved fatal to her constitution

"In the mean time, the mother was no sooner committed to the earth, than Mr Greaves, mindful of her exhortations, began to take measures for a reconciliation with the guardian He engaged several gentlemen to interpose their good offices, but they always met with the most mortifying repulse, and at last Anthony Darnel declared, that his hatred to the house of Greaves was hereditary, habitual, and unconquerable He swore he would spend his heart's blood to perpetuate the quarrel, and that, sooner than his niece should match with young Launcelot, he would sacrifice her with his own hand

"The young gentleman, finding his prejudices so rancorous and invincible, left off making any further advances, and, since he found it impossible to obtain his consent, resolved to cultivate the good graces of Aurelia, and wed her in despite of her implacable guardian He found means to establish a literary correspondence with her as soon as her grief was a little abated, and even to effect an interview after her return to her own house, but he soon had reason to repent of this indulgence The uncle entertained spies upon the young lady, who gave him an account of this meeting in consequence of which she was suddenly hurried to some distant part of the country, which we never could discover

"It was then we thought Mr Launcelot a little disordered in his brain, his grief was so wild, and his passion so impetuous He refused all sustenance, neglected his person, renounced his amusements, rode out in the rain sometimes bare-headed, strolled about the fields all night, and became so peevish, that none of the domestics durst speak to him without the hazard of broken bones Having played these pranks for about three weeks, to the unspeakable chagrin of his father, and the astonishment of all that knew him, he suddenly grew calm, and his good humour returned But this, as your sea-faring people say, was a deceitful calm, that soon ushered in a dreadful storm

"He had long sought an opportunity to tamper with some of Mr Darnel's servants, who could inform him of the place where Aurelia was confined, but there was not one about the family who could give him that satisfaction, for the persons who accompanied her remained as a watch upon her motions, and none of the other domestics were privy to the transaction All attempts proving fruitless, he could no longer restrain his impatience, but throwing himself in the way of the uncle, upbraided him in such harsh terms, that a formal challenge ensued They agreed to decide their difference without witnesses, and one morning, before sun-rise, met on that very common where Mr Greaves had saved the life of Aurelia The first pistol was fired on each side without any effect, but Mr Darnel's second wounded the young squire in the flank, nevertheless, having a pistol in reserve, he desired his antagonist to ask his life The other, instead of submitting, drew his sword, and Mr Greaves, firing his piece into the air, followed his example The contest then became very hot, though of short continuance Darnel being disarmed at the first onset, our young squire gave him back the sword, which he was base enough to use a second time against his conqueror Such an instance of repeated ingratitude and brutal ferocity divested Mr Greaves of his temper and forbearance He attacked Mr Anthony with great fury, and at the first lunge ran him up to the hilt, at the same time seizing with his left hand the shell of his enemy's sword, which he broke in disdain Mr Darnel having fallen, the other immediately mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree before the engagement, and riding full speed to Ashenton, sent a surgeon to Anthony's assistance He afterwards ingenuously confessed all these particulars to his father, who was overwhelmed with consternation, for the wounds of Darnel were judged mortal, and as no person had seen the particulars of the duel, Mr Launcelot might have been convicted of murder

"On these considerations, before a warrant could be served upon him, the old knight, by dint of the most eager entreaties, accom-

*panied with marks of horror and despair, prevailed upon his son to withdraw himself from the kingdom, until such time as the storm should be overblown. Had his heart been unengaged, he would have chose to travel, but at this period, when his whole soul was engrossed, and so violently agitated by his passion for Aurelia, nothing but the fear of seeing the old gentleman run distracted, would have induced him to desist from the pursuit of that young lady, far less quit the kingdom where she resided.

"Well, then, gemmen, he repaired to Harwich, where he embarked for Holland, from whence he proceeded to Brussels, where he procured a passport from the French king, by virtue of which he travelled to Marseilles, and there took a tartan for Genoa. The first letter Sir Everhard received from him was dated at Florence. Meanwhile the surgeon's prognostic was not altogether verified. Mr Darnel did not die immediately of his wounds, but he lingered a long time, as it were in the arms of death, and even partly recovered; yet, in all probability, he will never be wholly restored to the enjoyment of his health, and is obliged every summer to attend the hot-well at Bristol. As his wounds began to heal, his hatred to Mr Greaves seemed to revive with augmented violence, and he is now, if possible, more than ever determined against all reconciliation.

"Mr Launcelot, after having endeavoured to amuse his imagination with a succession of curious objects, in a tour of Italy, took up his residence at a town called Pisa, and there fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him but the news of his father's death.

"The old gentleman (God rest his soul) never held up his head after the departure of his darling Launcelot, and the dangerous condition of Darnel kept up his apprehension; this was reinforced by the obstinate silence of the youth, and certain accounts of his disordered mind, which he had received from some of those persons who take pleasure in communicating disagreeable tidings. A complication of all these grievances, co-operating with a severe fit of the gout and gravel, produced a fever, which, in a few days, brought Sir Everhard to his long home, after he had settled his affairs with heaven and earth, and made his peace with God and man. I'll assure you, gemmen, he made a most edifying and christian end; he died regretted by all his neighbours except Anthony, and might be said to be embalmed by the tears of the poor, to whom he was always a bounteous benefactor.

"When the son, now Sir Launcelot, came home, he appeared so meagre, wan, and hollow-eyed, that the servants hardly knew their young master. His first care was to take possession of his fortune, and settle accounts with the steward who had succeeded

my father. These affairs being discussed, he spared no pains to get intelligence concerning Miss Darnel, and soon learned more of that young lady than he desired to know, for it was become the common talk of the country, that a match was agreed upon between her and young Squire Sycamore, a gentleman of a very great fortune. These tidings were probably confirmed under her own hand, in a letter which she wrote to Sir Launcelot. The contents were never exactly known but to the parties themselves, nevertheless, the effects were too visible, for, from that blessed moment, he spoke not one word to any living creature, for the space of three days, but was seen sometimes to shed a flood of tears, and sometimes to burst out into a fit of laughing. At last he broke silence, and seemed to wake from his disorder. He became more fond than ever of the exercise of riding, and began to amuse himself again with acts of benevolence.

"One instance of his generosity and justice deserves to be recorded in brass or marble: you must know, gemmen, the rector of the parish was lately dead, and Sir Everhard had promised the presentation to another clergyman. In the mean time, Sir Launcelot chancing one Sunday to ride through a lane, perceived a horse saddled and bridled, feeding on the side of a fence, and, casting his eyes around, beheld on the other side of the hedge an object lying extended on the ground, which he took to be the body of a murdered traveller. He forthwith alighted, and leaping into the field, descried a man at full length, wrapped in a great coat, and writhing in agony. Approaching nearer, he found it was a clergyman, in his gown and cassock. When he inquired into the case, and offered his assistance, the stranger rose up, thanked him for his courtesy and declared that he was now very well. The knight, who thought there was something mysterious in this incident, expressed a desire to know the cause of his rolling in the grass in that manner, and the clergyman, who knew his person, made no scruple in gratifying his curiosity. 'You must know, sir,' said he, 'I serve the curacy of your own parish, for which the late incumbent paid me twenty pounds a-year, but this sum being scarce sufficient to maintain my wife and children, who are five in number, I agreed to read prayers in the afternoon at another church, about four miles from hence, and for this additional duty I receive ten pounds more; as I keep a horse, it was formerly an agreeable exercise rather than a toil, but of late years I have been afflicted with a rupture, for which I consulted the most eminent operators in the kingdom, but I have no cause to rejoice in the effects of their advice, though one of them assured me I was completely cured. The malady is now more troublesome than ever, and often comes upon

me so violently while I am on horseback, that I am forced to alight, and lie down upon the ground, until the cause of the disorder can for the time be reduced'

"Sir Launcelot not only condoled with him upon his misfortune, but desired him to throw up the second cure, and he would pay him ten pounds a-year out of his own pocket. 'Your generosity confounds me, good sir,' replied the clergyman; 'and yet I ought not to be surprised at any instance of benevolence in Sir Launcelot Greaves, but I will check the fullness of my heart. I shall only observe, that your good intention towards me can hardly take effect. The gentleman who is to succeed the late incumbent, has given me notice to quit the premises, as he hath provided a friend of his own for the curacy.' 'What' cried the knight, 'does he mean to take your bread from you, without assigning any other reason?' 'Surely, sir,' replied the ecclesiastic, 'I know of no other reason. I hope my morals are irreproachable, and that I have done my duty with a conscientious regard. I may venture an appeal to the parishioners, among whom I have lived these seventeen years. After all, it is natural for every man to favour his own friends in preference to strangers. As for me, I propose to try my fortune in the great city, and I doubt not but Providence will provide for me and my little ones.'

'To this declaration Sir Launcelot made no reply, but riding home, set on foot a strict inquiry into the character of this man, whose name was Jenkins. He found that he was a reputed scholar, equally remarkable for his modesty and good life, that he visited the sick, assisted the needy, compromised disputes among his neighbours, and spent his time in such a manner as would have done honour to any christian divine. Thus informed, the knight sent for the gentleman to whom the living had been promised, and accosted him to this effect—'Mr Tootle, I have a favour to ask of you. The person who serves the cure of this parish, is a man of good character, beloved by the people, and has a large family. I shall be obliged to you if you will continue him in your curacy.' The other told him he was sorry he could not comply with his request, being that he had already promised the curacy to a friend of his own. 'No matter,' replied Sir Launcelot, 'since I have not interest with you, I will endeavour to provide for Mr Jenkins in some other way.'

"That same afternoon he walked over to the curate's house, and told him that he had spoken in his behalf to Dr Tootle, but the curacy was pre-engaged. The good man having made a thousand acknowledgements for the trouble his honour had taken, 'I have not interest sufficient to make you curate,' said the knight, 'but I can give you the living itself, and that you shall have.'

So saying, he retired, leaving Mr Jenkins incapable of uttering one syllable, so powerfully was he struck with this unexpected turn of fortune. The presentation was immediately made out, and in a few days Mr Jenkins was put in possession of his benefice, to the inexpressible joy of the congregation.

"Hitherto every thing went right, and every unprejudiced person commended the knight's conduct, but in a little time his generosity seemed to overleap the bounds of discretion, and even in some cases might be thought tending to a breach of the king's peace. For example, he compelled, *vi et armis*, a rich farmer's son to marry the daughter of a cottager, whom the young fellow had debauched. Indeed it seems there was a promise of marriage in the case, though it could not be legally ascertained. The wench took on dismally, and her parents had recourse to Sir Launcelot, who, sending for the delinquent, expostulated with him severely on the injury he had done the young woman, and exhorted him to save her life and reputation by performing his promise, in which case he (Sir Launcelot) would give her three hundred pounds to her portion. Whether the farmer thought there was something interested in this uncommon offer, or was a little elevated by the consciousness of his father's wealth, he rejected the proposal with rustic disdain, and said, if so be as how the wench would swear the child to him, he would settle it with the parish, but declared, that no squire in the land should oblige him to buckle with such a cracked pitcher. This resolution, however, he could not maintain, for in less than two hours the rector of the parish had directions to publish the banns, and the ceremony was performed in due course.

"Now, though we know not precisely the nature of the arguments that were used with the farmer, we may conclude they were of the minatory species, for the young fellow could not, for some time, look any person in the face.

"The knight acted as the general redresser of grievances. If a woman complained to him of being ill-treated by her husband, he first inquired into the foundation of the complaint, and if he found it just, catechised the defendant. If the warning had no effect, and the man proceeded to fresh acts of violence, then his judge took the execution of the law in his own hand, and horse-whipped the party. Thus he involved himself in several law-suits, that drained him of pretty large sums of money. He seemed particularly incensed at the least appearance of oppression, and supported divers poor tenants against the extortion of their landlords. Nay, he has been known to travel two hundred miles as a volunteer, to offer his assistance in the cause of a person who, he heard, was by chicanery and oppression wronged of

"a considerable estate. He accordingly took her under his protection, relieved her distresses, and was at a vast expense in bringing the suit to a determination; which being unfavourable to his client, he resolved to bring an appeal into the house of lords, and certainly would have executed his purpose, if the gentlewoman had not died in the interim."

At this period Ferret interrupted the narrator, by observing, that the said Greaves was a common nuisance, and ought to be prosecuted on the statute of barrettry.

"No, sir," resumed Mr Clarke, "he cannot be convicted of barrettry, unless he is always at variance with some person or other, a mover of suits and quarrels, who disturbs the peace under colour of law. Therefore he is in the indictment styled, *communis malefactor, calumniator, et seminator litium*."

"Pr'ythee truce with thy definitions," cried Ferret, "and make an end of thy long-winded story. Thou hast no title to be so tedious, until thou comest to have a coif in the court of common pleas."

Tom smiled contemptuous, and had just opened his mouth to proceed, when the company were disturbed by a hideous repetition of groans, that seemed to issue from the chamber in which the body of the squire was deposited. The landlady snatched the candle, and ran into the room, followed by the doctor and the rest, and this accident naturally suspended the narration. In like manner, we shall conclude the chapter, that the reader may have time to breathe, and digest what he has already heard.

CHAPTER V

In which this recapitulation draws to a close

WHEN the landlady entered the room from whence the groaning proceeded, she found the squire lying on his back, under the dominion of the night-mare, which rode him so hard, that he not only groaned and snorted, but the sweat ran down his face in streams. The perturbation of his brain, occasioned by this pressure, and the fright he had lately undergone, gave rise to a very terrible dream, in which he fancied himself apprehended for a robbery. The horror of the gallows was strong upon him, when he was suddenly awaked by a violent shock from the doctor, and the company broke in upon his view, still perverted by fear, and bedimmed by slumber. His dream was now realized by a full persuasion that he was surrounded by the constable and his gang. The first object that presented itself to his disordered view was the figure of Ferret, who might very well have passed for the finisher of the

law, against him, therefore, the first effort of his despair was directed. He started upon the floor, and seizing a certain utensil, that shall be nameless, launched it at the misanthrope with such violence, that, had he not cautiously slipped his head aside, it is supposed that actual fire would have been produced from the collision of two such hard and solid substances. All future mischief was prevented by the strength and agility of Captain Crowe, who, springing upon the assailant, pinioned his arms to his sides, crying,—“O damn ye, if you are for running a-head, I'll soon bring you to your bearings.”

The squire, thus restrained, soon recollected himself, and gazing upon every individual in the apartment,—“Wounds!” said he, “I've had an ugly dream. I thought, for all the world, they were carrying me to Newgate, and that there was Jack Ketch coom to vetch me before my taim.”

Ferret, who was the person he had thus distinguished, eyeing him with a look of the most emphatic malevolence, told him, it was very natural for a knave to dream of Newgate, and that he hoped to see the day when this dream would be found a true prophecy, and the commonwealth purged of all such rogues and vagabonds. But it could not be expected that the vulgar would be honest and conscientious, while the great were distinguished by profligacy and corruption. The squire was disposed to make a practical reply to this insinuation, when Mr Ferret prudently withdrew himself from the scene of altercation. The good woman of the house persuaded his antagonist to take out his nap, assuring him, that the eggs and bacon, with a mug of excellent ale, should be forthcoming in due season. The affair being thus fortunately adjusted, the guests returned to the kitchen and Mr Clarke resumed his story to this effect:

“You'll please to take notice, gemmen, that, besides the instances I have alleged of Sir Launcelot's extravagant benevolence, I could recount a great many others of the same nature, and particularly the laudable vengeance he took of a country lawyer. I'm sorry that any such miscreant should belong to the profession. He was clerk of the assize, gemmen, in a certain town, not a great way distant, and having a blank pardon left by the judges for some criminals whose cases were attended with favourable circumstances, he would not insert the name of one who could not procure a guinea for the fee, and the poor fellow, who had only stole an hour-glass out of a shoemaker's window, was actually executed, after a long respite, during which he had been permitted to go abroad, and earn his subsistence by his daily labour.”

“Sir Launcelot, being informed of this barbarous act of avarice, and having some ground that bordered on the lawyer's estate, not only rendered him contemptible and in-

famous, by exposing him as often as they met on the grand jury, but also, being vested with the property of the great tithes, proved such a troublesome neighbour, sometimes by making waste among his hay and corn, sometimes by instituting suits against him for petty trespasses, that he was fairly obliged to quit his habitation, and remove into another part of the kingdom.

"All these avocations could not divert Sir Launcelot from the execution of a wild scheme, which has carried his extravagance to such a pitch, that I am afraid, if a statute—you understand me, gentlemen—were sued, the jury would—I don't choose to explain myself further on this circumstance. Be that as it may, the servants at Greavesbury-hall were not a little confounded, when their master took down from the family armoury a complete suit of armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather, Sir Marmaduke Greaves, a great warrior, who lost his life in the service of his king. This armour being scoured, repaired, and altered, so as to fit Sir Launcelot, a certain knight, whom I don't choose to name, because I believe he cannot be proved *compos mentis*, came down, seemingly on a visit, with two attendants, and, on the eve of the festival of St George, the armour being carried into the chapel, Sir Launcelot (Lord have mercy upon us!) remained all night in that dismal place alone, and without light, though it was confidently reported all over the country, that the place was haunted by the spirit of his great-grand-uncle, who, being lunatic had cut his throat from ear to ear, and was found dead on the communion table."

It was observed, that, while Mr Clarke rehearsed this circumstance, his eyes began to stare, and his teeth to chatter; while Dolly, whose looks were fixed invariably on this narrator, growing pale, and hushing her joint-stool nearer the chimney, exclaimed, in a frightened tone,—“Moothier, moothier, in the name of God, look to 'un' how a quakes! As I'm a precious saoul, a looks as if a saw something.” Tom forced a smile, and thus proceeded—

“While Sir Launcelot tarried within the chapel, with the doors all locked, the other knight stalked round and round it on the outside, with his sword drawn, to the terror of divers persons who were present at the ceremony. As soon as day broke, he opened one of the doors, and, going in to Sir Launcelot, read a book for some time, which we did suppose to be the constitutions of knight-errantry: then we heard a loud slap, which echoed through the whole chapel, and the stranger pronounced, with an audible and solemn voice,—“In the name of God, St Michael, and St George, I dub thee knight—be faithful, bold, and fortunate.” You cannot imagine, gentlemen, what an effect this strange ceremony had upon the people who were

assembled. They gazed at one another in silent horror, and when Sir Launcelot came forth completely armed, took to their heels in a body, and fled with the utmost precipitation. I myself was overturned in the crowd, and this was the case with that very individual person who now serves him as a squire. He was so frightened, that he could not rise, but lay roaring in such a manner, that the knight came up, and gave him a thwack with his lance across the shoulders, which roused him with a vengeance. For my own part, I freely own I was not unmoved at seeing such a figure come stalking out of a church in the grey of the morning, for it recalled to my remembrance the idea of the ghost in Hamlet, which I had seen acted in Drury-lane, when I made my first trip to London, and I had not yet got rid of the impression.

“Sir Launcelot, attended by the other knight, proceeded to the stable, from whence, with his own hands, he drew forth one of his best horses, a fine mettlesome sorrel, who had got blood in him, ornamented with rich trappings. In a trice, the two knights, and the other two strangers, who now appeared to be trumpeters, were mounted. Sir Launcelot's armour was lacquered black, and on his shield was represented the moon in her first quarter, with the motto *Impleat orbem*. The trumpets having sounded a charge, the stranger pronounced with a loud voice,—“God preserve this gallant knight in all his honourable achievements, and may he long continue to press the sides of his now adopted steed, which I denominate Bronzomarte, hoping that he will rival in swiftness and spirit, Bayardo, Brighadono, or any other steed of past or present chivalry.” After another flourish of the trumpets, all four clapped spurs to their horses, Sir Launcelot couching his lance, and galloped to and fro, as if they had been mad, to the terror and astonishment of all the spectators.

“What should have induced our knight to choose this here man for his squire, is not easy to determine, for, of all the servants about the house, he was the least likely either to please his master, or engage in such an undertaking. His name is Timothy Crabshaw, and he acted in the capacity of whipper-in to Sir Everhard. He afterwards married the daughter of a poor cottager, by whom he has several children, and was employed about the house as a ploughman and coxter. To be sure, the fellow has a dry sort of humour about him, but he was universally hated among the servants for his abusive tongue and perverse disposition, which often brought him into trouble, for, although the fellow is as strong as an elephant, he has no more courage naturally than a chicken—I say naturally, because, since his being a member of knight-errantry, he has done some things that appear altogether incredible and preternatural.

"Timothy kept such a bawling, after he had received the blow from Sir Launcelot, that every body on the field thought some of his bones were broken, and his wife, with five bantlings came snivelling to the knight, who ordered her to send the husband directly to his house. Tim accordingly went thither, groaning piteously all the way, creeping along with his body bent like a Greenland canoe. As soon as he entered the court, the outward door was shut, and Sir Launcelot, coming down stairs with a horsewhip in his hand, asked what was the matter with him that he complained so dismally. To this question he replied,—That it was as common as duck-weed in his country, for a man to complain when his bones were broken. 'What should have broken your bones?' said the knight. 'I cannot guess,' answered the other, 'unless it was that delicate switch that your honour in your mad pranks handled so dexterously upon my carcass.' Sir Launcelot then told him there was nothing so good for a bruise as a sweat, and he had the remedy in his hand. Timothy, eyeing the horsewhip askance, observed that there was another still more speedy, to wit, a moderate pill of lead, with a sufficient dose of gunpowder. 'No, rascal,' cried the knight, 'that must be reserved for your betters.' So saying, he employed the instrument so effectually, that Crabshaw soon forgot his fractured ribs, and capered about with great agility.

When he had been disciplined in this manner to some purpose, the knight told him he might retire, but ordered him to return next morning, when he should have a repetition of the medicine, provided he did not find himself capable of walking in an erect posture.

"The gate was no sooner thrown open, than Timothy ran home with all the speed of a greyhound, and corrected his wife, by whose advice he had pretended to be so grievously damaged in his person.

"Nobody dreamed that he would next day present himself at Greavesbury-hall, nevertheless, he was there very early in the morning, and even cloaked a whole hour with Sir Launcelot. He came out making wry faces, and several times slapped himself on the forehead, crying,—'Bodikins! thof he be crazy, I an't, that I an't.' When he was asked what was the matter? he said, he believed the devil had got in him, and he should never be his own man again.

"That same day the knight carried him to Ashenton, where he bespoke those accoutrements which he now wears, and while these were making, it was thought the poor fellow would have run distracted. He did nothing but growl, and curse, and swear to himself, run backwards and forwards between his own hut and Greavesbury-hall, and quarrel with the horses in the stable. At length his wife

and family were removed into a snug farmhouse that happened to be empty, and care taken that they should be comfortably maintained.

"These precautions being taken, the knight, one morning at day-break, mounted Bronzomarte, and Crabshaw, as his squire, ascended the back of a clumsy cart-horse, called Gilbert. This again was looked upon as an instance of insanity in the said Crabshaw, for, of all horses in the stable, Gilbert was the most stubborn and vicious, and had often like to have done mischief to Timothy while he drove the cart and plough. When he was out of humour, he would kick and plunge, as if the devil was in him. He once thrust Crabshaw into the middle of a quickset-hedge, where he was terribly torn. Another time he canted him over his head into a quagmire, where he stuck with his heels up, and must have perished, if people had not been passing that way. A third time he seized him in the stable with his teeth by the rim of the belly, and swung him off the ground, to the great danger of his life. And I'll be hanged, if it was not owing to Gilbert, that Crabshaw was now thrown into the river.

"Thus mounted and accoutred, the knight and his squire set out on their first excursion. They turned off from the common highway, and travelled all that day without meeting any thing worthy recounting, but, in the morning of the second day, they were favoured with an adventure. The hunt was upon a common through which they travelled, and the hounds were in full cry after a fox, when Crabshaw, prompted by his own mischievous disposition, and neglecting the order of his master, who called aloud to him to desist, rode up to the hounds, and crossed them at full gallop. The huntsman, who was not far off, running towards the squire, bestowed upon his head such a memento with his pole, as made the landscape dance before his eyes, and in a twinkling he was surrounded by all the foxhunters, who plied their whips about his ears with infinite agility. Sir Launcelot advancing at an easy pace, instead of assisting the disastrous squire, exhorted his adventures to punish him severely for his insolence, and they were not slow in obeying this injunction. Crabshaw finding himself in this disagreeable situation, and that there was no succour to be expected from his master, on whose prowess he had depended, grew desperate, and, clubbing his whip, laid about him with great fury, wheeling about Gilbert, who was not idle, for he, having received some of the favours intended for his rider, both bit with his teeth, and kicked with his heels, and at last made his way through the ring that encircled him, though not before he had broken the huntsman's leg, lamed one of the best horses on the field, and killed half a score of the hounds.

"Crabshaw, seeing himself clear of the

fray, did not tarry to take leave of his master, but made the most of his way to Greavesbury-hall, where he appeared hardly with any vestige of the human countenance, so much had he been defaced in this adventure. He did not fail to raise a great clamour against Sir Launcelot, whom he cursed as a coward in plain terms, swearing he would never serve him another day; but whether he altered his mind on cooler reflection, or was lectured by his wife, who well understood her own interest, he rose with the cock, and went again in quest of Sir Launcelot, whom he found on the eve of a very hazardous enterprise.

"In the midst of a lane, the knight happened to meet with a party of about forty recruits, commanded by a serjeant, a corporal, and a drummer, which last had his drum slung at his back, but seeing such a strange figure mounted on a high-spirited horse, he was seized with an inclination to divert his company. With this view, he braced his drum, and hanging it in its proper position, began to beat a point of war, advancing under the very nose of Bronzomarte, while the corporal exclaimed,—'D——n my eyes, who have we got here!—Old King Stephen, from the horse armoury in the tower, or the fellow that rides armed at my lord mayor's show?' The knight's steed seemed at least as well pleased with the sound of the drum, as were the recruits that followed it, and signified his satisfaction in some curvettings and caprioles, which did not at all discompose the rider, who, addressing himself to the serjeant,—'Friend,' said he, 'you ought to teach your drummer better manners. I would chastise the fellow on the spot for his insolence, were it not out of the respect I bear to his majesty's service.' 'Respect mine a——' cried this ferocious commander, 'what, d'y'e think to frighten us with your pewter piss-pot on your skull, and your lacquered pot-lid on your arm? get out of the way, and be d——d, or I'll raise with my halbert such a clatter upon your target, that you'll remember it the longest day you have to live.' At that instant Crabshaw arriving upon Gilbert,—'So, rascal,' said Sir Launcelot, 'you are returned. Go and beat in that scoundrel's drum-head.'

"The squire, who saw no weapons of offence about the drummer but a sword, which he hoped the owner durst not draw, and being resolved to exert himself in making atonement for his desertion, advanced to execute his master's orders, but Gilbert, who liked not the noise, refused to proceed in the ordinary way. Then the squire turning his tail to the drummer, he advanced in a retrograde motion, and with one kick of his heels, not only broke the drum into a thousand pieces, but laid the drummer in the mire, with such a blow upon his hip-bone, that he halted all the days of his life. The recruits,

perceiving the discomfiture of their leader, armed themselves with stones, the serjeant raised his halbert in a posture of defence, and immediately a severe action ensued. By this time Crabshaw had drawn his sword, and began to lay about him like a devil incarnate, but, in a little time, he was saluted by a volley of stones, one of which knocked out two of his grinders, and brought him to the earth, where he had liked to have found no quarter, for the whole company crowded about him, with their cudgels brandished, and perhaps he owed his preservation to their pressing, so hard that they hindered one another from using their weapons.

"Sir Launcelot, seeing, with indignation, the unworthy treatment his squire had received, and scorning to stain his lance with the blood of plebeians, instead of couching it in the rest, seized it by the middle, and fetching one blow at the serjeant, broke in twain the halbert, which he had raised as a quarter-staff for his defence. The second stroke encountered his pate, which being the hardest part about him, sustained the shock without damage, but the third, lighting on his ribs, he honoured the giver with immediate prostration. The general being thus overthrown, Sir Launcelot advanced to the relief of Crabshaw, and handled his weapon so effectually, that the whole body of the enemy were disabled or routed, before one cudgel had touched the carcass of the fallen squire. As for the corporal, instead of standing by his commanding officer, he had overleaped the hedge, and run to the constable of an adjoining village for assistance. Accordingly, before Crabshaw could be properly remounted, the peace-officer arrived with his posse, and by the corporal was charged with Sir Launcelot and his squire as two highwaymen. The constable, astonished at the martial figure of the knight, and intimidated at sight of the havoc he had made, contented himself with standing at a distance, displaying the badge of his office, and reminding the knight that he represented his majesty's person.

"Sir Launcelot, seeing the poor man in great agitation, assured him that his design was to enforce, not violate the laws of his country, and that he and his squire would attend him to the next justice of peace, but, in the mean time, he, in his turn, charged the peace-officer with the serjeant and drummer, who had begun the fray.

"The justice had been a pettifogger, and was a sycophant to a nobleman in the neighbourhood, who had a post at court. He therefore thought he should oblige his patron by showing his respect for *the military*, and treated our knight with the most boorish insolence, but refused to admit him into his house, until he had surrendered all his weapons of offence to the constable. Sir Laun-

celot and his squire being found the aggressors, the justice insisted upon making out their mittimus, if they did not find bail immediately, and could hardly be prevailed upon to agree that they should remain at the house of the constable, who being a publican, undertook to keep them in safe custody, until the knight could write to his steward. Meanwhile he was bound over to the peace, and the serjeant with his drummer were told they had a good action against him for assault and battery, either by information or indictment.

"They were not, however, so fond of the law as the justice seemed to be. Their sentiments had taken a turn in favour of Sir Launcelot, during the course of his examination, by which it appeared that he was really a gentleman of fashion and fortune, and they resolved to compromise the affair without the intervention of his worship. Accordingly, the serjeant repaired to the constable's house, where the knight was lodged, and humbled himself before his honour, protesting with many oaths, that, if he had known his quality, he would have beaten the drummer's brains about his ears, for presuming to give his honour or his horse the least disturbance, tho' the fellow, he believed, was sufficiently punished in being a cripple for life.

"Sir Launcelot admitted his apologies, and taking compassion on the fellow who had suffered so severely for his folly, resolved to provide for his maintenance. Upon the representation of the parties to the justice, the warrant was next day discharged, and the knight returned to his own house, attended by the serjeant and the drummer mounted on horseback, the recruits being left to the corporal's charge.

"The halberdier found the good effects of Sir Launcelot's liberality, and his companion being rendered unfit for his majesty's service, by the heels of Gilbert, is now entertained at Greavesbury-hall, where he will probably remain for life.

"As for Crabshaw, his master gave him to understand, that if he did not think him pretty well chastised for his presumption and flight, by the discipline he had undergone in the last two adventures, he would turn him out of his service with disgrace. Timothy said, he believed it would be the greatest favour he could do him to turn him out of a service in which he knew he should be rib-roasted every day, and murdered at last.

"In this situation were things at Greavesbury-hall about a month ago, when I crossed the country to Ferrybridge, where I met my uncle, probably this is the first incident of their second excursion, for the distance between this here house and Sir Launcelot's estate does not exceed fourscore or ninety miles."

CHAPTER VI

In which the reader will perceive that in some cases madness is catching

Mr Clarke having made an end of his narrative, the surgeon thanked him for the entertainment he had received, and Mr Ferret shrugged up his shoulders in silent disapprobation. As for Captain Crowe, who used at such pauses to pour in a broadside of dismembered remarks, linked together like chain-shot, he spoke not a syllable for some time, but, lighting a fresh pipe at the candle, began to roll such voluminous clouds of smoke as in an instant filled the whole apartment, and rendered himself invisible to the whole company. Though he thus shrouded himself from their view, he did not long remain concealed from their hearing. They first heard a strange dissonant cackle, which the doctor knew to be a sea-laugh, and this was followed by an eager exclamation of—"Rare pastime, strike my yards and topmasts,—I've a good mind—why shouldn't—many a losing voyage I've—smite my taffrel but I woul—"

By this time he had relaxed so much in his fumigation, that the tip of his nose and one eye re-appeared, and as he had drawn his wig forwards, so as to cover his whole forehead, the figure that now saluted their eyes was much more ferocious and terrible than the fire-breathing chimera of the ancients. Notwithstanding this dreadful appearance, there was no indignation in his heart, but, on the contrary, an agreeable curiosity, which he was determined to gratify.

Addressing himself to Mr Fillet,—"Pr'ythee, doctor," said he, "can'st tell whether a man, without being rated a lord or a baron, or what d'y'e call um, d'y'e see, mayn't take to the highway in the way of a frolic d'y'e see? Adad' for my own part, brother, I'm resolved as how to cruise a bit in the way of an arrant—'fso be as I can't at once be commander, mayhap I may be bore upon the books as a petty officer or the like, d'y'e see."

"Now, the Lord forbid!" cried Clarke, with tears in his eyes, "I'd rather see you dead than brought to such a dilemma." "Mayhap thou would'st," answered the uncle, "for then, my lad, there would be some picking—aha! do'st thou tip me the traveller, my boy?" Tom assured him he scorned any such mercenary views—"I am only concerned," said he, "that you should take any step that might tend to the disgrace of yourself or your family, and I say again, I had rather die than live to see you reckoned any other ways than compos." "Die and be d—d' you shambling half timbered son of a —," cried the choleric Crowe, "do'st talk to me of keeping a reckoning and compass—I could keep a reckoning, and box

my compass long enough before thy keel-stone was laid—Sam Crowe is not, come here to ask thy counsel how to steer his course." "Lord, sir," resumed the nephew, "consider what people will say—all the world will think you mad." "Set thy heart at ease, Tom," cried the seaman, "I'll have a trip to and again in this here channel. Mad? what then, I think for my part one half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound—I don't see why I han't as good a right to be mad as another man. But, doctor, as I was saying, I'd be bound to you, if you would direct me where I can buy that same tackle that an arrant must wear, as for the matter of the long-pole, headed with iron, I'd never desire better than a good boat-hook, and I could make a special good target of that there tin sconce that holds the candle—mayhap any blacksmith will hammer me a scull-cap, d'ye see, out of an old brass kettle, and I can call my horse by the name of my ship, which was *Mufti*."

The surgeon was one of those wags who can laugh inwardly, without exhibiting the least outward mark of mirth or satisfaction. He at once perceived the amusement which might be drawn from this strange disposition of the sailor, together with the most likely means which could be used to divert him from such an extravagant pursuit. He therefore tipped Clarke the wink with one side of his face, while the other was very gravely turned to the captain, whom he addressed to this effect—"It is not far from hence to Sheffield, where you might be completely fitted in half a day—then you must wake your armour in church or chapel, and be dubbed. As for this last ceremony, it may be performed by any person whatsoever. Don Quixote was dubbed by his landlord, and there are many instances on record of errants obliging and compelling the next person they met to cross their shoulders, and dub them knights. I myself would undertake to be your godfather, and I have interest enough to procure the keys of the parish church that stands hard by, besides, this is the eve of St Martin, who was himself a knight-errant, and therefore a proper patron to noviciate. I wish we could borrow Sir Launcelot's armour for the occasion."

Crowe, being struck with this hint, started up, and, laying his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence, walked off softly on his tiptoes, to listen at the door of our knight's apartment, and judge whether or not he was asleep. Mr Fillet took this opportunity to tell his nephew that it would be in vain for him to combat this humour with reason and argument, but the most effectual way of diverting him from the plan of knight-errantry would be to frighten him heartily while he should keep his vigil in the church. Towards the accomplishment of which purpose, he craved the assistance of the misanthrope

as well as the nephew. Clarke seemed to relish the scheme; and observed, that his uncle, though endowed with courage enough to face any human danger, had at bottom a strong fund of superstition, which he had acquired, or at least improved, in the course of a sea life. Ferret, who perhaps would not have gone ten paces out of his road to save Crowe from the gallows, nevertheless engaged as an auxiliary, merely in hope of seeing a fellow-creature miserable, and even undertook to be the principal agent in this adventure. For this office, indeed, he was better qualified than they could have imagined. In the bundle which he kept under his great coat, there was, together with divers nostrums, a small phial of liquid phosphorus, sufficient, as he had already observed, to frighten a whole neighbourhood out of their senses.

In order to concert the previous measures, without being overheard, these confederates retired with a candle and lanthorn into the stable, and their backs were scarce turned, when captain Crowe came in loaded with pieces of the knight's armour, which he had conveyed from the apartment of Sir Launcelot, whom he had left fast asleep.

Understanding that the rest of the company were gone out for a moment, he could not resist the inclination he felt of communicating his intention to the landlady, who, with her daughter, had been too much engaged in preparing Crabshaw's supper, to know the purport of their conversation. The good woman, being informed of the captain's design to remain alone all night in the church, began to oppose it with all her rhetoric. She said it was setting his Maker at defiance, and a wilful running into temptation. She assured him that all the country knew that the church was haunted by spirits and hobgoblins, that lights had been seen in every corner of it, and a tall woman in white had one night appeared upon the top of the tower, that dreadful shrieks were often heard to come from the south aisle, where a murdered man had been buried, that she herself had seen the cross on the steeple all a-fire, and one evening as she passed on horseback, close by the stile at the entrance into the church-yard, the horse stood still, sweating and trembling, and had no power to proceed until she had repeated the Lord's prayer.

These remarks made a strong impression on the imagination of Crowe, who asked, in some confusion, if she had got that same prayer in print? She made no answer, but reaching the prayer-book from a shelf, and turning up the leaf, put it into his hand, then the captain, having adjusted his spectacles, began to read, or rather spell aloud, with equal eagerness and solemnity. He had refreshed his memory so well as to remember the whole, when the doctor, returning with

his companions, gave him to understand that he had procured the key of the chancel, where he might watch his armour as well as in the body of the church, and that he was ready to conduct him to the spot. Crowe was not now quite so forward as he had appeared before to achieve this adventure. He began to start objections with respect to the borrowed armour, he wanted to stipulate the comforts of a can of flip, and a candle's end, during his vigil, and hunted something of the damage he might sustain from your malicious unps of darkness.

The doctor told him, the constitutions of chivalry absolutely required that he should be left in the dark alone and fasting, to spend the night in pious meditations, but if he had any fears which disturbed his conscience, he had much better desist, and give up all thoughts of knight-errantry, which could not consist with the least shadow of apprehension. The captain, stung by this remark, replied not a word, but, gathering up the armour into a bundle, threw it on his back, and set out for the place of probation, preceded by Clarke with the lanthorn. When they arrived at the church, Fillet, who had procured the key from the sexton, who was his patient, opened the door, and conducted our novice into the middle of the chancel, where the armour was deposited, then bidding Crowe draw his hanger, committed him to the protection of Heaven, assuring him he would come back, and find him either dead or alive by daybreak, and perform the remaining part of the ceremony. So saying, he and the other associates shook him by the hand, and took their leave, after the surgeon had tilted up the lanthorn to take a view of his visage, which was pale and haggard.

"Before the door was locked upon him, he called aloud,—'hilloa' doctor, hip—another word, d'y'e see—" They forthwith returned to know what he wanted, and found him already in a sweat. "Hark ye, brother," said he, wiping his face, "I do suppose as how one may pass away the time in whistling the Black Joke, or singing Black Ey'd Susan, or some such sorrowful ditty." "By no means," cried the doctor, "such pastimes are neither suitable to the place nor the occasion, which is altogether a religious exercise. If you have got any psalms by heart, you may sing a stave or two, or repeat the Doxology." "Would I had Tom Laverick here," replied our novice, "he would sing you anthems like a sea-mew—a had been a clerk ashore—many's the time and often I've given him a rope's end for singing psalms in the larboard watch—would I had hired the son of a b—— to have taught me a cast of his office—but it cannot be help, brother—if we can't go large, we must haul upon a wind, as the saying is—if we can't sing, we must pray." The company again left him to his

devotion, and returned to the public house in order to execute the essential part of their project.

CHAPTER VII

In which the knight resumes his importance

DOCTOR FILLET having borrowed a couple of sheets from the landlady, dressed the misanthrope and Tom Clarke in ghostly apparel, which was reinforced by a few drops of liquid phosphorus, from Ferret's vial, rubbed on the foreheads of the two adventurers. Thus equipped, they returned to the church with their conductor, who entered with them softly at an aisle which was opposite to a place where the novice kept watch. They stole unperceived through the body of the church, and though it was so dark that they could not distinguish the captain with the eye, they heard the sound of his steps, as he walked backwards and forwards on the pavement with uncommon expedition, and an ejaculation now and then escaped in a murmur from his lips.

The triumvirate having taken their station with a large pew in their front, the two ghosts uncovered their heads, which, by help of the phosphorus, exhibited a pale and lambent flame, extremely dismal and ghastly to the view. Then Ferret, in a squeaking tone, exclaimed,—"*Samuel Crowe! Samuel Crowe!*" The captain hearing himself accosted in this manner, at such a time, and in such a place, replied,—"*hilloa!*" and, turning his eyes towards the quarter whence the voice seemed to proceed, beheld the terrible apparition. This no sooner saluted his view, than his hair bristled up, his knees began to knock, and his teeth to chatter, while he cried aloud,—"*In the name of God, where are you bound, ho!*" To this hail the misanthrope answered,—"*We are the spirits of thy grandmother Jane and thy aunt Bridget!*"

At mention of these names Crowe's terrors began to give way to his resentment, and he pronounced, in a quick tone of surprise, mixed with indignation,—"*What d'y'e want? what I'y'e want? what d'y'e want, ho!*" The spirit replied,—"*We are sent to warn thee of thy fate!*" "From whence, ho?" cried the captain, whose choler had by this time well nigh triumphed over his fear.

"From heaven," said the voice. "Ye lie, ye b—— of hell!" did our novice exclaim, "ye are damned for heaving me out of my right, five fathom and a half by the lead, in burning brimstone. Don't I see the blue flames come out of your hawse holes—mayhap you may be the devil himself for aught I know—but I trust in the Lord, d'y'e see—I never disrated a kinsman, d'y'e see, so don't come alongside of me—put about on t'other

tack, d'ye see—you need not clap hand aweather, for you'll soon get to hell again with a flowing sail "

So saying, he had recourse to his paternoster, but perceiving the apparitions approach, he thundered out,—“Avast, avast, sheer off, ye babes of hell, or I'll be foul of your fore lights ” He accordingly sprung forwards with his hanger, and very probably would have set the spirits on their way to the other world, had he not fallen over a pew in the dark, and entangled himself so much among the benches, that he could not immediately recover his footing. The triumvirate took this opportunity to retire, and such was the precipitation of Ferret in his retreat, that he encountered a post, by which his right eye sustained considerable damage, a circumstance which induced him to inveigh bitterly against his own folly, as well as the impertinence of his companions, who had inveigled him into such a troublesome adventure. Neither he nor Clarke could be prevailed upon to revisit the novice. The doctor himself thought his disease was desperate, and, mounting his horse, returned to his own habitation.

Ferret, finding all the beds in the public house were occupied, composed himself to sleep in a Windsor chair at the chimney corner, and Mr Clarke, whose disposition was extremely amorous, resolved to renew his practices on the heart of Dolly. He had reconnoitered the apartments in which the bodies of the knight and his squire were deposited, and discovered, close by the top of the stair-case, a sort of closet or hovel, just large enough to contain a trundle-bed, which, from some other particulars, he supposed to be the bed-chamber of his beloved Dolly, who had by this time retired to her repose. Full of this idea, and incited by the demon of desire, Mr Thomas crept softly up stairs, and, lifting the latch of the closet door, his heart began to palpitate with joyous expectation, but before he could breathe the gentle effusions of his love, the supposed damsel started up, and, seizing him by the collar with an Herculean gripe, uttered, in the voice of Crabshaw,—“It wasn't for nothing that I dreamed of Newgate, sirrah, but I'll have thee to know, an arrant squire is not to be robbed by such a peddling thief as thee—here I'll howld thee vast, and the devil were in thy doublet—help! murder! vire! help!”

It was impossible for Mr Clarke to disengage himself, and equally impracticable to speak in his own vindication, so that here he stood trembling and half-throttled, until the whole house being alarmed, the landlady and her ostler ran up stairs with a candle. When the light rendered objects visible, an equal astonishment prevailed on all sides. Crabshaw was confounded at sight of Mr Clarke, whose person he well knew, and,

releasing him instantly from his grasp,—“Bodikins!” cried he, “I believe as how this house is haunted—who thought to meet with Measter Lawyer Clarke at midnight, and so far from hoam?” The landlady could not comprehend the meaning of this encounter, nor could Tom conceive how Crabshaw had transported himself thither from the room below, in which he saw him quietly reposed. Yet nothing was more easy than to explain this mystery: the apartment below was the chamber which the hostess and her daughter reserved for their own convenience, and this particular having been intimated to the squire while he was at supper, he had resigned the bed quietly, and been conducted hither in the absence of the company. Tom, recollecting himself as well as he could, professed himself of Crabshaw's opinion, that the house was haunted, declaring that he could not well account for his being there in the dark, and, leaving those that were assembled to discuss this knotty point, retired down stairs, in hope of meeting with his charmer, whom accordingly he found in the kitchen just risen, and wrapped in a loose dishabille.

The noise of Crabshaw's cries had awakened and aroused his master, who, rising suddenly in the dark, snatched up his sword that lay by his bed-side, and hastened to the scene of tumult, where all their mouths were opened at once to explain the cause of the disturbance, and make an apology for breaking his honour's rest. He said nothing, but, taking the candle in his hand, beckoned his squire to follow him into his apartment, resolving to arm and take horse immediately. Crabshaw understood his meaning, and while he shuffled on his clothes, yawning hideously all the while, wished the lawyer at the devil for having visited him so unseasonably, and even cursed himself for the noise he had made, in consequence of which he foresaw he should now be obliged to forfeit his night's rest, and travel in the dark, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. “Pox rot thee, Tom Clarke, for a wicked lawyer!” said he to himself, “hadst thou been hanged at Bartelmey-tide, I should this night have slept in peace, that I should—an I would there were a blister on this plaguy tongue of mine for making such a hollaballoo, that I do—five gallons of cold water has my poor belly been drenched with since night fell, so as my reins and my liver are all one as if they were turned into ice, and my whole harlet shakes and shivers like a vial of quicksilver. I have been dragged, half drowned like a rotten ewe, from the bottom of a river, and who knows but I may be next dragged quite dead from the bottom of a coal-pit—if so be as I am, I shall go to hell to be sure, for being consarned like in my own moorder, that I will, so I will, for a plague on it, I had no busi-

ness with the vagaries of this crazy-peated measter of mine : a pox on him, say I !”

He had just finished this soliloquy as he entered the apartment of his master, who desired to know what was become of his armour Timothy, understanding that it had been left in the room when the knight undressed, began to scratch his head in great perplexity, and at last declared it as his opinion, that it must have been carried off by witchcraft Then he related his adventure with Tom Clarke, who (he said) was conveyed to his bed-side he knew not how, and concluded with affirming they were no better than papishes who did not believe in witchcraft Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at his simplicity, but, assuming a peremptory air, he commanded him to fetch the armour without delay, that he might afterwards saddle the horses, in order to prosecute their journey

Timothy retired in great tribulation to the kitchen, where, finding the misanthrope, whom the noise had also disturbed, and still impressed with the notion of his being a conjuror, he offered him a shilling if he would cast a figure, and let him know what had become of his master's armour

Ferret, in hope of producing more mischief, informed him, without hesitation, that one of the company had conveyed it into the chancel of the church, where he would now find it deposited, at the same time presenting him with the key, which Mr Fillet had left in his custody

The squire, who was none of those who set hobgoblins at defiance, being afraid to enter the church alone at these hours, bargained with the ostler to accompany and light him with a lanthorn Thus attended, he advanced to the place, where the armour lay in a heap, and loaded it upon the back of his attendant without molestation, the lance being shouldered over the whole In this equipage they were just going to retire, when the ostler, hearing a noise at some distance, wheeled about with such velocity, that one end of the spear saluting Crabshaw's pate, the poor squire measured his length on the ground, and, crushing the lanthorn in his fall, the light was extinguished The ostler, terrified at these effects of his own sudden motion, threw down his burden, and would have betaken himself to flight, had not Crabshaw laid fast hold on his leg, that he himself might not be deserted The sound of the pieces clattering on the pavement roused Captain Crowe from a trance of slumber, in which he had lain since the apparition vanished and he hallooed, or rather bellowed, with vast vociferation Timothy and his friend were so intimidated by this terrific strain, that they thought no more of the armour, but ran home arm in arm, and appeared in

the kitchen with all the marks of horror and consternation

When Sir Launcelot came forth wrapped in his cloak, and demanded his arms, Crabshaw declared that the devil had them in possession and this assertion was confirmed by the ostler, who pretended to know the devil by his roar Ferret sat in his corner, maintaining the most mortifying silence, and enjoying the impatience of the knight, who in vain requested an explanation of this mystery At length his eyes began to lighten, when, seizing Crabshaw in one hand, and the ostler in the other, he swore by Heaven he would dash their souls out, and rase the house to the foundation, if they did not instantly disclose the particulars of this transaction The good woman fell on her knees, protesting, in the name of the Lord, that she was innocent as the child unborn, thof she had lent the captain a prayer-book to learn the Lord's prayer, a candle and lanthorn to light him to the church, and a couple of clean sheets for the use of the other gentlemen The knight was more and more puzzled by this declaration, when Mr Clarke, coming into the kitchen, presented himself with a low obeisance to his old patron

Sir Launcelot's anger was immediately converted into surprise He set at liberty the squire and ostler, and, stretching out his hand to the lawyer,—"My good friend Clarke," said he, "how came you hither? Can you solve this knotty point which has involved us all in such confusion?"

Tom forthwith began a very circumstantial recapitulation of what had happened to his uncle, in what manner he had been disappointed of the estate, how he had accidentally seen his honour, been enamoured of his character, and become ambitious of following his example Then he related the particulars of the plan which had been laid down to divert him from his design and concluded with assuring the knight, that the captain was a very honest man, though he seemed to be a little disordered in his intellects "I believe it," replied Sir Launcelot, "madness and honesty are not incompatible—indeed I feel it by experience"

Tom proceeded to ask pardon, in his uncle's name, for having made so free with the knight's armour, and begged his honour, for the love of God, would use his authority with Crowe, that he might quit all thoughts of knight-errantry, for which he was by no means qualified, for, being totally ignorant of the laws of the land, he would be continually committing trespasses, and bring himself into trouble He said, in case he should prove refractory, he might be apprehended by virtue of a friendly warrant, for having feloniously carried off the knight's accoutrements "Taking away another man's movables," said he, "and personal goods

against the will of the owner, is *furtum* and felony according to the statute, different indeed from robbery, which implies putting in fear on the king's highway, in *alta via regia violententer et felonice captum et asportatum, in magnum terrorem, &c.*; for if the robbery be laid in the indictment as done *in quadam via pedestri*, in a footpath, the offender will not be ousted of his clergy. It must be *in alta via regia*, and your honour will please to take notice, that robberies committed on the river Thames are adjudged as done *in alta via regia*; for the king's high-stream is all the same as the king's highway."

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at Tom's learned investigation. He congratulated him on the progress he had made in the study of the law. He expressed his concern at the strange turn the captain had taken, and promised to use his influence in persuading him to desist from the preposterous design he had formed.

The lawyer, thus assured, repaired immediately to the church, accompanied by the squire, and held a parley with his uncle, who, when he understood that the knight in person desired a conference, surrendered up the arms quietly, and returned to the public house.

Sir Launcelot received the honest seaman with his usual complacency, and, perceiving great discomposure in his looks, said he was sorry to hear he had passed such a disagreeable night to so little purpose. Crowe, having recruited his spirits with a bumper of brandy, thanked him for his concern, and observed, that he had passed many a hard night in his time, but such another as this he would not be bound to weather for the command of the whole British navy. "I have seen Davy Jones in the shape of a blue flame, d'ye see, hopping to and fro on the sprit-sail-yard-arm, and I've seen your Jack-o'-the-lantern, and Wills-o'-the-wisp, and many such spirits, both by sea and land, but to-night I've been boarded by all the devils and damned souls in hell, squeaking and squalling, and glimmering and glaring. Bounce went the door—crack went the pew—crash came the tackle—white sheeted ghosts dancing in one corner by the glow-worm's light—black devils hobbling in another—Lord have mercy upon us! and I was hauled, Tom, I was, by my grandmother Jane and my Aunt Bridget, d'ye see—a couple of damn'd—but they're roasting, that's one comfort, my lad."

When he had thus disburdened his conscience, Sir Launcelot introduced the subject of the new occupation at which he aspired. "I understand," said he, "that you are desirous of treading the paths of errantry, which, I assure you, are thorny and troublesome. Nevertheless, as your purpose is to exercise your humanity and benevolence,

so your ambition is commendable. But towards the practice of chivalry there is something more required than the virtues of courage and generosity. A knight-errant ought to understand the sciences, to be master of ethics or morality, to be well versed in theology, a complete casuist, and minutely acquainted with the laws of his country. He should not only be patient of cold, hunger, and fatigue, righteous, just, and valiant, but also chaste, religious, temperate, polite, and conversable, and have all his passions under the rein, except love, whose empire he should submissively acknowledge." He said, this was the very essence of chivalry, and no man had ever made such a profession of arms, without first having placed his affection upon some beautiful object, for whose honour, and at whose command, he would cheerfully encounter the most dreadful perils.

He took notice, that nothing could be more irregular than the manner in which Crowe had attempted to keep his vigil, for he had never served his noviciate—he had not prepared himself with abstinence and prayer—he had not provided a qualified godfather for the ceremony of dubbing—he had no armour of his own to wake, but, on the very threshold of chivalry, which is the perfection of justice, had unjustly purloined the arms of another knight. That this was a mere mockery of a religious institution, and therefore displeasing in the sight of Heaven; witness the demons and hobgoblins that were permitted to disturb and torment him in his trial.

Crowe having listened to these remarks with earnest attention, replied, after some hesitation,—"I am bound to you, brother, for your kind and christian counsel—I doubt as how I've steered by a wrong chart, d'ye see—as for the matter of the sciences, to be sure, I know plain sailing and Mercator, and am an indifferent good seaman, tho' I say it that should not say it but as to all the rest, no better than the viol-block or the geer-captain. Religion I han't much overhauled, and we tars laugh at your polite conversation, tho', mayhap, we can chant a few ballads to keep the hands awake in the night-watch, then for chastity, brother, I doubt that's not expected in a sailor just come ashore, after a long voyage—sure all those poor hearts won't be damned for steering in the wake of nature. As for a sweetheart, Bet Mizen of St Catharine's would fit me to a hair—she and I are old messmates and what signifies talking, brother? she knows already the trim of my vessel, d'ye see." He concluded with saying,—"He thought he wan't too old to learn; and if Sir Launcelot would take him in tow, as his tender, he would stand by him all weathers, and it should not cost his consort a farthing's expence."

The knight said, he did not think himself of consequence enough to have such a pupil, but should always be ready to give him his best advice, as a specimen of which, he exhorted him to weigh all the circumstances, and deliberate calmly and leisurely, before he actually engaged in such a boisterous profession, assuring him, that if, at the end of three months, his resolution should continue, he would take upon himself the office of his instructor. In the mean time, he gratified the hostess for his lodging, put on his armour, took leave of the company, and mounting • Bronzomarte, proceeded southerly, being attended by his squire Crabshaw, grumbling, on the back of Gilbert

CHAPTER VIII

Which is within a hair's breadth of proving highly interesting

LEAVING Captain Crowe and his nephew for the present, though they, and even the misanthrope, will re-appear in due season, we are now obliged to attend the progress of the knight, who proceeded in a southerly direction, insensible of the storm that blew, as well as of the darkness, which was horrible. For some time, Crabshaw ejaculated curses in silence, till at length his anger gave way to his fear, which waxed so strong upon him, that he could no longer resist the desire of alleviating it, by entering into a conversation with his master. By way of introduction, he gave Gilbert the spur, directing him towards the flank of Bronzomarte, which he encountered with such a shock, that the knight was almost dismounted. When Sir Launcelot, with some warmth, asked the reason of this attack, the squire replied in these words,—“The devil, God bless us, mun be playing his pranks with Gilbert too, as sure as I'm a living soul—I've wager a tenster, the foul fiend has left the seaman, and got into Gilbert, that he has—when a has passed through an ass and a horse, I've marvel what beast a will get into next.” “Probably into a mule,” said the knight, “in that case, you will be in some danger—but I can, at any time, dispossess you with a horsewhip.” “Aye, aye,” answered Timothy, “your honour has a mortal good hand at giving a flap with a fox's tail, as the saying is—'tis a wonderment you did not try your hand on that there wisc-acre that stole your honour's harness, and wants to be an arrant, with a thurmain to 'un Lord help his fool's head! it becomes him as a sow doth a cart-saddle.” “There is no guilt in infirmity,” said the knight, “I punish the vicious only.” “I would your honour would punish Gilbert then,” cried the squire, “for 'tis the most vicious tuoad that ever I said a leg over—but as to that same seafaring

man, what may his distemper be?” “Madness,” answered Sir Launcelot. “Bodikins,” exclaimed the squire, “I doubt as how other folks are leame of the same leg—but a'n't vor such small gentry as he to be mad, they inun leave that to their betters.” “You seem to hint at me, Crabshaw do you really think I am mad?” “I may say as how I have looked your honour in the mouth, and a sorry dog should I be, if I did not know your humours as well as I know e'er a beast in the steable at Greavesbury-hall.” “Since you are so well acquainted with my madness,” said the knight, “what opinion have you of yourself, who serve and follow a lunatic?” “I hope I han't served your honour for nothing, but I shall inherit some of your cast vagaries—when your honour is pleased to be mad, I should be very sorry to be found right in my senses. Timothy Crabshaw will never eat the bread of unthankfulness—it shall never be said of him, that he was wiser than his measter as for the matter of following a madman, we may see your honour's face is made of a fiddle, every one that looks on you, loves you.” This compliment the knight returned, by saying,—“If my face is a fiddle, Crabshaw, your tongue is a fiddlestick that plays upon it—yet your music is very disagreeable—you don't keep time.” “Nor you neither, measter,” cried Timothy, “or we shouldn't be here wandering about under cloud of night, like sheep-sterles, or evil spirits with troubled consciences.”

Here the discourse was interrupted by a sudden disaster, in consequence of which, the squire uttered an inarticulate roar, that startled the knight himself, who was very little subject to the sensation of fear, but his surprise was changed into vexation when he perceived Gilbert without a rider passing by, and kicking his heels with great agility. He forthwith turned his steed, and riding back a few paces, found Crabshaw rising from the ground. When he asked what was become of his horse, he answered, in a whimpering tone,—“Horse! would I could once see him fairly carrion for the hounds—for my part, I believe as how 'tis no horse, but a devil incarnate, and yet I've been worse mounted, that I have—I'd like to have rid a horse that was foaled of an acorn.”

This accident happened in a hollow way, overshadowed with trees, one of which the storm had blown down, so that it lay over the road, and one of its boughs projecting horizontally, encountered the squire as he trotted along in the dark. Chancing to hitch under his long chin, he could not disengage himself, but hung suspended like a fitch of bacon, while Gilbert, pushing forward, left him dangling, and, by his awkward gambol, seemed to be pleased with the joke. This capricious animal was not retaken without the personal endeavours of the knight, for

Crabshaw absolutely refusing to budge a foot from his honour's side, he was obliged to alight, and fasten Bronzomarte to a tree, then they set out together, and, with some difficulty, found Gilbert with his neck stretched over a five-barred gate, snuffing up the morning air. The squire, however, was not remounted without first having undergone a severe reprehension from his master, who upbraided him with his cowardice, threatened to chastise him on the spot, and declared that he would divorce his dastardly soul from his body, should he ever be incommoded or affronted with another instance of his base-born apprehension.

Though there was some risk in carrying on the altercation at this juncture, Timothy, having bound up his jaws, could not withstand the inclination he had to confute his master. He therefore, in a muttering accent, protested, that, if the knight would give him leave, he should prove that his honour had tied a knot with his tongue, which he could not untie with all his teeth—"How, catfif," cried Sir Launcelot, "presume to contend with me in argument?" "Your mouth is scarce shut," said the other, "since you declared that a man was not to be punished for madness, because it was a distemper, now I will maintain that cowardice is a distemper, as well as madness, for nobody would be afraid, if he could help it." "There is more logic in that remark," resumed the knight, "than I expected from your clodpate, Crabshaw, but I must explain the difference between cowardice and madness. Cowardice, though sometimes the effect of natural imbecility, is generally a prejudice of education, or bad habit contracted from misinformation, or misapprehension, and may certainly be cured by experience, and the exercise of reason, but this remedy cannot be applied in madness, which is a privation or disorder of reason itself." "So is cowardice, as I'm a living soul," exclaimed the squire, "don't you say a man is frightened out of his senses for my peart, measter, I can neither see nor hear, much less augist, when I'm in such a quandary, wherefore I do believe, odds bodikins! that cowardice and madness are both distempers, and differ no more than the hot and cold fits of an ague. When it teakes your honour, you're all heat, and fire, and fury, Lord bless us! but when it catches poor Tim, he's cold and dead-hearted, he shakes and shivers like an aspen leaf, that he does." "In that case," answered the knight, "I shall not punish you for the distemper which you cannot help, but for engaging in a service exposed to perils, when you knew your own infirmity in the same manner as a man deserves punishment, who enlists himself for a soldier, while he labours under any secret disease." "At that rate," said the squire, "my bread is like to be rarely buttered o'

both sides, i'faith. But, I hope, as by the blessing of God I have run mad, so I shall in good time grow valiant, under your honour's precept and example."

By this time a very disagreeable night was succeeded by a fair, bright morning, and a market town appeared at the distance of three or four miles, when Crabshaw, having no longer the fear of hobgoblins before his eyes, and being moreover cheered by the sight of a place where he hoped to meet with comfortable entertainment, began to talk big, to expatiate on the folly of being afraid, and finally set all danger at defiance, when all of a sudden he was presented with an opportunity of putting in practice those new adopted maxims. In an opening between two lanes, they perceived a gentleman's coach stopped by two highwaymen on horseback, one of whom advanced to reconnoitre and keep the coast clear, while the other exacted contribution from the travellers in the coach. He who acted as sentinel, no sooner saw our adventurer appearing from the lane, than he rode up with a pistol in his hand, and ordered him to halt on pain of immediate death.

To this peremptory mandate the knight made no other reply than charging him with such impetuosity, that he was unhorsed in a twinkling, and lay sprawling on the ground, seemingly sore bruised with his fall. Sir Launcelot commanding Timothy to alight and secure the prisoner, couched his lance, and rode full speed at the other highwayman, who was not a little disturbed at sight of such an apparition. Nevertheless, he fired his pistol without effect, and, clapping spurs to his horse, fled away at full gallop. The knight pursued him with all the speed that Bronzomarte could exert, but the robber being mounted on a swift hunter, kept him at a distance, and after a chase of several miles, escaped through a wood so entangled with coppice, that Sir Launcelot thought proper to desist. He then, for the first time, recollected the situation in which he had left the other thief, and remembering to have heard a female shriek as he passed by the coach window, resolved to return with all expedition, that he might make a proffer of his service to the lady, according to the obligation of knight-errantry. But he had lost his way, and after an hour's ride, during which he traversed many a field, and circled divers hedges, he found himself in the market town afore mentioned. Here the first object that presented itself to his eyes, was Crabshaw on foot surrounded by a mob, tearing his hair, stamping with his feet, and roaring out in manifest distraction,—“Show me the mayor, for the love of God, show me the mayor!—O Gilbert, Gilbert! a murrain take thee, Gilbert! sure thou wast foaled for my destruction!”

From these exclamations, and the artie

dress of the squire, the people, not without reason, concluded that the poor soul had lost his wits and the beadle was just going to secure him, when the knight interposed, and at once attracted the whole attention of the populace. Timothy seeing his master, fell down on his knees, crying,—“The thief has run away with Gilbert—you may pound me into a peast, as the saying is but now I’s e as mad as your worship, an’t afeard of the devil and all his works.” Sir Launcelot desiring the beadle would forbear, was instantly obeyed by that officer, who had no inclination to put the authority of his place in competition with the power of such a figure, armed at all points, mounted on a fiery steed, and ready for the combat. He ordered Crabshaw to attend him to the next inn, where he alighted, and taking him into a separate apartment, demanded an explanation of the unconnected words he had uttered.

The squire was in such agitation, that, with infinite difficulty, and by dint of a thousand different questions, his master learned the adventure to this effect.—Crabshaw, according to Sir Launcelot’s command, had alighted from his horse, and drawn his cutlass, in hope of intimidating the discomfited robber into a tame surrender, though he did not at all relish the nature of the service, but the thief was neither so much hurt, nor so tame, as Timothy had imagined. He started on his feet with his pistol still in his hand, and, presenting it to the squire, swore, with dreadful imprecations, that he would blow his brains out in an instant. Crabshaw, unwilling to hazard the trial of this experiment, turned his back, and fled with great precipitation, while the robber, whose horse had run away, mounted Gilbert, and rode off across the country. It was at this period, that two footmen belonging to the coach, who had staid behind to take their morning’s whet at the inn where they lodged, came up to the assistance of the ladies, armed with blunderbusses, and the carriage proceeded, leaving Timothy alone in distraction and despair. He knew not which way to turn, and was afraid of remaining on the spot, lest the robbers should come back, and revenge themselves upon him for the disappointment they had undergone. In this distress, the first thought that occurred, was to make the best of his way to the town, and demand the assistance of the civil magistrate towards the retrieval of what he had lost, a design which he executed in such a manner, as justly entailed upon him the imputation of lunacy.

While Timothy stood fronting the window, and answering the interrogations of his master, he suddenly exclaimed,—“Bodikins! there’s Gilbert!” and sprung into the street with incredible agility. There finding his strayed companion brought back by one of

the footmen who attended the coach, he imprinted a kiss on his forehead, and hanging about his neck, with the tears in his eyes, hailed his return with the following salutation —“Art thou come back, my darling? ah Gilbert, Gilbert! a prize upon thee! thou hadst like to have been a dear Gilbert to me! how couldst thou break the heart of thy old friend, who has known thee from a colt? seven years next grass have I fed thee and bred thee, provided thee with sweet hay, delicate corn, and fresh litter, that thou mightst be warm, dry, and comfortable. Ha’n’t I curried thy carcass till it was as sleek as a sloe, and cherished thee as the apple of mine eye? for all that thou hast played me a hundred dog’s tricks, biting and kicking and plunging, as if the devil was in thy body, and now thou could’st run away with a thief, and leave me to be flayed alive by measter! what canst thou say for thyself, thou cruel, hard-hearted unchristian tuoad?” To this tender expostulation, which afforded much entertainment to the boys, Gilbert answered not one word, but seemed altogether insensible to the carcases of Timothy, who forthwith led him into the stable. On the whole, he seems to have been an unsocial animal, for it does not appear that he ever contracted any degree of intimacy, even with Bronzomarte, during the whole course of their acquaintance and fellowship. On the contrary, he has been more than once known to signify his aversion, by throwing out behind, and other eruptive marks of contempt for that elegant charger, who excelled him as much in personal merit, as his rider Timothy was outshone by his all-accomplished master.

While the squire accommodated Gilbert in the stable, the knight sent for the footman who had brought him back, and, having presented him with a liberal acknowledgement, desired to know in what manner the horse had been retrieved.

The stranger satisfied him in this particular, by giving him to understand, that the highwayman, perceiving himself pursued across the country, plied Gilbert so severely with whip and spur, that the animal resented the usage, and being besides, perhaps, a little struck with remorse for having left his old friend Crabshaw, suddenly halted, and stood stock still, notwithstanding all the stripes and tortures he underwent. If he moved at all, it was in a retrograde direction. The thief, seeing all his endeavours ineffectual, and himself in danger of being overtaken, wisely quitted his acquisition, and fled into the bosom of a neighbouring wood.

Then the knight inquired about the situation of the lady in the coach, and offered himself as her guard and conductor, but was told that she was already safely lodged in the house of a gentleman at some distance from the road. He likewise learned that she

was a person disordered in her senses, under the care and tuition of a widow lady her relation, and that in a day or two they should pursue their journey northward to the place of her habitation

After the footman had been some time dismissed, the knight recollected that he had forgot to ask the name of the person to whom he belonged, and began to be uneasy at this omission, which indeed was more interesting than he could imagine for an explanation of this nature would in all likelihood, have led to a discovery, that the lady in the coach was no other than Miss Aurelia Darnel, who seeing him unexpectedly in such an equipage and attitude, as he passed the coach (for his helmet was off), had screamed with surprise and terror, and fainted away. Nevertheless, when she recovered from her swoon, she concealed the real cause of her agitation, and none of her attendants were acquainted with the person of Sir Launcelot

The circumstances of the disorder under which she was said to labour, shall be revealed in due course. In the mean time, our adventurer, though unaccountably affected, never dreamed of such an occurrence, but being very much fatigued, resolved to indemnify himself for the loss of last night's repose and this happened to be one of the few things in which Crabshaw felt an ambition to follow his master's example

CHAPTER IX

Which may serve to show that true patriotism is of no party

THE knight had not enjoyed his repose above two hours, when he was disturbed by such a variety of noises, as might have discomposed a brain of the firmest texture. The rumbling of carriages, and the rattling of horses feet on the pavement, was intermingled with loud shouts, and the noise of fiddle, French-horn, and bagpipe. A loud peal was heard ringing in the church-tower, at some distance, while the inn resounded with clamour, confusion, and uproar

Sir Launcelot being thus alarmed, started from his bed, and running to the window, beheld a cavalcade of persons well mounted, and distinguished by blue cockades. They were generally attired like jockeys, with gold-laced hats and buckskin breeches, and one of them bore a standard of blue silk, inscribed in white letters,—“Liberty and the landed interest.” He who rode at their head was a jolly figure, of a florid complexion and round belly, seemingly turned of fifty, and, in all appearance, of a choleric disposition. As they approached the market-place, they waved their hats, huzza'd, and cried aloud,—“No foreign connections!—Old England

for ever!” This acclamation, however, was not so loud or universal, but that our adventurer could distinctly hear a counter-cry from the populace, of,—“No slavery,—No popish pretender,” an insinuation so ill relished by the cavaliers, that they began to ply their horsewhips among the multitude, and were, in their turn, saluted with a discharge or volley of stones, dirt, and dead cats, in consequence of which some teeth were demolished, and many surtouts defiled

Our adventurer's attention was soon called off from this scene, to contemplate another procession of people on foot, adorned with bunches of orange ribands, attended by a regular band of music, playing,—“God save great George our king,” and headed by a thin swarthy personage, of a sallow aspect, and large goggling eyes, arched over with two thick semicircles of hair, or rather bristles, jet black, and frowzy. His apparel was very gorgeous, though his address was very awkward, he was accompanied by the mayor, recorder, and heads of the corporation, in their formalities. His ensigns were known by the inscription,—“Liberty of conscience, and the protestant succession,” and the people saluted him as he passed with repeated cheers, that seemed to prognosticate success. He had particularly ingratiated himself with the good women, who lined the street, and sent forth many ejaculatory petitions in his favour

Sir Launcelot immediately comprehended the meaning of this solemnity, he perceived it was the prelude to the election of a member to represent the county in parliament, and he was seized with an eager desire to know the names and characters of the competitors

In order to gratify this desire, he made repeated applications to the bell-rope that depended from the ceiling of his apartment, but this produced nothing, except the repetition of the words,—“Coming, sir,” which echoed from three or four different corners of the house. The waiters were so distracted by a variety of calls, that they stood motionless in the state of the schoolman's ass between two bundles of hay, incapable of determining where they should first offer their attendance

Our knight's patience was almost exhausted, when Crabshaw entered the room, in a very strange equipage, one half of his face appeared close shaved, and the other covered with lather, while the blood trickled in two rivulets from his nose, upon a barber's cloth that was tucked under his chin, he looked grim with indignation, and under his left arm carried his cutlass, unsheathed. Where he had acquired so much of the profession of knight-errantry we shall not pretend to determine, but certain it is, he fell on his knees before Sir Launcelot, crying, with an accent of grief and distraction,—“In the name of St George for England, I beg a

"Boon, sir knight, and thy compliance I demand, before the peacock and the ladies "

Sir Launcelot, astonished at this address, replied, in a lofty strain,—"Valiant squire, thy boon is granted, provided it doth not contravene the laws of the land, and the constitutions of chivalry " "Then I crave leave," answered Crabshaw, "to challenge and defy to mortal combat that caitif barber who hath left me in this piteous condition, and I vow by the peacock, that I will not shave my beard, until I have shaved his head from his shoulders so may I thrive in the occupation of an arrant squire "

Before his master had time to inquire into particulars, they were joined by a decent man in boots, who was likewise a traveller, and had seen the rise and progress of Timothy's disaster. He gave the knight to understand, that Crabshaw had sent for a barber, and already undergone one half of the operation, when the operator received the long-expected message from both the gentlemen who stood candidates at the election. The double summons was no sooner intimated to him, than he threw down his bason, and retired with precipitation, leaving the squire in the lurch. Timothy, incensed at this desertion, followed him with equal celerity into the street, where he collared the shaver, and insisted upon being entirely trimmed, on pain of the bastinado. The other, finding himself thus arrested, and having no time to spare for altercation, lifted up his fist, and discharged it upon the snout of Crabshaw, with such force that the unfortunate aggressor was fain to bite the ground, while the victor hastened away, in hope of touching the double wages of corruption.

The knight being informed of these circumstances, told Timothy with a smile, that he should have liberty to defy the barber, but, in the mean time, he ordered him to saddle Bronzomarte, and prepare for immediate service. While the squire was thus employed, his master engaged in conversation with the stranger, who happened to be a London dealer travelling for orders, and was well acquainted with the particulars which our adventurer wanted to know.

It was from this communicative tradesman he learned, that the competitors were Sir Valentine Quickset and Mr Isaac Vanderpelft, the first a mere fox-hunter, who depended for success in this election upon his interest among the high-flying gentry, the other a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, not without a mixture of Hebrew blood, immensely rich, who was countenanced by his grace of ———, and supposed to have distributed large sums in securing a majority of votes among the yeomanry of the country, possessed of small freeholds, and copyholders, a great number of which last resided in this borough. He said these were generally dissenters and weavers, and that

the mayor, who was himself a manufacturer, had received a very considerable order for exportation, in consequence of which it was believed he would support Mr Vanderpelft with all his influence and credit.

Sir Launcelot, roused at this intelligence, called for his armour, which being buckled on in a hurry, he mounted his steed, attended by Crabshaw on Gilbert, and rode immediately into the midst of the multitude by which the hustings were surrounded, just as Sir Valentine Quickset began to harangue the people from an occasional theatre, formed of a plank supported by the upper board of the public stocks, and an inferior rib of a wooden cage pitched also for the accommodation of petty delinquents.

Though the singular appearance of Sir Launcelot at first attracted the eyes of all the spectators, yet they did not fail to yield attention to the speech of his brother knight, Sir Valentine, which ran in the following strain—"Gentlemen vreeholders of this here county, I shan't pretend to meake a vine flourishin' speech—I'm a plain spoken man, as you all know. I hope I shall always speak my mind without veer or vavour, as the saying is 'Tis the way of the Quicksets—we are no upstarts, no vorreigners, nor have we any Tewish blood in our veins, we have lived in this here neighbourhood time out of mind, as you all know, and possess an estate of vive thousand clear, which we spend at whoan, among you, in old English hospitality—All my vorevathers have been parliament-men, and I can prove that ne'er a one o'uin gave a single vote for the court since the revolution. Vor my own peart, I value not the ministry three skips of a louse, as the saying is—I ne'er knew but one minister that was an honest man, and vor all the rest, I care not if they were hanged as high as Haman, with a pox tu'on—I am, thank God, a vree-born, true-hearted Englishman, and a loyal, thof unworthy son of the church—vor all they have done vor H——r, I'd vain know what they have done vor the church, with a vengeance—vor my own peart, I hate all vorreigners, and vorreign measures, whereby this poor nation is broken-backed with a dismal load of debt, and taxes rise so high that the poor cannot get bread. Gentlemen vreeholders of this county, I value no minister a vig's end, d'ye see, if you will vavour me with your votes and interest, whereby I may be returned, I'll engage one half of my estate that I never cry yea to your shillings in the pound, but will cross the ministry in every thing, as in duty bound, and as becomes an honest vreeholder in the ould interest—but, if you sell your votes and your country for hire, you will be detested in this here world, and damned in the next to all eternity, so I leave every man to his own conscience."

This eloquent oration was received by his

own friends with loud peals of applause which, however, did not discourage his competitor, who, confident of his own strength, ascended the rostrum, or, in other words, an old cask, set upright for the purpose. Having bowed all round to the audience, with a smile of gentle condescension, he told them how ambitious he was of the honour to represent this county in parliament, and how happy he found himself in the encouragement of his friends, who had so unanimously agreed to support his pretensions. He said, over and above the qualification he possessed among them, he had fourscore thousand pounds in his pocket, which he had acquired by commerce, the support of the nation, under the present happy establishment, in defence of which he was ready to spend the last farthing. He owned himself a faithful subject to his majesty king George, sincerely attached to the protestant succession, in detestation and defiance of a popish, an abjured, and outlawed pretender, and declared that he would exhaust his substance and his blood, if necessary, in maintaining the principles of the glorious revolution. "This," cried he, "is the solid basis and foundation upon which I stand."

These last words had scarce proceeded from his mouth, when the head of the barrel or puncheon on which he stood, being frail and infirm, gave way so that down he went with a crash, and in a twinkling disappeared from the eyes of the astonished beholders. The fox-hunters, perceiving his disaster, exclaimed, in the phrase and accent of the chase,—"Stole away! stole away!" and, with hideous vociferation, joined in the syvan chorus which the hunters halloo when the hounds are at fault.

The disaster of Mr Vanderpelt was soon repaired by the assiduity of his friends, who disengaged him from the barrel in a trice—hoisted him on the shoulders of four strong weavers, and, resenting the unmannerly exultation of their antagonists, began to form themselves in order of battle.

An obstinate fray would have undoubtedly ensued, had not their mutual indignation given way to their curiosity, at the motion of our knight, who had advanced into the middle between the two fronts, and waving his hand as a signal for them to give attention, addressed himself to them, with graceful demeanour, in these words,—"Countrymen, friends, and fellow-citizens, you are this day assembled to determine a point of the utmost consequence to yourselves and your posterity, a point that ought to be determined by no other weapons than brutal force and factional clamour. You, the freemen of England, are the basis of that excellent constitution which hath long flourished the object of envy and admiration. To you belongs the inestimable privilege of choosing a delegate properly qualified to represent you in

the high court of parliament. This is your birthright, inherited from your ancestors, obtained by their courage, and sealed with their blood. It is not only your birthright which you should maintain, in defiance of all danger, but also a sacred trust, to be executed with the most scrupulous care and fidelity. The person whom you trust ought not only to be endued with the most inflexible integrity, but should likewise possess a fund of knowledge that may enable him to act as a part of the legislature. He must be well acquainted with the history, the constitution, and the laws of his country, he must understand the forms of business, the extent of the royal prerogative, the privilege of parliament, the detail of government, the nature and regulation of the finances, the different branches of commerce, the politics that prevail, and the connections that subsist among the different powers of Europe, for on all these subjects the deliberations of a house of commons occasionally turn. But these great purposes will never be answered by electing an illiterate savage, scarce qualified, in point of understanding, to act as a country justice of peace, a man who has scarce ever travelled beyond the excursion of a fox-chase, whose conversation never ramble farther than his stable, his kennel, and his barn-yard, who rejects decorum as degeneracy, mistakes rusticity for independence, ascertains his courage by leaping over gates and ditches, and sounds his triumph on feats of drinking who holds his estate by a fictions tenure professes himself the blind slave of a party, without knowing the principles that gave it birth, or the motives by which it is actuated, and thinks that all patriotism consists in railing indiscriminately at ministers, and obstinately opposing every measure of the administration. Such a man, with no evil intentions of his own, might be used as a dangerous tool in the hands of a desperate faction, by scattering the seeds of disaffection, embarrassing the wheels of government, and reducing the whole kingdom to anarchy."

Here the knight was interrupted by the shouts and acclamations of the Vanderpelites, who cried aloud,—"Hear him! hear him! long life to the iron-cased orator!" This clamour subsiding, he prosecuted his harangue to the following effect:

"Such a man as I have described may be dangerous from ignorance, but is neither so mischievous nor so detestable as the wretch who knowingly betrays his trust, and sues to be the hireling and prostitute of a weak and worthless minister—a sordid knave, without honour or principle, who belongs to no family, whose example can reproach him with degeneracy, who has no country to command his respect, no friends to engage his affection, no religion to regulate his morals, no conscience to restrain his iniquity—

! and who worships no god but Mammon, an insinuating miscreant, who undertakes for the dirtiest work of the vilest administration who practises national usury, receiving by wholesale the rewards of venality, and distributing the wages of corruption by retail "

In this place our adventurer's speech was drowned in the acclamations of the fox-hunters, who now triumphed in their turn, and hoicked the speaker, exclaiming,—“Well opened Jowler—to'un, to'un again, Sweet-lips' hey, Merry, Whitefoot!” After a short interruption, he thus resumed his discourse

“When such a catiff presents himself to you, like the devil, with a temptation in his hand, avoid him as if he were in fact the devil—it is not the offering of disinterested love, for what should induce him, who has no affections, to love you, to whose persons he is an utter stranger? Alas! it is not a benevolence, but a bribe. He wants to buy you at one market, that he may sell you at another. Without doubt his intention is to make an advantage of his purchase, and this aim he cannot accomplish, but by sacrificing, in some sort, your interest, your independence, to the wicked designs of a minister, as he can expect no gratification for the faithful discharge of his duty. But, even if he should not find an opportunity of selling you to advantage, the crime, the shame, the infamy, will still be the same in you, who, baser than the most abandoned prostitutes, have sold yourselves and your posterity for hire—for a paltry price, to be refunded with interest by some minister, who will indemnify himself out of your own pockets, for, after all, you are bought and sold with your own money—the miserable pittance you may now receive, is no more than a pitcher full of water thrown to moisten the sucker of that pump which will drain you to the bottom. Let me therefore advise and exhort you, my countrymen, to avoid the opposite extremes of the ignorant clown and the designing courtier, and choose a man of honesty, intelligence, and moderation, who will”—

The doctrine of moderation was a very unpopular subject in such an assembly, and accordingly they rejected it as one man. They began to think the stranger wanted to set up for himself, a supposition that could not fail to incense both sides equally, as they were both zealously engaged in their respective causes. The whigs and the tories joined against this intruder, who, being neither, was treated like a monster or chimera in politics. They hissed, they hooted and they hallooed, they annoyed him with missiles of dirt, sticks, and stones, they cursed, they threatened and reviled, till at length his patience was exhausted.

“Ungrateful and abandoned miscreants!” he cried, “I spoke to you as men and chris-

tians, as free-born Britons and fellow-citizens, but I perceive you are a pack of venal, infamous scoundrels, and I will treat you accordingly.” So saying, he brandished his lance, and riding into the thickest of the concourse, laid about him with such dexterity and effect, that the multitude was immediately dispersed, and he retired without further molestation.

The same good fortune did not attend Squire Crabshaw in his retreat. The ludicrous singularity of his features, and the half mown crop of hair that bristled from one side of his countenance, invited some wags to make merry at his expense, one of them clapped a furze-bush under the tail of Gilbert, who, feeling himself thus stimulated *a posteriori*, kicked, and plunged and capered in such a manner, that Timothy could hardly keep the saddle. In this commotion he lost his cap and his perwig, while the rabble pelted him in such a manner, that before he could join his master, he looked like a pillar, or rather a pillory of mud.

CHAPTER X

Which sheweth that he who plays at bowls will sometimes meet with rubbers

SIR LAUNCELOT, boiling with indignation at the venality and faction of the electors, whom he had harangued to so little purpose, retired with the most deliberate disdain towards one of the gates of the town, on the outside of which his curiosity was attracted by a concourse of people, in the midst of whom stood Mr Ferret, mounted upon a stool with a kind of satchel hanging round his neck, and a phial displayed in his right hand, while he held forth to the audience in a very vehement strain of elocution.

Crabshaw thought himself happily delivered when he reached the suburbs, and proceeded without halting, but his master mingled with the crowd, and heard the orator express himself to this effect.

“Very likely you may undervalue me and my medicine, because I don't appear upon a stage of rotten boards, in a shabby velvet coat and tie-perwig, with a foolish fellow in a motley coat, to make you laugh by making wry faces. But I scorn to use these dirty arts for engaging your attention. These paltry tricks *ad captandum vulgus* can have no effect but on ideots, and if you are ideots, I don't desire you should be my customers. Take notice, I don't address you in the style of a mountebank, or a high German doctor, and yet the kingdom is full of mountebanks, empirics, and quacks. We have quacks in religion, quacks in physic, quacks in law, quacks in politics, quacks in patriotism, quacks in government. High-German quacks, that have blistered, sweated, bled, and purged

the nation into an atrophy But this is not all, they have not only evacuated her into a consumption, but they have intoxicated her brain, until she is become delirious, she can no longer pursue her own interest, or indeed rightly distinguish it Like the people of Nineveh, she can hardly tell her right hand from her left; but, as a changeling, is dazzled and delighted by an *ignis fatuus*, a Will-o'-the-wisp, an exhalation from the vilest materials in nature, that leads her astray through Westphalian bogs and deserts, and will one day break her neck over some barren rocks, or leave her sticking in some H——n put or quagmire For my part, if you have a mind to betray your country, I have no objection In selling yourselves and your fellow-citizens, you only dispose of a pack of rascals who deserve to be sold—if you sell one another, why should I not sell this here elixir of long life, which, if properly used, will protract your days till you shall have seen your country ruined? I shall not pretend to disturb your understandings, which are none of the strongest, with a hotchpotch of unintelligible terms, such as Aristotle's four principles of generation, unformed matter, privation, efficient and final causes Aristotle was a pedantic blockhead, and still more knave than fool The same censure we may safely put on that wiseacre Dioscorides, with his faculties of simples, his seminal, specific, and principal virtues? and that crazy commentator Galen, with his four elements, elementary qualities, his eight complexions, his harmonies and discords Nor shall I expatiate on the alkahest of that mad scoundrel Paracelsus, with which he pretended to reduce flints into salt, nor the *archæus* or *spiritus rector* of that visionary Van Helmont, his simple, elementary water, his *gas*, ferments, and transmutations, nor shall I enlarge upon the salt, sulphur, and oil, the *acidum vagum*, the mercury of metals, and the volatilized vitriol of other modern chemists, a pack of ignorant, conceited, knavish rascals, that puzzle your weak heads with such jargon, just as a Germanized m——r throws dust in your eyes, by lugging in and ringing the changes on the balance of power, the protestant religion, and your allies on the continent, acting like the juggler, who picks your pockets, while he dazzles your eyes and amuses your fancy with twirling his fingers, and reciting the gibberish of *hocus pocus*, for, in fact, the balance of power is a mere chimera As for the protestant religion, nobody gives himself any trouble about it, and allies on the continent we have none, or at least none that would raise an hundred men to save us from perdition, unless we paid an extravagant price for their assistance But, to return to this here elixir of long life, I might embellish it with a great many high sounding epithets, but I disdain to follow the example of every

illiterate vagabond, that from idleness turns quack, and advertises his nostrum in the public papers I am neither a felonious dry-salter returned from exile, an hospital stump-turner, a decayed staymaker, a bankrupt printer, or insolvent debtor, released by act of parliament I did not pretend to administer medicines without the least tincture of letters, or suborn wretches to perjure themselves in false affidavits of cures that were never performed, nor employ a set of led-captains to harangue in my praise at all public places I was bred regularly to the profession of chemistry, and have tried all the processes of alchemy, and I may venture to say, that this here elixir is, in fact, the *chruseon pepuromenon ek puros*, the visible, glorious, spiritual body, from whence all other beings derive their existence, as proceeding from their father the sun, and their mother the moon, from the sun, as from a living and spiritual gold, which is mere fire, consequently the common and universal first created mover, from whence all moveable things have their distinct and particular motions, and also from the moon, as from the wife of the sun, and the common mother of all sublunary things And for as much as man is and must be the comprehensive end of all creatures, and the microcosm, he is counselled in the Revelation to buy gold that is thoroughly fired, or rather pure fire, that he may become rich and like the sun, as, on the contrary, he becomes poor when he abuses the arsenical poison, so that his silver, by the fire, must be calcined to a *caput mortuum*, which happens when he will hold and retain the menstruum, out of which he partly exists, for his own property, and doth not daily offer up the same in the fire of the sun, that the woman may be clothed with the sun, and become a sun, and thereby rule over the moon, that is to say, that he may get the moon under his feet Now this here elixir, sold for no more than sixpence a phial, contains the essence of the alkahest, the *archæus*, the catholicon, the menstruum, the sun, the moon, and, to sum up all in one word, is the true, genuine, unadulterated, unchangeable, immaculate, and specific *chruseon pepuromenon ek puros*."

The audience were variously affected by this learned oration Some of those who favoured the pretensions of the whig candidate, were of opinion, that he ought to be punished for his presumption, in reflecting so scurrilously on ministers and measures Of this sentiment was our adventurer, though he could not help admiring the courage of the orator, and owning within himself that he had mixed some melancholy truths with his scurrility.

Mr Ferret would not have stood so long in his rostrum unmolested, had not he cunningly chosen his station immediately with

But the jurisdiction of the town, whose magistrates therefore could not take cognizance of his conduct, but application was made to the constable of the other parish, while our nostrum-monger proceeded in his speech, the conclusion of which produced such an effect upon his hearers, that his whole cargo was immediately exhausted. He had just stepped down from his stool, when the constable with his staff arrived, and took him under his guidance. Mr Ferret on this occasion attempted to interest the people in his behalf, by exhorting them to vindicate the liberty of the subject against such an act of oppression, but finding them deaf to the tropes and figures of his elocution, he addressed himself to our knight, reminding him of his duty to protect the helpless and the injured, and earnestly soliciting his interposition.

Sir Launcelot, without making the least reply to his entreaties, resolved to see the end of this adventure, and, being joined by his squire, followed the prisoner at a distance, measuring back the ground he had travelled the day before, until he reached another small borough, where Ferret was housed in the common prison.

While he sat a-horseback, deliberating on the next step he should take, he was accosted by the voice of Tom Clarke, who called, in a whimpering tone, through a window grated with iron,—“For the love of God, Sir Launcelot, do, dear sir, be so good as to take the trouble to alight, and come up stairs—I have something to communicate, of consequence to the community in general, and you in particular—Pray do, dear sir knight. I beg a boon in the name of St Michael and St George for England.”

Our adventurer, not a little surprised at this address, dismounted without hesitation and, being admitted to the common jail, there found not only his old friend Tom, but also the uncle, sitting on a bench, with a woollen night-cap on his head, and a pair of spectacles on his nose, reading very earnestly in a book, which he afterwards understood was entitled,—“The Life and Adventures of Valentine and Orson.” The captain no sooner saw his great pattern enter, than he rose, and received him with the salutation of—“What cheer, brother?” and, before the knight could answer, added these words—“You see how the land lies—here have Tom and I been fast ashore these four-and-twenty hours, and this berth we have got by attempting to tow your galley, brother, from the enemy’s harbour—Adds bobs! if we had this here fellow whoreson for a consort, with all our tackle in order, brother, we’d soon show ’em the topsail, slip our cable, and down with their barricadoes. But, howsoever, it don’t signify talking—patience is a good stream-anchor, and will hold, as the saying is—but, damn my—as for the matter

of my boltsprit Hearkye, hearkye, brother—damn’d hard to engage with three at a time, one upon my bow, one upon my quarter, and one right ahead, rubbing and drubbing, lying athwart hawse, raking fore and aft, battering and grappling, and lashing and clashing—adds heart, brother—crash went the boltsprit—down came the round-top—up with the dead-lights—I saw nothing but the stars at noon—lost the helm of my seven senses, and down I broached upon my broad-side.”

As Mr Clarke rightly conceived that his uncle would need an interpreter, he began to explain these hints, by giving a circumstantial detail of his own and the captain’s disaster.

He told Sir Launcelot, that, notwithstanding all his persuasion and remonstrances, Captain Crowe insisted upon appearing in the character of a knight-errant, and, with that view, had set out from the public house on the morning that succeeded his vigil in the church that upon the highway they had met with a coach containing two ladies, one of whom seemed to be under great agitation, for, as they passed, she struggled with the other, thrust out her head at the window, and said something which he could not distinctly hear that Captain Crowe was struck with admiration of her unequalled beauty, and he (Tom) no sooner informed him who she was, than he resolved to set her at liberty, on the supposition that she was under restraint, and in distress that he accordingly unsheathed his cutlass, and riding after the coach, commanded the driver to bring to on pain of death that one of the servants, believing the captain to be a highwayman, presented a blunderbuss, and in all probability would have shot him on the spot, had not he (the nephew) rode up, and assured them the gentleman was *non compos* that notwithstanding his intimation, all the three attacked him with the butt-ends of their horse-whips, while the coach drove on, and, although he laid about him with great fury, at last brought him to the ground, by a stroke on the temple that Mr Clarke himself then interposed in defence of his kinsman, and was also severely beaten, that two of the servants, upon application to a justice of the peace, residing near the field of battle, had granted a warrant against the captain and his nephew, and, without examination, committed them as idle vagrants, after having seized their horses and their money, on pretence of their being suspected for highwaymen. “But as there was no just cause of suspicion,” added he, “I am of opinion the justice is guilty of a trespass, and may be sued for *falsum imprisonmentum*, and considerable damages obtained, for you will please to observe, sir, no justice has a right to commit any person till after due examination, besides, we were not committed for an as-

sault and battery, *audita querela*, nor as wandering lunatics by the statute, who, to be sure, may be apprehended by a justice's warrant, and locked up and chained, if necessary, or to be sent to their last legal settlement, but we were committed as vagrants and suspected highwaymen. Now, we do not fall under the description of vagrants, nor did any circumstance appear to support the suspicion of robbery, for, to constitute robbery, there must be something taken, but here nothing was taken but blows, and they were upon compulsion. Even an attempt to rob, without any taking, is not felony, but a misdemeanour. To be sure, there is a taking in deed, and a taking in law, but still the robber must be in possession of a thing stolen, and we attempted to steal ourselves away—My uncle, indeed, would have released the young lady *vi et armis*, had his strength been equal to his inclination, and in so doing I would have willingly lent my assistance, both from a desire to serve such a beautiful young creature, and also in regard to your honour, for I thought I heard her call upon your name."

"Ha! how! what! whose name? say, speak—Heaven and earth!" cried the knight with marks of the most violent emotion. Clarke, terrified at his looks, replied,—"I beg your pardon a thousand times, I did not say positively she did speak those words, but I apprehended she did speak them. Words, which may be taken or interpreted by law in a general or common sense, ought not to receive a strained or unusual construction, and ambiguous words—" "Speak or be dumb for ever!" exclaimed Sir Launcelot, in a terrific tone, laying his hand on his sword, "what young lady, ha! what name did she call upon?" Clarke, falling on his knees, answered not without stammering,—"Miss Aurelia Darnel, to the best of my recollection, she called upon Sir Launcelot Greaves." "Sacred powers!" cried our adventurer, "which way did the carriage proceed?"

When Tom told him that the coach quitted the post-road, and struck away to the right at full speed, Sir Launcelot was seized with a pensive fit, his head sunk upon his breast, and he mused in silence for several minutes, with the most melancholy expression on his countenance, then recollecting himself, he assumed a more composed and cheerful air, and asked several questions with respect to the arms on the coach, and the liveries worn by the servants. It was in the course of this interrogation that he discovered he had actually conversed with one of the footmen, who had brought back Crabshaw's horse, a circumstance that filled him with anxiety and chagrin, as he had omitted to inquire the name of his master, and the place to which the coach was travelling, though, in all probability, had he made those inquiries, he would have received very little satisfaction,

there being reason to think the servants were enjoined secrecy.

The knight, in order to meditate on 'this unexpected adventure, sat down by his old friend, and entered into a reverie, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and might have continued longer, had it not been interrupted by the voice of Crabshaw, who bawled aloud,—"Look to it my masters—as you brew you must drink—this shall be a deaf day's work to some of you, for my part, I say nothing—the braying ass eats little grass—one barber shaves not so close, but another finds a few stubble—you wanted to catch a capon, and you've stole a cat—he that takes up his lodgings in a stable, must be contented to lie upon litter."

The knight, desirous of knowing the cause that prompted Timothy to apothegmatize in this manner, looked through the grate, and perceived the squire fairly set in the stocks, surrounded by a mob of people. When he called to him, and asked the reason of this disgraceful restraint, Crabshaw replied,—"There's no cake, but there's another of the same make—who never climbed, never fell—after clouds comes clear weather." "This all long of your honour I've met with this preferment, no deservings of my own, but the interest of my master." Sir knight, if you will flay the justice, hang the constable, release your squire, and burn the town, your name will be famous in story, but, if you are content, I am thankful. Two hours are soon spent in such good company, in the mean time, look to 'un jailor, there's a frog in the stocks!"

Sir Launcelot, incensed at this affront offered to his servant, advanced to the prison door, but found it fast locked, and when he called to the turnkey, he was given to understand that he himself was a prisoner. Enraged at this intimation, he demanded at whose suit, and was answered through the wicket,—"at the suit of the king, in whose name I will hold you fast, with God's assistance."

The knight's looks now began to lighten, he rolled his eyes around, and, snatching up an oaken bench, which three ordinary men could scarce have lifted from the ground, he, in all likelihood, would have shattered the door in pieces, had not he been restrained by the interposition of Mr Clarke, who intreated him to have a little patience, assuring him he would suggest a plan that would avenge himself amply on the justice, without any breach of the peace. "I say the justice," added Tom, "because it must be his doing. He is a little petulant sort of a fellow, ignorant of the law, guilty of numberless irregularities, and, if properly managed, may, for this here act of arbitrary power, be not only cast in a swinging sum, but even turned out of the commission with disgrace."

This was a very seasonable hint, in consequence of which the bench was softly re-

placed, and Captain Crowe deposited the poker, with which he had armed himself to second the efforts of Sir Launcelot. They now, for the first time, perceived that Ferret had disappeared, and, upon inquiry, found that he was in fact the occasion of the knight's detention and the squire's disgrace.

CHAPTER XI

Description of a modern magistrate

BEFORE the knight would take any resolution for extricating himself from his present embarrassment, he desired to be better acquainted with the character and circumstances of the justice by whom he had been confined, and likewise to understand the meaning of his own detention. To be informed in this last particular, he renewed his dialogue with the turnkey, who told him through the grate, that Ferret no sooner perceived him in the jail, without his offensive arms, which he had left below, than he desired to be carried before the justice, where he had given information against the knight, as a violator of the public peace, who strolled about the country with unlawful arms, rendering the highways unsafe, encroaching upon the freedom of elections, putting his majesty's liege subjects in fear of their lives, and, in all probability, harbouring more dangerous designs under an affected cloak of lunacy. Ferret, upon this information, had been released, and entertained as an evidence for the king, and Crabshaw was put into the stocks as an idle stroller.

Sir Launcelot, being satisfied in these particulars, addressed himself to his fellow prisoners, and begged they would communicate what they knew respecting the worthy magistrate, who had been so premature in the execution of his office. This request was no sooner signified than a crew of naked wretches crowded around him, and, like a congregation of rooks, opened their throats all at once, in accusation of Justice Gobble. The knight was moved at this scene, which he could not help comparing, in his own mind, to what would appear upon a much more awful occasion, when the cries of the widow and the orphan, the injured and oppressed, would be uttered at the tribunal of an unerring Judge, against the villainous and insolent authors of their calamity.

When he had, with some difficulty, quieted their clamours, and confined his interrogation to one person of a tolerably decent appearance, he learned, that Justice Gobble, whose father was a tailor, had for some time served as a journeyman hoser in London, where he had picked up some law terms, by conversing with hackney writers and attorney's clerks of the lowest order, that, upon the death of his master, he had insinuated

himself into the good graces of the widow, who took him for her husband, so that he became a person of some consideration, and saved money apace; that his pride, increasing with his substance, was reinforced by the vanity of his wife, who persuaded him to retire from business, that they might live genteelly in the country, that his father dying, and leaving a couple of houses in this town, Mr Gobble had come down with his lady to take possession, and liked the place so well, as to make a more considerable purchase in the neighbourhood, that a certain peer being indebted to him in the large way of his business, and either unable or unwilling to pay the money, had compounded the debt, by inserting his name in the commission, since which period, his own insolence, and his wife's ostentation, had exceeded all bounds, that, in the execution of his authority, he had committed a thousand acts of cruelty and injustice against the poorer sort of people, who were unable to call him to a proper account, that his wife domineered with a more ridiculous, though less pernicious usurpation among the females of the place, that, in a word, she was the subject of continual mirth, and he the object of universal detestation.

Our adventurer, though extremely well disposed to believe what was said to the prejudice of Gobble, would not give entire credit to this description, without first inquiring into the particulars of his conduct. He therefore asked the speaker, what was the cause of his particular complaint? "For my own part, sir," said he, "I lived in repute, and kept a shop in this here town, well furnished with a great variety of articles. All the people in the place were my customers, but what I and many others chiefly depended upon, was the extraordinary sale at two annual customary fairs, to which all the country people in the neighbourhood resorted to lay out their money. I had employed all my stock, and even engaged my credit, to procure a large assortment of goods for the Lammas market, but having given my vote, in the election of a vestry-clerk, contrary to the interest of Justice Gobble, he resolved to work my ruin. He suppressed the annual fairs, by which a great many people, especially publicans, earned the best of their subsistence. The country people resorted to another town. I was overstocked with a load of perishable commodities, and found myself deprived of the best part of my home customers, by the ill nature and revenge of the justice, who employed all his influence among the common people, making use of threats and promises to make them desert my shop, and give their custom to another person, whom he settled in the same business under my nose. Being thus disabled from making punctual payments, my commodities spoiling, and my wife breaking her heart, I

grew negligent and careless, took to drinking, and my affairs went to wreck. Being one day in liquor, and provoked by the sneers and taunts of the man who had set up against me, I struck him at his own door, upon which I was carried before the justice, who treated me with such insolence, that I became desperate, and not only abused him in the execution of his office, but also made an attempt to lay violent hands upon his person. You know, sir, when a man as both drunk and desperate, he cannot be supposed to have any command of himself. I was sent hither to jail. My creditors immediately seized my effects, and, as they were not sufficient to discharge my debts, a statute of bankruptcy was taken out against me, so that here I must lie, until they think proper to sign my certificate, or the parliament shall please to pass an act for the relief of insolvent debtors."

The next person who presented himself in the crowd of accusers, was a meagre figure, with a green apron, who told the knight that he had kept a public house in town for a dozen of years, and enjoyed a good trade, which was in a great measure owing to a skittle-ground, in which the best people of the place diverted themselves occasionally. That Justice Gobble, being disobliged at his refusing to part with a gelding which he had bred for his own use, first of all shut up the skittle-ground, but finding the publican still kept his house open, he took care that he should be deprived of his licence on pretence that the number of ale-houses was too great, and that this man had been bred to another employment. The poor publican, being thus deprived of his bread, was obliged to try the stay-making business, to which he had served an apprenticeship, but being very ill qualified for this profession, he soon fell to decay, and contracted debts, in consequence of which he was now in prison, where he had no other support but what arose from the labour of his wife, who had gone to service.

The next prisoner who preferred his complaint against the unrighteous judge, was a poacher, at whose practices Justice Gobble had for some years connived, so as even to screen him from punishment, in consideration of being supplied with game grafts, till at length he was disappointed by accident. His lady had invited guests to an entertainment, and bespoke a hare, which the poacher undertook to furnish. He laid his snares accordingly over night, but they were discovered, and taken away by the gamekeeper of the gentleman to whom the ground belonged. All the excuses the poacher could make proved ineffectual in appeasing the resentment of the justice and his wife, at being thus disconcerted. Measures were taken to detect the delinquent in the exercise of his illicit occupation, he was committed to safe custody, and his wife, with five bant-

lings, was passed to her husband's settlement in a different part of the country.

A stout squat fellow, rattling with chains, had just taken up the ball of accusation, when Sir Launcelot was startled with the appearance of a woman, whose looks and equipage indicated the most piteous distress. She seemed to be turned of the middle age, was of a lofty carriage, tall, thin, weather-beaten, and wretchedly attired. Her eyes were inflamed with weeping, and her looks displayed that wildness and peculiarity which denote distraction. Advancing to Sir Launcelot, she fell upon her knees and, clasping her hands together, uttered the following rhapsody in the most vehement tone of affliction.

"Thrice potent, generous, and august emperor, here let my knees cleave to the earth, until thou shalt do me justice on that inhuman catiff, Gobble. Let him disgorge my substance, which he hath devoured, let him restore to my widowed arms my child, my boy, the delight of my eyes, the prop of my life, the staff of my sustenance, whom he hath torn from my embrace, stolen, betrayed sent into captivity, and murdered!—behold these bleeding wounds upon his lovely breast! see how they mangle his lifeless corse! Horror! give me my child, barbarians! his head shall he upon his Suky's bosom—she will embalm him with her tears. Ha! plunge him in the deep! shall my boy then float in a watery tomb!—Justice, most mighty emperor! justice upon the villain who hath ruined us all! May heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! may the keen storm of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! may peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow, so that all his days shall be filled with reproach and sorrow, and all his nights be haunted with horror and remorse! may he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! may all his offspring be blighted and consumed, like the mildewed ears of corn, except one that shall grow up to curse his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave, as he himself has proved a curse to me and mine!"

The rest of the prisoners, perceiving the knight extremely shocked at her misery and horrid imprecation, removed her by force from his presence, and conveyed her to another room, while our adventurer underwent a violent agitation, and could not for some minutes compose himself so well as to inquire into the nature of this wretched creature's calamity.

The shopkeeper, of whom he demanded this satisfaction, gave him to understand that she was born a gentlewoman, and had been well educated, that she married a curate, who did not long survive his nuptials, and afterwards became the wife of one Oakley, a farmer in opulent circumstances, that, after twenty years cohabitation with her

husband, he sustained such losses by the distemper among the cattle, as he could not repair; and that this reverse of fortune was supposed to have hastened his death, that the widow, being a woman of spirit, determined to keep up and manage the farm, with the assistance of an only son, a very promising youth, who was already contracted in marriage with the daughter of another wealthy farmer. Thus the mother had a prospect of retrieving the affairs of her family, when all her hopes were dashed and destroyed by a ridiculous pique which Mrs Gobble conceived against the young farmer's sweetheart, Mrs Susan Sedgemour. This young woman chancing to be at a country assembly, where the grave-digger of the parish acted as master of the ceremonies, was called out to dance before Miss Gobble, who happened to be there present also with her mother. The circumstance was construed into an unpardonable affront by the justice's lady, who abused the director in the most opprobrious terms for his insolence and ill-manners, and, retiring in a storm of passion, vowed revenge against the story mixt who had presumed to vie in gentility with Miss Gobble. The justice entered into her resentment. The grave-digger lost his place, and Suky's lover, young Oakley, was pressed for a soldier. Before his mother could take any steps for his discharge, he was hurried away to the East Indies, by the industry and contrivance of the justice. Poor Suky wept and pined until she fell into a consumption. The forlorn widow, being thus deprived of her son, was overwhelmed with grief to such a degree, that she could no longer manage her concerns. Every thing went backward; she ran in arrears with her landlord, and the prospect of bankruptcy aggravated her affliction, while it added to her incapacity. In the midst of these disastrous circumstances, news arrived that her son Greaves had lost his life in a sea engagement with the enemy, and these tidings almost instantly deprived her of reason. Then the landlord seized for his rent, and she was arrested at the suit of Justice Gobble, who had bought up one of her debts in order to distress her, and now pretended that her madness was feigned.

When the name of Greaves was mentioned, our adventurer started and changed colour, and, now the story was ended, asked, with marks of eager emotion, if the name of the woman's husband was not Wilford. When the prisoner answered in the affirmative, he rose up and striking his breast,—"Good heaven!" cried he, "the very woman who watched over my infancy, and even nourished me with her milk!—She was my mother's humble friend. Alas! poor Dorothy! how would your old mistress grieve to see her favourite in this miserable condition!" While he pronounced these words, to the astonishment of the hearers, a tear stole

softly down each cheek. Then he desired to know if the poor lunatic had any intervals of reason, and was given to understand, that she was always quiet, and generally supposed to have the use of her senses, except when she was disturbed by some extraordinary noise, or when any person touched upon her misfortune, or mentioned the name of her oppressor, in all which cases she started out into extravagance and frenzy. They likewise imputed great part of the disorder to the want of quiet, proper food, and necessaries, with which she was but poorly supplied by the cold hand of chance charity. Our adventurer was exceedingly affected by the distress of this woman, whom he resolved to relieve; and in proportion as his commiseration was excited, his resentment rose against the miscreant, who seemed to have insinuated himself into the commission of the peace on purpose to harass and oppress his fellow-creatures.

Thus animated, he entered into consultation with Mr Thomas Clarke concerning the steps he should take, first for their deliverance, and then for prosecuting and punishing the justice. In result of this conference, the knight called aloud for the jailor, and demanded to see a copy of his commitment, that he might know the cause of his imprisonment, and offer bail, or, in case that he should be refused, move for a writ of habeas corpus. The jailor told him the copy of the writ should be forthcoming, but, after he had waited some time, and repeated the demand before witnesses, it was not yet produced. Mr Clarke then, in a solemn tone, gave the jailor to understand, that an officer refusing to deliver a true copy of the commitment warrant, was liable to the forfeiture of one hundred pounds for the first offence, and for the second to a forfeiture of twice that sum, besides being disabled from executing his office.

Indeed it was no easy matter to comply with Sir Launcelot's demand, for no warrant had been granted, nor was it now in the power of the justice to remedy this defect, as Mr Ferret had taken himself away privately without having communicated the name and designation of the prisoner, a circumstance the more mortifying to the jailor, as he perceived the extraordinary respect which Mr Clarke and the captain paid to the knight, and was now fully convinced that he would be dealt with according to law. Disordered with these reflections, he imparted them to the justice, who had in vain caused search to be made for Ferret, and was now extremely well inclined to set the knight and his friends at liberty, though he did not at all suspect the quality and importance of our adventurer. He could not, however, resist the temptation of displaying the authority of his office, and therefore ordered the prisoners to be brought before

his tribunal, that, in the capacity of a magistrate, he might give them a severe reproof, and proper caution with respect to their future behaviour.

They were accordingly led through the street in procession, guarded by the constable and his gang, followed by Crabshaw, who had by this time been released from the stocks, and surrounded by a crowd of people, attracted by curiosity. When they arrived at the justice's house, they were detained for some time in the passage, then a voice was heard, commanding the constable to bring in the prisoners, and they were introduced to the hall of audience, where Mr Gobble sat in judgment, with a crimson velvet night-cap on his head, and on his right hand appeared his lady, puffed up with the pride and insolence of her husband's office, fat, frowzy, and not over clean, well stricken in years, without the least vestige of an agreeable feature, having a rubicund nose, ferret eyes, and imperious aspect. The justice himself was a little, affected, pert prig, who endeavoured to solemnize his countenance by assuming an air of consequence, in which pride, impudence, and folly, were strangely blended. He aspired at nothing so much as the character of an able spokesman, and took all opportunities of holding forth at vestry and quarter-sessions, as well as in the administration of his office in private. He would not, therefore, let slip this occasion of exciting the admiration of his hearers, and, in an authoritative tone, thus addressed our adventurer.

"The laws of this land has provided—I says as how provision is made by the laws of this here land, in reverence to delinquents and manefactors, whereby the king's peace is upholden by we magistrates, who represents his majesty's person better than in e'er a contagious nation under the sun, but, howsomever, that there king's peace, and thus here magistrate's authority, cannot be adequately and identically upheld, if so be as how criminals escapes unpunished. Now, friend, you must be confidential in your own mind, as you are a notorious criminal, who have trespassed again the laws on divers occasions and importunities, if I had a mind to exercise the rigour of the law, according to the authority wherewith I am westerd, you and your companions in iniquity would be severely punished by the statue, but we magistrates has a power to litigate the severity of justice, and so I am contented that you should be mercifully dealt withal, and even dismissed."

To this harangue the knight replied, with solemn and deliberate accent,—"If I understand your meaning aright, I am accused of being a notorious criminal, but nevertheless you are contented to let me escape with impunity. If I am a notorious criminal, it is the duty of you, as a magistrate, to bring

me to condign punishment, and if you allow a criminal to escape unpunished, you are not only unworthy of a place in the commission, but become accessory to his guilt, and, to all intents and purposes, *socius criminis*. With respect to your proffered mercy, I shall decline the favour, nor do I deserve any indulgence at your hands, for, depend upon it, I shall show no mercy to you in the steps I intend to take for bringing you to justice. I understand that you have been long hacketed in the ways of oppression, and I have seen some living monuments of your inhumanity—of that hereafter I myself have been detained in prison, without cause assigned. I have been treated with indignity, and insulted by jailors and constables, led through the streets like a felon, as a spectacle to the multitude, obliged to dance attendance in your passage, and afterwards branded with the name of notorious criminal. I now demand to see the information in consequence of which I was detained in prison, the copy of the warrant of commitment or detainer, and the face of the person by whom I was accused. I insist upon a compliance with these demands, as the privileges of a British subject, and if it is refused, I shall seek redress before a higher tribunal."

The justice seemed to be not a little disturbed at this peremptory declaration, which, however, had no other effect upon his wife, but that of enraging her choler, and inflaming her countenance. "Surrab! surrah!" cried she, "do you dares to insult a worshipful magistrate on the bench? Can you deny that you are a vagram, and a dilatory sort of a person? Hant't the man with the satchel made an affidavit of it? If I was my husband, I'd lay you fast by the heels for your resumption, and stirk you with a primineery into the bargain, unless you could give a better account of yourself—I would."

Gobble, encouraged by this filip, resumed his petulance, and proceeded in this manner—"Heark ye, friend, I might, as Mrs Gobble very justly observes, trounce you for your audacious behaviour, but I scorn to take such advantages; howsomever, I shall make you give an account of yourself and your companions, for I believe as how you are in a gang, and all in a story, and perhaps you may be found one day in a cord. What are you, friend? What is your station and degree?" "I am a gentleman," replied the knight. "Ay, that is English for a sorry fellow," said the justice. "Every idle vagabond, who has neither home nor habitation, trade nor profession, designs himself a gentleman. But I must know how you live." "Upon my means." "What are your means?" "My estate." "Whence doth it arise?" "From inheritance." "Your estate lies in brass, and that you have inherited from nature; but do you inherit lands and tenements?" "Yes." "But they are neither

here nor there, I doubt. Come, come, friend, I shall bring you about presently." Here the examination was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Fillet the surgeon, who chancing to pass, and seeing a crowd about the door, went in to satisfy his curiosity

CHAPTER XII

Which shows there are more ways to kill a dog than hanging

MR FILLET no sooner appeared in the judgment-chamber of Justice Gobble, than Captain Crowe, seizing him by the hand exclaimed,—“body o’ me! doctor, thou’rt come up in the nick of time to lend us a hand in putting about We’re a little in the stays here—but howsomever we’ve got a good pilot, who knows the coast, and can weather the point, as the saying is As for the enemy’s vessel, she has had a shot or two already athwart her forefoot, the next, I do suppose, will strike the hull, and then you will see her taken all aback” The doctor, who perfectly understood his dialect, assured him he might depend upon his assistance, and advancing to the knight, accosted him in these words —“Sir Launcelot Greaves, your most humble servant—when I saw a crowd at the door, I little thought of finding you within, treated with such indignity—yet I can’t help being pleased with an opportunity of proving the esteem and veneration I have for your person and character—you will do me particular pleasure in commanding my best services”

Our adventurer thanked him for this instance of his friendship, which he told him he would use without hesitation, and desired he would procure immediate bail for him and his two friends, who had been imprisoned contrary to law, without any cause assigned

During this short dialogue, the justice, who had heard of Sir Launcelot’s family and fortune, though an utter stranger to his person, was seized with such pangs of terror and compunction as a grovelling mind may be supposed to have felt in such circumstances, and they seemed to produce the same unsavoury effects that are so humourously delineated by the inimitable Hogarth, in his print of Felix on his tribunal, done in the Dutch style Nevertheless, seeing Fillet retire to execute the knight’s commands, he recollected himself so far as to tell the prisoners, there was no occasion to give themselves any farther trouble, for he would release them without bail or mainprise Then disarding all the insolence from his features, and assuming an aspect of the most humble adulation, he begged the knight ten thousand pardons for the freedoms he had taken, which were entirely owing to his ignorance of Sir

Launcelot’s quality “Yes, I’ll assure you, sir,” said the wife, “my husband would have bit off his tongue rather than say black is the white of your eye, if so be he had known your capacity Thank God, we have been used to deal with gentlefolks, and many’s the good pound we have lost by them, but what of that? Sure we know how to behave to our betters Mr Gobble, thanks be to God, can defy the whole world to prove that he ever said an uncivil word, or did a rude thing to a gentleman, knowing him to be a person of fortune Indeed, as to your poor gentry, and riff-raff, your tag-rag and bob-tail, or such vulgar scoundrelly people, he has behaved like a magistrate, and treated them with the rigour of authority” “In other words,” said the knight, “he has tyrannized over the poor, and connived at the vices of the rich your husband is little obliged to you for this confession, woman” “Woman!” cried Mrs Gobble, empurpled with wrath, and fixing her hands on her sides by way of defiance, “I scorn your words Marry come up, woman! quotha, no more a woman than your worship” Then bursting into tears,—“Husband,” continued she, “if you had the soul of a louse, you would not suffer me to be abused at this rate, you would not sit still on the bench and hear your spouse called such contemptible epitaphs Who cares for his title and his knightship? You and I, husband, knew a tailor that was made a knight, but, thank God, I have noblemen to stand by me with their privileges and beroguetifs”

At this instant Mr Fillet returned with his friend, a practitioner in the law, who freely offered to join in bailing our adventurer, and the other two prisoners, for any sum that should be required The justice, perceiving the affair began to grow more and more serious, declared that he would discharge the warrants and dismiss the prisoners

Here Mr Clarke interposing, observed, that against the knight no warrant had been granted, nor any information sworn to; consequently, as the justice had not complied with the form of proceeding directed by statute, the imprisonment was *coram non jure*, void “Right, sir,” said the other lawyer, “if a justice commits a felon for trial, without binding over the prosecutor to the assizes, he shall be fined” “And again,” cried Clarke, “if a justice issues a warrant for commitment, where there is no accusation, action will lie against the justice” “Moreover,” replied the stranger, “if a justice of peace is guilty of any misdemeanour in his office, information lies against him *in banco regis*, where he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment” “And besides,” resumed the accurate Tom, “the same court will grant an information against a justice of peace, on motion, for sending even a servant to the house of correction or

common jail without sufficient cause" "True," exclaimed the other limb of the law, "and, for contempt of law, attachments may be had against justices of peace *in banco regis*. a justice of the peace was fined a thousand marks for corrupt practices"

With these words, advancing to Mr Clarke, he shook him by the hand, with the appellation of brother, saying,—“I doubt the justice has got into a cursed *love*!” Mr Gobble himself seemed to be of the same opinion. He changed colour several times during the remarks which the lawyers had made, and now, declaring the gentlemen were at liberty, begged, in the most humble phrase, that the company would eat a bit of mutton with him, and after dinner the affair might be amicably compromised. To this proposal our adventurer replied, in a grave and resolute tone,—“If your acting in the commission as a justice of the peace concerned my own particular only, perhaps I should wave any further inquiry, and resent your insolence no other way but by silent contempt. If I thought the errors of your administration proceeded from a good intention, defeated by want of understanding, I should pity your ignorance, and, in compassion, advise you to desist from acting a part for which you are so ill qualified, but the preposterous conduct of such a man deeply affects the interest of the community, especially that part of it which, from its helpless situation, is the more entitled to our protection and assistance. I am moreover convinced, that your misconduct is not so much the consequence of an uninformed head, as the poisonous issue of a malignant heart, devoid of humanity, inflamed with pride, and rankling with revenge. The common prison of this little town is filled with the miserable objects of your cruelty and oppression. Instead of protecting the helpless, restraining the hands of violence, preserving the public tranquillity, and acting as a father to the poor, according to the intent and meaning of that institution of which you are an unworthy member, you have distressed the widow and the orphan, given a loose to all the insolence of office, embroiled your neighbours by fomenting suits and animosities, and played the tyrant among the innocent and forlorn. You have abused the authority with which you were invested, entailed a reproach upon your office, and instead of being revered as a blessing, you are detested as a curse among your fellow-creatures. This indeed is generally the case of low fellows, who are thrust into the magistracy without sentiment, education, or capacity. Among other instances of your iniquity, there is now in prison an unhappy woman, infinitely your superior in the advantages of birth, sense, and education, whom you have, even without provocation, persecuted to ruin and distraction, after having illegally and in-

humanly kidnapped her only child, and exposed him to a violent death in a foreign land. Ah, castiff! if you were to forego all the comforts of life, distribute your means among the poor, and do the severest penance that ever priestcraft prescribed, for the rest of your days, you could not atone for the ruin of that hapless family. A family through whose sides you cruelly and perfidiously stabbed the heart of an innocent young woman, to gratify the pride and diabolical malice of that wretched low-bred woman, who now sits at your right hand as the associate of power and presumption. Oh! if such a despicable reptile shall annoy mankind with impunity, if such a contemptible miscreant shall have it in his power to do such deeds of inhumanity and oppression, what avails the law? Where is our admired constitution, the freedom, the security of the subject, the boasted humanity of the British nation? Sacred heaven! if there was no human institution to take cognizance of such atrocious crimes, I would listen to the dictates of eternal justice, and, arming myself with the right of nature, exterminate such villains from the face of the earth!”

These last words he pronounced in such a strain, while his eyes lightened with indignation, that Gobble and his wife underwent the most violent agitation. The constable's teeth chattered in his head, the jailor trembled, and the whole audience was overwhelmed with consternation.

After a short pause, Sir Launcelot proceeded in a milder strain —“Thank Heaven, the laws of this country have exempted me from the disagreeable task of such an execution. To them we shall have immediate recourse, in three separate actions against you for false imprisonment, and any other person who has been injured by your arbitrary and wicked proceedings, in me shall find a warm protector, until you shall be expunged from the commission with disgrace, and have made such retaliation as your circumstances will allow for the wrongs you have done the community.”

In order to complete the mortification and terror of the justice, the lawyer, whose name was Fenton, declared, that, to his certain knowledge, these actions would be reinforced with divers prosecutions for corrupt practices, which had lain dormant until some person of courage and influence should take the lead against Justice Gobble, who was the more dreaded, as he acted under the patronage of Lord Sharpington. By this time fear had deprived the justice and his helpmate of the faculty of speech. They were indeed almost petrified with dismay, and made no effort to speak, when Mr Fillet, in the rear of the knight, as he retired with his company, took his leave of them in these words —“And now, Mr Justice, to dinner with what appetite you may.”

Our adventurer, though warmly invited to Mr Fenton's house, repaired to the public inn, where he thought he should be more at his ease, fully determined to punish and depose Gobble from his magistracy, to effect a general jail delivery of all the debtors whom he had found in confinement, and in particular, to rescue poor Mrs Oakley from the miserable circumstances in which she was involved.

In the mean time he insisted upon entertaining his friends at dinner, during which many sallies of sea-wit and good humour passed between Captain Crowe and Doctor Fillet, which last had just returned from a neighbouring village, whither he was summoned to shak a man's yard arm, which had snapt in the slings. Their enjoyment, however, was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream from the kitchen, whither Sir Launcelot immediately sprung, with equal eagerness and agility. There he saw the landlady, who was a woman in years, embracing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket, while she exclaimed,—“It is thy own flesh and blood, so sure as I'm a living soul. Ah! poor Greaves, poor Greaves, many a poor heart has grieved for thee!” To this salutation the youth replied,—“I'm sorry for that, mistress. How does poor mother? how does Suky Sedgemoor?”

The good woman of the house could not help shedding tears at these interrogations, while Sir Launcelot interposing, said, not without emotion,—“I perceive you are the son of Mrs Oakley. Your mother is in a bad state of health, but in me you will find a real parent.” Perceiving that the young man eyed him with astonishment, he gave him to understand that his name was Launcelot Greaves.

Oakley no sooner heard these words pronounced, than he fell upon his knees, and seizing the knight's hand, kissed it eagerly, crying,—“God for ever bless your honour, I am your name-son, sure enough—but what of that? I can earn my bread without being beholden to any man.”

When the knight raised him up, he turned to the woman of the house, saying,—“I want to see mother. I'm afraid as how times are hard with her, and I have saved some money for her use.” This instance of filial duty brought tears into the eyes of our adventurer, who assured him his mother should be carefully attended, and want for nothing, but that it would be very improper to see her at present, as the surprise might shock her too much, considering that she believed him dead. “Ey, indeed,” cried the landlady, “we were all of the same opinion, being, as the report went that poor Greaves Oakley was killed in battle.” “Lord, mistress,” said Oakley, “there wa'n't a word of truth in it, I'll assure you. What, d'y'e think I'd tell a lie about the matter?” Hurt

I was, to be sure, but that don't signify, we gave 'em as good as they brought, and so parted. Well, if so be I can't see mother, I'll go and have some chat with Suky. What d'y'e look so glum for? she an't married, is she?” “No, no,” replied the woman, “not married, but almost heart-broken. Since thou wast gone she has done nothing but sighed, and wept, and pined herself unto a decay. I'm afraid thou hast come too late to save her life.”

Oakley's heart was not proof against this information. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed,—“O my dear, sweet, gentle Suky! have I then lived to be the death of her whom I loved more than the whole world?” He would have gone instantly to her father's house, but was restrained by the knight and his company, who had now joined him in the kitchen.

The young man was seated at table, and gave them to understand, that the ship to which he belonged having arrived in England, he was indulged with a month's leave to see his relations, and that he had received about fifty pounds in wages and prize-money. After dinner, just as they began to deliberate upon the measures to be taken against Gobble, that gentleman arrived at the inn, and humbly craved admittance. Mr Fillet, struck with a sudden idea, retired into another apartment with the young farmer, while the justice, being admitted to the company, declared that he came to propose terms of accommodation. He accordingly offered to ask pardon of Sir Launcelot in the public papers, and pay fifty pounds to the poor of the parish, as an atonement for his misbehaviour, provided the knight and his friends would grant him a general release. Our adventurer told him, he would willingly wave all personal concessions, but, as the case concerned the community, he insisted upon his leaving off acting in the commission, and making satisfaction to the parties he had injured and oppressed. This declaration introduced a discussion, in the course of which the justice's petulance began to revive, when Fillet, entering the room, told them he had a reconciling measure to propose, if Mr Gobble would for a few minutes withdraw. He rose up immediately, and was shown into the room which Fillet had prepared for his reception. While he sat musing on this untoward adventure, so big with disgrace and disappointment, young Oakley, according to the instructions he had received, appeared all at once before him, pointing to a ghastly wound, which the doctor had painted on his forehead. The apparition no sooner presented itself to the eyes of Gobble, than, taking it for granted it was the spirit of the young farmer whose death he had occasioned, he roared aloud,—“Lord have mercy upon us!” and fell insensible on the floor. There being found by the company, to whom Fillet

had communicated his contrivance, he was conveyed to bed where he lay some time before he recovered the perfect use of his senses. Then he earnestly desired to see the knight, and assured him he was ready to comply with his terms, inasmuch as he believed he had not long to live. Advantage was immediately taken of this salutary disposition. He bound himself not to act as a justice of the peace, in any part of Great Britain, under the penalty of five thousand pounds. He burned Mrs Oakley's note, paid the debts of the shopkeeper, undertook to compound those of the publican, and to settle him again in business, and, finally, discharged them all from prison, paying the dues out of his own pocket. These steps being taken with peculiar eagerness, he was removed to his own house, where he assured his wife he had seen a vision that prognosticated his death, and had immediate recourse to the curate of the parish for spiritual consolation.

The most interesting part of the task that now remained, was to make the widow Oakley acquainted with her good fortune, in such a manner as might least disturb her spirits, already but too much discomposed. For this purpose they chose the landlady, who, after having received proper directions how to regulate her conduct, visited her in person that same evening. Finding her quite calm, and her reflection quite restored, she began with exhorting her to put her trust in Providence, which would never forsake the cause of the injured widow and fatherless. She promised to assist and befriend her on all occasions, as far as her abilities would reach. She gradually turned the conversation upon the family of the Greaves, and by degrees informed her, that Sir Launcelot, having learned her situation, was determined to extricate her from all her troubles. Perceiving her astonished, and deeply affected at this intimation, she artfully shifted the discourse, recommended resignation to the divine will, and observed, that this circumstance seemed to be an earnest of further happiness. "O! I'm incapable of receiving more!" cried the disconsolate widow, with streaming eyes. "Yet I ought not to be surprised at any blessing that flows from that quarter. The family of Greaves were always virtuous, humane, and benevolent. This young gentleman's mother was my dear lady and benefactress: he himself was suckled at these breasts. O! he was the sweetest, comeliest, best-conditioned babe! I loved not my own Greaves with greater affection—but he, alas! is now no more!" "Have patience, good neighbour," said the landlady of the White Hart, "that is more than you have any right to affirm—all that you know of the matter is by common report, and common report is commonly false; besides, I can tell you I have seen a list of

the men that were killed in Admiral P——'s ship, when he fought the French in the East Indies, and your son was not in the number." To this intimation she replied, after a considerable pause,—“Don't, my good neighbour, don't feed me with false hope. My poor Greaves too certainly perished in a foreign land—yet he is happy,—had he lived to see me in this condition, grief would soon have put a period to his days.” “I tell you then,” cried the visitant, “he is not dead. I have seen a letter that mentions his being well since the battle. You shall come along with me—you are no longer a prisoner, but shall live at my house comfortably, till your affairs are settled to your wish.”

The poor widow followed her in silent astonishment, and was immediately accommodated with necessaries.

Next morning her hostess proceeded with her in the same cautious manner, until she was assured that her son had returned. Being duly prepared, she was blessed with a sight of poor Greaves, and fainted away in his arms.

We shall not dwell upon this tender scene, because it is but of a secondary concern in the history of our knight-errant: let it suffice to say, their mutual happiness was unspeakable. She was afterwards visited by Sir Launcelot, whom she no sooner beheld than, springing forwards with all the eagerness of maternal affection, she clasped him to her breast, crying,—“My dear child! my Launcelot! my pride! my darling! my kind benefactor!” This is not the first time I have hugged you in these arms. O! you are the very image of Sir Everhard in his youth, but you have got the eyes, the complexion, the sweetness and complacency of my dear and ever-honoured lady.” This was not in the strain of hireling praise, but the genuine tribute of esteem and admiration. As such, it could not but be agreeable to our hero, who undertook to procure Oakley's discharge, and settle him in a comfortable farm on his own estate.

In the mean time Greaves went with a heavy heart to the house of farmer Sedgemoor, where he found Suky who had been prepared for his reception, in a transport of joy, though very weak and greatly emaciated. Nevertheless, the return of her sweetheart had such a happy effect on her constitution, that in a few weeks her health was perfectly restored.

This adventure of our knight was crowned with every happy circumstance that could give pleasure to a generous mind. The prisoners were released, and reinstated in their former occupations. The justice performed his articles from fear, and afterwards turned over a new leaf from remorse. Young Oakley was married to Suky, with whom he received a considerable portion. The new-married couple found a farm ready stocked

for them on the knight's estate, and the mother enjoyed a happy retreat in the character of housekeeper at Greavesbury-hall

CHAPTER XIII

In which our knight is tantalized with a transient glimpse of felicity

THE SUCCESS of our adventurer, which we have particularized in the last chapter, could not fail of enhancing his character, not only among those who knew him, but also among the people of the town, to whom he was not an utter stranger. The populace surrounded the house, and testified their approbation in loud huzzas. Captain Crowe was more than ever inspired with veneration for his admired patron, and more than ever determined to pursue his footsteps in the road of chivalry. Fillet and his friend the lawyer could not help conceiving an affection and even a profound esteem, for the exalted virtue, the person, and accomplishments of the knight, dashed as they were with a mixture of extravagance and insanity. Even Sir Launcelot himself was elevated to an extraordinary degree of self-complacency on the fortunate issue of his adventure, and became more and more persuaded that a knight-errant's profession might be exercised, even in England, to the advantage of the community. The only person of the company who seemed unimpressed with the general satisfaction was Mr Thomas Clarke. He had, not without good reason, laid it down as a maxim, that knight-errantry and madness were synonymous terms; and that madness, though exhibited in the most advantageous and agreeable light, could not change its nature, but must continue a perversion of sense to the end of the chapter. He perceived the additional impression which the brain of his uncle had sustained, from the happy manner in which the benevolence of Sir Launcelot had so lately operated, and began to fear it would be in a little time quite necessary to have recourse to a commission of lunacy, which might not only disgrace the family of the Crowes, but also tend to invalidate the settlement which the captain had already made in favour of our young lawyer.

Perplexed with these cogitations, Mr Clarke appealed to our adventurer's own reflection. He expatiated upon the bad consequences that would attend his uncle's perseverance in the execution of a scheme so foreign to his faculties, and entreated him, for the love of God, to divert him from his purpose, either by arguments or authority, as, of all mankind, the knight alone had gained such an ascendancy over his spirits, that he would listen to his exhortations with respect and submission.

Our adventurer was not so mad, but that

he saw and owned the rationality of these remarks. He readily undertook to employ all his influence with Crowe to dissuade him from his extravagant design, and seized the first opportunity of being alone with the captain, to signify his sentiments on this subject—"Captain Crowe," said he, "you are then determined to proceed in the course of knight-errantry?" "I am," replied the seaman, "with God's help, d'ye see, and the assistance of wind and weather—" "What dost thou talk of wind and weather?" cried the knight, in an elevated tone of affected transport, "without the help of heaven, indeed, we are all vanity, imbecility, weakness, and wretchedness, but if thou art resolved to embrace the life of an errant, let me not hear thee so much as whisper a doubt, a wish, a hope, or sentiment, with respect to any other obstacle, which wind or weather, fire or water, sword or flame, danger or disappointment, may throw in the way of thy career. When the duty of thy profession calls, thou must singly rush upon innumerable hosts of armed men; thou must storm the breach in the mouth of batteries loaded with death and destruction, while every step thou movest, thou art exposed to the horrible explosion of subterranean mines, which, being sprung, will whirl thee aloft in the air, a mangled corpse, to feed the fowls of heaven; thou must leap into the abyss of dismal caves and caverns replete with poisonous toads and hissing serpents; thou must plunge into seas of burning sulphur; thou must launch upon the ocean in a crazy bark, when the foaming billows roll mountains high, when the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, and the howling tempest blows, as if it would commit the jarring elements of air and water, earth and fire, and reduce all nature to the original anarchy of chaos. Thus involved, thou must turn thy prow full against the fury of the storm, and stem the boisterous surge to thy destined port, though at the distance of a thousand leagues—thou must—"

"Avast, avast, brother," exclaimed the impatient Crowe, "you've got into the high latitudes, d'ye see—if so be as you speak it away at that rate, adad, I can't continue in tow—we must cast off the rope, or 'ware timbers. As for your 'osts and breeches, and hurling aloft, d'ye see, your caves and caverns, whistling toads and serpents, burning brimstone and foaming billows, we must take our hap, I value 'em not a rotten rat line—but as for sailing in the wind's eye, brother, you must give me leave—no offence I hope—I pretend to be a thorough-bred seaman, d'ye see—and I'll be damn'd if you or e'er an errant that broke biscuit, ever sailed in a three-mast vessel with a five-point of the wind, allowing for variation and lee-way—No, no, brother, none of your tricks upon travellers—I a'n't now to learn

my compass." "Tricks!" cried the knight, starting up, and laying his hand on the pommel of his sword, "what! suspect my honour?"

"Crowe, supposing him to be really incensed, interrupted him with great earnestness, saying,—“Nay, don't—what apize! adds—buntlines!—I didn't go to give you the lie, brother, smite my limbs! I only said as how to sail in the wind's eye was impossible.”

“And I say unto thee,” resumed the knight, “nothing is impossible to a true knight-errant, inspired and animated by love.”

“And I say unto thee,” holla'd Crowe, “if so be as how love pretends to turn his hawse-holes to the wind, he's no seaman, d'ye see, but a snotty-nosed lubberly boy, that knows not a cat from a capstan—a don't!”

“He that does not believe that love is an infallible pilot must not embark upon the voyage of chivalry, for, next to the protection of heaven, it is from love that the knight derives all his prowess and glory. The bare name of his mistress invigorates his arm, the remembrance of her beauty infuses into his breast the most heroic sentiments of courage, while the idea of her chastity hedges him round like a charm, and renders him invulnerable to the sword of his antagonist. A knight without a mistress is a mere non-entity, or at least a monster in nature, a pilot without compass, a ship without rudder, and must be driven to and fro upon the waves of discomfiture and disgrace.”

“An that be all,” replied the sailor, “I told you before as how I've got a sweetheart, as true a hearted girl as ever swung in canvas—What tho't she may have started a hoop in rolling—that signifies nothing—I'll warrant her tight as a nut-shell.”

“She must, in your opinion, be a paragon either of beauty or virtue. Now, as you have given up the last, you must uphold her charms unequalled, and her person without a parallel.” “I do, I do uphold she will sail upon a parallel as well as e'er a frigate that was rigged to the northward of fifty.”

“At that rate, she must rival the attractions of her whom I adore, but that, I say, is impossible—the perfections of my Aurelia are altogether supernatural, and as two suns cannot shine together in the same sphere with equal splendour, so I affirm, and will prove with my body, that your mistress, in comparison with mine, is as a glow-worm to the meridian sun, a rush-light to the full moon, or a stale mackerel's eye to a pearl of orient.” “Harkye, brother, you might give good words, however, an we once fall a-weighing, d'ye see, I can leave out as much bilgewater as another, and since you besmear my sweetheart Bessie, I can as well bedaub your mistress Aurelia, whom I value no more than old junk, pork-slush, or stinking stockfish.”

“Enough, enough—such blasphemy shall not pass unchastised. In consideration of our having fed from the same table, and maintained together a friendly, though short intercourse, I will not demand the combat before you are duly prepared. Proceed to the first great town where you can be furnished with horse and harnessing, with arms offensive and defensive, provide a trusty squire, assume a motto and device, declare yourself a son of chivalry, and proclaim the excellence of her who rules your heart. I shall fetch a compass, and wheresoever we may chance to meet, let us engage with equal arms in mortal combat, that shall decide and determine this dispute.”

So saying, our adventurer stalked with great solemnity into another apartment, while Crowe, being sufficiently irritated, snapped his fingers in token of defiance. Honest Crowe thought himself scurvily used by a man whom he had cultivated with such humility and veneration, and, after an incoherent ejaculation of sea oaths, went in quest of his nephew, in order to make him acquainted with this unlucky transaction.

In the mean time, Sir Launcelot having ordered supper, retired into his own chamber, and gave a loose to the most tender emotions of his heart. He recollected all the fond ideas which had been excited in the course of his correspondence with the charming Aurelia. He remembered with horror the cruel letter he had received from that young lady, containing a formal renunciation of his attachment, so unsuitable to the whole tenor of her character and conduct. He revolved the late adventure of the coach, and the declaration of Mr Clarke, with equal eagerness and astonishment, and was seized with the most ardent desire of unravelling a mystery so interesting to the predominant passion of his heart. All these mingled considerations produced a kind of ferment in the economy of his mind, which subsided into a profound reverie, compounded of hope and perplexity.

From this trance he was waked by the arrival of his squire, who entered the room with the blood trickling over his nose, and stood before him without speaking. When the knight asked whose livery was that he wore, he replied,—“'Tis your honour's own livery—I received it on your account, and hope as you will quit the score.” Then he proceeded to inform his master, that two officers of the army having come into the kitchen, insisted upon having for their supper the victuals which Sir Launcelot had bespoke, and that he, the squire, objecting to the proposal, one of them had seized the poker, and basted him with his own blood; that, when he told them he belonged to a knight-errant, and threatened them with the vengeance of his master, they cursed and abused him, calling him Sancho Panza, and such dog's

names, and bade him tell his master Don Quixot, that, if he made any noise, they would confine him to his cage, and his with his mistress Dulcinea—"To be sure, sir," said he, "they thought you as great a nin-compoop as your squire—trum-tram, like master like man,—but I hope as how you will give them a Rowland for their Oliver."

"Miscreant" cried the knight, "you have provoked the gentlemen with your impertinence, and they have chastised you as you deserve. I tell thee, Crabshaw, they have saved me the trouble of punishing thee with my own hands, and well it is for thee, sinner as thou art, that they themselves have performed the office, for, had they complained to me of thy insolence and rusticity, by Heaven! I would have made thee an example to all the impudent squires upon the face of the earth. Hence, then, avaunt, catiff! Let his majesty's officers, who perhaps are fatigued with hard duty in the service of their country, comfort themselves with the supper which was intended for me, and leave me undisturbed to my own meditations."

Timothy did not require a repetition of this command, which he forthwith obeyed, growling within himself, that thenceforward he should let every cuckold wear his own horns, but he could not help entertaining some doubts with respect to the courage of his master, who, he supposed, was one of those Hector's who have their fighting days, but are not at all times equally prepared for the combat.

The knight, having taken a slight repast, retired to his repose, and had for some time enjoyed a very agreeable slumber, when he was startled by a knocking at his chamber-door. "I beg your honour's pardon," said the landlady, "but there are two uncivil persons in the kitchen, who have well nigh turned my whole house topsy-turvy. Not content with laying violent hands on your honour's supper, they want to be rude to two young ladies who are just arrived, and have called for a post-chaise to go on. They are afraid to open their chamber-door to get out, and the young lawyer is like to be murdered for taking the ladies' part."

Sir Launcelot, though he refused to take notice of the insult which had been offered to himself, no sooner heard of the distress of the ladies, than he started up, huddled on his clothes, and, girding his sword to his loins, advanced with a deliberate pace to the kitchen, where he perceived Thomas Clarke warmly engaged in altercation with a couple of young men dressed in regimentals, who, with a peculiar air of arrogance and ferocity, treated him with great insolence and contempt. Tom was endeavouring to persuade them, that, in the constitution of England, the military was always subservient to the civil power, and that their behaviour to a couple

of helpless young women, was not only unbecoming gentlemen, but expressly contrary to the law, inasmuch as they might be sued for an assault on an action of damages.

To this remonstrance the two heroes in red replied by a volley of dreadful oaths, intermingled with threats, which put the lawyer in some pain for his ears.

While one thus endeavoured to intimidate honest Tom Clarke, the other thundered at the door of the apartment to which the ladies had retired, demanding admittance, but received no other answer than a loud shriek. Our adventurer advancing to this uncivil champion, accosted him thus, in a grave and solemn tone—"Assuredly I could not have believed, except upon the evidence of my own senses, that persons who have the appearance of gentlemen, and bear his majesty's honourable commission in the army, could behave so wide of the decorum due to society, of a proper respect to the laws, of that humanity which we owe to our fellow-creatures, and that delicate regard for the fair sex, which ought to prevail in the breast of every gentleman, and which, in particular, dignifies the character of a soldier. To whom shall that weaker, though more amiable, part of the creation fly for protection, if they are insulted and outraged by those whose more immediate duty it is to afford them security and defence from injury and violence? What right have you, or any man upon earth, to excite riot in a public inn, which may be deemed a temple sacred to hospitality, to disturb the quiet of your fellow guests, some of them perhaps exhausted by fatigue, some of them invaded by distemper, to interrupt the king's lieges in their course of journeying upon their lawful occasions? Above all, what motive but wanton barbarity could prompt you to violate the apartment, and terrify the tender hearts of two helpless young ladies, travelling, no doubt, upon some cruel emergency, which compels them, unattended, to encounter in the night the dangers of the highway?"

"Hearkye, Don Bethlem," said the captain, strutting up, and cocking his hat in the face of our adventurer, "you may be as mad as o'er a straw-crowned monarch in Moorhells for aught I care, but, damme! don't you be saucy, otherwise I shall dub your worship with a good stick across your shoulders." "How! petulant boy!" cried the knight, "since you are so ignorant of urbanity, I will give you a lesson that you shall not easily forget." So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and called upon the soldier to draw in his defence.

The reader may have seen the physiognomy of a stockholder at Jonathan's when the rebels were at Derby, or the features of a bard when accosted by a bailiff, or the countenance of an alderman when his banker stops payment, if he has seen either of these

phenomena, he may conceive the appearance that was now exhibited by the visage of the ferocious captain, when the naked sword of Sir Launcelot glanced before his eyes. Far from attempting to produce his own, which was of unconscionable length, he stood motionless as a statue, staring with the most ghastly look of terror and astonishment. His companion, who partook of his panic, seeing matters brought to a very serious crisis, interposed with a crest-fallen countenance, assuring Sir Launcelot they had no intention to quarrel, and what they had done was entirely for the sake of the frolic.

"By such frolics," cried the knight, "you become nuisances to society, bring yourselves into contempt, and disgrace the corps to which you belong. I now perceive the truth of the observation, that cruelty always resides with cowardice. My contempt is changed into compassion, and as you are probably of good families, I must insist upon this young man's drawing his sword, and acquitting himself in such a manner as may screen him from the most infamous censure which an officer can undergo." "Lack-a-day, sir," said the other, "we are no officers, but 'prentices to two London haberdashers, travellers for orders. Captain is a good travelling name, and we have dressed ourselves like officers to procure more respect upon the road."

The knight said he was very glad, for the honour of the service, to find they were impostors, though they deserved to be chastised for arrogating to themselves an honourable character, which they had not spirit to sustain.

These words were scarce pronounced, when Mr Clarke approaching one of the bravadoes, who had threatened to crop his ears, bestowed such a benediction on his jaw as he could not receive without immediate humiliation, while Timothy Crabshaw, smarting from his broken head and his want of supper, saluted the other with a Yorkshire hug, that laid him across the body of his companion. In a word, the two pseudo-officers were very roughly handled for their presumption in pretending to act characters for which they were so ill qualified.

While Clarke and Crabshaw were thus laudably employed, the two young ladies passed through the kitchen so suddenly, that the knight had only a transient glimpse of their backs, and they disappeared before he could possibly make a tender of his services. The truth is, they dreaded nothing so much as their being discovered, and took the first opportunity of gliding into the chaise, which had been for some time waiting in the passage.

Mr Clarke was much more disconcerted than our adventurer by their sudden escape. He ran with great eagerness to the door, and, perceiving they were flown, returned to Sir Launcelot, saying,—"Lord bless my soul,

sir, didn't you see who it was?" "Hah how?" exclaimed the knight, reddening with alarm, "who was it?" "One of them," replied the lawyer, "was Dolly, our old land-lady's daughter at the Black Lion. I knew her when first she alighted, notwithstanding her being neatly dressed in a green joseph, which, I'll assure you, sir, becomes her remarkably well. I'd never desire to see a prettier creature. As for the other, she's a very genteel woman, but whether old or young, ugly or handsome, I can't pretend to say, for she was masked. I had just time to salute Dolly, and ask a few questions, but all she could tell me was, that the masked lady's name was Miss Meadows, and that she, Dolly, was hired as her waiting-woman."

When the name of Meadows was mentioned, Sir Launcelot, whose spirits had been in violent commotion, became suddenly calm and serene, and he began to communicate to Clarke the dialogue which had passed between him and Captain Crowe, when the hostess, addressing herself to our errant,—"Well," said she, "I have had the honour to accommodate many ladies of the first fashion at the White Hart, both young and old, proud and lowly, ordinary and handsome, but such a miracle as Miss Meadows I never yet did see. Lord, let me never thrive but I think she is of something more than a human creature!—O! had your honour but set eyes on her, you would have said it was a vision from heaven, a cherubim of beauty!—For my part, I can hardly think it was any thing but a dream—then so meek, so mild, so good-natured, and generous! I say, blessed is the young woman who tends upon such a heavenly creature—and, poor dear young lady! she seems to be under grief and affliction, for the tears stole down her lovely cheeks, and looked for all the world like orient pearl."

Sir Launcelot listened attentively to the description, which reminded him of his dear Aurelia, and, sighing bitterly, withdrew to his own apartment.

CHAPTER XIV

Which shows, that a man cannot always see when the cup is at his lip

Those who have felt the doubts, the jealousies, the resentments, the humiliations, the hopes, the despair, the impatience, and, in a word, the infinite disquiets of love, will be able to conceive the sea of agitation on which our adventurer was tossed all night long, without repose or intermission. Sometimes he resolved to employ all his industry and address in discovering the place in which Aurelia was quartered, that he might rescue her from the supposed restraint to which she had been subjected. But when his heart

beat high with the anticipation of this exploit, he was suddenly invaded, and all his ardour checked, by the remembrance of that fatal letter, written and signed by her own hand, which had divorced him from all hope, and first unsettled his understanding. The emotions waked by this remembrance were so strong, that he leaped from the bed, and, the fire being still burning in the chimney, lighted a candle, that he might once more banquet his spleen by reading the original billet, which, together with the ring he had received from Miss Darnel's mother, he kept in a small box, carefully deposited within his portmanteau. This being instantly unlocked, he unfolded the paper, and recited the contents in these words

"SIR,

"Obliged as I am by the passion you profess, and the eagerness with which you endeavour to give me the most convincing proof of your regard, I feel some reluctance in making you acquainted with a circumstance, which, in all probability, you will not learn without some disquiet. But the affair is become so interesting, I am compelled to tell you, that however agreeable your proposals may have been to those whom I thought it my duty to please by every reasonable concession, and howsoever you may have been flattered by the seeming complacency with which I have heard your addresses, I now find it absolutely necessary to speak in a decisive strain, to assure you, that, without sacrificing my own peace, I cannot admit a continuation of your correspondence, and that your regard for me will be best shown by your desisting from a pursuit which is altogether inconsistent with the happiness of

"AURELIA DARNEL"

Having pronounced aloud the words that composed this dismissal, he hastily replaced the cruel scroll, and, being too well acquainted with the land to harbour the least doubt of its being genuine, threw himself into his bed in a transport of despair, mingled with resentment, during the predominancy of which he determined to proceed in the career of adventure, and endeavour to forget the unkindness of his mistress amidst the avocations of knight-errantry.

Such was the resolution that governed his thoughts, when he rose in the morning, ordered Crabshaw to saddle Bronzomarte, and demanded a bill of his expense. Before these orders could be executed, the good woman of the house, entering his apartment, told him, with marks of concern, that the poor young lady, Miss Meadows, had dropped her pocket-book in the next chamber, where it was found by the hostess, who now presented it unopened.

Our knight having called in Mrs Oakley and her son as witnesses, unfolded the book without reading one syllable of the contents, and found in it five bank-notes, amounting

to two hundred and thirty pounds. Perceiving at once that the loss of this treasure might be attended with the most embarrassing consequences to the owner, and reflecting that this was a case which demanded the immediate interposition and assistance of chivalry, he declared that he himself would convey it safely into the hands of Miss Meadows, and desired to know the road she had pursued, that he might set out in quest of her without a moment's delay. It was not without some difficulty that this information was obtained from the post-boy, who had been enjoined to secrecy by the lady, and even gratified with a handsome reward for his promised discretion. The same method was used to make him disgorge his trust, he undertook to conduct Sir Launcelot, who hired a post-chaise for dispatch, and immediately departed, after having directed his squire to follow his track with the horses.

Yet, whatever haste he made, it is absolutely necessary, for the reader's satisfaction, that we should outstrip the chaise, and visit the ladies before his arrival. We shall, therefore, without circumlocution, premise, that Miss Meadows was no other than that paragon of beauty and goodness, the accomplished Miss Aurelia Darnel. She had, with that meekness of resignation peculiar to herself, for some years submitted to every species of oppression which her uncle's tyranny of disposition could plan, and his unlimited power of guardianship execute, till at length it rose to such a pitch of despotism as she could not endure. He had projected a match between his niece and one Philip Sycamore, Esq. a young man who possessed a pretty considerable estate in the north country, who liked Aurelia's person, but was enamoured of her fortune, and had offered to purchase Anthony's interest and alliance with certain concessions, which could not but be agreeable to a man of loose principles, who would have found it a difficult task to settle the accounts of his wardship.

According to the present estimate of matrimonial felicity, Sycamore might have found admittance as a future son-in-law to any private family of the kingdom. He was by birth a gentleman, tall, straight, and muscular, with a fair, sleek, unmeaning face, that promised more simplicity than ill-nature. His education had not been neglected, and he inherited an estate of five thousand a-year. Miss Darnel, however, had penetration enough to discover and despise him, as a strange composition of rapacity and profusion, absurdity and good sense, bashfulness and impudence, self-conceit and diffidence, awkwardness and ostentation, insolence and good-nature, rashness and timidity. He was continually surrounded and preyed upon by certain vermin, called led captains and buffoons, who showed him in leading-strings, like a sucking giant,

ripped his pockets without ceremony, ridiculed him to his face, traduced his character, and exposed him in a thousand ludicrous attitudes for the diversion of the public: while at the same time he knew their knavery, saw their drift, detested their morals, and despised their understanding. He was so infatuated by indolence of thought, and communication with folly, that he would have rather suffered himself to be led into a ditch with company, than be at the pains of going over a bridge alone, and involved himself in a thousand difficulties, the natural consequences of an error in the first concoction, which, though he plainly saw it, he had not resolution enough to avoid.

Such was the character of Squire Sycamore, who professed himself the rival of Sir Launcelot Greaves in the good graces of Miss Aurelia Darnel. He had in this pursuit persevered with more constancy and fortitude than he ever exerted in any other instance. Being generally needy from extravagance, he was stimulated by his wants, and animated by his vanity, which was artfully instigated by his followers, who hoped to share the spoils of his success. These motives were reinforced by the incessant and eager exhortations of Anthony Darnel, who, seeing his ward in the last year of her minority, thought there was no time to be lost in securing his own indemnification, and snatching his niece for ever from the hopes of Sir Launcelot, whom he now hated with redoubled animosity. Finding Aurelia deaf to all his remonstrances, proof against ill usage, and resolutely averse to the proposed union with Sycamore, he endeavoured to detach her thoughts from Sir Launcelot, by forging tales to the prejudice of his constancy and moral character, and, finally, by recapitulating the proofs and instances of his distraction, which he particularized with the most malicious exaggerations.

In spite of all his arts, he found it impracticable to surmount her objections to the purposed alliance, and therefore changed his battery. Instead of transferring her to the arms of his friend, he resolved to detain her in his own power by a legal claim, which would invest him with the uncontrolled management of her affairs. This was a charge of lunacy, in consequence of which he hoped to obtain a commission, to secure a jury to his wish, and be appointed sole committee of her person, as well as steward on her estate, of which he would then be heir apparent.

As the first steps towards the execution of this honest scheme, he had subjected Aurelia to the superintendency and direction of an old druggist, who had been formerly the procurer of his pleasures, and hired a new set of servants, who were given to understand, at their first admission, that the young lady was disordered in her brain.

An impression of this nature is easily preserved among servants, when the master of the family thinks his interest is concerned in supporting the imposture. The melancholy produced from her confinement, and the vivacity of her resentment under ill-usage, were, by the address of Anthony, and the prepossession of his domestics, perverted into the effects of insanity, and the same interpretation was strained upon her most indifferent words and actions.

The tidings of Miss Darnel's disorder were carefully circulated in whispers, and soon reached the ears of Mr Sycamore, who was not at all pleased with the information. From the knowledge of Anthony's disposition, he suspected the truth of the report, and, unwilling to see such a prize ravished from his grasp, he, with the advice and assistance of his myrmidons, resolved to set the captive at liberty, in full hope of turning the adventure to his own advantage, for he argued in this manner—"If she is in fact *compos mentis*, her gratitude will operate in my behalf, and even prudence will advise her to embrace the proffered asylum from the villainy of her uncle. If she is really disordered, it will be no great difficulty to deceive her into marriage, and then I become her trustee of course."

The plan was well conceived, but Sycamore had not discretion enough to keep his own counsel. From weakness and vanity, he blabbed the design, which, in a little time, was communicated to Anthony Darnel, and he took his precautions accordingly. Being infirm in his own person, and consequently unfit for opposing the violence of some desperadoes, whom he knew to be the satellites of Sycamore, he prepared a private retreat for his ward at the house of an old gentleman, the companion of his youth, whom he had imposed upon with the fiction of her being disordered in her understanding, and amused with a story of a dangerous design upon her person. Thus cautioned and instructed, the gentleman had gone with his own coach and servants to receive Aurelia and her governeante at a third house, to which she had been privately removed from her uncle's habitation, and in this journey it was that she had been so accidentally protected from the violence of the robbers by the interposition and prowess of our adventurer.

As he did not wear his helmet in that exploit, she recognized his features as he passed the coach, and, struck with the apparition, shrieked aloud. She had been assured by her guardian that his design was to convey her to her own house, but perceiving in the sequel that the carriage struck off upon a different road, and finding herself in the hands of strangers, she began to dread a much more disagreeable fate, and conceived doubts and ideas that filled her ten-

der heart with horror and affliction. When she expostulated with the duenna, she was treated like a changeling, admonished to be quiet, and reminded that she was under the direction of those who would manage her with a tender regard to her own welfare, and the honour of her family. When she addressed herself to the old gentleman, who was not much subject to the emotions of humanity, and besides firmly persuaded that she was deprived of her reason, he made no answer, but laid his finger on his mouth, by way of enjoining silence.

This mysterious behaviour aggravated the fears of the poor hapless young lady, and her terrors waxed so strong, that when he saw Tom Clarke, whose face she knew, she called aloud for assistance, and even pronounced the name of his patron, Sir Launcelot Greaves, which she imagined might stimulate him the more to attempt something for her deliverance.

The reader has already been informed in what manner the endeavours of Tom and his uncle miscarried. Miss Darnel's new keeper having, in the course of his journey, halted for refreshment at the Black Lion, of which, being landlord, he believed the good woman and her family were entirely devoted to his will and pleasure. Aurelia found an opportunity of speaking in private to Dolly, who had a very prepossessing appearance. She conveyed a purse of money into the hands of this young woman, telling her, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, that she was a young lady of fortune, in danger, as she apprehended, of assassination. This hint, which she communicated in a whisper, while the governor stood at the other end of the room, was sufficient to interest the compassionate Dolly in her behalf. As soon as the coach departed, she made her mother acquainted with the transaction, and as they naturally concluded that the young lady expected their assistance, they resolved to approve themselves worthy of her confidence.

Dolly having enlisted in their design a trusty countryman, one of her own professed admirers, they set out together for the house of the gentleman in which the fair prisoner was confined, and waited for her in secret at the end of a pleasant park, in which they naturally concluded she might be indulged with the privilege of taking the air. The event justified their conception, on the very first day of their watch they saw her approach, accompanied by her duenna. Dolly and her attendant immediately tied their horses to a stake, and retired into a thicket, which Aurelia did not fail to enter. Dolly forthwith appeared, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the horses, one of which she mounted in the utmost hurry and trepidation, while the countryman bound the duenna with a cord prepared for the purpose,

gagged her mouth, and tied her to a tree, where he left her to her own meditations. Then he mounted before Dolly, and through unfrequented paths conducted his charge to an inn on the post-road, where a chaise was ready for their reception.

As he refused to proceed farther, lest his absence from his own home should create suspicion, Aurelia rewarded him liberally, but would not part with her faithful Dolly, who indeed had no inclination to be discharged, such an affection and attachment had she already acquired for the amiable fugitive, though she knew neither her story nor her true name. Aurelia thought proper to conceal both, and assumed the fictitious appellation of Meadows, until she should be better acquainted with the disposition and discretion of her new attendant.

The first resolution she could take, in the present flutter of her spirits, was to make the best of her way to London, where she thought she might find an asylum in the house of a female relation, married to an eminent physician, known by the name of Kewdale. In the execution of this hasty resolve, she travelled at a violent rate, from stage to stage, in a carriage drawn by four horses, without halting for necessary refreshment or repose, until she judged herself out of danger of being overtaken. As she appeared overwhelmed with grief and consternation, the good-natured Dolly endeavoured to alleviate her distress with diverting discourse, and, among other less interesting stories, entertained her with the adventures of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, which she had seen and heard recited while they remained at the Black Lion. nor did she fail to introduce Mr Thon as Clarke in her narrative, with such a favourable representation of his person and character, as plainly discovered that her own heart had received a rude shock from the irresistible force of his qualifications.

The history of Sir Launcelot Greaves was a theme which effectually fixed the attention of Aurelia, distracted as her ideas must have been by the circumstances of her present situation. The particulars of his conduct since the correspondence between him and her had ceased, she heard with equal concern and astonishment. For, how far soever she deemed herself detached from all possibility of future connexion with that young gentleman, she was not made of such indifferent stuff as to learn without emotion the calamitous disorder of an accomplished youth, whose extraordinary virtues she could not but revere.

As they had deviated from the post-road taken precautions to conceal their route, and made such progress, that they were now within one day's journey of London, the careful and affectionate Dolly, seeing her dear lady quite exhausted with fatigue used

all her natural rhetoric, which was very powerful, mingled with tears that flowed from the heart, in persuading Aurelia to enjoy some repose and so far she succeeded in the attempt, that for one night the toil of travelling was intermitted. This recess from incredible fatigue was a pause that afforded our adventurer time to overtake them before they reached the metropolis, that vast labyrinth, in which Aurelia might have been for ever lost to his inquiry.

It was in the afternoon of the day which succeeded his departure from the White Hart, that Sir Launcelot arrived at the inn, where Miss Aurelia Darnel had bespoke a dish of tea, and a post-chaise for the next stage. He had by inquiry traced her a considerable way, without ever dreaming who the person really was whom he thus pursued, and now he desired to speak with her attendant. Dolly was not a little surprised to see Sir Launcelot Greaves, of whose character she had conceived a very sublime idea from the narrative of Mr Thomas Clarke, but she was still more surprised when he gave her to understand that he had charged himself with the pocket-book, containing the bank-notes which Miss Meadows had dropped in the house where they had been threatened with insult. Miss Darnel had not yet discovered her disaster, when her attendant, running into the apartment, presented the prize which she had received from our adventurer, with his compliments to Miss Meadows, implying a request to be admitted into her presence, that he might make a personal tender of his best services.

It is not to be supposed that the amiable Aurelia heard unmoved such a message from a person whom her maid discovered to be the identical Sir Launcelot Greaves, whose story she had so lately related, but as the ensuing scene requires fresh attention in the reader, we shall defer it till another opportunity, when his spirits shall be recruited from the fatigue of this chapter.

CHAPTER XV

Exhibiting an interview, which, it is to be hoped, will interest the curiosity of the reader

THE mind of the delicate Aurelia was strangely agitated by the intelligence which she received, with her pocket-book, from Dolly. Confounded as she was by the nature of her situation, she at once perceived that she could not, with any regard to the dictates of gratitude, refuse complying with the request of Sir Launcelot, but, in the first hurry of her emotion, she directed Dolly to beg, in her name, that she might be excused for wearing a mask at the interview which he desired, as she had particular rea-

sons, which concerned her peace, for retaining that disguise. Our adventurer submitted to this preliminary with a good grace, as he had nothing in view but the injunction of his order, and the duties of humanity, and he was admitted without further preamble.

When he entered the room, he could not help being struck with the presence of Aurelia. Her stature was improved since he had seen her, her shape was exquisitely formed, and she received him with an air of dignity, which impressed him with a very sublime idea of her person and character. She was no less affected at the sight of our adventurer, who, though cased in armour, appeared with his head uncovered, and the exercise of travelling had thrown such a glow of health and vivacity on his features, which were naturally elegant and expressive, that we will venture to say, there was not in all England a couple that excelled this amiable pair in personal beauty and accomplishments. Aurelia shone with all the fabled graces of nymph or goddess, and to Sir Launcelot might be applied what the divine poet Ariosto says of the prince Zerbino,—

Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa

“When nature stamp’d him, she the die destroyed.”

Our adventurer having made his obeisance to this supposed Miss Meadows, told her, with an air of pleasantry, that although he thought himself highly honoured in being admitted to her presence, and allowed to pay his respects to her, as superior beings are adored, unseen, yet his pleasure would receive a very considerable addition, if she would be pleased to withdraw that invidious veil, that he might have a glimpse of the divinity which it concealed. Aurelia immediately took off her mask, saying, with a faltering accent,—“I cannot be so ungrateful as to deny such a small favour to a gentleman who has laid me under the most important obligations.”

The unexpected apparition of Miss Aurelia Darnel, beaming with all the emanations of ripened beauty, blushing with all the graces of the most lovely confusion, could not but produce a violent effect upon the mind of Sir Launcelot Greaves. He was, indeed, overwhelmed with a mingled transport of astonishment, admiration, affection and awe. The colour vanished from his cheeks, and he stood gazing upon her in silence, with the most emphatic expression of countenance.

Aurelia was infected by his disorder she began to tremble, and the roses fluctuated on her face.—“I cannot forget,” said she, “that I owe my life to the courage and humanity of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and that he at the same time rescued from the most dreadful death a dear and venerable parent.” “Would to heaven she still survived!” cried

our adventurer, with great emotion "She was the friend of my youth, the kind patroness of my felicity ' my guardian angel forsook me when she expired ' her last injunctions are deep engraven on my heart "

While he pronounced these words, she lifted her handkerchief to her fair eyes, and, after some pause, proceeded in a tremulous tone,—"I hope, sir,—I hope you have—I should be sorry—pardon me, sir, I cannot reflect upon such an interesting subject unmoved"—Here she fetched a deep sigh, that was accompanied by a flood of tears, while the knight continued to bend his eyes upon her with the utmost eagerness of attention

Having recollected herself a little, she endeavoured to shift the conversation—"You have been abroad since I had the pleasure to see you—I hope you were agreeably amused in your travels " "No, madam," said our hero, drooping his head, "I have been unfortunate " When she, with the most enchanting sweetness of benevolence, expressed her concern to hear he had been unhappy, and her hope that his misfortunes were not past remedy, he lifted up his eyes, and fixing them upon her again, with a look of tender dejection,—“Cut off,” said he, “from the possession of what my soul held most dear, I wished for death, and was visited by distraction I have been abandoned by my reason—my youth is for ever blasted ”

The tender heart of Aurelia could bear no more—her knees began to totter, the lustrous vanished from her eyes, and she fainted in the arms of her attendant Sir Launcelot, aroused by this circumstance, assisted Dolly in seating her mistress on a couch, where she soon recovered, and saw the knight on his knees before her—"I am still happy," said he, "in being able to move your compassion, though I have been held unworthy of your esteem " "Do me justice," she replied, "my best esteem has always been inseparably connected with the character of Sir Launcelot Greaves " "Is it possible?" cried our hero, "then surely I have no reason to complain If I have moved your compassion, and possess your esteem, I am but one degree short of supreme happiness—that, however, is a gigantic step O Miss Darnel ' when I remember that dear, that melancholy moment " So saying, he gently touched her hand, in order to press it to his lips, and perceived on her finger the very individual ring which he had presented in her mother's presence, as an interchanged testimony of plighted faith Starting at the well-known object, the sight of which conjured up a strange confusion of ideas,—“This,” said he, “was once the pledge of something still more cordial than esteem " Aurelia, blushing at this remark, while her eyes lightened with unusual vivacity, replied in a severer tone,—“Sir, you best know how it lost its original signification " "By

heaven ' I do not, madam," exclaimed our adventurer, "with me it was ever held a sacred idea throned within my heart, cherished with such fervency of regard, with such reverence of affection, as the devout anchorite more unreasonably pays to those sainted reliques that constitute the object of his adoration " "And like those reliques," answered Miss Darnel, "I have been insensible of my votary's devotion A saint I must have been, or something more, to know the sentiments of your heart by inspiration " "Did I forbear," said he, "to express, to repeat, to enforce, the dictates of the purest passion that ever warmed the human breast, until I was denied access, and formally discarded by that cruel dismission " "I must beg your pardon, sir," cried Aurelia, interrupting him hastily, "I know not what you mean " "That fatal sentence," said he, "if not pronounced by your own lips, at least written by your own fair hand, which drove me out an exile for ever from the paradise of your affection " "I would not," she replied, "do Sir Launcelot Greaves the injury to suppose him capable of imposition, but you talk of things to which I am an utter stranger I have a right, sir, to demand of your honour, that you will not impute to me the breaking off a connection, which—I would—rather wish—had never—" "Heaven and earth ' what do I hear?" cried our impassioned knight, "have I not the baleful letter to produce? What else but Miss Darnel's explicit and express declaration could have destroyed the sweetest hope that ever cheered my soul, could have obliged me to resign all claim to that felicity for which alone I wished to live, could have filled my bosom with unutterable sorrow and despair, could have even divested me of reason, and driven me from the society of men, a poor, forlorn, wandering lunatic, such as you see me now prostrate at your feet, all the blossoms of my youth withered, all the honours of my family decayed?"

Aurelia looking wistfully at her lover,—“Sir,” said she, “you overwhelm me with amazement and anxiety ' you are imposed upon, if you have received any such letter you are deceived, if you thought Aurelia Darnel could be so insensible, ungrateful, and—inconstant " "

This last word she pronounced with some hesitation, and a downcast look, while her face underwent a total suffusion, and the knight's heart began to palpitate with all the violence of emotion He eagerly imprinted a kiss upon her hand, exclaiming, in an interrupted phrase,—“Can it be possible ' Heaven grant—Sure this is no illusion '—O Madam!—shall I call you my Aurelia? My heart is bursting with a thousand fond thoughts and presages You shall see that dire paper which hath been the source of all my woes—it is the constant companion

of my travels—last night I nourished my chagrin with the perusal of its horrid contents”

Aurelia expressed great impatience to view the cruel forgery, for such she assured him it must be, but he could not gratify her desire, till the arrival of his servant with the portmanteau. In the mean time, tea was called. The lovers were seated, he looked and languished, she flushed and faltered, all was doubt and delirium, fondness and flutter. Their mutual disorder communicated itself to the kind-hearted, sympathizing Dolly, who had been witness to the interview, and deeply affected with the disclosure of the scene. Unspeakable was her surprise, when she found her mistress, Miss Meadows, was no other than the celebrated Aurelia Darnel, whose eulogium she had heard so eloquently pronounced by her sweetheart, Mr Thomas Blake, a discovery which still more endeared her lady to her affection. She had wept plentifully at the progress of their mutual explanation, and was now so disconcerted, that she scarce knew the meaning of the orders she had received. She set the kettle on the table, and placed the tea-board on the fire. Her confusion, by attracting the notice of her mistress, helped to relieve her from her own embarrassing situation. She with her own delicate hands rectified the mistake of Dolly, who still continued to sob, and said,—“Yaw may think, my Leady Darnel, as haw I’ve yeaten hool-cheese, but it y’ant soa. I’ve think, vor mai peart, as haw I’ve bean bewitched”

Sir Launcelot could not help smiling at the simplicity of Dolly, whose goodness of heart and attachment Aurelia did not fail to extol, as soon as her back was turned. It was in consequence of this commendation, that, the next time she entered the room, our adventurer, for the first time, considered her face, and seemed to be struck with her features. He asked her some questions, which she could not answer to his satisfaction, applauded her regard for her lady, and assured her of his friendship and protection. He now begged to know the cause that obliged Miss Aurelia to travel at such a rate, and in such an equipage, and she informed him of those particulars which we have already communicated to the reader.

Sir Launcelot glowed with resentment, when he understood how his dear Aurelia had been oppressed by her perfidious and cruel guardian. He bit his nether-lip, rolled his eyes around, started from his seat, and striding across the room,—“I remember,” said he, “the dying words of her who is now a saint in heaven—‘That violent man, my brother-in-law, who is Aurelia’s sole guardian, will thwart her wishes with every obstacle that brutal resentment and implacable malice can contrive.’ What followed, it would ill become me to repeat, but she

concluded with these words,—‘The rest we must leave to the dispensations of Providence.’ Was it not Providence that sent me hither, to guard and protect the injured Aurelia?” Then turning to Miss Darnel, whose eyes streamed with tears, he added,—“Yes, divine creature! Heaven, careful of your safety, and in compassion to my sufferings, hath guided me hither, in this mysterious manner, that I might defend you from violence, and enjoy this transition from madness to deliberation, from despair to felicity”

So saying, he approached this amiable mourner, this fragrant flower of beauty, glittering with the dew-drops of the morning, this sweet and gentlest, loveliest ornament of human nature. He gazed upon her with looks of love ineffable, he sat down by her, he pressed her soft hand in his, he began to fear that all he saw was the flattering vision of a distempered brain, he looked and sighed, and, turning up his eyes to heaven, breathed, in broken murmurs, the chaste raptures of his soul. The tenderness of this communication was too painful to be long endured. Aurelia industriously interposed other subjects of discourse, that his attention might not be dangerously overcharged, and the afternoon passed insensibly away.

Though he had determined, in his own mind, never more to quit this idol of his soul, they had not yet concerted any plan of conduct, when their happiness was all at once interrupted by a repetition of cries, denoting horror, and a servant coming in, said he believed some rogues were murdering a traveller on the highway. The supposition of such distress operated like gunpowder on the disposition of our adventurer, who, without considering the situation of Aurelia, and indeed without seeing, or being capable to think on her, or any other subject, for the time being, ran directly to the stable, and mounting the first horse that he found saddled, issued out in the twilight, having no other weapon but his sword. He rode full speed to the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed, but they sounded more remote as he advanced. Nevertheless, he followed them to a considerable distance from the road, over fields, ditches, and hedges, and at last came so near, that he could plainly distinguish the voice of his own squire, Timothy Crabshaw, bellowing for mercy with great vociferation. Stimulated by this recognition, he redoubled his career in the dark, till at length his horse plunged into a hole, the nature of which he could not comprehend, but he found it impracticable to disengage him. It was with some difficulty that he himself clambered over a ruined wall, and regained the open ground. Here he groped about, in the utmost impatience of anxiety, ignorant of the place, mad with vexation for the fate of his unfortunate

squire, and between whiles invaded with a pang of concern for Aurelia, left amongst strangers, unguarded, and alarmed. In the midst of this emotion, he bethought himself of hallooing aloud, that, in case he should be in the neighbourhood of any inhabited place, he might be heard and assisted. He accordingly practised this expedient, which was not altogether without effect, for he was immediately answered by an old friend, no other than his own steed Bronzomarte, who, hearing his master's voice, neighed strenuously at a small distance. The knight, being well acquainted with the sound, heard it with astonishment, and, advancing in the right direction, found his noble charger fastened to a tree. He forthwith untied and mounted him, then, laying the reins upon his neck, allowed him to choose his own path, in which he began to travel with equal steadiness and expedition. They had not proceeded far when the knight's ears were again saluted by the cries of Crabshaw, which Bronzomarte no sooner heard, than he pricked up his ears, neighed, and quickened his pace, as if he had been sensible of the squire's distress, and hastened to his relief. Sir Launcelot, notwithstanding his own disquiet, could not help observing and admiring this generous sensibility of his horse. He began to think himself some hero of romance, mounted upon a winged steed, inspired with reason, directed by some humane enchanter, who pitied virtue in distress. All circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the commotion in the mind of our adventurer produced some such delirium. All night he continued the chase, the voice, which was repeated at intervals, still retreating before him, till the morning began to appear in the east, when, by divers piteous groans, he was directed to the corner of a wood, where he beheld his miserable squire stretched upon the grass, and Gilbert feeding by him altogether unconcerned, the helmet and the lance suspended at the saddle-bow, and the portmanteau safely fixed upon the crupper.

The knight riding up to Crabshaw, with equal surprise and concern, asked what had brought him there? and Timothy, after some pause, during which he surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, answered, "the devil." "One would imagine, indeed, you had some such conveyance," said Sir Launcelot. "I have followed your cries since last evening, I know not how, nor whither, and never could come up with you till this moment. But, say, what damage have you sustained, that you lie in that wretched posture, and groan so dismally?" "I can't guess," replied the squire, "if it beant that mai hoole carcass is drilled into oilet holes, and my flesh punched into a jelly." "How! wherefore?" cried the knight—"who were the miscreants that treated you in such a barba-

rous manner? Do you know the ruffians?" "I know nothing at all," answered the peevish squire, "but that I was tormented by vive hundred and vifty thousand legions of devils, and there's an end oon't." "Well, you must have a little patience, Crabshaw—there's a salve for every sore." "Yaw mought as well tell ma, for every zow there's a zir reverence." "For a man in your condition, methinks you talk very much at your ease—Try if you can get up and mount Gilbert, that you may be conveyed to some place where you can have proper assistance,—so—well done—cheerly!"

Timothy actually made an effort to rise, but fell down again, and uttered a dismal yell. Then his master exhorted him to take advantage of a park wall, by which he lay, and raise himself gradually upon it. Crabshaw, eyeing him askance, said, by way of reproach, for his not alighting and assisting him in person, "Thatch your house with t—, and you'll have more teachers than reachers." Having pronounced this inelegant adage, he made a shift to stand upon his legs, and now, the knight lending a hand, was mounted upon Gilbert, though not without a world of ois' and ahs' and other ejaculations of pain and impatience.

As they jogged on together, our adventurer endeavoured to learn the particulars of the disaster which had befallen the squire, but all the information he could obtain, amounted to a very imperfect sketch of the adventure. By dint of a thousand interrogations, he understood that Crabshaw had been, in the preceding evening, encountered by three persons on horseback, with Venetian masks on their faces, which he mistook for their natural features, and was terrified accordingly, that they not only presented pistols to his breast, and led his horse out of the highway, but pricked him with goads, and pinched him, from time to time, till he screamed with the torture that he was led through unfrequented places across the country, sometimes at an easy trot, sometimes at full gallop and tormented all night by these hideous demons, who vanished at day-break, and left him lying on the spot where he was found by his master.

This was a mystery which our hero could by no means unriddle. It was the more unaccountable, as the squire had not been robbed of his money, horses, and baggage. He was even disposed to believe, that Crabshaw's brain was disordered, and the whole account he had given no more than a chimera. This opinion, however, he could no longer retain, when he arrived at an inn on the post-road, and found, upon examination, that Timothy's lower extremities were covered with blood and all the rest of his body speckled with livid marks of contusion. But he was still more chagrined when the landlord told him, that he was thirty miles distant from the

place where he had left Aurelia, and that his way lay through cross-roads, which were almost impassable at that season of the year. Alarmed at this intelligence, he gave directions that his squire should be immediately conveyed to bed in a comfortable chamber, as he complained more and more, and indeed was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, the pain, and terror he had undergone. A neighbouring apothecary being called, and giving it as his opinion, that he could not for some days be in a condition to travel, his master deposited a sum of money in his hands, desiring he might be properly attended till he should hear further. Then mounting Bronzomarte, he set out with a guide for the place he had left, not without a thousand fears and perplexities, arising from the reflection of having left the jewel of his heart with such precipitation.

CHAPTER XVI

Which, it is hoped, the reader will find an agreeable medley of mirth and madness, sense and absurdity.

It was not without reason that our adventurer afflicted himself, his fears were but too prophetic. When he alighted at the inn, which he had left so abruptly the preceding evening, he ran directly to the apartment where he had been so happy in Aurelia's company, but her he saw not—all was solitary. Turning to the woman of the house, who had followed him into the room, "Where is the lady?" cried he, in a tone of impatience. Mine hostess, screwing up her features into a very demure aspect, said she saw so many ladies, she could not pretend to know who he meant. "I tell thee, woman," exclaimed the knight, in a louder accent, "thou never sawest such another—I mean that miracle of beauty—" "Very like," replied the dame, as she retired to the room door. "Husband, here's one as axes concerning a miracle of beauty, hi, hi, hi. Can you give him any information about this miracle of beauty?—O la! hi, hi, hi." Instead of answering this question, the innkeeper advancing, and surveying Sir Launcelot, "Friend," said he, "you are the person that carried off my horse out of the stable." "Tell me not of a horse—where is the young lady?" "Now I will tell you of a horse, and I'll make you find him too before you and I part." "Wretched animal! how dar'st thou dally with my impatience?—Speak, or despair—What is become of Miss Meadows?" Say, did she leave this place of her own accord, or was she—hah! speak—answer, or, by the powers above—" "I'll answer you that—she you call Miss Meadows is in very good hands—so you may make yourself easy on that score—" "Sacred Heaven!

explain your meaning, miscreant, or I'll make you a dreadful example to all the insolent publicans of the realm." So saying, he seized him with one hand, and dashing him on the floor, set one foot on his belly, and kept him trembling in that prostrate attitude. The hostler and waiter flying to the assistance of their master, our adventurer unsheathed his sword, declaring he would dismiss their souls from their bodies, and exterminate the whole family from the face of the earth, if they would not immediately give him the satisfaction he required.

The hostess being by this time terrified almost out of her senses, fell on her knees before him, begging he would spare their lives, and promising to declare the whole truth. He would not, however, remove his foot from the body of her husband, until she told him, that in less than half an hour after he had sallied out upon the supposed robbers, two chaises arrived, each drawn by four horses, that two men armed with pistols alighting from one of them, laid violent hands upon the young lady and, notwithstanding her struggling and shrieking, forced her into the other carriage, in which was an infirm gentleman, who called himself her guardian, that the maid was left to the care of a third servant to follow with a third chaise, which was got ready with all possible dispatch, while the other two proceeded at full speed on the road to London. It was by this communicative lacquey the people of the house were informed that the old gentleman his master was Squire Darnel, the young lady his niece and ward, and our adventurer a needy sharper, who wanted to make a prey of her fortune.

The knight, fired even almost to frenzy by this intimation, spurned the carcass of his host, and, his eye gleaming terror, rushed into the yard, in order to mount Bronzomarte and pursue the ravisher, when he was diverted from his purpose by a new incident.

One of the postilions, who had driven the chaise in which Dolly was conveyed, happened to arrive at that instant, when, seeing our hero, he ran up to him, cap in hand, and, presenting a letter, accosted him in these words: "Please your noble honour, if your honour be Sir Launcelot Greaves of the West Riding, here's a letter from a gentlewoman that I promised to deliver into your honour's own hands."

The knight, snatching the letter with the utmost avidity, broke it up, and found the contents couched in these terms:

"HONOURED SIR,

"The man az' g'en me leave to lat yaw know my dear leady is going to Loondon with her unkle Square Darnel—Be not conzarned, honoured sir, vor I'se take it on mai laife to let yaw know where we be zettled, if zo be I can vind where you loage in Loondon—The man zays yaw may put it in

the pooblic prints—I houp the barebeir will be honest enuff to deliver this scrowl, and that your honour will pardon

"Your umble servant to command,
"DOROTHY COWSLIP"

"P S Please my kaimd service to laayer Clarke Square Darnel's man is very civil vor sartain, but I've no thoughts on him, I'll assure yaw—Marry hap, worse ware may have a better chap, as the zaying goes"

Nothing could be more seasonable than the delivery of this billet, which he had no sooner perused than his reflection returned, and he entered into a serious deliberation with his own heart. He considered that Aurelia was by this time far beyond a possibility of being overtaken, and that by a precipitate pursuit he should only expose his own infirmities. He confided in the attachment of his mistress, and in the fidelity of her maid, who would find opportunities of communicating her sentiments by means of this laquey, of whom he perceived by the letter she had already made a conquest. He therefore resolved to bridle his impatience, to proceed leisurely to London, and, instead of taking any rash step which might induce Anthony Darnel to remove his niece from that city, remain in seeming quiet until she should be settled, and her guardian returned to the country. Aurelia had mentioned to him the name of Doctor Kawdle, and from him he expected in due time to receive the most interesting information.

These reflections had an instantaneous effect upon our hero, whose rage immediately subsided, and whose visage gradually resumed its natural cast of courtesy and good humour. He forthwith gratified the postilion with such a remuneration as sent him dancing into the kitchen, where he did not fail to extol the generosity and immense fortune of Sir Launcelot Greaves.

Our adventurer's next step was to see Bronzomarte properly accommodated, then he ordered a refreshment for himself, and retired into an apartment, where mine host with his wife and all the servants waited on him to beseech his honour to forgive their impertinence, which was owing to their ignorance of his honour's quality, and the false information they received from the gentleman's servant. He had too much magnanimity to retain the least resentment against such inconsiderable objects. He not only pardoned them without hesitation, but assured the landlord he would be accountable for the horse, which, however, was that same evening brought home by a countryman, who had found him pounded as it were within the walls of a ruined cottage. As the knight had been greatly fatigued without enjoying any rest for eight-and-forty hours, he resolved to indulge himself with one night's repose, and then return to the place where he had left his squire indisposed, for by this time

even his concern for Timothy had recurred. On a candid scrutiny of his own heart, he found himself much less unhappy than he had been before his interview with Aurelia; for, instead of being, as formerly, tormented with the pangs of despairing love, which had actually unsettled his understanding, he was now happily convinced that he had inspired the tender breast of Aurelia with mutual affection, and though she was invidiously snatched from his embrace in the midst of such endearments as had wound up his soul to ecstasy and transport, he did not doubt of being able to rescue her from the power of an inhuman kinsman, whose guardianship would soon, of course, expire, and, in the mean time, he rested with the most perfect dependence on her constancy and virtue.

As he next crossed the country, ruminating on the disaster that had befallen his squire, and could now compare circumstances coolly, he easily comprehended the whole scheme of that adventure, which was no other than an artifice of Anthony Darnel and his emissaries to draw him from the inn, where he proposed to execute his design upon the innocent Aurelia. He took it for granted that the uncle, having been made acquainted with his niece's elopement, had followed her track by the help of such information as he received from one stage to another, and that receiving more particulars at the White Hart touching Sir Launcelot, he had formed the scheme in which Crabshaw was an involuntary instrument towards the seduction of his master.

Amusing himself with these and other cogitations, our hero in the afternoon reached the place of his destination, and entering the inn where Timothy had been left at sick quarters, chanced to meet the apothecary returning precipitately in a very unsavoury pickle from the chamber of his patient. When he inquired about the health of his squire, this retainer to medicine, wiping himself all the while with a napkin, answered in manifest confusion, that he apprehended him to be in a very dangerous way from an inflammation of the *pia mater*, which had produced a most furious delirium. Then he proceeded to explain, in technical terms, the method of cure he had followed, and concluded with telling him the poor squire's brain was so outrageously disordered, that he had rejected all administration, and just thrown an urinal in his face.

The knight's humanity being alarmed at this intelligence, he resolved that Crabshaw should have the benefit of further advice, and asked if there was not a physician in the place. The apothecary, after some interjections of hesitation, owned there was a doctor in the village, an odd sort of a humourist, but he believed he had not much to do in the way of his profession, and was not much used to the forms of prescription. He

was counted a scholar, to be sure, but as to his medical capacity—he would not take upon him to say—"No matter," cried Sir Launcelot, "he may strike out some lucky thought for the benefit of the patient, and I desire you will call him instantly."

While the apothecary was absent on this service, our adventurer took it into his head to question the landlord about the character of this physician, which had been so unfavourably represented, and received the following information:

"For my part, measter, I knows nothing amiss of the doctor—he's a quiet sort of an inoffensive man, uses my house sometimes, and pays for what he has, like the rest of my customers. They say he deals very little in physic stuff, but cures his patients with fasting and water-gruel, whereby he can't expect the 'pothecary to be his friend. You knows, measter, one must live, and let live, as the saying is. I must say, he, for the value of three guineas, set up my wife's constitution in such a manner, that I have saved within these two years, I believe, forty pounds in 'pothecary's bills. But what of that? Every man must eat, tho'f at another's expense, and I should be in a deadly hole myself, if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel, because it is good for the constitution. Thank God, I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that, I and my whole family bleed and purge, and take a diet-drink twice a-year, by way of serving the 'pothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the apothecary with the doctor, who had very little of the faculty in his appearance. He was dressed remarkably plain, seemed to be turned of fifty, had a careless air, and a sarcastical turn in his countenance. Before he entered the sick-man's chamber, he asked some questions concerning the disease, and when the apothecary, pointing to his own head, said, "It lies all here," the doctor, turning to Sir Launcelot, replied, "If that be all, there's nothing in it."

Upon a more particular inquiry about the symptoms, he was told that the blood was seemingly viscous, and salt upon the tongue, the urine remarkably acrosaline, and the fæces atrabilious and fetid. When the doctor said he would engage to find the same phenomena in every healthy man of the three kingdoms, the apothecary added, that the patient was manifestly comatous, and moreover afflicted with griping pains and borborygmata. "A f— for your borborygmata," cried the physician. "What has been done?" To this question, he replied, that venesection had been three times performed, that a vesicatory had been applied *inter scapulas*; that the patient had taken occasionally of a cathartic apozem, and, be-

tween whiles, alexipharmic boluses and neutral draughts." "Neutral, indeed," said the doctor, "so neutral, that I will be crucified if ever they declare either for the patient or the disease." So saying, he brushed into Crabshaw's chamber, followed by our adventurer, who was almost suffocated at his first entrance. The day was close, the window shutters were fastened, a huge fire blazed in the chimney, thick harateen curtains were close drawn round the bed, where the wretched squire lay extended under an enormous load of blankets. The nurse, who had all the exteriors of a bawd given to drink, sat stewing in this apartment like a damned soul in some infernal bagnio, but rising when the company entered, made her courtesies with great decorum. "Well," said the doctor, "how does your patient, nurse?" "Blessed be God for it, I hope in a fair way—to be sure his apozem has had a blessed effect—five-and-twenty stools since three o'clock in the morning—But then, a'would not suffer the blisters to be put upon his thighs—Good lack! a has been mortally obstropulous, and out of his senses all this blessed day." "You lie," cried the squire, "I a'n't out of my seven senses, tho'f I'm half mad with vexation."

The doctor having withdrawn the curtain, the hapless squire appeared very pale and ghastly, and, having surveyed his master with a rueful aspect, addressed him in these words—"Sir knight, I beg a boon, be pleased to tie a stone about the neck of the apothecary, and a halter about the neck of the nurse, and throw the one into the next river, and the other over the next tree, and, in so doing, you will do a charitable deed to your fellow-creatures, for he and she do the devil's work in partnership, and have sent many a score of their betters home to him before their time." "Oh! he begins to talk sensibly—Have a good heart," said the physician. "What is your disorder?" "Physic." "What do you chiefly complain of?" "The doctor." "Does your head ache?" "Yea, with impertinence." "Have you a pain in your back?" "Yes, where the blister lies." "Are you sick at stomach?" "Yes, with hunger." "Do you feel any shiverings?" "Always at sight of the apothecary." "Do you perceive any load in your bowels?" "I would the apothecary's conscience was as clear." "Are you thirsty?" "Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water." "Be pleased to look into his fauces," said the apothecary, "he has got a rough tongue, and a very foul mouth, I'll assure you." "I have known that the case with some limbs of the faculty, where they stood more in need of correction than of physic—Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgations in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further ques-

tion Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these phials into the street Now lower the curtain, without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam In the next place, take off two-thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets—How dost feel now, my heart?" "I should feel heart-whole, if so be as you would throw the noorse a'ter the bottles, and the pothecary a'ter the noorse, and order me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hoongry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle"

The apothecary, seeing what passed, retired of his own accord, holding up his hands in sign of astonishment The nurse was dismissed in the same breath Crabshaw rose, dressed himself without assistance, and made a hearty meal on the first eatable that presented itself to view The knight passed the evening with the physician, who, from his first appearance, concluded he was mad, but, in the course of the conversation, found means to resign that opinion without adopting any other in lieu of it, and parted with him under all the impatience of curiosity The knight, on his part, was very well entertained with the witty sarcasms and erudition of the doctor, who appeared to be a sort of cynic philosopher, tinctured with misanthropy, and at open war with the whole body of apothecaries, whom, however, it was by no means his interest to disoblige

Next day, Crabshaw being to all appearance perfectly recovered, our adventurer reckoned with the apothecary, paid the landlord, and set out on his return for the London road, resolving to lay aside his armour at some distance from the metropolis, for, ever since his interview with Aurclia, his fondness for chivalry had been gradually abating As the torrent of his despair had disordered the current of his sober reflection, so now, as that despair subsided, his thoughts began to flow deliberately in their ancient channel All day long he regaled his imagination with plans of connubial happiness, formed on the possession of the incomparable Aurclia, determined to wait with patience, until the law should supersede the authority of her guardian, rather than adopt any violent expedient which might hazard the interest of his passion

He had for some time travelled in the turnpike road, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a confused noise, and when he lifted up his eyes, he beheld at a little distance, a rabble of men and women, variously armed with flails, pitch-forks, poles, and muskets, acting offensively against a strange figure on horseback, who, with a kind of lance, laid about him with incredible fury Our adventurer was not so totally abandoned by the spirit of chivalry, to see without emotion a single knight in danger of being overpowered by such a multitude

5 C*

of adversaries Without staying to put on his helmet, he ordered Crabshaw to follow him in the charge against those plebeians then couching his lance, and giving Bronzomarte the spur, he began his career with such impetuosity as overturned all that happened to be in his way, and intimidated the rabble to such a degree, that they retired before him like a flock of sheep, the greater part of them believing he was the devil in *propria persona* He came in the very nick of time to save the life of the other errant, against whom three loaded muskets were actually levelled, at the very instant that our adventurer began his charge The unknown knight was so sensible of the seasonable interposition, that, riding up to our hero,—“Brother,” said he, “this is the second time that you have help me off, when I was bump ashore Bess Mizen, I must say, is no more than a leaky bum-boat, in comparison of the glorious galley you want to man I desire that henceforth we may cruise in the same latitudes, brother, and I’ll be damned if I don’t stand by you as long as I have a stick standing, or can carry a rag of camass”

By this address our knight recognized the novice Captain Crowe, who had found means to accommodate himself with a very strange suit of armour By way of helmet, he wore one of the caps used by the light horse, with straps buckled under his chin, and contrived in such a manner as to conceal his whole visage, except the eyes Instead of cuirass, mail, greaves, and other pieces of complete armour, he was cased in a postilion’s leather jerkin, covered with thin plates of tinned iron his buckler was a pot-lid, his lance a hop-pole shod with iron, and a basket-hilt broad sword, like that of Hudibras, depended by a broad buff belt, that girded his middle His feet were defended by jack-boots, and his hands by the gloves of a trooper Sir Launcelot would not lose time in examining particulars, as he perceived some mischief had been done, and that the enemy had rallied at a distance, he therefore commanded Crowe to follow him, and rode off with great expedition, but he did not perceive his squire was taken prisoner, nor did the captain recollect that his nephew, Tom Clarke, had been disabled and secured in the beginning of the fray The truth is, the poor captain had been so belaboured about the pate, that it was a wonder he remembered his own name

CHAPTER XVII

Containing adventures of chivalry equally new and surprising

THE knight Sir Launcelot, and the novice Crowe, retreated with equal order and expedition to the distance of half a league from

the field of battle, where the former, halting, proposed to make a lodgment in a very decent house of entertainment, distinguished by the sign of St George of Cappadocia encountering the dragon, an achievement in which temporal and spiritual chivalry were happily reconciled. Two such figures alighting at the inn gate did not pass through the yard unnoticed and unadmired by the guests and attendants, some of whom fairly took to their heels, on the supposition that these outlandish creatures were the avant-couriers or heralds of a French invasion. The fears and doubts, however, of those who ventured to stay, were soon dispelled, when our hero accosted them in the English tongue, and with the most courteous demeanour desired to be shown into an apartment.

Had Captain Crowe been spokesman, perhaps their suspicions would not have so quickly subsided, for he was, in reality, a very extraordinary novice, not only in chivalry, but also in his external appearance, and particularly in those dialects of the English language which are used by the terrestrial animals of this kingdom. He desired the hostler to take his horse in tow, and bring him to his moorings in a safe riding. He ordered the waiter, who showed them into a parlour, to bear a hand, ship his oars, mind his helm, and bring alongside a short allowance of brandy or grog, that he might cant a slug into his bread-room, for there was such a heaving and pitching, that he believed he should shift his ballast. The fellow understood no part of this address but the word *brandy*, at mention of which he disappeared. Then Crowe, throwing himself into an elbow-chair,—"Stop my hawse-holes," cried he, "I can't think what's the matter, brother, but, egad, my head smgs and simmers like a pot of chowder. My eye-sight yaws to and again, d'y'e see then there's such a wallowing and whushing in my hold—smite my—Lord have mercy upon us. Here, you swab, no'er mind a glass—hand me the noggin."

The latter part of this address was directed to the waiter, who had returned with a quartern of brandy, which Crowe snatching eagerly, started into his bread-room at one cant. Indeed there was no time to be lost, inasmuch as he seemed to be on the verge of fainting away when he swallowed this cordial, by which he was instantaneously revived.

He then desired the servant to unbuckle the straps of his helmet, but this was a task which the drawer could not perform, even though assisted with the good offices of Sir Launcelot, for the head and jaws were so much swelled with the discipline they had undergone, that the straps and buckles lay buried, as it were, in pits formed by the tumefaction of the adjacent parts.

Fortunately for the novice, a neighbouring surgeon passed by the door on horseback, a

circumstance which the waiter, who saw him from the window, no sooner disclosed, than the knight had recourse to his assistance. This practitioner having viewed the whole figure, and more particularly the head of Crowe, in silent wonder, proceeded to feel his pulse, and then declared that as the inflammation was very great, and going on with violence to its *acme*, it would be necessary to begin with copious phlebotomy, and then to empty the intestinal canal. So saying, he began to strip the arm of the captain, who perceiving his aim,—"Avast, brother," cried he, "you go the wrong way to work—you may as well rummage the afterhold, when the damage is in the forecable. I shall right again when my jaws are unhooped."

With these words he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and, advancing to a glass, applied it so vigorously to the leathern straps of his headpiece, that the gordian knot was cut, without any other damage to his face than a moderate scarification, which, added to the tumefaction of features, naturally strong, and a whole week's growth of a very bushy beard, produced, on the whole, a most hideous caricature. After all, there was a necessity for the administration of the surgeon, who found divers contusions on different parts of the scull, which even the tin cap had not been able to protect from the weapons of the rustics.

These being shaved and dressed *secundum artem*, and the operator dismissed with a proper acknowledgement, our knight detached one of the post-boys to the field of action for intelligence concerning Mr Clarke and squire Timothy, and, in the interim, desired to know the particulars of Crowe's adventures since he parted from him at the White Hart.

A connected relation, in plain English, was what he had little reason to expect from the novice, who nevertheless exerted his faculties to the uttermost for his satisfaction. He gave him to understand, that in steering his course to Birmingham, where he thought of fitting himself with tackle, he had fallen in, by accident, at a public house, with an itinerant tinker, in the very act of mending a kettle that, seeing him do his business like an able workman, he had applied to him for advice, and the tinker, after having considered that subject, had undertaken to make him such a suit of armour, as neither sword nor lance should penetrate; that they adjourned to the next town, where the leather coat, the plates of tinned iron, the lance and the broad-sword were purchased, together with a copper saucepan, which the artist was now at work upon, in converting it to a shield, but, in the mean time, the captain, being impatient to begin his career of chivalry, had accommodated himself with a pot-lid, and taken to the highway, notwithstanding

ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES

all the entreaties, tears, and remonstrances of his nephew Tom Clarke, who could not however be prevailed upon to leave him in the dangerous voyage he had undertaken, that this being but the second day of his journey, he descried five or six men on horseback, bearing up full in his teeth, upon which he threw his sails a-back, and prepared for action, that he hailed them at a considerable distance, and bade them bring to, when they came alongside, notwithstanding his hail, he ordered them to clew up their courses, and furl their top-sails, otherwise he would be foul of their quarters, that, hearing this salute, they luffed all at once, till their cloth shook in the wind, then he hallooed in a loud voice, that his sweet-heart Besselia Mizzen wore the broad pendant of beauty, to which they must strike their topsails, on pain of being sent to the bottom, that, after having eyed him for some time with astonishment, they clapped on all their sails, some of them running under his stern, and others athwart his fore-foot, and got clear off, that not satisfied with running a-head, they all of a sudden tacked about, and one of them boarding him on the lee-quarter, gave him such a drubbing about his upper works, that the lights danced in his lanterns, that he returned the salute with his hop-pole so effectually, that his aggressor broached to in the twinkling of a handspike, and then he was engaged with all the rest of the enemy, except one who sheered off, and soon returned with a musquito fleet of small craft, who had done him considerable damage, and, in all probability, would have made prize of him, had not he been brought off by the knight's gallantry. He said, that in the beginning of the conflict Tom Clarke rode up to the foremost of the enemy, as he did suppose, in order to prevent hostilities, but before he got up to him near enough to hold discourse, he was pooped with a sea that almost sent him to the bottom, and then towed off he knew not whither.

Crowe had scarce finished his narration, which consisted of broken hints, and unconnected explosions of sea-terms, when a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted in the commission of the peace, arrived at the gate, attended by a constable, who had in custody the bodies of Thomas Clarke and Timothy Crabshaw, surrounded by five men on horseback, and an innumerable posse of men, women and children, on foot. The captain, who always kept a good look-out, no sooner descried this cavalcade and procession, than he gave notice to Sir Launcelot, and advised that they should crowd away with all the sail they could carry. Our adventurer was of another opinion, and determined, at any rate, to procure the enlargement of the prisoners.

The justice, ordering his attendants to stay without the gate, sent his compliments

to Sir Launcelot Greaves, and desired to speak with him for a few minutes. He was immediately admitted, and could not help staring at sight of Crowe, who, by this time, had no remains of the human physiognomy, so much was the swelling increased, and the skin discoloured. The gentleman, whose name was Mr Elmy, having made a polite apology for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to unfold his business. He said, information had been lodged with him, as a justice of the peace, against two armed men on horseback, who had stopped five farmers on the king's highway, put them in fear and danger of their lives, and even assaulted, maimed, and wounded divers persons, contrary to the king's peace, and in violation of the statute, that, by the description, he supposed the knight and his companion to be the persons against whom the complaint had been lodged and understanding his quality from Mr Clarke, whom he had known in London, he was come to wait upon him, and if possible effect an accommodation.

Our adventurer having thanked him for the polite and obliging manner in which he proceeded, frankly told him the whole story, as it had been just related by the captain, and Mr Elmy had no reason to doubt the truth of the narrative, as it confirmed every circumstance which Clarke had before reported. Indeed, Tom had been very communicative to this gentleman, and made him acquainted with the whole history of Sir Launcelot Greaves, as well as with the whimsical resolution of his uncle, Captain Crowe. Mr Elmy now told the knight, that the persons who the captain had stopped, were farmers returning from a neighbouring market, a set of people naturally boorish and at that time elevated with ale to an uncommon pitch of insolence that one of them in particular, called Prickle, was the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole county, and so litigious, that he had maintained above thirty law-suits, in eight and twenty of which he had been condemned in costs. He said the others might be easily influenced in the way of admonition, but there was no way of dealing with Prickle, except by the form and authority of the law, he therefore proposed to hear evidence in a judicial capacity, and his clerk being in attendance, the court was opened in the knight's apartment.

By this time Mr Clarke had made such good use of his time in explaining the law to his audience, and displaying the great wealth and unbounded liberality of Sir Launcelot Greaves, that he had actually brought over to his sentiments the constable and the commonalty, tag, rag, and bob-tail, and even staggered the majority of the farmers, who, at first, had breathed nothing but defiance and revenge. Farmer Stake being first called to the bar, and sworn touching the identity of Sir Launcelot Greaves

and Captain Crowe, declared that the said Crowe had stopped him on the king's highway, and put him in bodily fear, that he afterwards saw the said Crowe with a pole or weapon, value three pence, breaking the king's peace, by committing assault and battery against the heads and shoulders of his majesty's liege subjects, Geoffrey Prickle, Hodge Dolt, Richard Bumpkin, Mary Fang, Catherine Rubble, and Margery Litter, and that he saw Sir Launcelot Greaves, baronet, aiding, assisting, and comforting the said Crowe, contrary to the king's peace, and against the form of the statute

Being asked, if the defendant, when he stopped them, demanded their money, or threatened violence? he answered, he could not say, inasmuch as the defendant spoke in an unknown language. Being interrogated, if the defendant did not allow them to pass without using any violence, and if they did not pass unmolested? the deponent replied in the affirmative. Being required to tell for what reason they returned, and if the defendant, Crowe, was not assaulted before he began to use his weapon, the deponent made no answer. The depositions of farmer Bumpkin and Muggins, as well as of Madge Litter and Mary Fang, were taken to much the same purpose, and his worship earnestly exhorted them to an accommodation, observing, that they themselves were in fact the aggressors, and that Captain Crowe had done no more than exerted himself in his own defence.

They were all pretty well disposed to follow his advice, except farmer Prickle, who, entering the court with a bloody handkerchief about his head, declared that the law should determine it at next size, and in the mean time insisted that the defendants should find immediate bail, or go to prison, or be set in the stocks. He affirmed that they had been guilty of an *affray*, in appearing with armour and weapons not usually worn, to the terror of others, which is in itself a breach of the peace, but that they had, moreover, with force of arms, that is to say, with swords, staves, and other warlike instruments, by turns, made an assault and *affray*, to the terror and disturbance of him and divers subjects of our lord the king, then and there being, and to the evil and pernicious example of the liege people of the said lord the king, and against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity.

The peasant had purchased a few law-tornments at a considerable expense, and he thought he had a right to turn his knowledge to the annoyance of all his neighbours. Mr Elmy, finding him obstinately deaf to all proposals of accommodation, held the defendants to very moderate bail, the landlord and the curate of the parish freely offering themselves as sureties. Mr Clarke, with Timothy Crabshaw, against whom nothing

appeared, were now set at liberty, when the forner, advancing to his worship, gave information against Geoffrey Prickle, and declared upon oath that he had seen him assault Captain Crowe without any provocation, and when he, the deponent, interposed to prevent further mischief, the said Prickle had likewise assaulted and wounded him, the deponent, and detained him for some time in false imprisonment, without warrant or authority.

In consequence of this information, which was corroborated by divers evidences, selected from the mob at the gate, the tables were turned upon farmer Prickle, who was given to understand, that he must either find bail, or be forthwith imprisoned. This *honest* boor, who was in opulent circumstances, had made such popular use of the benefits he possessed, that there was not a housekeeper in the parish who would not have rejoiced to see him hanged. His dealings and connections, however, were such, that none of the other four would have refused to bail him, had not Clarke given them to understand, that, if they did, he would make them all principals and parties, and have two separate actions against each. Prickle happened to be at variance with the innkeeper, and the curate durst not disoblige the vicar, who at that very time was suing the farmer for the small tithes. He offered to deposit a sum equal to the recognizance of the knight's bail, but this was rejected, as an expedient contrary to the practice of the courts. He sent for the attorney of the village, to whom he had been a good customer, but the lawyer was hunting evidence in another county. The exciseman presented himself as a surety, but he, not being a housekeeper, was not accepted. Divers cottagers, who depended on farmer Prickle, were successively refused, because they could not prove that they had paid scot and lot and parish taxes.

The farmer, finding himself thus forlorn, and in imminent danger of visiting the inside of a prison, was seized with a paroxysm of rage, during which he inveighed against the bench, reviled the two adventurers errant, declared that he believed, and would lay a wager of twenty guineas, that he had more money in his pocket than e'er a man in the company, and in the space of a quarter of an hour swore forty oaths, which the justice did not fail to number. "Before we proceed to other matters," said Mr Elmy, "I order you to pay forty shillings for the oaths you have sworn, otherwise I will cause you to be set in the stocks without further ceremony."

Prickle, throwing down a couple of guineas, with two execrations more to make up the sum, declared that he could afford to pay for swearing as well as e'er a justice in the county, and repeated his challenge of the wager, which our adventurer now accepted, protesting at the same time, that it was not

a step taken from any motive of pride, but entirely with a view to punish an insolent plebeian, who could not otherwise be chastised without a breach of the peace. Twenty guineas being deposited on each side in the hands of Mr Elmy, Prickle, with equal confidence and dispatch, produced a canvass bag, containing two hundred and seventy pounds, which, being spread upon the table, made a very formidable show, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders, and induced many of them to believe he had insured his conquest.

Our adventurer, asking if he had any thing further to offer, and being answered in the negative, drew forth, with great deliberation, a pocket-book, in which there was a considerable parcel of bank-notes, from which he selected three of one hundred pounds each, and exhibited them upon the table, to the astonishment of all present. Prickle, mad with his overthrow and loss, said it might be necessary to make him prove the notes were honestly come by, and Sir Launcelot started up, in order to take vengeance upon him for this insult, but was withheld by the arms and remonstrances of Mr Elmy, who assured him that Prickle desired nothing so much as another broken head, to lay the foundation of a new prosecution.

The knight, calmed by this interposition, turned to the audience, saying, with the most affable deportment, "Good people, do not imagine that I intend to pocket the spoils of such a contemptible rascal. I shall beg the favour of this worthy gentleman to take up these twenty guineas, and distribute them as he shall think proper among the poor of the parish; but, by this benefaction I do not hold myself acquitted for the share I had in the bruises some of you have received in this unlucky fray, and therefore I give the other twenty guineas to be divided among the sufferers, to each according to the damage he or she shall appear to have sustained, and I shall consider it as an additional obligation, if Mr Elmy will likewise superintend this retribution."

At the close of this address, the whole yard and gateway rung with acclamation, while honest Crowe, whose generosity was not inferior even to that of the accomplished Greaves, pulled out his purse, and declared, that, as he had begun the engagement, he would at least go share and share alike in new-caulking their seams and repairing their timbers. The knight, rather than enter into a dispute with his novice, told him he considered the twenty guineas as given by them both in conjunction, and that they would confer together on that subject hereafter.

This point being adjusted, Mr Elmy assumed all the solemnity of the magistrate, and addressed himself to Prickle in these words—"Farmer Prickle, I am both sorry and ashamed to see a man of your years and circumstances so little respected, that you

cannot find sufficient bail for forty pounds, a sure testimony that you have neither cultivated the friendship, nor deserved the good will of your neighbours. I have heard of your quarrels and your riots, your insolence and litigious disposition, and often wished for an opportunity of giving you a proper taste of the law's correction. That opportunity now offers—you have, in the hearing of all these people, poured forth a torrent of abuse against me, both in the character of a gentleman and of a magistrate, your abusing me personally, perhaps I should have overlooked with the contempt it deserves, but I should ill vindicate the dignity of my office as a magistrate, by suffering you to insult the bench with impunity. I shall therefore imprison you for contempt, and you shall remain in jail, until you can find bail on the other prosecutions."

Prickle, the first transports of his anger having subsided, began to be pricked with the thorns of compunction. He was indeed extremely mortified at the prospect of being sent to jail so disgracefully. His countenance fell, and after a hard internal struggle, while the clerk was employed in writing the mittimus, he said he hoped his worship would not send him to prison. He begged pardon of him and our adventurers for having abused them in his passion, and observed, that, as he had received a broken head, and paid two-and-twenty guineas for his folly, he could not be said to have escaped altogether without punishment, even if the plaintiff should agree to exchange releases.

Sir Launcelot, seeing this stubborn rustic effectually humbled, became an advocate in his favour with Mr Elmy and Tom Clarke, who forgave him at his request, and a mutual release being executed, the farmer was permitted to depart. The populace were regaled at our adventurer's expense, and the men, women, and children, who had been wounded or bruised in the battle, to the number of ten or a dozen, were desired to wait upon Mr Elmy in the morning, to receive the knight's bounty. The justice was prevailed upon to spend the evening with Sir Launcelot and his two companions, for whom supper was bespoke, but the first thing the cook prepared, was a poultice for Crowe's head, which was now enlarged to a monstrous exhibition. Our knight, who was all kindness and complacency, shook Mr Clarke by the hand, expressing his satisfaction at meeting with his old friends again, and told him softly, that he had compliments for him from Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who now lived with his Annelia.

Clarke was confounded at this intelligence, and after some hesitation,—“Lord bless my soul!” cried he, “I’ll be shot then, if the pretended Miss Meadows wa’n’t the same as Miss Darnel!” He then declared himself extremely glad that poor Dolly had got into

such an agreeable situation, passed many warm encomiums on her goodness of heart and virtuous inclinations, and concluded with appealing to the knight, whether she did not look very pretty in her green Joseph's. In the mean time, he procured a plaster for his own head, and helped to apply the poultice to that of his uncle, who was sent to bed betimes with a moderate dose of sack-whey, to promote perspiration. The other three passed the evening to their mutual satisfaction, and the justice, in particular, grew enamoured of the knight's character, dashed as it was with extravagance.

Let us now leave them to the enjoyment of a sober and rational conversation, and give some account of other guests who arrived late in the evening, and here fixed their night-quarters.—But as we have already trespassed on the reader's patience, we shall give him a short respite until the next chapter makes its appearance.

CHAPTER XVIII

In which the rays of chivalry shine with renovated lustre

OUR hero little dreamed that he had a formidable rival in the person of the knight who arrived about eleven at the sign of the St George, and, by the noise he made, gave intimation of his importance. This was no other than Squire Sycamore, who having received advice that Miss Aurelia Darnel had eloped from the place of her retreat, immediately took the field in quest of that lovely fugitive, hoping that, should he have the good fortune to find her in her present distress, his good offices would not be rejected. He had followed the chase so close, that immediately after our adventurer's departure, he alighted at the inn from whence Aurelia had been conveyed, and there he learned the particulars which we have related above.

Mr Sycamore had a great deal of the childish romantic in his disposition, and in the course of his amours, is said to have always taken more pleasure in the pursuit than in the final possession. He had heard of Sir Launcelot's extravagance, by which he was in some measure infected, and he dropped an insinuation, that he could eclipse his rival even in his own lunatic sphere. This hint was not lost upon his companion, counsellor, and buffoon, the facetious Davy Dawdle, who had some humour and a great deal of mischief in his composition. He looked upon his patron as a fool, and his patron knew him to be both knave and fool, yet the two characters suited each other so well, that they could hardly exist asunder. Davy was an artful sycophant, but he did not flatter in the usual way, on the contrary, he behaved *en cavalier*, and treated Sycamore,

on whose bounty he subsisted, with the most sarcastic familiarity. Nevertheless, he seasoned his freedom with certain qualifying ingredients that subdued the bitterness of it, and was now become so necessary to the squire, that he had no idea of enjoyment with which Dawdle was not somehow or other connected. There had been a warm dispute betwixt them about the scheme of contesting the prize with Sir Launcelot in the lists of chivalry. Sycamore had insinuated, that if he had a mind to play the fool, he could wear armour, wield a lance, and manage a charger, as well as Sir Launcelot Greaves. Dawdle snatching the hint, "I had some time ago," said he "contrived a scheme for you, which I was afraid you had not address enough to execute.—It would be no difficult matter, in imitation of the bachelor Sampton Carrasco, to go in quest of Greaves as a knight-errant, defy him as a rival, and establish a compact, by which the vanquished should obey the injunctions of the victor." "That is my very idea," cried Sycamore. "Your idea," replied the other, "had you ever an idea of your own conception?" Thus the dispute began, and was maintained with great vehemence, until other arguments failing, the squire offered to lay a wager of twenty guineas. To this proposal Dawdle answered by the interjection *push*, which inflamed Sycamore to a repetition of the defiance. "You are in the right," said Dawdle, "to use such an argument as you know is by me unanswerable. A wager of twenty guineas will at any time overthrow and confute all the logic of the most able syllogist, who has not got a shilling in his pocket."

Sycamore looked very grave at this declaration, and, after a short pause, said, "I wonder, Dawdle, what you do with all your money?" "I am surprised you should give yourself that trouble—I never ask what you do with yours." "You have no occasion to ask, you know pretty well how it goes." "What! do you upbraid me with your favours?" "tis mighty well, Sycamore."—"Nay, Dawdle, I did not intend to affront." "Zounds! affront! what d'ye mean?" "I'll assure you, Davy, you don't know me, if you think I could be so ungenerous as to—*a—to*—" "I always thought, whatever faults or foibles you might have, Sycamore, that you was not deficient in generosity,—though to be sure it is often very absurdly displayed." "Ay, that's one of my greatest foibles, I can't refuse even a scoundrel when I think he is in want.—Here, Dawdle, take that note." "Not I, sir,—what d'ye mean,—what right have I to your notes?" "Nay, but Dawdle,—come." "By no means—it looks like the abuse of good-nature,—all the world knows you're good-natured to a fault." "Come, dear Davy, you shall—you must oblige me." Thus urged, Dawdle accepted

the bank-note with great reluctance, and restored the idea to the right owner

A suit of armour being brought from the garret or armoury of his ancestors, he gave orders for having the pieces scoured and furnished up, and his heart dilated with joy when he reflected upon the superb figure he should make when cased in complete steel, and armed at all points for the combat

When he was fitted with the other parts, Dawdle insisted on buckling on his helmet, which weighed fifteen pounds, and the headpiece being adjusted, made such a clatter about his ears with a cudgel, that his eyes had almost started from their sockets. His voice was lost within the vizor, and his friend affected not to understand his meaning when he made signs with his gauntlets, and endeavoured to close with him, that he might wrest the cudgel out of his hand. At length he desisted, saying, "I'll warrant the helmet sound by its rising," and taking it off, found the squire in a cold sweat. He would have achieved his first exploit on the spot, had his strength permitted him to assault Dawdle, but, what with want of air, and the discipline he had undergone, he had well nigh swooned away, and before he retrieved the use of his members, he was appeased by the apologies of his companion, who protested he meant nothing more than to try if the helmet was free of cracks, and whether or not it would prove a good protection to the head it covered

His excuses were accepted, the armour was packed up, and next morning, Mr Sycamore set out from his own house, accompanied by Dawdle, who undertook to perform the part of his squire at the approaching combat. He was also attended by a servant on horseback, who had charge of the armour, and another who blew the trumpet. They no sooner understood that our hero was housed at the George, than the trumpeter sounded a charge, which alarmed Sir Launcelot and his company, and disturbed honest Captain Crowe in the middle of his first sleep. Their next step was to pen a challenge, which, when the stranger departed, was by the trumpeter delivered with great ceremony into the hands of Sir Launcelot, who read it in these words —

"To the Knight of the Crescent, greeting Whereas I am informed you have the presumption to lay claim to the heart of the peerless Aurelia Darnel, I give you notice that I can admit no rivalry in the affection of that paragon of beauty, and I expect that you will either resign your pretensions, or make it appear, in single combat, according to the law of arms, and the institutions of chivalry, that you are worthy to dispute her favour with him of the Griffin

"POLYDORE"

Our adventurer was not a little surprised at this address, which however he pocketed

in silence, and began to reflect, not without mortification, that he was treated as a lunatic by some person who wanted to amuse himself with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures. Mr Thomas Clarke, who saw the ceremony with which the letter was delivered, and the emotions with which it was read, led him to the kitchen for intelligence, and there learned that the stranger was Squire Sycamore. He forthwith comprehended the nature of the billet, and, in the apprehension that bloodshed would ensue, resolved to alarm his uncle, that he might assist in keeping the peace. He accordingly entered the apartment of the captain, who had been waked by the trumpet, and now peevishly asked the meaning of that damned piping, as if all hands were called upon deck. Clarke having imparted what he knew of the transaction, together with his own conjectures, the captain said, he did not suppose as how they would engage by candle light, and that, for his own part, he should turn out in the larboard watch, long enough before any signals could be hoisted out for forming the line. With this assurance the lawyer retired to his rest, where he did not fail to dream of Mrs Dolly Cowship, while Sir Launcelot passed the night awake, in ruminating on the strange challenge he had received. He had got notice that the sender was Mr Sycamore, and hesitated with himself whether he should not punish him for his impertinence, but when he reflected on the nature of the dispute, and the serious consequences it might produce, he resolved to decline the combat, as a trial of right and merit founded upon absurdity. Even in his maddest hours, he never adopted those maxims of knight-errantry which related to challenges. He always perceived the folly and wickedness of defying a man to mortal fight, because he did not like the colour of his beard, or the complexion of his mistress, or of deciding by homicide whether he or his rival deserved the preference, when it was the lady's prerogative to determine which should be the happy lover. It was his opinion that chivalry was an useful institution while confined to its original purposes of protecting the innocent, assisting the friendless, and bringing the guilty to condign punishment; but he could not conceive how these laws should be answered by violating every suggestion of reason, and every precept of humanity.

Captain Crowe did not examine the matter so philosophically. He took it for granted that in the morning the two knights would come to action, and slept sound on that supposition. But he rose before it was day, resolved to be somehow concerned in the fray, and understanding that the stranger had a companion, set him down immediately for his own antagonist. So impatient was he to establish this secondary contest, that

by day-break he entered the chamber of Dawdle, to which he was directed by the waiter, and roused him with a hilloa, that might have been heard at the distance of half a league. Dawdle, startled by this terrific sound, sprung out of bed, and stood upright on the floor, before he opened his eyes upon the object by which he had been so dreadfully alarmed. But when he beheld the head of Crowe, so swelled and swathed, so livid, hideous, and grimly, with a broad sword by his side, and a case of pistols in his girdle, he believed it was the apparition of some murdered man, his hair bristled up, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked; he would have prayed, but his tongue denied its office. Crowe seeing his perturbation,—“Mayhap, friend,” said he, “you take me for a buccaneer, but I am no such person. My name is Captain Crowe. I come not for your silver nor your gold, your rigging nor your stowage, but hearing as how your friend intends to bring my friend Sir Launcelot Greaves to action, d’ye see, I desire, in the way of friendship, that, while they are engaged, you and I, as their seconds, may lie board and board for a few glasses to divert one another, d’ye see.” Dawdle hearing this request, began to retrieve his faculties, and throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet when the ghost appears, exclaimed in a theatrical accent,

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Art thou a spirit of grace, or goblin damn’d?”

As he seemed to bend his eye on vacancy, the captain began to think that he really saw something preternatural, and stared wildly round. Then addressing himself to the terrified Dawdle,—“Damn’d,” said he, “for what should I be damn’d? If you are afraid of goblins, brother, put your trust in the Lord, and he’ll prove a sheet anchor to you.” The other having by this time recollected himself perfectly, continued notwithstanding to spout tragedy, and in the words of Macbeth, pronounced,

“What man dare, I dare
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.”

“Ware names, Jack,” cried the impatient manner, “if so be as how you’ll bear a hand and rig yourself, and take a short trip with me into the offing, we’ll overhaul this here affair in the turning of a capstan.”

At this juncture they were joined by Mr Sycamore in his night-gown and slippers. Disturbed by Crowe’s first salute, he had sprung up, and now expressed no small astonishment at first sight of the novice’s countenance. After having gazed alternately at him and Dawdle,—“Who have you got here,” said he, “raw head and

bloody bones?” When his friend, slipping on his clothes, gave him to understand that this was a friend of Sir Launcelot Greaves, and explained the purport of his errand, he treated him with more civility. He assured him that he should have the pleasure to break a spear with Mr Dawdle, and signified his surprise that Sir Launcelot had not made an answer to his letter. It being by this time clear day-light, and Crowe extremely interested in this affair, he broke without ceremony into the knight’s chamber, and told him abruptly that the enemy had brought to, and waited for his coming up, in order to begin the action.—“I’ve hailed his consort,” said he, “a shambling chattering fellow—he took me first for a hobgoblin, then called me names, a tiger, a wrynose-o’ross, and a Persian bear, but egad, if I come athwart him, I’ll make him look like the bear and ragged staff before we part—I wool—”

This intimation was not received with that alacrity which the captain expected to find in our adventurer, who told him in a peremptory tone, that he had no design to come to action, and desired to be left to his repose. Crowe forthwith retired crest-fallen, and muttered something, which was never distinctly heard.

About eight in the morning Mr Dawdle brought him a formal message from the knight of the Griffin, desiring he would appoint the lists, and give security of the field. To which request he made answer in a very composed and solemn accent,—“If the person who sent you thinks I have injured him, let him, without disguise or any such ridiculous ceremony, explain the nature of the wrong, and then I shall give such satisfaction as may suit my conscience and my character. If he hath bestowed his affection upon any particular object, and looks upon me as a favourite rival, I shall not wrong the lady so much as to take any step that may prejudice her choice, especially a step that contradicts my own reason as much as it would outrage the laws of my country. If he who calls himself knight of the Griffin is really desirous of treading in the paths of true chivalry, he will not want opportunities of signaling his valour in the cause of virtue. Should he, notwithstanding this declaration, offer violence to me in the course of my occasions, he will always find me in a posture of defence, or, should he persist in repeating his importunities, I shall without ceremony chastise the messenger.” His declining the combat was interpreted into fear by Mr Sycamore, who now became more insolent and ferocious, on the supposition of our knight’s timidity. Sir Launcelot meanwhile went to breakfast with his friends, and having put on his armour, ordered the horses to be brought forth. Then he paid the bill, and walking deliberately to the gate, in presence

of Squire Sycamore and his attendants, vaulted at one spring into the saddle of Bronzomarte, whose neighing and curvetting proclaimed the joy he felt in being mounted by his accomplished master.

Though the knight of the Griffin did not think proper to insult his rival personally, his friend Dawdle did not fail to crack some jokes on the figure and horsemanship of Crowe, who again declared he should be glad to fall in with him upon the voyage, nor did Mr Clarke's black patch and rueful countenance pass unnoticed and unridiculed. As for Timothy Crabshaw, he beheld his brother squire with the contempt of a veteran, and Gilbert paid him his compliments with his heels at parting; but when our adventurer and his retinue were clear of the inn, Mr Sycamore ordered his trumpeter to sound a retreat, by way of triumph over his antagonist.

Perhaps he would have contented himself with this kind of victory, had not Dawdle further inflamed his envy and ambition, by launching out in praise of Sir Launcelot. He observed, that his countenance was open and manly, his joints strong knit, and his firm unexceptionable, that he trod like Hercules, and vaulted into the saddle like a winged Mercury; nay, he even hinted it was lucky for Sycamore that the knight of the Crescent happened to be so pacifically disposed. His patron sickened at these praises, and took fire at the last observation. He affected to undervalue personal beauty, though the opinion of the world had been favourable to himself in that particular: he said he was at least two inches taller than Greaves, and as to shape and air, he would make no comparisons, but with respect to riding, he was sure he had a better seat than Sir Launcelot, and would wager five hundred to fifty guineas, that he would unhorse him at the first encounter. "There is no occasion for laying wagers," replied Mr Dawdle, "the doubt may be determined in half an hour—Sir Launcelot is not a man to avoid you at full gallop." Sycamore, after some hesitation, declared he would follow and provoke him to battle, on condition that Dawdle would engage Crowe, and this condition was accepted for, though Davy had no stomach to the trial, he could not readily find an excuse for declining it, besides, he had discovered the captain to be a very bad horseman, and resolved to eke out his own scanty valour with a border of ingenuity. The servants were immediately ordered to unpack the armour, and, in a little time, Mr Sycamore made a very formidable appearance. But the scene that followed is too important to be huddled in at the end of a chapter and therefore we shall reserve it for a more conspicuous place in these memoirs.

CHAPTER XIX

Containing the achievements of the knights of the Griffin and Crescent

MR SYCAMORE, alias the knight of the Griffin, so denominated from a griffin painted on his shield, being armed at all points, and his friend Dawdle provided with a certain implement, which he flattered himself would insure a victory over the novice Crowe, they set out from the George, with their attendants, in all the elevation of hope, and pranced along the highway that led towards London, that being the road which our adventurer pursued. As they were extremely well mounted, and proceeded at a round pace, they in less than two hours came up with Sir Launcelot and his company and Sycamore sent another formal defiance to the knight by his trumpeter, Dawdle having, for good reasons, declined that office.

Our adventurer hearing himself thus addressed, and seeing his rival, who had passed him, posted to obstruct his progress, armed cap-a-pee, with his lance in the rest, determined to give the satisfaction that was required, and desired that the regulations of the combat might be established. The knight of the Griffin proposed that the vanquished party should resign all pretensions to Miss Aurelia Darnel, in favour of the victor, that while the principals were engaged, his friend Dawdle should run a tilt with Captain Crowe that Squire Crabshaw and Mr Sycamore's servant should keep themselves in readiness to assist their respective masters occasionally, according to the law of arms, and that Mr Clarke should observe the motions of the trumpeter, whose province was to sound the charge to battle.

Our knight agreed to these regulations, notwithstanding the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the young lawyer, who, with tears in his eyes, conjured all the combatants in their turn to refrain from an action that might be attended with bloodshed and murder, and was contrary to the laws both of God and man. In vain he endeavoured to move them by tears and entreaties, by threatening them with prosecutions in this world, and pains and penalties in the next, they persisted in their resolution, and his uncle would have begun hostilities on his carcass, had he not been prevented by Sir Launcelot, who exhorted Clarke to retire from the field, that he might not be involved in the consequences of the combat. He relished this advice so well, that he had actually moved off to some distance, but his apprehensions and concern for his friends co-operating with an insatiable curiosity, detained him in sight of the engagement.

The two knights having fairly divided the

ground, and the same precautions being taken by the seconds, on another part of the field, Sycamore began to be invaded with some scruples, which were probably engendered by the martial appearance and well known character of his antagonist. The confidence which he had derived from the reluctance of Sir Launcelot now vanished, because it plainly appeared that the knight's backwardness was not owing to personal timidity, and he foresaw that the prosecution of this joke might be attended with very serious consequences to his own life and reputation. He therefore desired a parley, in which he observed, his affection for Miss Darnel was of such a delicate nature, that, should the discomfiture of his rival contribute to make her unhappy, his victory must render him the most miserable wretch upon earth. He proposed, therefore, that her sentiments and choice should be ascertained before they proceeded to extremity.

Sir Launcelot declared that he was much more afraid of combating Aurelia's inclination, than of opposing the knight of the Griffin in arms, and that if he had the least reason to think Mr Sycamore, or any other person, was distinguished by her preference, he would instantly give up his suit as desperate. At the same time, he observed, that Sycamore had proceeded too far to retract, that he had insulted a gentleman, and not only challenged, but even pursued him, and blocked up his passage in the public highway, outrages which he (Sir Launcelot) would not suffer to pass unpunished. Accordingly, he insisted on the combat, on pain of treating Mr Sycamore as a craven and a recreant. This declaration was reinforced by Dawdle, who told him, that, should he now decline the engagement, all the world would look upon him as an infamous poltroon.

These two observations gave a necessary fillip to the courage of the challenger. The parties took their stations, the trumpet sounded to charge, and the combatants began their career with great impetuosity. Whether the gleam of Sir Launcelot's arms affrighted Mr Sycamore's steed, or some other object had an unlucky effect on his eye-sight, certain it is, he started at about midway, and gave his rider such a violent shake, as discomposed his attitude, and disabled him from using his lance to the best advantage. Had our hero continued his career with his lance couched, in all probability Sycamore's armour would have proved but a bad defence to his carcass, but Sir Launcelot, perceiving his rival's spear unrested, had just time to throw up the point of his own, when the two horses closed with such a shock, that Sycamore, already wavering in the saddle, was overthrown, and his armour crashed around him as he fell.

The victor, seeing him lie without motion,

alighted immediately, and began to unbuckle his helmet, in which office he was assisted by the trumpeter. When the headpiece was removed, the hapless knight of the Griffin appeared in the pale livery of death, though he was only in a swoon, from which he soon recovered by the effect of the fresh air, and the aspersion of cold water, brought from a small pool in the neighbourhood. When he recognised his conqueror doing the offices of humanity about his person, he closed his eyes from vexation, told Sir Launcelot that his was the fortune of the day, though he himself owed his mischance to the fault of his own horse, and observed, that this ridiculous affair would not have happened but for the mischievous instigation of that scoundrel Dawdle, on whose ribs he threatened to revenge his mishap.

Perhaps Captain Crowe might have saved him the trouble, had the wag honourably adhered to the institutions of chivalry in his conflict with our novice, but on this occasion his ingenuity was more commendable than his courage. He had provided at the inn a blown bladder, in which several smooth pebbles were inclosed, and this he sily fixed on the head of his pole, when the captain obeyed the signal of battle. Instead of bearing the brunt of the encounter, he turned out of the straight line, so as to avoid the lance of his antagonist, and rattled his bladder with such effect, that Crowe's horse, pricking up his ears, took to his heels, and fled across some ploughed land with such precipitation, that the rider was obliged to quit his spear, and lay fast hold on the mane that he might not be thrown out of the saddle. Dawdle, who was much better mounted, seeing his condition, rode up to the unfortunate novice, and belaboured his shoulders without fear of retaliation.

Mr Clarke, seeing his kinsman so roughly handled, forgot his fears, and flew to his assistance, but, before he came up, the aggressor had retired, and now perceiving that fortune had declared against his friend and patron, very honourably abandoned him in his distress, and went off at full speed for London.

Nor was Timothy Crabshaw without his share in the noble achievements of this propitious day. He had by this time imbibed such a tincture of errantry, that he firmly believed himself and his master equally invincible, and this belief operating upon a perverse disposition, rendered him as quarrelsome in his sphere as his master was mild and forbearing. As he sat on horseback, in the place assigned to him and Sycamore's lacquey, he managed Gilbert in such a manner, as to invade with his heels the posteriors of the other's horse, and this insult produced some altercation, which ended in mutual assault. The footman handled the

butt-end of his horsewhip with great dexterity about the head of Crabshaw, who declared afterwards, that it sung and simmered like a kettle of cod-fish but the squire, who understood the nature of long-lashes, as having been a carter from his infancy, found means to twine his thong about the neck of his antagonist, and pull him off his horse half strangled, at the very instant his master was thrown by Sir Launcelot Greaves

Having thus obtained the victory, he did not much regard the punctilios of chivalry, but, taking it for granted he had a right to make the most of his advantage, resolved to carry off the *spolia opima*. Alighting with great agility,—“Brother,” cried he, “I think as haw yawis beant a butcher’s horse, a doan’t carry calves well—I’s make yaw know your churning days, I wool—what, yaw look as if yaw was crow-trodden, you do—now, you shall pay the score you have been running on my pate, you shall, brother”

So saying, he rifled his pockets, stripped him of his hat and coat, and took possession of his master’s portmanteau. But he did not long enjoy his plunder, for the lacquey complaining to Sir Launcelot of his having been despoiled, the knight commanded his squire to refund, not without menaces of subjecting him to the severest chastisement for his injustice and rapacity. Timothy represented, with great vehemence, that he had won the spoils in fair battle, at the expense of his head and shoulders, which he immediately uncovered to prove his allegation but his remonstrance having no effect upon his master,—“Wounds!” cried he, “an I mun gee thee back the pig, I’s gee thee back the poke also, I’m a drubbing still in thy debt”

With these words, he made a most furious attack upon the plaintiff with his horsewhip, and, before the knight could interpose, repaid the lacquey with interest. As an appurtenance to Sycamore and Dawdle, he ran the risk of another assault from the novice Crowe, who was so transported with rage at the disagreeable trick which had been played upon him by his fugitive antagonist, that he could not for some time pronounce an articulate sound, but a few broken interjections, the meaning of which could not be ascertained. Snatching up his pole he ran towards the place where Mr Sycamore sat on the grass, supported by the trumpeter, and would have finished what our adventurer had left undone, if the knight of the Crescent, with admirable dexterity, had not warded off the blow which he aimed at the knight of the Griffin, and signified his displeasure in a resolute tone: then he collared the lacquey, who was just disengaged from the chastising hand of Crabshaw, and, swinging his lance with his other hand, encountered the squire’s ribs by accident.

Timothy was not slow in returning the salutation with the weapon which he still

wielded. Mr Clarke, running up to the assistance of his uncle, was opposed by the lacquey, who seemed extremely desirous of seeing the enemy revenge his quarrel, by falling foul of one another. Clarke, thus impeded, commenced hostilities against the footman, while Crowe grappled with Crabshaw, a battle-royal ensued, and was maintained with great vigour and some bloodshed on all sides, until the authority of Sir Launcelot, reinforced by some weighty remonstrances applied to the squire, put an end to the conflict. Crabshaw immediately desisted, and ran roaring to communicate his grievances to Gilbert, who seemed to sympathize very little with his distress. The lacquey took to his heels, Mr Clarke wiped his bloody nose, declaring he had a good mind to put the aggressor in the crown office, and Captain Crowe continued to ejaculate unconnected oaths, which, however, seemed to imply that he was almost sick of his new profession. “D—n my eyes, if you call this—start my timbers, brother—look ye, d’ye see—a lousy, lubberly, cowardly son of a—among the breakers, d’ye see—lost my steerage way—split my binnacle; hawle away—O’ damn all arrantry—give me a tight vessel, d’ye see, brother,—may hap you mayn’t—snatch my—I sea room and a spanking gale—odds heart, I’ll hold a whole year’s—smite my limbs, it don’t signify talking”

Our hero consoled our novice for his disaster, by observing, that, if he had got some blows, he had lost no honour. At the same time, he observed, that it was very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to succeed in the paths of chivalry who had passed the better part of his days in other occupations, and hinted, that, as the cause which had engaged him in this way of life no longer existed, he was determined to relinquish a profession which in a peculiar manner exposed him to the most disagreeable incidents. Crowe chewed the cud upon this insinuation, while the other personages of the drama were employed in catching the horses, which had given their riders the slip. As for Mr Sycamore, he was so bruised by his fall, that it was necessary to procure a litter for conveying him to the next town; and the servant was dispatched for this convenience, Sir Launcelot staying with him until it arrived.

When he was safely deposited in the carriage, our hero took leave of him in the terms—“I shall not insist upon your submitting to the terms you yourself proposed before this encounter. I give you free leave to use all your advantages, in an honourable way, for promoting your suit with the young lady of whom you profess yourself enamoured. Should you have recourse to sinister practices, you will find Sir Launcelot Greaves ready to demand an account of your conduct, not in the character of a lunatic

knight-errant, but as a plain English gentleman, jealous of his honour, and resolute in his purpose."

To this address Mr Sycamore made no reply, but with a sullen aspect ordered the carriage to proceed, and it moved accordingly to the right, our hero's road to London lying in the other direction.

Sir Launcelot had already exchanged his armour for a riding-coat, hat, and boots, and Crowe, parting with his skull-cap and leathern jerkin, regained, in some respects, the appearance of a human creature. Thus metamorphosed, they pursued their way in an easy pace, Mr Clarke endeavoured to amuse them with a learned dissertation on the law, tending to demonstrate that Mr Sycamore was, by his behaviour on that day, liable to three different actions, besides a commission of lunacy, and that Dawdle might be prosecuted for having practised subtle craft to the annoyance of his uncle, over and above an action for assault and battery, because, for why? The said Crowe having run away, as might be easily proved, before any blows were given, the said Dawdle, by pursuing him even out of the high road, putting him in fear, and committing battery on his body, became, to all intents and purposes, the aggressor, and an indictment would lie *in banco regis*.

The captain's pride was so shocked at these observations, that he exclaimed with equal rage and impatience,—“You lie, you dog, *in bulkum regis*—you lie, I say, you lubber, I did not run away, nor was I in fear, d'ye see. It was my son of a b—h of a horse that would not obey the helm, d'ye see, whereby I cou'dn't use my metal, d'ye see. As for the matter of fear, you and fear may kiss my—So don't go and heave your stink-pots at my character, d'ye see, or—agad I'll trim thee fore and aft with a—I wool.” Tom protested he meant nothing but a little speculation, and Crowe was appeased.

In the evening they reached the town of Bugden without any further adventure, and passed the night in great tranquillity.

Next morning, even after the horses were ordered to be saddled, Mr Clarke, without ceremony, entered the apartment of Sir Launcelot, leading in a female, who proved to be the identical Mrs Dolly Cowslip. This young woman, advancing to the knight, cried,—“O Sir Launcelot! my dear lady, my dear lady!”—but was hindered from proceeding by a flood of tears, which the tender-hearted lawyer mingled with a plentiful shower of sympathy.

Our adventurer starting at this exclamation,—“O Heavens!” cried he, “where is my Aurelia? speak, where did you leave that jewel of my soul? answer me in a moment—I am all terror and impatience!”

Dolly having recollected herself, told him

that Mr Darnel had lodged his niece in the new buildings by May Fair, that, on the second night after their arrival, a very warm expostulation had passed between Aurelia and her uncle, who next morning dismissed Dolly, without permitting her to take leave of her mistress, and that same day moved to another part of the town, as she afterwards learned of the landlady, though she could not inform her whither they were gone that, when she was turned away, John Clump, one of the footmen, who pretended to have a kindness for her, had faithfully promised to call upon her, and let her know what passed in the family, but as he did not keep his word, and she was an utter stranger in London, without friends or settlement, she had resolved to return to her mother, and travelled so far on foot since yesterday morning.

Our knight, who had expected the most dismal tidings from her lamentable preambles, was pleased to find his presaging fears disappointed, though he was far from being satisfied with the dismissal of Dolly, from whose attachment to his interest, joined to her influence over Mr Clump, he had hoped to reap such intelligence as would guide him to the haven of his desires. After a minute's reflection, he saw it would be expedient to carry back Mrs Cowslip, and lodge her at the place where Mr Clump had promised to visit her with intelligence, for, in all probability, it was not from want of inclination that he had not kept his promise.

Dolly did not express any aversion to the scheme of returning to London, where she hoped once more to rejoin her dear lady, to whom by this time she was attached by the strongest ties of affection, and her inclination in this respect was assisted by the consideration of having the company of the young lawyer, who, it plainly appeared, had made strange havoc in her heart, though it must be owned, for the honour of this blooming damsel, that her thoughts had never once deviated from the paths of innocence and virtue. The more Sir Launcelot surveyed this agreeable maiden, the more he felt himself disposed to take care of her fortune, and from this day he began to ruminate on a scheme which was afterwards consummated in her favour. In the mean time he laid injunctions on Mr Clarke to conduct his addresses to Mrs Cowslip according to the rules of honour and decorum, as he valued his countenance and friendship. His next step was to procure a saddle-horse for Dolly, who preferred this to any other sort of carriage, and thereby gratified the wish of her admirer, who longed to see her on horseback in her green Joseph.

The armour, including the accoutrements of the novice and the squire, were left in the care of the innkeeper, and Timothy Crabshaw was so metamorphosed by a plain

livery-frock, that even Gilbert with difficulty recognised his person. As for the novice Crowe, his head had almost resumed its natural dimensions, but then his whole face was so covered with a livid suffusion, his nose appeared so flat, and his lips so tumefied, that he might very well have passed for a Caffre or Ethiopian. Every circumstance being now adjusted, they departed from Bugden in a regular cavalcade, dined at Hatfield, and in the evening arrived at the Bull-and-Gate inn in Holborn, where they established their quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XX

In which our hero descends into the mansions of the damned

THE first step which Sir Launcelot took in the morning that succeeded his arrival in London, was to settle Mrs Dolly Cowslip in lodgings at the house where John Clump had promised to visit her, as he did not doubt that, though the visit was delayed, it would some time or other be performed, and in that case he might obtain some intelligence of Aurelia. Mr Thomas Clarke was permitted to take up his habitation in the same house, on his earnestly desiring he might be intrusted with the office of conveying information and instruction between Dolly and our adventurer. The knight himself resolved to live retired, until he should receive some tidings relating to Miss Darnel that would influence his conduct; but he proposed to frequent places of public resort incognito, that he might have some chance of meeting by accident with the mistress of his heart.

Taking it for granted, that the oddities of Crowe would help to amuse him in his hours of solitude and disappointment, he invited that original to be his guest at a small house, which he determined to hire ready furnished, in the neighbourhood of Golden-square. The captain thanked him for his courtesy, and frankly embraced his offer, though he did not much approve of the knight's choice in point of situation. He said he would recommend him to a special good upper deck hard by St Catherine's in Wapping, where he would be delighted with the prospect of the street forwards, well frequented by passengers, carts, drays, and other carriages, and having backwards an agreeable view of Alderman Parson's great brewhouse, with two hundred hogs feeding almost under the window. As a further inducement, he mentioned the vicinity of the Tower guns, which would regale his hearing on days of salutation, nor did he forget the sweet sound of mooring and unmooring ships in the river, and the pleasing objects on the other side of the Thames, displayed in the oozy docks and cabbage-

gardens of Rotherhithe. Sir Launcelot was not insensible to the beauties of this landscape, but, his pursuit lying another way, he contented himself with a less enchanting situation, and Crowe accompanied him out of pure friendship.

At night, Mr Clarke arrived at our hero's house with tidings that were by no means agreeable. He told him, that Clump had left a letter for Dolly, informing her, that his master, Squire Darnel, was to set out early in the morning for Yorkshire, but he could give no account of her lady, who had the day before been conveyed, he knew not whither, in a hackney-coach, attended by her uncle and an ill-looking fellow, who had much the appearance of a bailiff or turnkey, so that he feared she was in trouble.

Sir Launcelot was deeply affected by this intimation. His apprehension was even roused by a suspicion that a man of Darnel's violent temper and unprincipled heart might have practised upon the life of his lovely niece, but, upon recollection, he could not suppose that he had recourse to such infamous expedients, knowing, as he did, that an account of her would be demanded at his hands, and that it would be easily proved he had conveyed her from the lodgings in which she resided.

His first fears now gave way to another suggestion, that Anthony, in order to intimidate her into a compliance with his proposals, had trumped up a spurious claim against her, and, by virtue of a writ, confined her in some prison or spunging-house. Possessed with this idea, he desired Mr Clarke to search the sheriff's office in the morning, that he might know whether any such writ had been granted, and he himself resolved to make a tour of the great prisons belonging to the metropolis, to inquire, if perchance she might not be confined under a borrowed name. Finally, he determined, if possible, to apprise her of his place of abode, by a paragraph in all the daily papers, signifying, that Sir Launcelot Greaves had arrived at his house near Golden-square.

All these resolutions were punctually executed. No such writ had been taken out in the sheriff's office, and therefore, our hero set out on his jail expedition, accompanied by Mr Clarke, who had contracted some acquaintance with the commanding officers in these garrisons, in the course of his clerkship and practice as an attorney. The first day they spent in prosecuting their inquiry through the Gate-house, Fleet, and Marshalsea, the next day they allotted to the King's Bench, where they understood there was a great variety of prisoners. There they proposed to make a minute scrutiny, by the help of Mr Norton, the deputy-marshal, who was Mr Clarke's intimate friend, and had nothing at all of the jailer, either in his appearance or in his disposition, which was remarkably

humane and benevolent towards all his fellow-creatures

The knight having bespoke dinner at a tavern in the borough, was, together with Captain Crowe, conducted to the prison of the King's Bench, which is situated in St George's fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster bridge, and appears like a neat little regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground, which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a jail, or bears the least colour of restraint. The street is crowded with passengers. Tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions. Hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares as in any open street of London. Here are butchers' stands, chandlers' shops, a surgery, a tap-house well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners gratis, at the expense of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains, and, indeed, little else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the further end of the street, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called state rooms, well furnished and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of crown prisoners, and on the other side of the street, facing a separate division of ground called the common side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging box, and are maintained by this practice, and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe, that the jail is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

Our adventurer, having searched the books, and perused the description of all the female prisoners who had been for some weeks admitted into the jail, obtained not the least intelligence of his concealed charmer, but resolved to alleviate his disappointment by the gratification of his curiosity.

Under the auspices of Mr Norton, he made a tour of the prison, and, in particular, visited the kitchen, where he saw a number of spits loaded with a variety of provision, consisting of butchers' meat, poultry, and game. He could not help expressing his astonishment with uplifted hands, and congratulating himself in secret, upon his being a member of that community which had provided such a comfortable asylum for the unfortunate. His ejaculation was interrupted by a tumultuous noise in the street, and Mr Norton declaring he was sent for to the lodge, consigned our hero to the care of one

Mr Felton, a prisoner of a very decent appearance, who paid his compliments with a good grace, and invited the company to repose themselves in his apartment, which was large, commodious, and well furnished. When Sir Launcelot asked the cause of that uproar, he told him that it was the prelude to a boxing-match between two of the prisoners, to be decided in the ground or garden of the place.

Captain Crowe, expressing an eager curiosity to see the battle, Mr Felton assured him there would be no sport, as the combatants were both reckoned dunghills. — "but in half an hour," said he, "there will be a battle of some consequence between two of the demagogues of the place, Dr Crabclaw and Mr Tapely, the first a physician, and the other a brewer. You must know, gentlemen, that this microcosm, or republic in miniature, is, like the great world, split into factions. Crabclaw is the leader of one party, and the other is headed by Tapely, both are men of warm and impetuous tempers, and their intrigues have embroiled the whole place, insomuch that it is dangerous to walk the street on account of the continual skirmishes of their partizans. At length some of the more sedate inhabitants having met and deliberated upon some remedy for these growing disorders, proposed that the dispute should be at once decided by single combat between the two chiefs, who readily agreed to the proposal. The match was accordingly made for five guineas, and this very day and hour appointed for the trial, on which considerable sums of money are depending. As for Mr Norton, it is not proper that he should be present, or seem to countenance such violent proceedings, which, however, it is necessary to connive at, as convenient vents for the evaporation of those humours, which, being confined, might accumulate and break out with greater fury in conspiracy and rebellion."

The knight owned he could not conceive by what means such a number of licentious people, amounting, with their dependents, to above five hundred, were restrained within the bounds of any tolerable discipline, or prevented from making their escape, which they might at any time accomplish, either by stealth or open violence, as it could not be supposed that one or two turnkeys, continually employed in opening and shutting the door, could resist the efforts of a whole multitude.

"Your wonder, good sir," said Mr Felton, "will vanish, when you consider it is hardly possible that the multitude should co-operate in the execution of such a scheme, and that the keeper perfectly well understands the maxim *divide et impera*. Many prisoners are restrained by the dictates of gratitude towards the deputy-marshal, whose friendship and good-offices they have expe-

nenced, some no doubt are actuated by motives of discretion. One party is an effectual check upon the other, and I am firmly persuaded that there are not ten prisoners within the place that would make their escape, if the doors were laid open. This is a step which no man would take, unless his fortune was altogether desperate, because it would oblige him to leave his country for life, and expose him to the most imminent risk of being re-taken, and treated with the utmost severity. The majority of the prisoners live in the most lively hope of being released by the assistance of their friends, the compassion of their creditors, or the favour of the legislature. Some who are cut off from all these proposals, are become naturalized to the place, knowing they cannot subsist in any other situation. I myself am one of these. After having resigned all my effects for the benefit of my creditors, I have been detained these nine years in prison, because one person refuses to sign my certificate. I have long outlived all my friends from whom I could expect the least countenance or favour, I am grown old in confinement, and lay my account with ending my days in jail, as the mercy of the legislature in favour of insolvent debtors is never extended to uncertified bankrupts taken in execution. By dint of industry and the most rigid economy, I make shift to live independent in this retreat. To this scene my faculty of subsisting, as well as my body, is peculiarly confined. Had I an opportunity to escape, where should I go? All my views of fortune have been long blasted. I have no friends nor connections in the world. I must, therefore, starve in some sequestered corner, or be recaptured and confined forever to close prison, deprived of the indulgences which I now enjoy."

Here the conversation was broken off by another uproar, which was the signal to battle between the doctor and his antagonist. The company immediately adjourned to the field, where the combatants were already undressed, and the stakes deposited. The doctor seemed of the middle age and middle stature, active and alert, with an atrabilious aspect, and a mixture of rage and disdain expressed in his countenance. The brewer was large, raw-boned, and round as a butt of beer, but very fat, unweildy, short-winded and phlegmatic. Our adventurer was not a little surprised when he beheld, in the character of seconds, a male and a female stripped naked from the waist upwards, the latter ranging on the side of the physician, but the commencement of the battle prevented his demanding of his guide an explanation of this phenomenon. The doctor returning some paces backwards, threw himself into the attitude of a battering ram, and rushed upon his antagonist with great impetuosity, foreseeing,

that, should he have the good-fortune to overturn him in the first assault, it would not be an easy task to raise him up again, and put him in a capacity of offence. But the momentum of Crabclaw's head, and the concomitant efforts of his knuckles, had no effect upon the ribs of Tapely, who stood firm as the Acroceraunian promontory, and stepping forward with his projected fist, something smaller and softer than a sledge-hammer, struck the physician to the ground. In a trice, however, by the assistance of his female second, he was on his legs again, and grappling with his antagonist, endeavoured to trip him a fall but instead of accomplishing his purpose, he received a cross-buttock, and the brewer throwing himself upon him as he fell, had well-nigh smothered him on the spot. The amazon flew to his assistance, and Tapely showing no inclination to get up, she smote him on the temple till he roared. The male second hastening to the relief of his principal, made application to the eyes of the female, which were immediately surrounded with black circles, and she returned the salute with a blow, which brought a double stream of blood from his nostrils, greeting him at the same time with the opprobrious appellation of a lousy son of a b——h. A combat more furious than the first would now have ensued, had not Felton interposed with an air of authority, and insisted on the man's leaving the field, an injunction which he forthwith obeyed, saying,—“Well, damme, Felton, you're my friend and commander, I'll obey your order—but the b——h will be foul of me before we sleep.” Then Felton advancing to his opponent,—“Madam,” said he, “I'm very sorry to see a lady of your rank and qualifications expose yourself in this manner—for God's sake, behave with a little more decorum, if not for the sake of your own family, at least for the credit of your sex in general.” “Hark ye, Felton,” said she, “decorum is founded upon a delicacy of sentiment and deportment, which cannot consist with the disgraces of a jail, and the miseries of indigence. But I see the dispute is now terminated, and the money is to be drank, if you'll dine with us, you shall be welcome, if not, you may die in your sobriety, and be damned.”

By this time the doctor had given out, and allowed the brewer to be the better man, yet he would not honour the festival with his presence, but retired to his chamber, exceedingly mortified at his defeat. Our hero was reconducted to Mr Felton's apartment, where he sat some time without opening his mouth, so astonished he was at what he had seen and heard.

“I perceive, sir,” said the prisoner, “you are surprised at the manner in which I accosted that unhappy woman, and perhaps you will be more surprised when you hear

that within these eighteen months she was actually a person of fashion, and her opponent, who by-the-bye is her husband, universally respected as a man of honour and a brave officer. "I am indeed," cried our hero, "overwhelmed with amazement and concern, as well as stimulated by an eager curiosity to know the fatal causes which have produced such a deplorable reverse of character and fortune. But I will rein my curiosity till the afternoon, if you will favour me with your company at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where I have bespoke dinner, a favour which I hope Mr Norton will have no objection to your granting, as he himself is to be of the party." The prisoner thanked him for his kind invitation, and they adjourned immediately to the place, taking up the deputy-marshal in their passage through the lodge or entrance of the prison.

CHAPTER XXI

Containing further anecdotes relating to the children of wretchedness

DINNER being cheerfully discussed, and our adventurer expressing an eager desire to know the history of the male and female who had acted as squires or seconds to the champions of the King's Bench, Felton gratified his curiosity to this effect.

"All that I know of Captain Clewline, previous to his commitment, is, that he was commander of a sloop of war, and bore the reputation of a gallant officer, that he married the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, against the inclination, and without the knowledge, of her father, who renounced her for this act of disobedience; that the captain consoled himself for the rigour of the parent, with the possession of the lady, who was not only remarkably beautiful in person, but highly accomplished in her mind, and amiable in her disposition. Such, a few months ago, were those two persons whom you saw acting in such a vulgar capacity. When they first entered the prison, they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple mine eyes ever beheld, and their appearance won universal respect even from the most brutal inhabitants of the jail.

"The captain, having unwarily involved himself as a security for a man to whom he had lain under obligations, became liable for a considerable sum, and his own father-in-law being the sole creditor of the bankrupt, took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon him for having espoused his daughter. He watched an opportunity until the captain had actually stepped into a post-chaise with his lady for Portsmouth, where his ship lay, and caused him to be arrested in the most public and shameful manner. Mrs Clewline had liked to have sunk under the first trans-

ports of her grief and mortification, but these subsiding, she had recourse to personal solicitation. She went with her only child in her arms, a lovely boy, to her father's door, and being denied admittance, kneeled down in the street, imploring his compassion in the most pathetic strain, but this hard-hearted citizen, instead of recognizing his child, and taking the poor mourner to his bosom, insulted her from the window with the most bitter reproach, saying, among other shocking expressions,—"Strumpet, take yourself away with your brat, otherwise I shall send for the beadle, and have you to Bridewell."

"The unfortunate lady was cut to the heart by this usage, and fainted in the street, from whence she was conveyed to a public house by the charity of some passengers. She afterwards attempted to soften the barbarity of her father by repeated letters, and by interesting some of his friends to intercede with him in her behalf, but all her endeavours proving ineffectual, she accompanied her husband to the prison of the King's Bench, where she must have felt, in the severest manner, the fatal reverse of circumstances to which she was exposed.

"The captain being disabled from going to sea, was superseded, and he saw all his hopes blasted in the midst of an active war, at a time when he had the fairest prospects of fame and fortune. He saw himself reduced to extreme poverty, cooped up with the tender partner of his heart in a wretched hovel, amidst the refuse of mankind, and on the brink of wanting the common necessities of life. The mind of man is ever ingenious in finding resources. He comforted his lady with vain hopes of having friends who would effect his deliverance, and repeated assurances of this kind so long, that he at length began to think they were not altogether void of foundation.

"Mrs Clewline, from a principle of duty, recollected all her fortitude, that she might not only bear her fate with patience, but even contribute to alleviate the woes of her husband, whom her affection had ruined. She affected to believe the suggestions of his pretended hope, she interchanged with him assurances of better fortune, her appearance exhibited a calm, while her heart was torn with anguish. She assisted him in writing letters to former friends, the last consolation of the wretched prisoner, she delivered these letters with her own hand, and underwent a thousand mortifying repulses, the most shocking circumstances of which she concealed from her husband. She performed all the menial offices in her own little family, which was maintained by pawning her apparel, and both the husband and wife, in some measure, sweetened their cares, by prattling and toying with their charming little boy, on whom they doated with an enthusiasm of fondness. Yet even this plea-

sure was mingled with the most tender and melancholy regret. I have seen the mother hang over him with the most affecting expression of this kind in her aspect, the tears contending with the smiles upon her countenance, while she exclaimed,—‘Alas! my poor prisoner, little did your mother once think she should be obliged to nurse you in a jail!’ The captain’s paternal love was dashed with impatience. He would snatch up the boy in a transport of grief, press him to his breast, devour him as it were with kisses, throw up his eyes to heaven in the most emphatic silence; then convey the child hastily to his mother’s arms, pull his hat over his eyes, stalk out into the common walk, and, finding himself alone, break out into tears and lamentations.

‘Ah! little did this unhappy couple know what further griefs awaited them!’ The small-pox broke out in the prison, and poor Tommy Clewline was infected. As the eruption appeared unfavourable you may conceive the consternation with which they were overwhelmed. Their distress was rendered inconceivable by indigence; for by this time they were so destitute, that they could neither pay for common attendance, nor procure proper advice. I did on that occasion what I thought my duty towards my fellow-creatures. I wrote to a physician of my acquaintance, who was humane enough to visit the poor little patient, I engaged a careful woman as a nurse, and Mr Norton supplied them with money and necessaries. These helps were barely sufficient to preserve them from the horrors of despair, when they saw their little darling panting under the rage of a loathsome pestilential malady, during the excessive heat of the dog-days, and struggling for breath in the noxious atmosphere of a confined cabin, where they scarce had room to turn, on the most necessary occasions. The eager curiosity with which the mother eyed the doctor’s looks; as often as he visited the boy, the terror and trepidation of the father, while he desired to know his opinion, in a word, the whole tenor of their distress baffled all description.

‘At length the physician, for the sake of his own character, was obliged to be explicit, and returning with the captain to the common walk, told him, in my hearing, that the child could not possibly recover. This sentence seemed to have petrified the unfortunate parent, who stood motionless, and seemingly bereft of sense. I led him to my apartment, where he sat a full hour in that state of stupefaction, then he began to groan hideously, a shower of tears burst from his eyes, he threw himself on the floor, and uttered the most piteous lamentation that ever was heard. Meanwhile, Mrs Norton being made acquainted with the doctor’s prognostic, visited Mrs Clewline, and invited her to the lodge. Her prophetic fears im-

mediately took the alarm. ‘What!’ cried she, starting up with a frantic wildness in her looks, ‘then our case is desperate—I shall lose my dear Tommy!’—The poor prisoner will be released by the hand of Heaven!—Death will convey him to the cold grave!’ The dying innocent, hearing this exclamation, pronounced these words,—‘Tommy won’t leave you, my dear mamma—if Death comes to take Tommy, papa shall drive him away with his sword!’ This address deprived the wretched mother of all resignation to the will of Providence. She tore her hair, dashed herself on the pavement, shrieked aloud, and was carried off in a deplorable state of distraction.

‘That same evening the lovely babe expired, and the father grew frantic. He made an attempt on his own life, and being with difficulty restrained, his agitation sunk into a kind of sullen insensibility, which seemed to absorb all sentiment, and gradually vulgarized his faculty of thinking. In order to dissipate the violence of his sorrow, he continually shifted the scene from one company to another, contracted abundance of low connections, and drowned his cares in repeated intoxication.’ The unhappy lady underwent a long series of hysterical fits and other complaints, which seemed to have a fatal effect on her brain as well as constitution. Cordials were administered to keep up her spirits; and she found it necessary to protract the use of them, to blunt the edge of grief, by overwhelming reflection, and remove the sense of uneasiness arising from a disorder in her stomach. In a word, she became an habitual dram-drinker, and this practice exposed her to such communication as debauched her reason and perverted her sense of decorum and propriety. She and her husband gave a loose to vulgar excess, in which they were enabled to indulge by the charity and interest of some friends, who obtained half-pay for the captain.

‘They are now metamorphosed into the shocking creatures you have seen, he into a riotous plebeian, and she into a ragged trull. They are both drunk every day, quarrel and fight one with another, and often insult their fellow prisoners. Yet they are not wholly abandoned by virtue and humanity. The captain is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, and pays off his debts punctually every quarter, as soon as he receives his half-pay. Every prisoner in distress is welcome to share his money while it lasts, and his wife never fails, while it is in her power, to relieve the wretched; so that their generosity, even in this miserable disguise, is universally respected by their neighbours. Sometimes the recollection of their former rank comes over them like a qualm, which they dispel with brandy, and then humorously rally one another on their mutual degeneracy. She often stops me in the walk,

and, pointing to the captain, says, 'My husband, though he has become a blackguard jail-bird, must be allowed to be a handsome fellow still.' On the other hand, he will frequently desire me to take notice of his rib, as she chances to pass. 'Mind that draggletail'd drunken drab,' he will say, 'what an antidote it is—yet, for all that, Felton, she was a fine woman when I married her—poor Bess, I have been the ruin of her, that is certain, and deserve to be damned for bringing her to this pass.'

"Thus they accommodate themselves to each other's infirmities, and pass their time not without some taste of plebeian enjoyment—but, name their child, they never fail to burst into tears, and still feel a return of the most poignant sorrow."

Sir Launcelot Greaves did not hear this story unmoved. Tom Clarke's cheeks were bedewed with the drops of sympathy, while, with much sobbing, he declared his opinion, that an action would lie against the lady's father.

Captain Crowe having listened to the story with uncommon attention, expressed his concern that an honest seaman should be so taken in stays, but he imputed all his calamities to the wife. "For why?" said he, "a seafaring man may have a sweetheart in every port, but he should steer clear of a wife, as he would avoid a quicksand. You see, brother, how this here Clewline lags astern in the wake of a snivelling b——, otherwise he would never make a weft in his ensign for the loss of a child—odds heart! he could have done no more if he had sprung a top-mast, or started a timber!"

The knight declaring he would take another view of the prison in the afternoon, Mr Felton insisted upon his doing him the honour to drink a dish of tea in his apartment, and Sir Launcelot accepted his invitation. Thither they accordingly repaired, after having made another circuit of the jail, and the tea things were produced by Mrs Felton, when she was summoned to the door, and, in a few minutes returning, communicated something in a whisper to her husband. He changed colour, and repaired to the staircase, where he was heard to talk aloud in an angry tone.

When he came back, he told the company he had been teased by a very importunate beggar. Addressing himself to our adventurer,—"You took notice," said he, "of a fine lady flaunting about our walks in all the flippery of the fashion. She was lately a gay young widow that made a great figure at the court-end of the town; she distinguished herself by her splendid equipage, her rich liveries, her brilliant assemblies, her numerous routs, and her elegant taste in dress and furniture. She is nearly related to some of the best families in England, and, it must be owned, mistress of many fine accomplish-

ments. But being deficient in true delicacy, she endeavoured to hide that defect by affectation. She pretended to a thousand antipathies which did not belong to her nature. A breast of veal threw her into mortal agonies, if she saw a spider, she screamed, and at sight of a mouse she fainted away. She could not, without horror, behold an entire joint of meat, and nothing but fricassees and other made dishes were seen upon her table. She caused all her floors to be lined with green baize, that she might trip along them with more ease and pleasure. Her footmen wore clogs, which were deposited in the hall, and both they and her chairmen were laid under the strongest injunctions to avoid porter and tobacco. Her jointure amounted to eight hundred pounds per annum, and she made shift to spend four times that sum at length it was mortgaged for nearly the entire value, but, far from retrenching, she seemed to increase in extravagance, until her effects were taken in execution, and her person here deposited in safe custody.

"When one considers the abrupt transition she underwent from her spacious apartments to a hovel scarce eight feet square, from sumptuous furniture to bare benches, from magnificence to meanness, from affluence to extreme poverty, one would imagine she must have been totally overwhelmed by such a sudden gush of misery. But this was not the case. She has, in fact, no delicate feelings. She forthwith accommodated herself to the exigency of her fortune, yet she still affects to keep state amidst the miseries of a jail, and this affectation is truly ridiculous. She lies a-bed till two o'clock in the afternoon, she maintains a female attendant for the sole purpose of dressing her person. Her cabin is the least cleanly in the whole prison, she has learned to eat bread and cheese and drink porter, but she always appears once a-day dressed in the pink of the fashion. She has found means to run in debt at the chandler's shop, the baker's, and the tap-house, though there is nothing got in this place but with ready money. She has even borrowed small sums from divers prisoners, who were themselves on the brink of starving. She takes pleasure in being surrounded with duns, observing, that by such people a person of fashion is to be distinguished. She writes circular letters to her former friends and acquaintance, and by this method has raised pretty considerable contributions, for she writes in a most elegant and irresistible style. About a fortnight ago she received a supply of twenty guineas, when, instead of paying her little jail debts, or withdrawing any part of her apparel from pawn, she laid out the whole sum in a fashionable suit of laces, and next day borrowed of me a shilling to purchase a neck of mutton for her dinner—She seems to think her rank in life entitles her to this

kind of assistance. She talks very pompously of her family and connections, by whom, however, she has been long renowned. She has no sympathy nor compassion for the distresses of her fellow-creatures, but she is perfectly well bred, she bears a repulse the best of any woman I ever knew, and her temper has never been once ruffled since her arrival at the King's Bench. —She now entreated me to lend her half a guinea, for which she said she had the most pressing occasion, and promised upon her honour it should be repaid to-morrow; but I lent a deaf ear to her request, and told her in plain terms that her honour was already bankrupt."

Sir Launcelot, thrusting his hand mechanically into his pocket, pulled out a couple of guineas, and desired Felton to accommodate her with that trifle in his own name, but he declined the proposal, and refused to touch the money. "God forbid," said he, "that I should attempt to thwart your charitable intention, but this, my good sir, is no object—she has many resources. Neither should we number the clamorous beggar among those who really feel distress. He is generally gorged with bounty misapplied. The liberal hand of charity should be extended to modest want, that pines in silence, encountering cold, nakedness, and hunger, and every species of distress. Here you may find the wretch of keen sensations blasted by accident in the blossoms of his fortune, shivering in the solitary recess of indigence, demanding to beg, and even ashamed to let his misery be known. Here you may see the parent who has known happier times, surrounded by his tender offspring, naked and forlorn, demanding food, which his circumstances cannot afford."

"That man of decent appearance and melancholy aspect, who lifted his hat as you passed him in the yard, is a person of unblemished character. He was a reputable tradesman in the city, and failed through inevitable losses. A commission of bankruptcy was taken out against him by his sole creditor, a quaker, who refused to sign his certificate. He has lived these three years in prison, with a wife and five small children. In a little time after his commitment, he had friends who offered to pay ten shillings in the pound of what he owed, and to give security for paying the remainder in three years, by instalments. The honest quaker did not charge the bankrupt with any dishonest practices; but he rejected the proposal with the most mortifying indifference, declaring that he did not want his money. The mother repaired to his house, and kneeling before him with her five lovely children, implored mercy with tears and exclamations. He stood this scene unmoved, and even seemed to enjoy the prospect, wearing the looks of complacency, while his heart was

steeled with rancour. 'Woman,' said he, 'these be hopeful babes, if they were duly nurtured. Go thy ways in peace, I have taken my resolution.' Her friends maintained the family for some time, but it is not in human charity to persevere, some of them died, some of them grew unfortunate; some of them fell off, and now the poor man is reduced to the extremity of indigence, from whence he has no prospect of being retrieved. The fourth part of what you would have bestowed upon the lady, would make this man and his family sing with joy."

He had scarce pronounced these words, when our hero desired the man might be called, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment with a low obeisance. "Mr Coleby," said the knight, "I have heard how cruelly you have been used by your creditor, and beg you will accept this trifling present, if it can be of any service to you in your distress." So saying, he put five guineas into his hand. The poor man was so confounded at such an unlooked for acquisition, that he stood motionless and silent, unable to thank the donor, and Mr Felton conveyed him to the door, observing that his heart was too full for utterance. But in a little time, his wife, bursting into the room with her five children, looked around, and going up to Sir Launcelot, without any direction, exclaimed,—"This is the angel sent by Providence to succour me and my poor innocents." Then falling at his feet, she pressed his hand and bathed it with her tears. He raised her up with that complacency which was natural to his disposition. He kissed all her children, who were remarkably handsome and neatly kept, though in homely apparel; and, giving her his direction, assured her she might always apply to him in her distress.

After her departure, he produced a bank-note of twenty pounds, and would have deposited it in the hands of Mr Felton, to be distributed in charities among the objects of the place, but he desired it might be left with Mr Norton, who was the proper person for managing his benevolence, and he promised to assist the deputy with his advice in laying it out.

• CHAPTER XXII.

In which Captain Crowe is sublimed into the regions of astrology

THREE whole days had our adventurer prosecuted his inquiry about the amiable Aurelia, whom he sought in every place of public and of private entertainment or resort, without obtaining the least satisfactory intelligence, when he received, one evening, from the hands of a porter, who instantly vanished, the following billet.

"If you would learn the particulars of

Miss Darnel's fate, fail not to be in the fields by the Foundling hospital, precisely at seven o'clock this evening, when you shall be met by a person who will give you the satisfaction you desire, together with his reason for addressing you in this mysterious manner."

Had this intimation concerned any other subject, perhaps the knight would have deliberated with himself in what manner he should take a hint so darkly communicated. but his eagerness to retrieve the jewel he had lost divested him of all his caution, the time of assignation was already at hand, and neither the captain nor his nephew could be found to accompany him, had he been disposed to make use of their attendance. He therefore, after a moment's hesitation, repaired to the place appointed, in the utmost agitation and anxiety, lest the hour should be elapsed before his arrival.

Crowe was one of those defective spirits who cannot subsist for any length of time on their own bottoms. He wanted a familiar prop, upon which he could disburden his cares, his doubts, and his humours. an humble friend who would endure his caprices, and with whom he could communicate, free of all reserve and restraint. Though he loved his nephew's person, and admired his parts, he considered him often as a little petulant jackanapes, who presumed upon his superior understanding; and as for Sir Launcelot, there was something in his character that overawed the seaman, and kept him at a disagreeable distance. He had, in this dilemma, cast his eyes upon Timothy Crabshaw, and admitted him to a considerable share of familiarity and fellowship. These companions had been employed in smoking a social pipe at an ale-house in the neighbourhood, when the knight made his excursion, and returning to the house about supper-time, found Mr Clarke in waiting.

The young lawyer was alarmed when he heard the hour of ten, without seeing our adventurer, who had been used to be extremely regular in his economy, and the captain and he supped in profound silence. Finding, upon inquiry among the servants, that the knight went out abruptly, in consequence of having received a billet, Tom began to be visited with the apprehension of a duel, and sat the best part of the night by his uncle, sweating with the expectation of seeing our hero brought home a breathless corpse but no tidings of him arriving, he, about two in the morning, repaired to his own lodging, resolved to publish a description of Sir Launcelot in the newspapers, if he should not appear next day.

Crowe did not pass the time without uneasiness. He was extremely concerned at the thought of some mischief having befallen his friend and patron, and he was terrified with the apprehensions, that in case Sir Launcelot was murdered, his spirit might

come and give him notice of his fate. Now he had an insuperable aversion to all correspondence with the dead, and taking it for granted, that the spirit of his departed friend could not appear to him except when he should be alone and a-bed in the dark, he determined to pass the remainder of the night without going to bed. For this purpose, his first care was to visit the garret, in which Timothy Crabshaw lay fast asleep, snoring with his mouth wide open. Him the captain with difficulty roused, by dint of promising to reward him with a bowl of rum punch in the kitchen, where the fire, which had been extinguished, was soon rekindled. The ingredients were fetched from a public house in the neighbourhood. for the captain was too proud to use his interest in the knight's family, especially at these hours, when all the rest of the servants had retired to their repose; and he and Timothy drank together until day-break, the conversation turning upon hobgoblins, and God's revenge against murder.

The cook-maid lay in a little apartment contiguous to the kitchen, and whether disturbed by these horrible tales of apparitions, or titillated by the savoury steams that issued from the punch-bowl, she made a virtue of necessity or appetite, and dressing herself in the dark, suddenly appeared before them, to the no small perturbation of both. Timothy, in particular, was so startled, that, in his endeavours to make a hasty retreat towards the chimney-corner, he overturned the table, the liquor was spilt, but the bowl was saved by falling on a heap of ashes. Mrs Cook having reprimanded him for his foolish fear, declared, she had got up betimes, in order to scour her sauce-pans, and the captain proposed to have the bowl replenished, if materials could be procured. This difficulty was overcome by Crabshaw, and they sat down with their new associate to discuss the second edition.

The knight's sudden disappearing being brought upon the carpet, their female companion gave it as her opinion, that nothing would be so likely to bring this affair to light, as going to a cunning man, whom she had lately consulted about a silver spoon that was mislaid, and who told her all the things that she ever did, and ever would happen to her, through the whole course of her life.

Her two companions pricked up their ears at this intelligence, and Crowe asked if the spoon had been found. She answered in the affirmative, and said, the cunning man described to a hair the person that should be her true lover, and her wedded husband. that he was a seafaring man, that he was pretty well stricken in years, a little passionate or so; and that he went with his fingers clinched like, as it were. The captain began to sweat at this description, and mechanically thrust his hands into his pock-

ets, while Crabshaw, pointing to him, told her he believed she had got the right sow by the ear. Crowe grumbled, that maybe for all that he should not be brought up by such a grappling neither. Then he asked if this cunning man dealt with the devil, declaring, in that case, he would keep clear of him; for why? because he must have sold himself to old Scratch, and being a servant of the devil, how could he be a good subject to his majesty? Mrs Cook assured him, the conjurer was a good Christian, and that he gained all his knowledge by conversing with the stars and planets. Thus satisfied, the two friends resolved to consult him as soon as it should be light, and being directed to the place of his habitation, set out for it by seven in the morning.

They found the house forsaken, and had already reached the end of the lane in their return, when they were accosted by an old woman, who gave them to understand, that, if they had occasion for the advice of a fortune-teller, as she did suppose they had, from their stopping at the house where Dr Grubble lived, she would conduct them to a person of much more eminence in that profession at the same time, she informed them that the said Grubble had been lately sent to Bridewell, a circumstance which, with all his art, he had not been able to foresee. The captain, without any scruple, put himself and his companion under convoy of this beldame, who, through many windings and turnings, brought them to the door of a ruinous house, standing in a blind alley, which door having opened with a key drawn from her pocket, she introduced them into a parlour, where they saw no other furniture than a naked bench, and some frightful figures on the bare walls, drawn, or rather scrawled, with charcoal.

Here she left them locked in, until she should give the doctor notice of their arrival, and they amused themselves with deciphering these characters and hieroglyphics. The first figure that engaged their attention was that of a man hanging upon a gibbet, which both considered as an unfavourable omen, and each endeavoured to avert from his own person. Crabshaw observed, that the figure so suspended was clothed in a sailor's jacket and trousers, a truth which the captain could not deny, but, on the other hand, he affirmed, that the said figure exhibited the very nose and chin of Timothy, together with the hump on one shoulder. A warm dispute ensued, and, being maintained with much acrimonious altercation, might have dissolved the new-cemented friendship of those two originals, had it not been interrupted by the old sybil, who, coming into the parlour, intimated that the doctor waited for them above, she likewise told them, that he never admitted more than one at a time. This hint occasioned a fresh contest; the

captain insisted upon Crabshaw's making sail a-head, in order to look out afore, but Timothy persisted in refusing this honour, declaring, he did not pretend to lead, but he would follow, as in duty bound. The old gentlewoman abridged the ceremony, by leading out Crabshaw with one hand, and locking up Crowe with the other.

The former was dragged up stairs like a bear to the stake, not without reluctance and terror, which did not at all abate at sight of the conjurer, with whom he was immediately shut up by his conductress, after she had told him, in a whisper, that he must deposit a shilling in a little black coffin, supported by a human skull and thigh bones crossed, on a stool covered with black baize, that stood in one corner of the apartment. The squire having made this offering with fear and trembling, ventured to survey the objects around him, which were very well calculated to augment his confusion. He saw divers skeletons hung by the head, the stuffed skin of a young alligator, a calf with two heads, and several snakes suspended from the ceiling, with the jaws of a shark, and a starved weasel. On another funeral table he beheld two spheres, between which lay a book open, exhibiting outlandish characters and mathematical diagrams. On one side stood an ink-standish with paper, and behind this desk appeared the conjuror himself, in sable vestments, his head so overshadowed with hair, that, far from contemplating his features, Timothy could distinguish nothing but a long white beard, which, for aught he knew, might have belonged to a four-legged goat, as well as to a two-legged astrologer.

This apparition, which the squire did not eye without manifest discomposure, extending a white wand, made certain evolutions over the head of Timothy, and having muttered an ejaculation, commanded him, in a hollow tone, to come forward and declare his name. Crabshaw, thus adjured, advanced to the altar, and, whether from design, or (which is more probable) from confusion, answered,—“Samuel Crowe.” The conjuror, taking up the pen, and making a few scratches on the paper, exclaimed, in a terrific accent,—“How, miscreant! attempt to impose upon the stars?—you look more like a crab than a crow, and was born under the sign of Cancer.” The squire, almost annihilated by this exclamation, fell upon his knees, crying,—“I pray yew, my lord conjuror's worship, pardon my ignorance, and down't go to bound me over to the Red Sea like—I'se a poor Yorkshire tyke, and would no more cheat the stars than I'd cheat my own vather, as the saying is—a must be a good hand at trapping, that catches the stars a napping,—but, as your honour's worship observed, my name is Tim Crabshaw, of the East Riding, groom and squar to

Sir Launcelot Greaves, baron knight, and arrant knight, who ran mad for a wench, as your worship's conjuration well knoweth. The person below is Captain Crowe; and we com, by Margery Cook's recommendation, to seek after my master, who is gone away, or made away, the Lord knows how and where."

Here he was interrupted by the conjuror, who exhorted him to sit down and compose himself till he should cast a figure; then he scrawled the paper, and, waving his wand, repeated abundance of gibberish concerning the number, the names, the houses, and revolutions of the planets, with their conjunctions, oppositions, signs, circles, cycles, tripsos, and trigons. When he perceived that this artifice had its proper effect in disturbing the brain of Crabshaw, he proceeded to tell him from the stars that his name was Crabshaw, or Crabsclaw, that he was born in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of poor, yet honest parents, and had some skill in horses; and that he served a gentleman whose name began with the letter G—, which gentleman had run mad for love, and left his family, but whether he would return alive or dead, the stars had not yet determined.

Poor Timothy was thunderstruck to find the conjuror acquainted with all these circumstances, and begged to know if he might be so bauld as to ask a question or two about his own fortune. The astrologer pointing to the little coffin, our squire understood the hint, and deposited another shilling. The sage had recourse to his book, erected another scheme, performed once more his airy evolutions with the wand, and, having recited another mystical preamble, expounded the book of fate in these words—"You shall neither die by war nor water, by hunger or by thirst, nor be brought to the grave by old age or distemper, but, let me see—ay, the stars will have it so—you shall be—exalted—hah!—ay, that is—hanged for horse-stealing." "O' good my lord conjurer!" roared the squire, "I'd as lief give forty shillings as be hanged." "Peace, sirrah!" cried the other, "would you contradict or reverse the immutable decrees of fate? Hanging is your destiny, and hanged you shall be—and comfort yourself with the reflection, that as you are not the first, so neither will you be the last, to swing on Tyburn tree." This comfortable assurance composed the mind of Timothy, and in a great measure reconciled him to the prediction. He now proceeded, in a whining tone, to ask whether he should suffer for the first fact whether it would be for a horse or a mare, and of what colour? that he might know when his hour was come. The conjuror gravely answered, that he would steal a dappled gelding on a Wednesday, be cast at the Old Bailey on Thursday, and suffer on a Friday, and he strenuously recommended it to him to ap-

pear in the cart with a nosegay in one hand, and the Whole Duty of Man in the other. "But if in case it should be in the winter," said the squire, "when a nosegay can't be had?" "Why, then," replied the conjuror "an orange will do as well."

These material points being adjusted to the entire satisfaction of Timothy, he declared he would bestow another shilling to know the fortune of an old companion, who truly did not deserve so much at his hands, but he could not help loving him better than e'er a friend he had in the world. So saying he dropped a third offering in the coffin, and desired to know the fate of his horse Gilbert. The astrologer having again consulted his art, pronounced that Gilbert would die of the staggers, and his carcass be given to the hounds—a sentence which made a much deeper impression upon Crabshaw's mind, than did the prediction of his own untimely and disgraceful fate. He shed a plentiful shower of tears, and his grief broke forth in some passionate expressions of tenderness. At length he told the astrologer he would go and send up the captain, who wanted to consult him about Margery Cook, because as how she had informed him that Dr Giubbe had described just such another man as the captain for her true love, and he had no great stomach to the match, if so be as the stars were not bent upon their coming together.

Accordingly, the squire, being dismissed by the conjuror, descended to the parlour with a rufled length of face, which being perceived by the captain, he demanded,—"What cheer, ho?" with some signs of apprehension. Crabshaw making no return to this salute, he asked if the conjuror had taken an observation, and told him any thing. Then the other replied, he had told him more than he desired to know. "Why, an that be the case," said the seaman, "I have no occasion to go aloft this trip, brother."

This evasion would not serve his turn. old Tisiphone was at hand, and led him up, growling into the hall of audience, which he did not examine without trepidation. Having been directed to the coffin, where he presented half-a-crown, in hope of rendering the fates more propitious, the usual ceremony was performed, and the doctor addressed him in these words—"Approach, raven." The captain advancing—"You, an't much mistaken, brother," said he, "heave your eye into the binnacle, and how your compass, you'll find I'm a Crow, not a raven, tho' indeed they be both fowls of a feather, as the saying is." "I know it," cried the conjuror, "thou art a northern crow,—a sea crow, not a crow of prey, but a crow to be preyed upon,—a crow to be plucked,—to be flayed,—to be basted,—to be broiled by Margery upon the gridiron of matrimony."—The novice changing colour at this

denunciation,—“I do understand your signals, brother,” said he, “and if it be set down in the log-book of fate that we must grapple, why then ‘ware tumbers. But as I know how the land lies, d’ye see, and the current of my inclination sets me off, I shall haul up close to the wind, and mayhap we shall clear Cape Margery. But, howsomever, we shall leave that reef in the fore top-sail—I was bound upon another voyage, d’ye see—to look and to see, and to know if so be as how I could pick up any intelligence along shore concerning my friend Sir Launcelot, who slipped his cable last night, and has lost company, d’ye see.” “What!” exclaimed the cunning man, “art thou a crow, and canst not smell carrion? If thou would’st grieve for Greaves, behold his naked carcass lies unburied, to feed the kites, the crows, the gulls, the rooks, and ravens.” “What! broach’d to?” “Dead as a boiled lobster.” “Odds heart, friend, these are the heaviest tidings I have heard these seven long years—there must have been deadly odds when he lowered his topsails—Smite my eyes! I had rather the Mufti had foundered at sea, with myself and all my generation on board. Well fare thy soul, flower of the world! Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering? Here the tears of unaffected sorrow flowed plentifully down the furrows of the seaman’s cheeks, then his grief giving way to his indignation,—“Hark ye, brother conjurer,” said he, “you can spy foul weather before it comes—damn your eyes! why did not you warn me of this here squall? Blast me, I’ll make you give an account of this here damned, horrid, confounded murder, d’ye see—mayhap you yourself was concerned, d’ye see. For my own part, brother, I put my trust in God, and steer by the compass, and I value not your paw-wawing and your conjuration of a rope’s end, d’ye see.”

The conjurer was by no means pleased either with the matter or the manner of this address. He therefore began to soothe the captain’s choler, by representing that he did not pretend to omniscience, which was the attribute of God alone; that human art was fallible and imperfect, and all that it could perform, was to discover certain partial circumstances of any particular object to which its inquiries were directed. That being questioned by the other man concerning the cause of his master’s disappearing, he had exercised his skill upon the subject, and found reason to believe that Sir Launcelot was assassinated—that he should think himself happy in being the instrument of bringing the murderers to justice, though he foresaw they would of themselves save him that trouble for they would quarrel about dividing the spoil, and one would give information against the other.

The prospect of this satisfaction appeased

the resentment, and in some measure mitigated the grief of Captain Crowe, who took his leave without much ceremony. and, being joined by Crabshaw, proceeded with a heavy heart to the house of Sir Launcelot, where they found the domestics at breakfast, without exhibiting the least symptom of concern for their absent master. Crowe had been wise enough to conceal from Crabshaw what he had learned of the knight’s fate. This fatal intelligence he reserved for the ear of his nephew Mr Clarke, who did not fail to attend him in the forenoon.

As for the squire, he did nothing but ruminate in rueful silence upon the dappled gelding, the nosegay, and the predicted fate of Gilbert. Him he forthwith visited in the stable, and saluted with the kiss of peace, then he bemoaned his fortune with tears, and, by the sound of his own lamentation, was lulled asleep among the litter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which the clouds that cover the catastrophe begin to disperse

WE must now leave Captain Crowe and his nephew Mr Clarke, arguing with great vehemence about the fatal intelligence obtained from the conjurer, and penetrate at once the veil that concealed our hero. Know then, reader, that Sir Launcelot Greaves, repairing to the place described in the billet which he had received, was accosted by a person muffled in a cloak, who began to amuse him with a feigned story of Aurelia, to which while he listened with great attention, he found himself suddenly surrounded by armed men, who seized and pinioned down his arms, took away his sword, and conveyed him by force into a hackney-coach provided for the purpose. In vain he expostulated on this violence with three persons who accompanied him in the vehicle. He could not extort one word by way of reply; and, from their gloomy aspects, he began to be apprehensive of assassination. Had the carriage passed through any frequented place, he would have endeavoured to alarm the inhabitants; but it was already clear of the town, and his conductors took care to avoid all villages and inhabited houses.

After having travelled about two miles, the coach stopped at a large iron gate, which being opened, our adventurer was led in silence through a spacious house into a tolerably decent apartment, which he understood was intended for his bed-chamber. In a few minutes after his arrival, he was visited by a man of so very prepossessing appearance, who endeavoured to smooth his countenance, which was naturally stern, welcomed our adventurer to his house, exhorted him to be of good cheer, assuring him he should want

for nothing, and desired to know what he would choose for supper

Sir Launcelot, in answer to this civil address, begged he would explain the nature of his confinement, and the reasons for which his arms were tied like those of the worst malefactor. The other postponed till to-morrow the explanation he demanded, but in the mean time unbound his fetters, and, as he declined eating, left him alone to his repose. He took care, however, in retiring, to double lock the door of the room, whose windows were grated on the outside with iron.

The knight, being thus abandoned to his own meditations, began to ruminate on the present adventure with equal surprise and concern, but the more he revolved circumstances, the more was he perplexed in his conjectures. According to the state of the mind, a very subtle philosopher is often puzzled by a very plain proposition; and this was the case of our adventurer. What made the strongest impression upon his mind, was a notion that he was apprehended on suspicion of treasonable practices, by a warrant from the secretary of state, in consequence of some false malicious information, and that his prison was no other than the house of a messenger, set apart for the accommodation of suspected persons. In this opinion he comforted himself by recollecting his own conscious innocence, and reflecting that he should be entitled to the privilege of *habeas corpus*, as the act including that inestimable jewel was happily not suspended at this time.

Consoled by this self-assurance, he quietly resigned himself to slumber, but before he fell asleep he was very disagreeably undeceived in his conjecture. His ears were all at once saluted with a noise from the next room, conveyed in distinct bounces against the wainscot, then a hoarse voice exclaimed, "Bring up the artillery—let Brutandorf's brigade advance—detach my black hussars to ravage the country—let them be new booted—take particular care of the spur-leathers—make a desert of Lusatia—bombard the suburbs of Pera—go, tell my brother Henry to pass the Elbe at Meissen with forty battalions and fifty squadrons—go ho, you Major-general Donder, why don't you finish your second parallel?—send Luther the engineer Shittenback—I'll lay all the shoes in my shop, the breach will be practicable in four-and-twenty hours—don't tell me of your works—you and your works may be damnd."

"Assuredly," cried another voice from a different quarter, "he that thinks to be saved by works is in a state of utter reprobation—I myself was a profane weaver, and trusted to the rottenness of works—I kept my journey-men and apprentices at constant work, and my heart was set upon the riches of this world,

which was a wicked work—but now I have got a glimpse of the new light—I feel the operations of grace—I am of the new birth—I abhor good works—I detest all working but the working of the spirit—Avaunt, Satan—O! how I thirst for communication with our sister Jolly."

"The communication is already open with the Marche," said the first, "but as for thee, thou castiff, who hast presumed to disparage my works, I'll have thee rammed into a mortar with a double charge of powder, and thrown into the enemy's quarters."

This dialogue operated like a train upon many other inhabitants of the place, one swore he was within three vibrations of finding the longitude, when this noise confounded his calculations a second, in broken English, complained he was distorted in the moment of de prosection a third, in the character of his holiness, denounced interdiction, excommunication, and anathemas, swore by St Peter's keys, they should howl ten thousand years in purgatory, without the benefit of a single mass a fourth began to halloo in all the vociferations of a fox-hunter in the chase and in an instant the whole house was in an uproar.

The clamour, however, was of a short duration. The different chambers being opened successively, every individual was effectually silenced by the sound of one cabalistical word, which was no other than *waiscoat* a charm which at once cowed the king of Prussia, dispossessed the fanatic, dumb-founded the mathematician, dismayed the alchemist, deposed the pope, and deprived the squire of all utterance.

Our adventurer was no longer in doubt, concerning the place to which he had been conveyed, and the more he reflected on his situation, the more he was overwhelmed with the most perplexing chagrin. He could not conceive by whose means he had been immured in a mad-house; but he heartily repented of his knight-errantry, as a frolic which might have very serious consequences with respect to his future life and fortune. After mature deliberation, he resolved to demean himself with the utmost circumspection, well knowing that every violent transport would be interpreted into an undeniable symptom of insanity. He was not without hope of being able to move his jailor by a due administration of that which is generally more efficacious than all the flowers of elocution; but when he rose in the morning, he found his pockets had been carefully examined, and emptied of all his papers and cash.

The keeper entering, he inquired about these particulars, and was given to understand, that they were all safely deposited for his use, to be forthcoming at a proper season, but, at present, as he should want for nothing, he had no occasion for money.

The knight acquiesced in this declaration, and ate his breakfast in quiet.

About eleven, he received a visit from the physician, who contemplated his looks with great solemnity; and having examined his pulse, shook his head, saying, "Well, sir, how d'ye do?—come, don't be dejected—every thing is for the best—you are in very good hands, sir, I assure you; and I dare say will refuse nothing that may be thought conducive to the recovery of your health."

"Doctor," said our hero, "if it is not an improper question to ask, I should be glad to know your opinion of my disorder." "O' sir, as to that," replied the physician, "your disorder is a—kind of a—*ser*, 'tis very common in this country—a sort of a—" "Do you think my distemper is madness, doctor?" "O Lord, sir, not absolute madness—no—not madness—you have heard, no doubt, of what is called a weakness of the nerves, sir,—though that is a very inaccurate expression, for this phrase, denoting a morbid excess of sensation, seems to imply that sensation itself is owing to the loose cohesion of those material particles which constitute the nervous substance, inasmuch as the quantity of every effect must be proportionable to its cause, now you'll please to take notice, sir, if the case were really what these words seem to import, all bodies whose particles do not cohere with too great a degree of proximity, would be nervous, that is, endowed with sensation—sir, I shall order some cooling things to keep you in due temperature, and you'll do very well—sir, your humble servant."

—So saying, he retired, and our adventurer could not but think it was very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while another should talk nonsense by the hour, and yet be esteemed as an oracle.

The master of the house finding Sir Launcelot so tame and tractable, indulged him after dinner with a walk in a little private garden, under the eye of a servant who followed him at a distance. Here he was saluted by a brother prisoner, a man seemingly turned of thirty, tall and thin, with staring eyes, a hook-nose, and a face covered with pimples.

The usual compliments having passed, the stranger, without further ceremony, asked if he would oblige him with a chew of tobacco, or could spare him a mouthful of any sort of cordial, declaring he had not tasted brandy since he came to the house. The knight assured him it was not in his power to comply with his request; and began to ask some questions relating to the character of their landlord, which the stranger represented in very unfavourable colours. He described him as a ruffian, capable of undertaking the darkest schemes of villainy. He said his house was a repository of the

most flagrant iniquities, that it contained fathers kidnapped by their children, wives confined by their husbands, gentlemen of fortune sequestered by their relations, and innocent persons immured by the malice of their adversaries. He affirmed this was his own case; and asked if our hero had never heard of Dick Dietrich, the poet and satirist "Ben Bullock and I," said he, "were confident against the world in arms—did you never see his ode to me beginning with,—*'Fair blooming youth.'*" We were sworn brothers; admired and praised, and quoted each other, *sir*. we denounced war against all the world, actors, authors, and critics, and having drawn the sword, threw away the scabbard—we pushed through thick and thin, hacked and hewed belter-skelter, and became as formidable to the writers of the age as the Boeotian band of Thebes. My friend Bullock, indeed, was once rolled in the kennel; but soon

He vigorous rose, and from the effluvia strong
Imbibed new life, and scoured and stunk along

Here is a satire which I wrote in an ale-house when I was drunk—I can prove it by the evidence of the landlord and his wife. I fancy you'll own I have some right to say with my friend Horace,

*'Qui me commoritur, melius non tangere clamo.
Flebit et insignis tota contabitur urbe——'*"

The knight, having perused the papers, declared his opinion that the verses were tolerably good, but at the same time observed that the author had reviled as ignorant duces several persons who had written with reputation, and were generally allowed to have genius, a circumstance that would detract more from his candour than could be allowed to his capacity.

"Damn their genius!" cried the satirist, "a pack of impertinent rascals! I will tell you, sir, Ben Bullock and I had determined to crush all that were not of our own party—besides, I said before, this piece was written in drink." "Was you drunk too when it was printed and published?" "Yes, the printer shall make affidavit that I was never otherwise than drunk or maudlin, till my enemies, on pretence that my brain was turned, conveyed me to this infernal mansion."

"They seem to have been your best friends," said the knight, "and have put the most tender interpretation on your conduct, for, waving the plea of insanity, your character must stand as that of a man who hath some small share of genius, without an atom of integrity. Of all those whom Pope lashed in his *Dunciad*, there was not one who did not richly deserve the imputation of dulness, and every one of them had provoked the satirist by a personal attack. In this respect the English poet was much more honest than his French patron Boileau,

who stigmatized several men of acknowledged genius, such as Quinault, Perrault, and the celebrated Lully for which reason every man of a liberal turn must, in spite of all his poetical merit, despise him as a rancorous knave. If this ungenerous conduct cannot be forgiven in a writer of his superior genius, who will pardon it in you, whose name is not half-merged from obscurity?"

"Hark ye, friend," replied the bard, "keep your pardon and your counsel for those who ask it, or, if you will force them upon people, take one piece of advice in return: if you don't like your present situation, apply for a committee without delay: they'll find you too much of a fool to have the least tincture of madness and you'll be released without further scruple, in that case I shall rejoice in your deliverance, you will be freed from confinement, and I shall be happily deprived of your conversation."

So saying, he flew off at a tangent, and our knight could not help smiling at the peculiar virulence of his disposition. Sir Launcelot then endeavoured to enter into conversation with his attendant, by asking how long Mr Distich had resided in the house, but he might as well have addressed himself to a Turkish mute: the fellow either pretended ignorance, or refused an answer to every question that was proposed. He would not even disclose the name of his landlord, nor inform him whereabouts the house was situated.

Finding himself agitated with impatience and indignation, he returned to his apartment, and the door being locked upon him, began to review, not without horror, the particulars of his fate. "How little reason," said he to himself, "have we to boast of the blessings enjoyed by the British subject, if he holds them on such a precarious tenure: if a man of rank and property may be thus kidnapped even in the capital, if he may be seized by ruffians, insulted, robbed, and conveyed to such a prison as this, from which there seems to be no possibility of escape, should I be indulged with pen, ink, and paper, and appeal to my relations, or to the magistrates of my country, my letters would be intercepted by those who superintend my confinement. Should I try to alarm the neighbourhood, my cries would be neglected as those of some unhappy lunatic under necessary correction. Should I employ the force which Heaven has lent me, I might unbrue my hands in blood, and after all find it impossible to escape through a number of successive doors, locks, bolts, and sentinels. Should I endeavour to tamper with the servant, he might discover my design, and then I should be abridged of the little comfort I enjoy. People may inveigh against the Bastille in France, and the Inquisition in Portugal, but I would ask, if either of these

be in reality so dangerous or dreadful as a private madhouse in England, under the direction of a ruffian? The Bastille is a state prison, the Inquisition is a spiritual tribunal, but both are under the direction of government. It seldom, if ever, happens that a man entirely innocent is confined in either, or, if he should, he lays his account with a legal trial before established judges. But in England, the most innocent person upon earth is liable to be immured for life under the pretext of lunacy, sequestered from his wife, children, and friends, robbed of his fortune, deprived even of necessities, and subjected to the most brutal treatment from a low-bred barbarian, who raises an ample fortune on the misery of his fellow-creatures, and may, during his whole life, practise this horrid oppression, without question or controul."

This uncomfortable reverie was interrupted by a very unexpected sound that seemed to issue from the other side of a thick party-wall. It was a strain of vocal music, more plaintive than the widowed turtle's moan, more sweet and ravishing than Philomel's love-warbled song. Through his ear it instantly pierced into his heart for at once he recognized it to be the voice of his adored Aurelia. Heavens! what was the agitation of his soul, when he made this discovery! how did every nerve quiver! how did his heart throb with the most violent emotion! He ran round the room in distraction, foaming like a lion in the toil—then he placed his ear close to the partition, and listened as if his whole soul was exerted in his sense of hearing. When the sound ceased to vibrate on his ear, he threw himself on the bed, he groaned with anguish, he exclaimed in broken accents, and in all probability his heart would have burst, had not the violence of his sorrow found vent in a flood of tears.

These first transports were succeeded by a fit of impatience, which had well nigh deprived him of his senses in good earnest. His surprise at finding his lost Aurelia in such a place, the seeming impossibility of relieving her, and his unspeakable eagerness to contrive some scheme for profiting by the interesting discovery he had made, concurred in brewing up a second ecstasy, during which he acted a thousand extravagances, which it was well for him the attendants did not observe. Perhaps it was well for the servant that he did not enter while the paroxysm prevailed, had this been the case, he might have met with the fate of Lychas, whom Hercules in his frenzy destroyed.

Before the cloth was laid for supper, he was calm enough to conceal the disorder of his mind; but he complained of the headache, and desired he might be next day visited by the physician, to whom he resolved to explain himself in such a manner, as should make

an impression upon him, provided he was not altogether destitute of conscience and humanity

CHAPTER XXIV

The knot that puzzles human wisdom, the hand of Fortune sometimes will untie familiar as her garter

WHEN the doctor made his next appearance in Sir Launcelot's apartment, the knight addressed him in these words.—“Sir, the practice of medicine is one of the most honourable professions exercised among the sons of men; a profession which hath been revered at all periods, and in all nations, and even held sacred in the most polished ages of antiquity. The scope of it is to preserve the being, and confirm the health of our fellow-creatures, of consequence, to sustain the blessings of society, and crown life with fruition. The character of a physician, therefore, not only supposes natural sagacity, and acquired erudition, but it also implies every delicacy of sentiment, every tenderness of nature, and every virtue of humanity. That these qualities are centered in you, doctor, I would willingly believe, but it will be sufficient for my purpose, that you are possessed of common integrity. To whose concern I am indebted for your visit you best know, but if you understand the art of medicine, you must be sensible by this time, that, with respect to me, your prescriptions are altogether unnecessary—come, sir, you cannot—you don't believe that my intellects are disordered. Yet, granting me to be really under the influence of that deplorable malady, no person has a right to treat me as a lunatic, or to sue out a commission, but my nearest kindred. That you may not plead ignorance of my name and family, you shall understand that I am Sir Launcelot Greaves, of the county of York, baronet, and that my nearest relation is Sir Reginald Meadows, of Cheshire, the eldest son of my mother's sister—that gentleman, I am sure, had no concern in seducing me by false pretences under the clouds of night into the fields, where I was surprised, overpowered, and kidnapped by armed ruffians. Had he really believed me insane, he would have proceeded according to the dictates of honour, humanity, and the laws of his country. Situated as I am, I have a right, by making application to the lord chancellor, to be tried by a jury of honest men. But of that right I cannot avail myself, while I remain at the mercy of a brutal miscreant, in whose house I am inclosed, unless you contribute your assistance. Your assistance, therefore, I demand, as you are a gentleman, a christian, and a fellow-subject, who, though every other motive should be overlooked, ought to in-

terest himself in my case as a common concern, and concur with all your power towards the punishment of those who dare commit such outrages against the liberty of your country.”

The doctor seemed to be a little disconcerted, but, after some recollection, resumed his air of sufficiency and importance, and assured our adventurer he would do him all the service in his power, but, in the mean time, advised him to take the potion he had prescribed.

The knight's eyes lightning with indignation,—“I am now convinced,” cried he, “that you are an accomplice in the villainy which has been practised upon me, that you are a sordid wretch, without principle or feeling, a disgrace to the faculty, and a reproach to human nature—yes, sirrah, you are the most perfidious of all assassins—you are the hireling minister of the worst of all villains, who, from motives even baser than malice, envy and revenge, rob the innocent of all the comforts of life, brand them with the imputation of madness, the most cruel species of slander, and wantonly protract their misery, by leaving them in the most shocking confinement, a prey to reflections infinitely more bitter than death—but I will be calm—do me justice at your peril. I demand the protection of the legislature—if I am refused—remember a day of reckoning will come—you and the rest of the miscreants who have combined against me, must, in order to cloak your treachery, have recourse to murder; an expedient which I believe you very capable of embracing, for a man of my rank and character cannot be much longer concealed. Tremble, catfiff, at the thoughts of my release—in the mean time, begone, lest my just resentment impel me to dash your brains out upon that marble—away—”

The honest doctor was not so firmly persuaded of his patient's lunacy as to reject his advice, which he made what haste he could to follow, when an unexpected accident intervened.

That this may be properly introduced, we must return to the knight's brace of trusty friends, Captain Crowe and Lawyer Clarke, whom we left in sorrowful deliberation upon the fate of their patron. Clarke's genius being rather more fruitful in resources than that of the seaman, he suggested an advertisement, which was accordingly inserted in the daily papers, importing, that—“Whereas a gentleman of considerable rank and fortune had suddenly disappeared, on such a night, from his house near Golden-square, in consequence of a letter delivered to him by a porter, and there is great reason to believe some violence hath been offered to his life, any person capable of giving such information as may tend to clear up this dark transaction, shall, by applying to Mr Thomas Clarke, attorney, at his lodgings in Upper

Brook-street, receive proper security for the reward of one hundred guineas, to be paid to him upon his making the discovery required."

The porter who delivered the letter, appeared accordingly, but could give no other information, except that it was put into his hand with a shilling, by a man muffled up in a great coat, who stopped him for the purpose, in his passing through Queen-street. It was necessary that the advertisement should produce an effect upon another person, who was no other than the hackney-coachman who drove our hero to the place of his imprisonment. This fellow had been enjoined secrecy, and indeed bribed to hold his tongue, by a considerable gratification, which, it was supposed, would have been effectual, as the man was a master coachman in good circumstances, and well known to the keeper of the mad-house, by whom he had been employed on former occasions of the same nature. Perhaps his fidelity to his employer, reinforced by the hope of many future jobs of that kind, might have been proof against the offer of fifty pounds, but double that sum was a temptation he could not resist. He no sooner read the intimation in the *Daily Advertiser*, over his morning's pot at an alehouse, than he entered into consultation with his own thoughts; and having no reason to doubt that this was the very fare he had conveyed, he resolved to earn the reward, and abstain from all such adventures in time coming. He had the precaution, however, to take an attorney along with him to Mr Clarke, who entered into a conditional bond, and with the assistance of his uncle, deposited the money, to be forthcoming when the conditions should be fulfilled. These previous measures being taken, the coachman declared what he knew, and discovered the house in which Sir Launcelot had been immured. He moreover accompanied our two adherents to a judge's chamber, where he made oath to the truth of his information; and a warrant was immediately granted, to search the house of Bernard Shackle, and set at liberty Sir Launcelot Greaves, if there found.

Fortified with this authority, they engaged a constable, with a formidable posse, and embarking them in coaches, repaired, with all possible expedition, to the house of Mr Shackle, who did not think proper to dispute their claim, and admitted them, though not without betraying evident symptoms of consternation. One of the servants directing them, by his master's order, to Sir Launcelot's apartment, they hurried up stairs in a body, occasioning such a noise, as did not fail to alarm the physician, who had just opened the door to retire, when he perceived their irruption. Captain Crowe, conjecturing he was guilty, from the confusion that appeared in his countenance, made no scruple

of seizing him by the collar, as he endeavoured to retreat, while the tender-hearted Tom Clarke, running up to the knight, with his eyes brimful of joy and affection, forgot all the forms of distant respect, and, throwing his arms around his neck, blubbered in his bosom.

Our hero did not receive this proof of his attachment unmoved. He strained him in his embrace, honoured him with the title of his deliverer, and asked him by what miracle he had discovered the place of his confinement. The lawyer began to unfold the various steps he had taken with equal minuteness and self-complacency, when Crowe, dragging the doctor still by the collar, shook his old friend by the hand, protesting he was never so overjoyed since he got clear of a Sallee rover on the coast of Barbary, and that two glasses ago he would have started all the money he had in the world in the hold of any man who would have shown Sir Launcelot safe at his moorings. The knight, having made a proper return to this sincere manifestation of good will, desired him to dismiss that worthless fellow, meaning the doctor, who, finding himself released, withdrew with some precipitation.

Then our adventurer, attended by his friends, walked with a deliberate pace to the outward gate, which he found open, and getting into one of the coaches, was entertained by the way to his own house, with a detail of every measure which had been pursued for his release.

In his own parlour he found Mrs Dolly Cowslip, who had been waiting with great fear and impatience for the issue of Mr Clarke's adventure. She now fell upon her knees, and bathed the knight's hands with tears of joy while the face of this young woman, recalling the idea of her mistress, roused his heart to strong emotions, and stimulated his mind to the immediate achievement he had already planned. As for Mr Crabshaw, he was not the last to signify his satisfaction at his master's return. After having kissed the hem of his garment, he retired to the stable, where he communicated these tidings to his friend Gilbert, whom he saddled and bridled, the same office he performed for Bronzomarte, then putting on his squire-like attire and accoutrements, he mounted one, and led the other to the knight's door, before which he paraded, uttering, from time to time, repeated shouts, to the no small entertainment of the populace, until he received orders to house his companions. Thus commanded, he led them back to their stalls, resumed his livery, and rejoined his fellow-servants, who were resolved to celebrate the day with banquets and rejoicings.

Their master's heart was not sufficiently at ease to share in their festivity. He held a consultation with his friends in the parlour,

whom he acquainted with the reasons he had to believe Miss Darnel was confined in the same house which had been his prison, a circumstance which filled them with equal pleasure and astonishment. Dolly, in particular, weeping plentifully, conjured him to deliver her dear lady without delay. Nothing now remained but to concert the plan for her deliverance. As Aurelia had informed Dolly of her connexion with Mrs Kawdle, at whose house she proposed to lodge, before she was overtaken on the road by her uncle, this particular was now imparted to the council, and struck a light which seemed to point out the direct way to Miss Darnel's enlargement.

Our hero, accompanied by Mrs Cowslip and Tom Clarke, set out immediately for the house of Dr Kawdle, who happened to be abroad, but his wife received them with great courtesy. She was a well-bred, sensible, genteel woman, and strongly attached to Aurelia, by the ties of affection, as well as of consanguinity. She no sooner learned the situation of her cousin, than she expressed the most impatient concern for her being set at liberty, and assured Sir Launcelot, she would concur in any scheme he should propose for that purpose. There was no room for hesitation or choice, he attended her immediately to the judge, who, upon proper application, issued another search-warrant for Aurelia Darnel. The constable and his posse were again retained, and Sir Launcelot Greaves once more crossed the threshold of Mr Bernard Shackle. Nor was the search-warrant the only implement of justice with which he had furnished himself for his visit. In going thither, they agreed upon the method in which they should introduce themselves gradually to Miss Darnel, that her tender nature might not be too much shocked by their sudden appearance.

When they arrived at the house, therefore, and produced their credentials, in consequence of which a female attendant was directed to show the lady's apartment, Mrs Dolly first entered the chamber of the accomplished Aurelia, who, lifting up her eyes, screamed aloud, and flew into the arms of her faithful Cowslip. Some minutes elapsed before Dolly could make shift to exclaim,—“am coom to live and daa with my beloved lady!” “Dear Dolly!” cried her mistress, “I cannot express the pleasure I have in seeing you again—good Heaven! what solitary hours of keen affliction have I passed since we parted!—but, tell me, how did you discover the place of my retreat?—has my uncle relented?—do I owe your coming to his indulgence?”

Dolly answered in the negative, and, by degrees gave her to understand, that her cousin, Mrs Kawdle was in the next room that lady immediately appeared, and a very tender scene of recognition passed between

the two relations. It was she, who, in the course of conversation, perceiving that Aurelia was perfectly composed, declared the happy tidings of her approaching deliverance. When the other eagerly insisted upon knowing to whose humanity and address she was indebted for this happy turn of fortune, her cousin declared the obligation was due to a young gentleman of Yorkshire, called Sir Launcelot Greaves. At mention of that name, her face was overspread with a crimson glow, and her eyes beamed redoubled splendour.—“Cousin,” said she, with a sigh, “I know not what to say—that gentleman—Sir Launcelot Greaves was surely born—Lord bless me! I tell you cousin, he has been my guardian angel.”

Mrs Kawdle, who had maintained a correspondence with her by letters, was no stranger to the former part of the connection subsisting between those two lovers, and had always favoured the pretensions of our hero, without being acquainted with his person. She now observed, with a smile, that as Aurelia esteemed the knight her guardian angel, and he adored her as a demi-deity, nature seemed to have intended them for each other, for such sublime ideas exalted them both above the sphere of ordinary mortals. She then ventured to intimate that he was in the house, impatient to pay his respects in person. At this declaration the colour vanished from her cheeks, which, however, soon underwent a total suffusion. Her heart panted, her bosom heaved, and her gentle frame was agitated by transports rather violent than unpleasing. She soon, however, recollected herself, and her native serenity returned, when, rising from her seat, she declared she would see him in the next apartment, where he stood in the most tumultuous suspense, waiting for permission to approach her person. Here she broke in upon him, arrayed in an elegant white undress, the emblem of her purity, beaming forth the emanations of amazing beauty, warmed and improved with a glow of gratitude and affection. His heart was too big for utterance, he ran towards her with rapture, and throwing himself at her feet, imprinted a most respectful kiss on her lily hand. “This, divine Aurelia,” cried he, “is a foretaste of that ineffable bliss which you was born to bestow!—Do I then live to see you smile again? to see you restored to liberty, your mind at ease, and your health unimpaired?” “You have lived,” said she, “to see my obligations to Sir Launcelot Greaves accumulated in such a manner, that a whole life spent in acknowledgement, will scarce suffice to demonstrate a due sense of his goodness.” “You greatly overrate my services, which have been rather the duties of common humanity, than the efforts of a generous passion, too noble to be thus evinced;—but let not my unseasonable transports detain you a

moment longer on this detested scene—give me leave to hand you into the coach, and commit you to the care of this good lady, attended by this honest young gentleman, who is my particular friend.” So saying, he presented Mr Thomas Clarke, who had the honour to salute the fair hand of the ever amiable Aurelia.

The ladies being safely coached under the escort of the lawyer, Sir Launcelot assured them he should wait on them in the evening at the house of Dr Kawdle, whither they immediately directed their course. Our hero, who remained with the constable and his gang, inquired for Mr Bernard Shackle, upon whose person he intended to serve a writ of conspiracy, over and above a prosecution for robbery, in consequence of his having disencumbered the knight of his money and other effects, on the first night of his confinement. Mr Shackle had discretion enough to avoid this encounter, and even to anticipate the indictment for felony, by directing one of his servants to restore the cash and papers, which our adventurer accordingly received before he quitted the house.

In the prosecution of his search after Shackle, he chanced to enter the chamber of the bard, whom he found in dishabille, writing at a table, with a bandage over one eye, and his head covered with a night-cap of baize. The knight, having made an apology for this intrusion, desired to know if he could be of any service to Mr Distich, as he was now at liberty to use the little influence he had for the relief of his fellow-sufferers. The poet having eyed him for some time askance, “I told you,” said he, “your stay in this place would be of short duration. I have sustained a small disaster on my left eye, from the hands of a rascally cordwainer, who pretends to believe himself the king of Prussia, and I am now in the very act of galling his majesty with keen iambics. If you can help me to a roll of tobacco and a bottle of geneva, so,—if you are not so inclined, your humble servant, I shall share in the joy of your deliverance.”

The knight declined gratifying him in these particulars, which he apprehended might be prejudicial to his health, but offered his assistance in redressing his grievances, provided he laboured under any cruel treatment or inconvenience. “I comprehend the full extent of your generosity,” replied the satirist, “you are willing to assist me in every thing, except the only circumstance in which assistance is required—God b’w’ye—if you see Ben Bullock, tell him I wish he would not dedicate any more of his works to me. Damn the fellow, he has changed his note, and begins to snivel. For my part, I stick to my former maxim, defy all the world, and will die hard, even if death should be preceded by damnation.”

The knight, finding him incorrigible, left

him to the slender chance of being one day comforted by the dram-bottle, but resolved, if possible, to set on foot an accurate inquiry into the economy and transactions of this private inquisition, that ample justice might be done in favour of every injured individual confined within its walls.

In the afternoon he did not fail to visit his Aurelia; and all the protestations of their mutual passion were once more interchanged. He now produced the letter which had caused such fatal disquiet in his bosom, and Miss Darnel no sooner eyed the paper, than she recollected it was a formal dismission, which she had intended and directed for Mr Sycamore. This the uncle had intercepted, and cunningly inclosed in another cover, addressed to Sir Launcelot Greaves, who was now astonished beyond measure to see the mystery so easily unfolded. The joy that now diffused itself in the hearts of our lovers is more easily conceived than described, but, in order to give a stability to this mutual satisfaction, it was necessary that Aurelia should be secured from the tyranny of her uncle, whose power of guardianship would not otherwise expire for some months.

Dr Kawdle and his lady having entered into their deliberations on this subject, it was agreed that Miss Darnel should have recourse to the protection of the lord chancellor, but such application was rendered unnecessary by the unexpected arrival of John Clump, with the following letter to Mrs Kawdle from the steward of Anthony Darnel, dated at Aurelia’s house in the country.

“MADAM,

“It has pleased God to afflict Mr Darnel with a severe stroke of the dead palsy. He was taken ill yesterday, and now lies insensible, seemingly at the point of death. Among the papers in his pocket I found the inclosed, by which it appeared that my honoured young lady, Miss Darnel, is confined in a private madhouse. I am afraid Mr Darnel’s fate is a just judgment of God upon him for his cruelty to that excellent person. I need not exhort you, madam, to take, immediately upon the receipt of this, such measures as will be necessary for the enlargement of my poor young lady. In the mean time, I shall do the needful for the preservation of her property in this place, and send you an account of any further alteration that may happen, being very respectfully, madam, your most obedient humble servant,

RALPH MATTOCKS.”

Clump had posted up to London with this intimation on the wings of love, and being covered with clay from the heels to the eyes upwards, he appeared in such an unfavourable light at Dr Kawdle’s door, that the footman refused him admittance. Nevertheless, he pushed him aside, and fought his way up stairs into the dining-room, where the company was not a little astonished at

such an apparition. The fellow himself was no less amazed at seeing Aurelia and his own sweetheart Mrs Dolly Cowslip. He forthwith fell upon his knees, and in silence held out the letter, which was taken by the doctor, and presented to his wife, according to the direction. She did not fail to communicate the contents, which were far from being unwelcome to the individuals who composed this little society. Mr Clump was honoured with the approbation of his young lady, who commended him for his zeal and expedition bestowed upon him a handsome gratuity in the mean time, and desired to see him again when he should be properly refreshed after the fatigue he had undergone.

Mr Thomas Clarke being consulted on this occasion, gave it as his opinion, that Miss Darnel should, without delay, choose another guardian for the few months that remained of her minority. The opinion was confirmed by the advice of some eminent lawyers, to whom immediate recourse was had, and Dr Kawdle being the person pitched upon for that office, the necessary forms were executed with all possible dispatch.

The first use the doctor made of his guardianship, was to sign a power, constituting Mr Ralph Matlocks his attorney *pro tempore*, for managing the estate of Miss Aurelia Darnel, and this was forwarded to the steward by the hands of Clump, who set out with it for the seat of Darnel-hill, though not without a heavy heart, occasioned by some intimation he had received concerning the connection between his dear Dolly and Mr Clarke the lawyer.

CHAPTER THE LAST

Which, it is hoped, will be, on more accounts than one, agreeable to the reader

SIR LAUNCELOT, having vindicated the liberty, confirmed the safety, and secured the heart of his charming Aurelia, now found leisure to unravel the conspiracy which had been executed against his person, and with that view commenced a law-suit against the owner of the house where he and his mistress had been separately confined. Mr Shackle was, notwithstanding all the submissions and atonement which he offered to make, either in private or in public, indicted on the statute of kidnapping, tried, convicted, punished by a severe fine, and standing in the pillory. A judicial writ *ad inquirendum* being executed, the prisons of his inquisition were laid open, and several innocent captives enlarged.

In the course of Shackle's trial, it appeared that the knight's confinement was a scheme executed by his rival Mr Sycamore, according to the device of his counsellor

Dawdle, who, by this contrivance, had reconciled himself to his patron, after having deserted him in the day of battle. Our hero was so incensed at this discovery of Sycamore's treachery and ingratitude, that he went in quest of him immediately, to take vengeance on his person, accompanied by Captain Crowe, who wanted to balance accounts with Mr Dawdle. But those gentlemen had wisely avoided the impending storm, by retiring to the continent, on pretence of travelling for improvement.

Sir Launcelot was not now so much of a knight-errant as to leave Aurelia to the care of Providence, and pursue the traitors to the farthest extremities of the earth. He practised a much more easy, certain, and effectual method of revenge, by instituting a process against them, which, after writs of *captas, alias, et pluries*, had been repeated, subjected them both to outlawry. Mr Sycamore and his friend being thus deprived of the benefit of the law, by their own neglect, would likewise have forfeited their goods and chattels to the king, had they not made such submissions as appeased the wrath of Sir Launcelot and Captain Crowe, then they ventured to return, and by dint of interest obtained a reversal of the outlawry. But this grace they did not enjoy till long after our adventurer was happily established in life.

While the knight waited impatiently for the expiration of Aurelia's minority, and in the mean time consoled himself with the imperfect happiness arising from her conversation, and those indulgences which the most unblemished virtue could bestow, Captain Crowe projected another plan of vengeance against the conjuror, whose lying oracles had cost him such a world of vexation. The truth is, the captain began to be tired of idleness, and undertook this adventure to keep his hand in use. He imparted his design to Crabshaw, who had likewise suffered in spirit from the predictions of the said offender, and was extremely well disposed to assist in punishing the false prophet. He now took it for granted that he should not be hanged for stealing a horse, and thought it very hard to pay so much money for a deceitful prophecy, which, in all likelihood, would never be fulfilled.

Actuated by these motives, they set out together for the house of consultation, but they found it shut up and abandoned, and, upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, learned that the conjuror had moved his quarters that very day on which the captain had recourse to his art. This was actually the case. He knew the fate of Sir Launcelot would soon come to light, and he did not choose to wait the consequence. He had other motives for decamping: he had run a score at the public house, which he had no mind to discharge, and wanted to disengage himself from his female associate, who knew too much of his

affairs to be kept at a proper distance. All these purposes he had answered by retreating softly, without beat of drum, while his sybil was abroad running down prey for his devouring. He had not, however, taken his measures so cunningly, but that this old hag discovered his new lodgings, and, in revenge, gave information to the publican. This creditor took out a writ accordingly, and the bailiff had just secured his person as Captain Crowe and Timothy Crabshaw chanced to pass by the door in their way homewards, through an obscure street near the Seven Dials.

The conjuror having no subterfuge left, but a great many particular reasons for avoiding an explanation with the justice, like the man between the devil and the deep sea, of two evils chose the least, and beckoning to the captain, called him by his name. Crowe, thus addressed, replied with a "hilloah!" and looking towards the place from whence he was hailed, at once recognized the necromancer. Without further hesitation he sprang across the street, and collaring Albumazar, exclaimed, "Aha! old boy, is the wind in that corner?—I thought we should grapple one day—now will I bring you up by the head, though all the devils in hell were blowing abait the beam."

The bailiff seeing his prisoner so roughly handled before, and at the same time assaulted behind by Crabshaw, who cried, "Show me a liar, and I'll show you a thief—who is to be hanged now?" I say, the bailiff, fearing he would lose the benefit of his job, began to put on his contentious face, and, declaring the doctor was his prisoner, swore he could not surrender him without a warrant from the lord-chief-justice. The whole group adjourning into the parlour, the conjuror desired to know of Crowe whether Sir Launcelot was found. Being answered, "Ey, ey, safe enough to see you made fast in the bilboes, brother," he told the captain he had something of consequence to communicate for his advantage, and proposed that Crowe and Crabshaw should bail the action, which lay only for a debt of three pounds.

Crowe stormed and Crabshaw grinned at this modest proposal, but when they understood that they could only be bound for his appearance, and reflected that they need not part with him until his body should be surrendered unto justice, they consented to give bail, and the bond being executed, conveyed him directly to the house of our adventurer.

The boisterous Crowe introduced him to Sir Launcelot with such an abrupt unconnected detail of his offence, as the knight could not understand without Timothy's annotations. These were followed by some questions put to the conjuror, who, laying aside his black gown, and plucking off his white beard, exhibited, to the astonished spectators, the very individual countenance

of the empirical politician Ferret, who had played our hero such a slippery trick after the electioneering adventure.

"I perceive," said he, "you are preparing to expostulate, and upbraid me with having given a false information against you to the country justice. I look upon mankind to be in a state of nature, a truth which Hobbes hath stumbled upon by accident. I think every man has a right to avail himself of his talents, even at the expense of his fellow-creatures, just as we see the fish, and other animals of the creation, devouring one another. I found the justice but one degree removed from idiotism, and knowing that he would commit some blunder in the execution of his office, which would lay him at your mercy, I contrived to make his folly the instrument of my escape—I was dismissed without being obliged to sign the information I had given, and you took ample vengeance for his tyranny and impertinence. I came to London, where my circumstances obliged me to live in disguise. In the character of a conjuror I was consulted by your follower Crowe, and your squire Crabshaw. I did little or nothing but echo back the intelligence they brought me, except prognosticating that Crabshaw would be hanged, a prediction to which I found myself so irresistibly impelled, that I am persuaded it was the real effect of inspiration. I am now arrested for a paltry sum of money, and, moreover, liable to be sent to Bridewell as an imposter—let those answer for my conduct whose cruelty and insolence have driven me to the necessity of using such subterfuges—I have been oppressed and persecuted by the government for speaking truth—your omnipotent laws have reconciled contradictions. That which is acknowledged to be truth in fact, is construed falsehood in law, and great reason we have to boast of a constitution founded on the basis of absurdity. But, waving these remarks, I own I am unwilling to be either imprisoned for debt, or punished for imposture—I know how far to depend upon generosity, and what is called benevolence words to amuse the weak-minded—I build upon a surer bottom—I will bargain for your assistance—it is in my power to put twelve thousand pounds in the pocket of Samuel Crowe, that there sea-ruffian, who by his good will would hang me to the yard's arm—"

There he was interrupted by the seaman "Damn your rat's eyes! none of your—hang thee! fish my topmasts! if the rope was fairly reeved, and the tackle sound, d'e see—" Mr Clarke, who was present, began to stare, while the knight assured Ferret, that, if he was really able and willing to serve Captain Crowe in any thing essential, he should be amply rewarded. In the mean time he discharged the debt, and assigned him an apartment in his own house. That

same day Crowe, by the advice of Sir Launcelot and his nephew, entered into conditional articles with the cynic, to allow him the interest of fifteen hundred pounds for life, provided by his means the captain should obtain possession of the estate of Hobby-hole in Yorkshire, which had belonged to his grandfather, and of which he was heir of blood

This bond being executed, Mr Ferret discovered that he himself was the lawful husband of Bridget Maple, aunt to Samuel Crowe, by a clandestine marriage, which, however, he convinced them he could prove by undeniable evidence. This being the case, she, the said Bridget Maple, *alias* Ferret, was a *covert femme*, consequently could not transact any deed of alienation without his concurrence, *ergo*, the docking of the entail of the estate of Hobby-hole was illegal and of none effect. This was a very agreeable declaration to the whole company, who did not fail to congratulate Captain Crowe on the prospect of his being restored to his inheritance. Tom Clarke in particular protested, with tears in his eyes, that it gave him unspeakable joy, and his tears trickled the faster, when Crowe, with an arch look, signified that now he was pretty well victualled for life, he had some thoughts of embarking on the voyage of matrimony.

But that point of happiness to which, as the north pole, the course of these adventures had been invariably directed, was still unattained, we mean, the indissoluble union of the accomplished Sir Launcelot Greaves and the enchanting Miss Darnel. Our hero now discovered in his mistress a thousand charms, which hitherto he had no opportunity to contemplate. He found her beauty excelled by her good sense, and her virtue superior to both. He found her untainted by that giddiness, vanity, and affectation, which distinguish the fashionable females of the present age, he found her unaffected by the rage for diversion and dissipation, for noise, tumult, gewgaws, glitter and extravagance; he found her not only raised by understanding and taste far above the amusement of little vulgar minds, but even exalted by uncommon genius and refined reflection, so as to relish the more sublime enjoyments of rational pleasure, he found her possessed of that vigour of mind which constitutes true fortitude, and vindicates the empire of reason, he found her heart incapable of disguise or dissimulation, frank, generous, and open, susceptible of the most tender impressions, glowing with a keen sense of honour, and melting with humanity. A youth of his sensibility could not fail of being deeply affected by such attractions. The nearer he approached the centre of happiness, the more did the velocity of his passion increase. Her uncle still remained insensible as it were in the arms of death. Time seemed to lin-

ger in its lapse, till the knight was inflamed to the most eager degree of impatience. He communicated his distress to Aurelia, he pressed her with the most pathetic remonstrances to abridge the torture of his suspense. He interested Mrs Kawdle in his behalf, and at length his importunity succeeded. The banns of marriage were regularly published, and the ceremony was performed in the parish church, in the presence of Dr Kawdle and his lady, Captain Crowe, Lawyer Clarke, and Mrs Dolly Cowslip.

The bride, instead of being disguised in tawdry stuffs of gold or silver, and sweating under a harness of diamonds, according to the elegant taste of the times, appeared in a negligee of plain blue satin, without any other jewels than her eyes, which far outshone all that ever was produced by the mines of Golconda. Her hair had no other extraneous ornament than a small sprig of artificial roses, but the dignity of her air, the elegance of her shape, the sweetness and sensibility of her countenance, added to such warmth of colouring, and such exquisite symmetry of features as could not be excelled by human nature, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all the beholders. The effect they produced in the heart of Sir Launcelot, was such a rapture as we cannot pretend to describe. He made his appearance on this occasion in a white coat and blue satin vest, both embroidered with silver, and all who saw him could not but own that he alone seemed worthy to possess the lady whom Heaven had destined for his consort. Captain Crowe had taken off a blue suit of clothes strongly guarded with bars of broad gold lace, in order to honour the nuptials of his friend; he wore upon his head a bag-wig *a la pigeon*, made by an old acquaintance in Wapping, and to his side he had girded a huge plate-hilted sword, which he had bought of a recruiting sergeant. Mr Clarke was dressed in pompadour, with gold buttons, and his lovely Dolly in a smart checked lustring, a present from her mistress.

The whole company dined, by invitation, at the house of Dr Kawdle, and here it was that the most deserving lovers on the face of the earth attained to the consummation of all earthly felicity. The captain and his nephew had a hint to retire in due time. Mrs Kawdle conducted the amiable Aurelia, trembling, to the marriage bed, our hero, glowing with a bridegroom's ardour, claimed the husband's privilege. Hymen lighted up his brightest torch at Virtue's lamp, and every star shed its happiest influence on their heaven-directed union.

Instructions had been already dispatched to prepare Greavesbury-hall for the reception of its new mistress, and for that place the new-married couple set out next morning, according to the plan which had been

previously concerted. Sir Launcelot and Lady Greaves, accompanied by Mrs Kawdle, and attended by Dolly, travelled in their own coach, drawn by six dappled horses. Dr Kawdle, with Captain Crowe, occupied the doctor's post-chariot, provided with four bays, Mr Clarke had the honour to bestride the loins of Bronzomarte, Mr Ferret was mounted upon an old hunter, Crabshaw stuck close to his friend Gilbert, and two other horsemen completed the retinue. There was not an aching heart in the whole cavalcade, except that of the young lawyer, which was by turns invaded with hot desires and chilling scruples. Though he was fond of Dolly to distraction, his regard to worldly reputation, and his attention to worldly interest, were continually raising up bars to a legal gratification of his love. His pride was startled at the thought of marrying the daughter of a poor country publican, and he moreover dreaded the resentment of his uncle Crowe, should he take any step of this nature without his concurrence. Many a wishful look did he cast at Dolly, the tears standing in his eyes, and many a woful sigh did he utter.

Lady Greaves immediately perceived the situation of his heart, and, by questioning Mrs Cowslip, discovered a mutual passion between these lovers. She consulted her dear knight on the subject, and he catechised the lawyer, who pleaded guilty. The captain being sounded as to his opinion, declared he would be steered in that, as well as every other course of life, by Sir Launcelot and his lady, whom he verily revered as beings of an order superior to the ordinary race of mankind. This favourable response being obtained from the sailor, our hero took an opportunity on the road, one day after dinner, in presence of the whole company, to accost the lawyer in these words—"My good friend Clarke, I have your happiness very much at heart—your father was an honest man, to whom my family had manifold obligations. I have had these many years a personal regard for yourself, derived from your own integrity of heart and goodness of disposition—I see you are affected, and shall be brief—Besides this regard, I am indebted to your friendship for the liberty—what shall I say?—for the inestimable happiness I now enjoy, in possessing the most excellent—but I understand that significant glance of my Aurelia—I will not offend her delicacy—the truth is, my obligation is very great, and it is time I should evince my gratitude—if the stewardship of my estate is worth your acceptance, you shall have it immediately, together with the house and farm of Cockerton in my neighbourhood. I know you have a passion for Mrs Dolly, and believe she looks upon you with the eyes of tender prepossession—don't blush Dolly—besides your agreeable person, which all the

world must approve, you can boast of virtue, fidelity, and friendship. Your attachment to Lady Greaves neither she nor I shall ever forget. If you are willing to unite your fate with Mr Clarke, your mistress gives me leave to assure you she will stock your farm at her own expense, and we will celebrate the wedding at Greavesbury-hall."

By this time the hearts of these grateful lovers had overflowed. Dolly was sitting on her knees, bathing her lady's hand with her tears, and Mr Clarke appeared in the same attitude by Sir Launcelot. The uncle, almost as much affected as the nephew by the generosity of our adventurer, cried aloud,—"I pray God that you and your glorious consort may have smooth seas and gentle gales whithersoever you are bound—as for my kinsman Tom, I'll give him a thousand pounds to set him fairly afloat, and if he prove not a faithful tender to you his benefactor, I hope he will founder in this world, and be damned in that which is to come." Nothing now was wanting to the completion of their happiness but the consent of Dolly's mother at the Black Lion, who they did not suppose could have any objection to such an advantageous match for her daughter, but in this particular they were mistaken.

In the mean time they arrived at the village where the knight had exercised the duties of chivalry, and there he received the gratulation of Mr Fillet and the attorney who had offered to bail him before Justice Gobble. Mutual civilities having passed, they gave him to understand that Gobble and his wife were turned methodists. All the rest of the prisoners whom he had delivered came to testify their gratitude, and were hospitably entertained. Next day they halted at the Black Lion, where the good woman was overjoyed to see Dolly so happily preferred, but when Sir Launcelot unfolded the proposed marriage, she interrupted him with a scream—"Christ Jesus forbid—marry and amen!—match with her own brother!"

At this exclamation Dolly fainted, her lover stood with his ears erect, and his mouth wide open, Crowe stared, while the knight and his lady expressed equal surprise and concern. When Sir Launcelot entreated Mrs Cowslip to explain this mystery, she told him, that about sixteen years ago, Mr Clarke senior had brought Dolly, then an infant, to her house, when she and her late husband lived in another part of the country and as she had then been lately delivered of a child which did not live, he hired her as a nurse to the little foundling. He owned she was a love-begotten babe, and from time to time paid handsomely for the board of Dolly, who he desired might pass for her own daughter. In his last illness, he assured her he had taken care to provide for the child, but since his death she had received no account of any such provision. She moreover

informed his honour, that Mr Clarke had deposited in her hands a diamond ring, and a sealed paper, never to be opened without his order, until Dolly should be demanded in marriage by the man she should like, and not then, except in the presence of the clergyman of the parish. "Send for the clergyman this instant," cried our hero, reddening, and fixing his eyes on Dolly, "I hope all will yet be well."

The vicar arriving, and being made acquainted with the nature of the case, the landlady produced the paper, which being opened, appeared to be an authentic certificate, that the person commonly, known by the name of Dorothy Cowslip, was in fact Dorothea Greaves, daughter of Jonathan Greaves, Esq by a young gentlewoman who had been some years deceased

"The remaining part of the mystery I myself can unfold," exclaimed the knight, while he ran and embraced the astonished Dolly as his kinswoman "Jonathan Greaves was my uncle, and died before he came of age, so that he could make no settlement on his child, the fruit of a private amour founded on a promise of marriage, of which this ring was a token Mr Clarke, being his confidant, disposed of the child, and at length finding his constitution decay, revealed the secret to my father, who in his will bequeathed one hundred pounds a-year to this agreeable foundling, but as they both died while I was abroad, and some of the memorandums touching this transaction probably were mislaid, I never till now could discover where or how my pretty cousin was situated I shall recompense the good woman for her care and fidelity, and take pleasure in bringing this affair to a happy issue

The lovers were now overwhelmed with transports of joy and gratitude, and every countenance was lighted up with satisfaction From this place to the habitation of Sir Launcelot the bells were rung in every parish, and the corporation in their formalities congratulated him in every town through which he passed About five miles from Greavesbury-hall he was met by above five thousand persons of both sexes and every age, dressed out in their gayest apparel, headed by Mr Ralph Mattocks from Darnel-hill, and the rector from the knight's own parish They were preceded by music of

different kinds, ranged under a great variety of flags and ensigns; and the women, as well as the men, bedizened with fancy-knots and marriage favours At the end of the avenue, a select bevy of comely virgins arrayed in white, and a separate band of choice youths, distinguished by garlands of laurel and holly interweaved, fell into the procession, and sung in chorus a rustic epithalamium composed by the curate At the gate they were received by the venerable housekeeper, Mrs Oakley, whose features were so brightened by the occasion, that with the first glance she made a conquest of the heart of Captain Crowe and this connection was improved afterwards into a legal conjunction

Meanwhile the house of Greavesbury-hall and Darnel-hill were set open for the entertainment of all comers, and both echoed with the sounds of festivity After the ceremony of giving and receiving visits had been performed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr Clarke was honoured with the hand of the agreeable Miss Dolly Greaves, and the captain was put in possession of his paternal estate The perfect and uninterrupted felicity of the knight and his endearing consort diffused itself through the whole adjacent country as far as their example and influence could extend They were admired, esteemed, and applauded, by every person of taste, sentiment, and benevolence, at the same time beloved, revered, and almost adored, by the common people, among whom they suffered not the merciless hand of indigence or misery to seize one single sacrifice

Ferret at first seemed to enjoy his easy circumstances, but the novelty of this situation soon wore off, and all his misanthropy returned He could not bear to see his fellow-creatures happy around him, and signified his disgust to Sir Launcelot, declaring his intention of returning to the metropolis, where he knew there would be always food sufficient for the ravenous appetite of his spleen Before he departed, the knight made him partake of his bounty, though he could not make him taste of his happiness, which soon received a considerable addition in the birth of a son, destined to be the heir and representative of two worthy families, whose mutual animosity the union of his parents had so happily extinguished

THE
EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

TO MR HENRY DAVIES, BOOKSELLER IN LONDON

3

Abergavenny, Aug 4.

RESPECTED SIR,

I HAVE received your esteemed favour of the 13th ultimo, whereby it appeareth, that you have perused those same letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend the Reverend Mr Hugo Bhen, and I am pleased to find you think they may be printed with a good prospect of success inasmuch as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are such as may be re-argued, if not entirely removed. And first, in the first place, as touching what prosecutions may arise from printing the private correspondence of persons still living, give me leave, with all due submission, to observe, that the letters in question were not written and sent under the seal of secrecy, that they have no tendency to the *mala fama* or prejudice of any person whatsoever, but rather to the information and edification of mankind so that it becometh a sort of duty to promulgate them *in usum publicum*. Besides, I have consulted Mr Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inspection and consideration, declareth, that he doth not think the said letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the law. Finally, if you and I should come to a right understanding, I do declare *in verba sacerdotis*, that, in case of any such prosecution, I will take the whole upon my own shoulders, even *quoad* fine and imprisonment, though, I must confess, I should not care to undergo flagellation *Tam ad turpitudinem quam ad amaritudinem pœnas spectans*.—Secondly, concerning the personal resentment of Mr Justice Lismahago, I may say, *non flocçi facio*—I would not willingly vilipend any christian, if, peradventure he deserveth that epithet albeit, I am much surprised that more care is not taken to exclude from the commission all

such vagrant foreigners, as may be justly suspected of disaffection to our happy constitution in church and state—God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as to affirm positively that the said Lismahago is no better than a Jesuit in disguise, but this I will assert and maintain, *totis viribus*, that, from the day he qualified, he has never been once seen *intra templi parietes*, that is to say, within the parish church.

Thirdly, with respect to what passed at Mr Kendal's table, when the said Lismahago was so brutal in his reprehensions, I must inform you, my good sir, that I was obliged to retire, not by fear arising from his minatory reproaches, which, as I said before, I value not a rush, but from the sudden effect produced by a barbel's row, which I had eaten at dinner, not knowing that the said row is at certain seasons violently cathartic, as Galen observeth in his chapter *περί ιχθύος*.

Fourthly, and lastly, with reference to the manner in which I got possession of the letters, it is a circumstance which concerns my own conscience only sufficeth it to say, I have fully satisfied the parties in whose custody they were and, by this time, I hope I have also satisfied you in such ways, that the last hand may be put to our agreement, and the work proceed with all convenient expedition. In which hope I rest,

Respected Sir,

Your very humble servant,
JONATHAN DUSTWICH

P S I propose, *Deo volente*, to have the pleasure of seeing you in the great city towards All-hallow-tide, when I shall be glad to treat with you concerning a parcel of MS sermons, of a certain clergyman deceased a cake of the right leaven for the present taste of the public *Verbum sapienti, &c*

J D

TO THE REV MR JONATHAN DUSTWICH, AT —.

SIR,

I RECEIVED yours in course of post, and shall be glad to treat with you for the MS which I have delivered to your friend Mr Bhen, but can by no means comply with the terms proposed. Those things are so uncertain—writing is all a lottery—I have been a loser by the works of the greatest men of the age—I could mention particulars, and name names, but don't choose it.—The taste of the town is so changeable. Then there have been so many letters upon travels lately published—What between Smollett's, Sharp's Derrick's, Thickness's, Baltimore's and Barretti's, together with Shandy's Sentimental Travels, the public seems to be cloyed with that kind of entertainment.—Nevertheless, I will, if you please, run the risk of printing and publishing, and you shall have half the profits of the impression.—You need not take the trouble to bring up your sermons on my account.—Nobody reads sermons but methodists and dissenters.—Besides, for my own part, I am quite a stranger to that sort of reading, and the two persons whose judgment I depended upon in these matters, are out of the way—one is gone abroad, carpenter of a man of war, and the other has been silly enough to abscond, in order to avoid a prosecution for blasphemy—I'm a great loser by his going off—he has left a manual of devotion half finished in my hands, after having received money for the whole copy.—He was the soundest divine, and had the most orthodox pen of all my people, and I never knew his judgment fail, but in flying from his bread and butter on this occasion.

By owning you was not put in bodily fear by Lismahago, you preclude yourself from the benefit of a good plea, over and above the advantage of binding him over. In the

late war, I inserted in my evening paper a paragraph that came by the post, reflecting upon the behaviour of a certain regiment in battle. An officer of said regiment came to my shop, and, in the presence of my wife and journeyman, threatened to cut off my ears.—As I exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than one, to the conviction of the bystanders, I bound him over, my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope, on that head.—There has been but one printer flogged at the cart-tail these thirty years, that was Charles Watson, and he assured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C—— S—— has been threatened several times by the House of L——, but it came to nothing. If an information should be moved for, and granted against you as the editor of these letters, I hope you will have honesty and wit enough to appear and take your trial.—If you should be sentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made.—As times go, that's a sure step to honour and preferment. I shall think myself happy, if I can lend you a lift, and am, very sincerely,

Yours,

HENRY DAVIES

London, August 10

Please my kind service to your neighbour, my cousin Madoc—I have sent an almanac and court-calendar, directed for him at Mr Sutton's, bookseller in Gloucester, carriage paid, which he will please to accept as a small token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toasted cheese, presents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there's any of that kind which he was so good as to send us last Christmas, to be sold in London.

H D

THE

EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

DOCTOR,—The pills are good for nothing—I might as well swallow snow-balls to cool my reins—I have told you, over and over, how hard I am to move, and at this time of day, I ought to know something of my own constitution. Why will you be so positive? Prithee send me another prescription—I am as lame, and as much tortured in all my limbs, as if I was broke upon the wheel; indeed, I am equally distressed in mind and body—as if I had not plagues enough of my own, those children of my sister are left me for a perpetual source of vexation—what business have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yesterday to my niece Liddy, has disordered me in such a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout. Perhaps I may explain myself in my next. I shall set out to-morrow morning for the hot-well at Bristol, where I am afraid I shall stay longer than I could wish. On the receipt of this, send Williams thither with my saddle-horse and the *demi-pique*. Tell Barns to thrash out the two old ricks, and send the corn to market, and sell it off to the poor at a shilling a-bushel under market price. I have received a snivelling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public submission, and pay costs. I want none of his submissions, neither will I pocket any of his money. The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I desire to have nothing to do with him, but as he is purse-proud, he shall pay for his insolence: let him give five pounds to the poor of the parish, and I'll withdraw my action; and, in the mean time, you may tell Prig to stop proceedings. Let Morgan's widow have the Alderney cow, and forty shillings to clothe her children, but don't say a syllable of the matter to any living soul—I'll make her pay when she is able.

I desire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting, and be sure you take the iron chest with my papers into your own custody. Forgive all this trouble from, dear Lewis, your affectionate

M BRAMBLE

Gloucester, April 2

TO MRS GWYLLIM, HOUSEKEEPER AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

MRS GWYLLIM,—When this comes to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male that stands in my closet, to be sent me in the Bristol wagon, without lose of time, the following articles: viz my rose-collard neglejay, with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvet suit, with the short hoop; my blue quilted petticoat, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets, and the little box with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the easings of Dr Hill's dock-water, and Chowder's lack-stuff. The poor creature has been terribly constipated ever since we left home. Pray take particular care of the house while the family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a-spinning. I desire you'll clap a pad-lock on the windseller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong beer—don't forget to have the gate shut every evening before dark. The gardner and hund may lie below in the landry, to partake the house with the blunderbuss and the great dog, and I hope you'll have a watchful eye over the maids. I know that hussy Mary-Jone loves to be romping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be sold yet, and what he fought—if the old goose be sitting, and if the cobbler has cut Lucky, and how the poor

anemil bore the operation.—No more at present, but rest yours,

TABITHA BRAMBLE.

Gloster, April 2.

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL.

DEAR MOLLY,—Having this opportunity, I send my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to hear the same from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather. We have been all in a sad taking here at Gloster—Miss Laddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would a done themselves a mischief, but the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over. Mistress bid me not speak a word of the matter to any Christian soul—no more I shall, for we servants should see all, and say nothing. But, what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle—Mistress was taken with the asterisks, but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service—thank God he's now in a fair way to do well—pray take care of my box and the pillyber, and put them under your own bed; for I do suppose Madam Gwyllim will be a-prying into my secrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but sulky. The squire gave away an ould coat to a poor man, and John says as how 'tis robbing him of his parquises. I told him, by his agreement, he was to receive no vails, but he says as how there's a difference betwixt vails and parquises, and so there is for sartin. We are all going to the hot well, where I shall drink your health in a glass of water, being, dear Molly, your humble servant to command,

W. JENKINS.

Gloster, April 2.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspondence by letters, which you and I agreed at parting to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel in which I have been involved on account of my sister, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school. When I came hither with my uncle and aunt, who are our guardians, to fetch

her away, I found her a fine tall girl of seventeen, with an agreeable person, but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him, who had seen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintances. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters. As it was my duty to stifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the style I used, and behaved with abundance of metal. Though his rank in life (which, by the by, I am ashamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference, yet, as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and something might have happened, had we not been prevented. In short, the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise—recourse was had to justice—I was obliged to give my word and honour, &c. and to-morrow morning we set out for Bristol wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the post. I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceeding starched, vain, and ridiculous. My uncle is an odd kind of humourist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate. Indeed, his being tortured by the gout may have soured his temper, and perhaps I may like him better on farther acquaintance. Certain it is, all his servants and neighbours in the country are fond of him, even to a degree of enthusiasm, the reason of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Gruffy Price, Gwyn, Mansel, Basset, and all the rest of my old Cambrian companions. Salute the bed-maker in my name—give my service to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the sake of his old master, who is, and ever will be, dear Phillips, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

JER. MELFORD.

Gloucester, April 2.

TO MRS JENKINS, AT HER HOUSE IN GLOUCESTER.

DEAR MADAM,—Having no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care. Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me, when I assure her, that I never

harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence, by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do any thing that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a salute, and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be, but time will discover—meanwhile, I will endeavour to forget a connection which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted any thing but tea, since I was hurried away from you nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running. My aunt continues to chide me severely, when we are by ourselves, but I hope to soften her in time, by humility and submission. My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress, and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth, but, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn, affectionate, humble servant, till death,

LYDIA MELFORD

Clifton, April 6

TO MISS LETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

MY DEAREST LETTY,—I am in such a fright, lest this should not come safe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction, that I have made her my confidant, as for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account; indeed, I cannot blame the man for his caution: but I have made it worth his while. My dear companion and bed-fellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort

of your good humour and good sense; but I hope the friendship we contracted at the boarding-school will last for life—I doubt not but, on my side, it will daily increase and improve, as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend. O my dear Letty! what shall I say about poor Mr Wilson? I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him, but, alas! I begin to perceive that it will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my—but, no, I would not have you tell him that neither, because there must be an end of our correspondence—I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace, and yet, if he should, he must be a barbarous—but 'tis impossible,—poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant. I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me, for some time, for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jerry, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life—let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents, or rather, to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue—I would offer my love to the young ladies, but it is not fit that any of them should know you have received this letter. If we go to Bath, I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous centre of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit, and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of her affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD.

Clifton April 6.

TO DR LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,—I have followed your directions with some success, and might have been upon my legs by this time, had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. I rode out upon the Downs last Tuesday, in the forenoon, when the sky, as far as the visible horizon, was without a cloud, but, before I had gone a full mile, I was overtaken instantaneously by a storm of rain, that wet me to the skin in three minutes—whenever it came the devil knows, but it has laid me up (I suppose) for one fortnight. It makes me sick to hear people talk of the fine

air upon Clifton Downs, how can the air be either agreeable or salutary, when the demon of vapours descends in a perpetual drizzle? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations. My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occasioned by that cursed incident at Gloucester, which I mentioned in my last. She is a poor good-natured simpleton, as soft as butter, and as easily melted—not that she's a fool—the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected, that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French, and play upon the harpsichord, then she dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well-inclined, but she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible, and so tender, forsooth!—truly, she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances. Then there's her brother, Squire Jerry, a pert jackanapes, full of college petulance and self-conceit, proud as a German count, and as hot and hasty as a Welsh mountaineer. As for that fantastical animal my sister Tabby, you are no stranger to her qualifications. I vow to God, she is sometimes so intolerable, that I almost think she's the devil incarnate come to torment me for my sins and yet I am conscious of no sins that ought to entail such family plagues upon me—why the devil should I not shake off these torments at once? I a'n't married to Tabby, thank Heaven! nor did I beget the other two let them choose another guardian for my part, I a'n't in a condition to take care of myself, much less to superintend the conduct of giddy-headed boys and girls. You earnestly desire to know the particulars of our adventure at Gloucester, which are briefly these, and I hope they will go no farther.—Laddy had been so long cooped up in a boarding-school, which, next to a nunnery, is the worst kind of seminary that ever was contrived for young women, that she became as inflammable as touchwood, and, going to a play in holiday-time—'sdeath, I'm ashamed to tell you—she fell in love with one of the actors—a handsome young fellow, that goes by the name of Wilson. The rascal soon perceived the impression he had made, and managed matters so as to see her at a house where she went to drink tea with her governess. This was the beginning of a correspondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dressed caps for the girls at the boarding-school. When we arrived at Gloucester, Laddy came to stay at lodgings with her aunt, and Wilson bribed the maid to deliver a letter into her own hands; but it seems Jerry had already acquired so much credit with the maid (by what means he best knows), that she carried the letter to him, and so the whole plot was discovered. The rash boy, without saying a word of the matter to me, went immediately in search of Wilson, and, I suppose, treated

him with insolence enough. The theatrical hero was too far gone in romance to brook such usage, he replied in blank verse, and a formal challenge ensued. They agreed to meet early next morning, and to decide the dispute with sword and pistol. I heard nothing at all of the affair, till Mr Morley came to my bed-side in the morning, and told me he was afraid my nephew was going to fight, as he had been overheard talking very loud and vehement with Wilson, at the young man's lodgings, the night before, and afterwards went and bought powder and ball at a shop in the neighbourhood. I got up immediately, and, upon inquiry, found he was just gone out. I begged Morley to knock up the mayor, that he might interpose as a magistrate, and, in the mean time, I hobbled after the squire, whom I saw at a distance, walking at a great pace towards the city gate. In spite of all my efforts, I could not come up till our two combatants had taken their ground, and were priming their pistols. An old house luckily screened me from their view, so that I rushed upon them at once before I was perceived. They were both confounded, and attempted to make their escape different ways, but Morley coming up with constables at that instant, took Wilson into custody, and Jerry followed him quietly into the mayor's house. All this time I was ignorant of what had passed the preceding day, and neither of the parties would discover a tittle of the matter. The mayor observed that it was great presumption in Wilson, who was a stroller, to proceed to such extremities with a gentleman of family and fortune, and threatened to commit him on the vagrant act. The young fellow bustled up with great spirit declaring he was a gentleman, and would be treated as such, but he refused to explain himself farther. The master of the company being sent for, and examined touching the said Wilson, said, the young man had engaged with them at Birmingham about six months ago, but never would take his salary, that he had behaved so well in his private character as to acquire the respect and good-will of his acquaintance, and that the public owned his merit as an actor was altogether extraordinary. After all, I fancy he will turn out to be a runaway 'prentice from London. The manager offered to bail him for any sum, provided he would give his word and honour that he would keep the peace, but the young gentleman was on his high ropes, and would by no means lay himself under any restrictions: on the other hand, Hopeful was equally obstinate; till at length the mayor declared, that, if they both refused to be bound over, he would immediately commit Wilson as a vagrant to hard labour. I own I was much pleased with Jerry's behaviour on this occasion: he said, that, rather than Mr Wilson should be treated in such an ig-

nominous manner, he would give his word and honour to prosecute the affair no farther while they remained at Gloucester. Wilson thanked him for his generous manner of proceeding, and was discharged. On our return to our lodgings, my nephew explained the whole mystery; and I own I was exceedingly incensed. Liddy being questioned on the subject, and very severely reproached by that wild-cat my sister Tabby, first swooned away; then dissolving into a flood of tears, confessed all the particulars of the correspondence, at the same time giving up three letters, which were all she had received from her admirer. The last, which Jerry intercepted, I send you inclosed; and when you have read it, I dare say you won't wonder at the progress the writer had made on the heart of a simple girl, utterly unacquainted with the characters of mankind. Thinking it was high time to remove her from such a dangerous connection, I carried her off the next day to Bristol, but the poor creature was so frightened and fluttered by our threats and expostulations, that she fell sick the fourth day after our arrival at Clifton, and continued so ill for a whole week, that her life was despaired of. It was not till yesterday that Dr Rigge declared her out of danger. You cannot imagine what I have suffered, partly from the indiscretion of this poor child, but much more from the fear of losing her entirely. This air is intolerably cold, and the place quite solitary. I never go down to the well without returning low-spirited, for there I meet with half-a-dozen poor emaciated creatures with ghostly looks, in the last stage of a consumption, who have made shift to linger through the winter, like so many exotic plants languishing in a hot-house, but in all appearance will drop into their graves before the sun has warmth enough to mitigate the rigour of this ungenial spring. If you think the Bath water will be of any service to me, I will go thither as soon as my niece can bear the motion of the coach. Tell Barns I am obliged to him for his advice, but don't choose to follow it. If Davies voluntarily offers to give up the farm, the other shall have it, but I will not begin at this time of day to distress my tenants because they are unfortunate, and cannot make regular payments. I wonder that Barns should think me capable of such oppression. As for Higgins, the fellow is a notorious poacher, to be sure, and an impudent rascal, to set his snares in my own paddock; but I suppose he thought he had some right, especially in my absence, to partake of what nature seems to have intended for common use. You may threaten him in my name as much as you please, and, if he repeats the offence, let me know it before you have recourse to justice—I know you are a great sportsman, and oblige many of your friends. I need not tell you to make use of my grounds;

but it may be necessary to hunt, that I'm more afraid of my fowling-piece than of my game. When you can spare two or three brace of partridges, send them over by the stage-coach, and tell Gwyllim that she forgot to pack-up my flannels and wide shoes in the trunk-mail—I shall trouble you as usual, from time to time, till at last, I suppose, you will be tired of corresponding with your assured friend,

M BRAMBLE

Clifton, April 17

TO MISS LYDIA MELFORD

Miss Willis has pronounced my doom—you are going away, dear Miss Melford,—you are going to be removed. I know not whither! what shall I do? which way shall I turn for consolation? I know not what I say—all night long have I been tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction, without being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you, or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson, and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation—Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the most distant prospect of being admitted to your company, filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! as the time approached, my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation, but, when I found myself actually in your presence—when I heard you speak—when I saw you smile—when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me, my breast was filled with such tumults of delight, as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy! Encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my presumption—you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope;—you put a favourable, perhaps too favourable a construction on my appearance—certain it is I am no player in love—I speak the language of my own heart, and have no prompter but nature. Yet there is something in this heart, which I have not yet disclosed—I flattered myself—but, I will not, I must not proceed—dear Miss Liddy! for Heaven's sake contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Gloucester; otherwise I know not what will—but I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tender-

ness and truth, I surely have no cause to despair—yet I am strangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you stay in this place, I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies—I know, if it is in your power, you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add your affection? in order to assuage the almost intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted

WILSON

Gloucester, March 31

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

Hot Well, April 18

DEAR PHILLIPS,—I give Mansel credit for his invention, in propagating the report, that I had a quarrel with a mountebank's Merry Andrew at Gloucester, but I have too much respect for every appendage of wit, to quarrel even with the lowest buffoonery, and therefore I hope Mansel and I shall always be good friends. I cannot, however, approve of his drowning my poor dog Ponto, on purpose to convert Ovid's pleonasm into a punning epithet—*decrant quoque littora Ponto*, for, that he threw him into the Isis, when it was so high and impetuous, with no other view than to kill the fleas, is an excuse that will not hold water. But I leave poor Ponto to his fate, and hope Providence will take care to accommodate Mansel with a drier death.

As there is nothing that can be called company at the well, I am here in a state of absolute rustication; this, however, gives me leisure to observe the singularities in my uncle's character, which seems to have interested your curiosity. The truth is, his disposition and mine, which, like oil and vinegar, repelled one another at first, have now begun to mix, by dint of being beat up together. I was once apt to believe him a complete cynic, and that nothing but the necessity of his occasions could compel him to get within the pale of society—I am now of another opinion, I think his peevishness arises partly from bodily pain, and partly from a natural excess of mental sensibility, for, I suppose, the mind, as well as the body, is, in some cases, endowed with a morbid excess of sensation.

I was, the other day, much diverted with a conversation that passed in the pump-room betwixt him and the famous Dr L——n, who is come to ply at the well for patients. My uncle was complaining of the stink, occasioned by the vast quantity of mud and slime which the river leaves at low ebb under the windows of the pump-room. He observed that the exhalations arising from such a nuisance, could not but be prejudicial

to the weak lungs of many consumptive patients who came to drink the water. The doctor, overhearing this remark, made up to him, and assured him he was mistaken. He said, people in general were so misled by vulgar prejudices, that philosophy was hardly sufficient to undeceive them. Then, hemming thrice, he assumed a most ridiculous solemnity of aspect, and entered into a learned investigation of the nature of stink. He observed, that stink or stench, meant no more than a strong impression on the olfactory nerves, and might be applied to substances of the most opposite qualities that in the Dutch language, *stinken* signified the most agreeable perfume, as well as the most fetid odour, as appears in Van Vlondel's translation of Horace, in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis, &c.*, the words *liquidas perfusus odoribus*, he translates, *van civit et moschata gestinken*, that individuals differed *toto celo* in their opinion of smells, which indeed was altogether as arbitrary as the opinion of beauty, that the French were pleased with the putrid effluvia of animal food, and so were the Hottentots in Africa, and the savages in Greenland, and that the negroes on the coast of Senegal would not touch fish till it was rotten, strong presumptions in favour of what is generally called *stink*, as those nations are in a state of nature, undebauched by luxury, unseduced by whim and caprice, that he had reason to believe the stercoraceous flavour, condemned by prejudice as a stink, was, in fact, most agreeable to the organs of smelling, for that every person that pretended to nauseate the smell of another's excretions, snuffed up his own with particular complacency, for the truth of which, he appealed to all the ladies and gentlemen then present, he said, the inhabitants of Madrid and Edinburgh found particular satisfaction in breathing their own atmosphere, which was always impregnated with stercoraceous effluvia, that the learned Dr B——, in his treatise on the Four Digestions, explains in what manner the volatile effluvia from the intestines stimulate and promote the operations of the animal economy. he affirmed the last grand duke of Tuscany, of the Medicis family, who refined upon sensuality with the spirit of a philosopher, was so delighted with that odour, that he caused the essence of ordure to be extracted, and used it as the most delicious perfume, that he himself (the doctor), when he happened to be low-spirited, or fatigued with business, found immediate relief, and uncommon satisfaction, from hanging over the stale contents of a close stool, while his servant stirred it about under his nose, nor was this effect to be wondered at, when we consider that this substance abounds with the self-same volatile salts that are so greedily smelled to by the most delicate invalids, after they have been extracted and sublimed by the

chemists. By this time the company began to hold their noses; but the doctor, without taking the least notice of this signal, proceeded to show, that many fetid substances were not only agreeable but salutary, such as assa-fœtida and other medicinal gums, resins, roots, and vegetables, over and above burnt feathers, tan-pits, candle-snuffs, &c. In short, he used many learned arguments to persuade his audience out of their senses, and from *stench* made a transition to *filth*, which he affirmed was also a mistaken idea, inasmuch as objects so called were no other than certain modifications of matter, consisting of the same principles that enter into the composition of all created essences, whatever they may be, that, in the filthiest production of nature, a philosopher considered nothing but the earth, water, salt, and air, of which it was compounded that, for his own part, he had no more objection to drinking the dirtiest ditch-water, than he had to a glass of water from the hot well, provided he was assured there was nothing poisonous in the concrete. Then addressing himself to my uncle,—“Sir,” said he, “you seem to be of a dropsical habit, and probably will soon have a confirmed ascites, if I should be present when you are tapped, I will give you a convincing proof of what I assert, by drinking, without hesitation, the water which comes out of your abdomen.” The ladies made wry faces at this declaration, and my uncle changing colour, told him he did not desire any such proofs of his philosophy. “But I should be glad to know,” said he, “what makes you think I am of a dropsical habit?” “Sir, I beg pardon,” replied the doctor, “I perceive your ankles are swelled, and you seem to have the *facies leucoplegmatica*. Perhaps, indeed, your disorder may be *edematous*, or gouty, or it may be the *lues venerea*. If you have any reason to flatter yourself it is this last, sir, I will undertake to cure you with three small pills, even if the disease should have attained its utmost inveteracy. Sir, it is an arcanum, which I have discovered, and prepared with infinite labour. Sir, I have lately cured a woman in Bristol—a common prostitute, sir, who had got all the worst symptoms of the disorder; such as *nodi*, *tophi*, and *gummata*, *verrucae*, *cristæ galli*, and *serpiginous* eruption, or rather a pocky itch all over her body. By the time she had taken the second pill, sir, by heaven! she was as smooth as my hand, and the third made her as sound and as fresh as a new born infant.” “Sir,” cried my uncle peevishly, “I have no reason to flatter myself that my disorder comes within the efficacy of your nostrum. but this patient you talk of may not be so sound at bottom as you imagine.” “I can’t possibly be mistaken,” rejoined the philosopher, “for I have had communication with her three times—I always ascertain my cures in that

manner.” At this remark, all the ladies retired to another corner of the room, and some of them began to spit—as to my uncle, though he was ruffled at first by the doctor’s saying he was dropsical, he could not help smiling at this ridiculous confession, and, I suppose, with a view to punish this original, told him there was a wart upon his nose, that looked a little suspicious.—“I don’t pretend to be a judge of these matters,” said he, “but I understand that warts are often produced by the distemper, and that one upon your nose seems to have taken possession of the very key-stone of the bridge, which I hope is in no danger of falling.” I—n seemed a little confounded at this remark, and assured him it was nothing but a common excrescence of the cuticula, but that the bones were all sound below for the truth of this assertion he appealed to the touch, desiring he would feel the part. My uncle said it was a matter of such delicacy to meddle with a gentleman’s nose, that he declined the office, upon which the doctor, turning to me, intreated me to do him that favour. I complied with his request, and handled it so roughly, that he sneezed, and the tears ran down his cheeks, to the no small entertainment of the company, and particularly of my uncle, who burst out a-laughing for the first time since I have been with him, and took notice that the part seemed to be very tender. “Sir,” cried the doctor, “it is naturally a tender part, but, to remove all possibility of doubt, I will take off the wart this very night.”

So saying, he bowed with great solemnity all around, and retired to his own lodgings where he applied caustic to the wart, but it spread in such a manner, as to produce a considerable inflammation, attended with an enormous swelling, so that, when he next appeared, his whole face was overshadowed by this tremendous nozzel, and the rueful eagerness with which he explained the unlucky accident, was ludicrous beyond all description. I was much pleased with meeting the original of a character which you and I have often laughed at in description, and, what surprises me very much, I find the features in the picture which has been drawn for him rather softened than overcharged.

As I have something else to say, and this letter is run to an unconscionable length, I shall now give you a little respite, and trouble you again by the very first post. I wish you would take it in your head to retaliate these double strokes upon yours always,

J. MELFORD

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

Hot Well, April 20
DEAR KNIGHT,—I now sit down to ex-

cute the threat in the tail of my last. The truth is, I am big with the secret, and long to be delivered. It relates to my guardian, who, you know, is at present our principal object in view

T'other day I thought I had detected him in such a state of frailty as would but ill become his years and character. There is a decent sort of a woman, not disagreeable in her person, that comes to the well, with a poor emaciated child, far gone in a consumption. I had caught my uncle's eyes several times directed to this person, with a very suspicious expression in them, and every time he saw himself observed, he hastily withdrew them, with evident marks of confusion. I resolved to watch him more narrowly, and saw him speaking to her privately in a corner of the walk. At length, going down to the well one day, I met her half-way up the hill to Clifton, and could not help suspecting she was going to our lodgings by appointment, as it was about one o'clock, the hour when my sister and I are generally at the pump-room. This notion exciting my curiosity, I returned by a back way, and got unperceived into my own chamber, which is contiguous to my uncle's apartment. Sure enough the woman was introduced, but not into his bed-chamber—he gave her audience in a parlour, so that I was obliged to shift my station to another room, where, however, there was a small chink in the partition, through which I could perceive what passed

My uncle, though a little lame, rose up when she came in, and, setting a chair for her, desired she would sit down: then he asked if she would take a dish of chocolate, which she declined with much acknowledgement. After a short pause, he said, in a croaking tone of voice, which confounded me not a little,—“Madam, I am truly concerned for your misfortunes, and if this trifle can be of any service to you, I beg you will accept it without ceremony.” So saying, he put a bit of paper into her hand, which she opening with great trepidation, exclaimed, in an ecstasy,—“Twenty pounds! O sir!” and sinking down on a settee, fainted away. Frightened at this fit, and, I suppose, afraid of calling for assistance, lest her situation should give rise to unfavourable conjectures, he ran about the room in distraction, making frightful grimaces and, at length, had recollection enough to throw a little water on her face; by which application she brought to herself but then her fit took another turn. She shed a flood of tears, and cried aloud,—“I know not who you are, but sure—worthy sir!—generous sir!—the distress of me and my orphan child—oh! if the widow's prayers and the orphan's tears of gratitude can avail—Gracious Providence!—Blessed be! shower down eternal blessings”—here

she was interrupted by my uncle, who muttered, in a voice still more and more discordant,—“For Heaven's sake, be quiet, madam—consider the people of the house—'sdeath' can't you.” All this time she was struggling to throw herself on her knees, while he, seizing her by the wrists, endeavoured to seat her upon the settee, saying,—“Prithee—good now—hold your tongue.” At that instant, who should burst into the room but our aunt Tabby! of all antiquated maidens the most diabolically capricious. Ever prying into other people's affairs, she had seen the woman enter, and followed her to the door, where she stood listening, but probably could hear nothing distinctly, except my uncle's last exclamation, at which she bounced into the parlour in a violent rage, that dyed the tip of her nose of a purple hue. “Fy upon you, Matt!” cried she, “what doings are these, to disgrace your own character, and disparage your family!” Then snatching the bank-note out of the stranger's hand, she went on,—“How now, twenty pounds!—here is a temptation with a witness!—Good woman, go about your business—brother, brother, I know not which most to admire, your concupiscences, or your extravagance!” “Good God!” exclaimed the poor woman, “shall a worthy gentleman's character suffer for an action that does honour to humanity?” By this time uncle's indignation was effectually roused. his face grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his eyes flashed—“Sister,” cried he in a voice like thunder, “I vow to God, your impertinence is exceedingly provoking.” With these words, he took her by the hand, and, opening the door of communication, thrust her into the chamber where I stood, so affected by the scene, that the tears ran down my cheeks. Observing these marks of emotion,—“I don't wonder,” said she, “to see you concerned at the backslidings of so near a relation, a man of his years and infirmities—these are fine doings, truly—this is a rare example set by a guardian for the benefit of his pupils—monstrous! incongruous! sophistical!” I thought it was but an act of justice to set her to rights, and therefore explained the mystery, but she would not be undeceived. “What,” said she, “would you go for to offer for to arguify me out of my senses? Didn't I hear him whispering to her to hold her tongue? Didn't I see her in tears? Didn't I see him struggling to throw her upon the couch? O filthy! hideous! abominable!—Child, child! talk not to me of charity—Who gives twenty pounds in charity?—But you are a stripling—you know nothing of the world—besides, charity begins at home—twenty pounds would buy me a complete suit of flowered silk, trimmings and all. In short, I quitted the room, my contempt for her, and my respect for her brother, being increased in the same propor-

tion. I have since been informed, that the person who my uncle so generously relieved is the widow of an ensign, who has nothing to depend upon but the pension of fifteen pounds a-year. The people of the well-house give her an excellent character. She lodges in a garret, and works very hard at plain work, to support her daughter, who is dying of a consumption. I must own, to my shame, I feel a strong inclination to follow my uncle's example, in relieving this poor widow, but, betwixt friends, I am afraid of being detected in a weakness that might entail the ridicule of the company upon, dear Philips, yours always,

J MELFORD

Direct your next to me at Bath; and remember me to all our fellow Jesuits

To DOCTOR LEWIS

Hot Well, April 20

I understand your hint. There are mysteries in physic as well as in religion, which we of the profane have no right to investigate. A man must not presume to use his reason, unless he has studied the categories, and can chop logic by mode and figure. Between friends, I think every man of tolerable parts ought, at my time of day, to be both physician and lawyer, as far as his own constitution and property are concerned. For my own part, I have had an hospital these fourteen years within myself, and studied my own case with the most painful attention, consequently may be supposed to know something of the matter, although I have not taken regular courses of physiology, *et cætera, et cætera*. In short, I have for some time been of opinion, (no offence, dear doctor,) that the sum of your medical discoveries amounts to this—that the more you study, the less you know. I have read all that has been written on the hot wells, and what I can collect from the whole is, that the water contains nothing but a little salt and calcareous earth, mixed in such inconsiderable proportion, as can have very little, if any, effect on the animal economy. This being the case, I think the man deserves to be fitted with a cap of bells, who, for such a paltry advantage as this spring affords, sacrifices his precious time, which might be employed in taking more effectual remedies, and exposes himself to the dirt, the stench, the chilling blasts, and perpetual rains, that render this place to me intolerable, if these waters, from a small degree of astringency, are of some service in the *diabetes, diarrhæa*, and night sweats, when the secretions are too much increased, must not they do harm in the same proportion, where the humours are obstructed, as in the asthma, scurvy, gout, and dropsy? Now we talk of the dropsy, here is a strange

5 I*

fantastical oddity, one of your brethren, who harangues every day in the pump-room, as if he was hired to give lectures on all subjects whatsoever—I know not what to make of him. Sometimes he makes shrewd remarks, at other times he talks like the greatest simpleton in nature. He has read a great deal, but without method or judgment, and digested nothing. He believes every thing he has read, especially if it has any thing of the marvellous in it, and his conversation is a surprising hotch-potch of erudition and extravagance. He told me t'other day, with great confidence, that my case was dropsical, or, as he called it, *leucophlegmatic*, a sure sign that his want of experience is equal to his presumption, for you know there is nothing analogous to the dropsy in my disorder. I wish those impertinent fellows, with their rickety understandings, would keep their advice for those who ask it—dropsy, indeed! Sure I have not lived to the age of fifty-five, and had such experience of my own disorder, and consulted you and other eminent physicians so often and so long, to be undeceived by such a — But, without all doubt, the man is mad, and, therefore, what he says is of no consequence. I had yesterday a visit from Higgins, who came hither under the terror of your threats, and brought me in a present a brace of hares, which he owned he took on my ground, and I could not persuade the fellow that he did wrong, or that I would ever prosecute him for poaching. I must desire you will wink hard at the practices of this rascalion, otherwise I shall be plagued with his presents, which cost me more than they are worth. If I could wonder at any thing Fitzowen does, I should be surprised at his assurance, in desiring you to solicit my vote for him at the next election for the county, for him, who opposed me on the like occasion with the most illiberal competition. You may tell him civilly, that I beg to be excused. Direct your next to me at Bath, whither I propose to remove to-morrow, not only on my own account, but for the sake of my niece Laddy, who is like to relapse. The poor creature fell into a fit yesterday, while I was cheapening a pair of spectacles with a Jew pedlar. I am afraid there is something still lurking in that little heart of hers, which I hope a change of objects will remove. Let me know what you think of this half-witted doctor's impertinent, ridiculous, and absurd notions of my disorder. So far from being dropsical, I am as lank in the belly as a greyhound, and, by measuring my ankle with a pack-thread, I find the swelling subsides every day—from such doctors good Lord deliver us!—I have not yet taken any lodgings in Bath, because there we can be accommodated at a minute's warning, and I shall choose for myself. I need not say your directions for drinking and

bathing will be agreeable to, dear Lewis,
yours ever,
MATT. BRAMBLE.

P S I forgot to tell you that my right ankle pits, a symptom, as I take it, of its being *adematous*, not *leucophlegmatic*.

TO MISS LETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

Hot Well, April 21

MY DEAR LETTY,—I did not intend to trouble you again till we should be settled at Bath, but having the occasion of Jarvis, I could not let it slip, especially as I have something extraordinary to communicate. O, my dear companion! what shall I tell you? For several days past, there was a Jew-looking man that plied at the wells with a box of spectacles, and he always eyed me so earnestly, that I began to be very uneasy. At last he came to our lodgings at Clifton, and lingered about the door, as if he wanted to speak to somebody. I was seized with an odd kind of fluttering, and begged Win to throw herself in his way, but the poor girl has weak nerves, and was afraid of his beard. My uncle, having occasion for new glasses, called him up stairs, and was trying a pair of spectacles, when the man, advancing to me, said, in a whisper—“O gracious! what dy'e think he said?”—“I am Wilson!” His features struck me that very moment—it was Wilson sure enough! but so disguised, that it would have been impossible to know him, if my heart had not assisted in the discovery. I was surprised, and so frightened, that I fainted away, but soon recovered, and found myself supported by him on the chair, while my uncle was running about the room, with the spectacles on his nose, calling for help. I had no opportunity to speak to him, but our looks were sufficiently expressive. He was paid for his glasses, and went away. Then I told Win who he was, and sent her after him to the pump-room, where she spoke to him, and begged him in my name to withdraw from the place, that he might not incur the suspicion of my uncle or my brother, if he did not want to see me die of terror and vexation. The poor youth declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had something extraordinary to communicate, and asked if she would deliver a letter to me, but this she absolutely refused, by my order. Finding her obstinate in her refusal, he desired she would tell me that he was no longer a player, but a gentleman, in which character he would very soon avow his passion for me, without fear of censure or reproach. Nay, he even discovered his name and family, which, to my great grief, the simple girl forgot, in the confusion occasioned by her being seen talking to him by my brother, who stopped her on the road, and asked what business she had with that rascally Jew. She pretended she was cheapening a stay-hook; but was

thrown into such a quandary, that she forgot the most material part of the information, and, when she came home, went into an hysterical fit of laughing. This transaction happened three days ago, during which he has not appeared; so that I suppose he is gone. Dear Letty! you see how Fortune takes pleasure in persecuting your poor friend. If you should see him at Gloucester—or if you have seen him, and know his real name and family, pray keep me no longer in suspense—and yet, if he is under no obligation to keep himself longer concealed, and has a real affection for me, I should hope he will, in a little time, declare himself to my relations. Sure, if there is nothing uneuitable in the match, they won't be so cruel as to thwart my inclinations—O, what happiness would then be my portion! I can't help indulging the thought, and pleasing my fancy with such agreeable ideas, which, after all, perhaps, will never be realized. But why should I despair? Who knows what will happen? We set out for Bath to-morrow, and I am almost sorry for it, as I begin to be in love with solitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is so pure, the downs are so agreeable, the furze in full blossom, the ground enamelled with daisies and primroses and cowslips, all the trees bursting into leaves, and the hedges already clothed with their vernal livery, the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating, wanton lambskins playing, frisking, and skipping from side to side, the groves resound with the notes of the blackbird, thrush, and linnet, and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the *nymph of Bristol spring*, where the company is assembled before dinner, so good-natured, so free, so easy, and there we drink the water so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly maukish—there the sun is so cheerful and reviving, the weather so soft, the walk so agreeable, the prospect so amusing, and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to describe. To make this place a perfect paradise to me, nothing is wanting but an agreeable companion and sincere friend, such as my dear Miss Willis hath been, and I hope still will be, to her ever faithful
LYDIA MELFORD

Direct for me, still under cover, to Win, and Jarvis will take care to convey it safe Adieu.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

Bath, April 24.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—You have, indeed, rea-

son to be surprised that I should have concealed my correspondence with Miss Blackerby from you, to whom I disclosed all my other connections of that nature, but the truth is, I never dreamed of any such commerce, till your last informed me that it had produced something which could not be much longer concealed. It is a lucky circumstance, however, that her reputation will not suffer any detriment, but rather derive advantage from the discovery, which will prove, at least, that it is not quite so rotten as most people imagined. For my own part, I declare to you, in all the sincerity of friendship, that, far from having any amorous intercourse with the object in question, I never had the least acquaintance with her person; but if she is really in the condition you describe, I suspect Mansel to be at the bottom of the whole. His visits to that shrine were no secret, and this attachment, added to some good offices, which you know he has done me since I left *alma mater*, give me a right to believe him capable of saddling me with this scandal when my back was turned—nevertheless, if my name can be of any service to him, he is welcome to make use of it, and, if the woman should be abandoned enough to swear his bantering to me, I must beg the favour of you to compound with the parish. I shall pay the penalty without repining, and you will be so good as to draw upon me immediately for the sum required. On this occasion, I act by the advice of my uncle, who says I shall have good luck if I pass through life without being obliged to make many more compositions of the same kind. The old gentleman told me last night, with great good humour, that, betwixt the age of twenty and forty, he had been obliged to provide for nine bastards, sworn to him by women whom he never saw. Mr Bramble's character, which seems to interest you greatly, opens and improves upon me every day. His singularities afford a rich mine of entertainment, his understanding, so far as I can judge, is well cultivated, his observations on life are equally just, pertinent, and uncommon. He affects misanthropy, in order to conceal the sensibility of a heart which is tender even to a degree of weakness. This delicacy of feeling, or soreness of the mind, makes him timorous and fearful, but then he is afraid of nothing so much as of dishonour, and although he is exceedingly cautious of giving offence, he will fire at the least hint of insolence or ill-breeding. Respectable as he is, upon the whole, I can't help being sometimes diverted by his little distresses, which provoke him to let fly the shafts of his satire, keen and penetrating as the arrows of Teucer. Our aunt Tabitha acts upon him as a perpetual grind-stone—she is, in all respects, a striking contrast to her brother—but I reserve her portrait for another occasion.

Three days ago we came hither from the Hot Well, and took possession of the first floor of a lodging-house on the South Parade, a situation which my uncle chose, for its being near the bath, and remote from the noise of carriages. He was scarce warm in the lodgings, when he called for his night-cap, his wide shoes and flannel, and declared himself invested with the gout in his right foot; though, I believe, it had as yet reached no farther than his imagination. It was not long before he had reason to repent his premature declaration, for our aunt Tabitha found means to make such a clamour and confusion, before the flannels could be produced from the trunk, that one would have imagined the house was on fire. All this time uncle sat boiling with impatience, biting his fingers, throwing up his eyes, and muttering ejaculations. At length he burst into a kind of convulsive laugh, after which he hummed a song; and, when the hurricane was over, exclaimed,—“Blessed be God for all things!” This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles. Mrs Tabitha's favourite dog Chowder, having paid his compliments to a female turn-spirit, of his own species, in the kitchen, involved himself in a quarrel with no fewer than five rivals, who set upon him at once, and drove him up stairs to the dining-room door, with hideous noise. There our aunt and her woman, taking arms in his defence, joined the concert, which became truly diabolical. This fray being with difficulty suppressed, by the intervention of our own footman and the cook-maid of the house, the squire had just opened his mouth to expostulate with Tabby, when the town-waits, in the passage below, struck up their music (if music it may be called) with such a sudden burst of sound as made him start and stare, with marks of indignation and disquiet. He had recollection enough to send his servant with some money, to silence those noisy intruders, and they were immediately dismissed, though not without some opposition on the part of Tabtha, who thought it but reasonable that he should have more music for his money. Scarce had he settled this knotty point, when a strange kind of thumping and bouncing was heard right over head, in the second story, so loud and violent as to shake the whole building. I own I was exceedingly provoked at this new alarm, and before my uncle had time to express himself on the subject, I ran up stairs to see what was the matter. Finding the room door open, I entered without ceremony, and perceived an object, which I cannot now recollect without laughing to excess—it was a dancing-master, with his scholar, in the act of teaching. The master was blind of one eye, and lame of one foot, and led about the room his pupil, who seemed to be about the age of threescore, stooped mortally, was tall, raw-boned, hard-favoured,

with a woollen night-cap on his head, and he had stript off his coat, that he might be more nimble in his motions. Finding himself intruded upon by a person he did not know, he forthwith girded himself with a long iron sword, and, advancing to me with a peremptory air, pronounced, in a true Hibernian accent,—“Mister What-d’ye-callum, by my shoul and conscience, I am very glad to see you, if you are after coming in the way of friendship; and indeed, and indeed now, I believe you are my friend sure enough, gra, though I never had the honour to see your face before, my dear, for because you come like a friend, without any ceremony at all, at all—” I told him the nature of my visit would not admit of ceremony, that I was come to desire he would make less noise, as there was a sick gentleman below, whom he had no right to disturb with such preposterous doings. “Why, look ye now, young gentleman,” replied this original, “perhaps, upon another occasion, I might shivilly request you to explain the meaning of that hard word, *preposterous*, but there’s a time for all things, honey—” So saying, he passed me with great agility, and running down stairs, found our footman at the dining room door, of whom he demanded admittance, to pay his respects to the stranger. As the fellow did not think proper to refuse the request of such a formidable figure, he was immediately introduced, and addressed himself to my uncle in these words —“Your humble servant, good sir,—I am not so *preposterous*, as your son calls it, but I know the rules of shivility—I am a poor knight of Ireland, my name is Sir Ulic Macalligut, of the county of Galway, being your fellow-lodger, I’m come to pay my respects, and to welcome you to the South Parade, and to offer my best services to you, and your good lady, and your pretty daughter, and even to the young gentleman your son, though he thinks me a *preposterous* fellow. You must know I am to have the honour to open a ball, next door, to-morrow, with Lady Macmanus, and being rusted in my dancing, I was refreshing my memory with a little exercise, but if I had known there was a sick person below, by C—st’ I would sooner have danced a hornpipe upon my own head, than walk the softest minuet over yours.” My uncle, who was not a little startled at his first appearance, received his compliment with great complacency, insisted upon his being seated, thanked him for the honour of his visit, and reprimanded me for my abrupt expostulation with a gentleman of his rank and character. Thus tutored, I asked pardon of the knight, who, forthwith starting up, embraced me so close, that I could hardly breathe, and assured me he loved me as his own soul. At length, recollecting his night-cap, he pulled it off in some confusion, and, with his bald

pate uncovered, made a thousand apologies to the ladies as he retired.

At that instant the abbey bells began to ring so loud, that we could not hear one another speak, and this peal, as we afterwards learned, was for the honour of Mr Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper of Tottenham, who had just arrived at Bath, to drink the waters, for indigestion. Mr Bramble had not time to make his remarks upon the agreeable nature of this serenade, before his ears were saluted with another concert that interested him more nearly. Two negroes that belonged to a Creole gentleman who lodged in the same house, taking their station at a window in the stair-case, about ten feet from our dining-room door, began to practise upon the French horn, and being in the very first rudiments of execution, produced such discordant sounds, as might have discomposed the organs of an ass. You may guess what effect they had upon the irritable nerves of uncle; who, with the most admirable expression of spleenetic surprise in his countenance, sent his man to silence those dreadful blasts, and desire the musicians to practise in some other place, as they had no right to stand there and disturb all the lodgers in the house. Those sable performers, far from taking the hint, and withdrawing, treated the messenger with great insolence, bidding him carry his compliments to their master, Colonel Rigworm, who would give him a proper answer, and a good drubbing into the bargain. In the mean time they continued their noise, and even endeavoured to make it more disagreeable, laughing between whiles, at the thoughts of being able to torment their betters with impunity. Our squire, incensed at the additional insult, immediately dispatched the servant with his compliments to Colonel Rigworm, requesting that he would order his blacks to be quiet, as the noise they made was altogether intolerable. To this message the Creole colonel replied, that his horns had a right to sound on a common stair-case, that there they should play for his diversion, and that those who did not like the noise, might look for lodgings elsewhere. Mr Bramble no sooner received this reply, than his eyes began to glisten, his face grew pale, and his teeth chattered. After a moment’s pause, he slipped on his shoes, without speaking a word, or seeming to feel any farther disturbance from the gout in his toes. Then snatching his cane, he opened the door, and proceeded to the place where the black trumpeters were posted. There, without farther hesitation, he began to belabour them both, and exerted himself with such astonishing vigour and agility, that both their heads and horns were broken in a twinkling, and they ran howling down stairs to their master’s parlour-door. The squire, following them half-way, called

aloud, that the colonel might hear him,—“Go, rascals, and tell your master what I have done; if he thinks himself injured, he knows where to come for satisfaction. As for you, this is but an earnest of what you shall receive, if ever you presume to blow a horn again here, while I stay in the house.” So saying, he retired to his apartment, in expectation of hearing from the West Indian, but the colonel prudently declined any farther prosecution of the dispute.

My sister Liddy was frightened into a fit, from which she was no sooner recovered than Mrs Tabitha began a lecture upon patience, which her brother interrupted with a most significant grin, exclaiming,—“True, sister, God increase my patience and your discretion. I wonder,” added he, “what sort of a sonata we are to expect from this overture, in which the devil that presides over horrid sounds hath given us such variation of discord. The trampling of porters, the creaking and crashing of trunks, the raring of curs, the scolding of women, the squeaking and squalling of fiddles and haut-boys out of tune, the bouncing of the Irish baronet over head, and the bursting, belching, and bratling of the French horns in the passage (not to mention the harmonious peal that still thunders from the abbey steeple), succeeding one another without interruption, like the different parts of the same concert, have given me such an idea of what a poor invalid has to expect in this temple, dedicated to silence and repose, that I shall certainly shift my quarters to-morrow, and endeavour to effectuate my retreat before Sir Ulic opens the ball with my lady Macmannus, a conjunction that bodes me no good.” This intimation was by no means agreeable to Mrs Tabitha, whose cars were not quite so delicate as those of her brother. She said it would be great folly to move from such agreeable lodgings, the moment they were comfortably settled. She wondered he should be such an enemy to music and mirth. She heard no noise but of his own making, it was impossible to manage a family in dumb show. He might harp as long as he pleased upon her scolding, but she never scolded except for his advantage, but he would never be satisfied, even tho’ she should sweat blood and water in his service. I have a great notion that our aunt, who is now declining into the most desperate state of celibacy, had formed some design upon the heart of Sir Ulic Mackilgott, which she feared might be frustrated by our abrupt departure from these lodgings. Her brother, eyeing her askance,—“Pardon me, sister,” said he, “I should be a savage, indeed, were I insensible of my own felicity, in having such a mild, complaisant, good-humoured, and considerate companion and housekeeper, but as I have got a weak head, and my sense of hearing is painfully acute, before I have re-

course to plugs of wool and cotton, I’ll try whether I can’t find another lodging, where I shall have more quiet and less music.” He accordingly dispatched his man upon this service; and next day he found a small house in Milsham-street, which he hires by the week. Here at least we enjoy convenience and quiet within doors, as much as Tabby’s temper will allow, but the squire still complains of flying pains in the stomach and head, for which he bathes and drinks the waters. He is not so bad, however but that he goes in person to the pump, the rooms and the coffee-houses, where he picks up continual food for ridicule and satire. If I can glean any thing for your amusement, either from his observation or my own, you shall have it freely, though I am afraid it will poorly compensate the trouble of reading these tedious insipid letters of, dear Phillips, yours always, J MELFORD

TO DOCTOR LEWIS.

Bath, April 23,

DEAR DOCTOR.—If I did not know that the exercise of your profession has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I should make a conscience of troubling you with my correspondence, which may be truly called *The Lamentations of Matthew Bramble*. Yet I cannot help thinking I have some right to discharge the overflowings of my spleen upon you, whose province it is to remove those disorders that occasioned it, and, let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances, that I have a sensible friend, to whom I can communicate my crusty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say,—“Altered it is, without all doubt, but then it is altered for the better, a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse.” This reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the heyday of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering. But, I believe, you will not deny that this place, which Nature and Providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits, here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial

more stuff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be, but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath. But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject. I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and to other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The square, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy, and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it, but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance. I suppose, after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The circus is a pretty bauble, contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye, and, perhaps, we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas, and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridor with arcades all round, as in Covent-garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking, those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the streets, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience, that extends over the whole city, and I am persuaded it

produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm; even the close chairs contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their freeze linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere, and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open.

But to return to the circus. It is inconvenient from its situation, at so great a distance from all the markets, baths and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-street, is so difficult, steep, and slippery, that, in wet weather it must be exceedingly dangerous, both for those that ride in carriages and those that walk a-foot, and when the street is covered with snow, as it was for fifteen days successively this very winter, I don't see how any individual could go either up or down without the most imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, most of the houses on this hill are smothered with smoke stuffed down the chimneys by the gusts of wind, reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewise) must render the atmosphere here more humid and unwholesome than it is in the square below for the clouds formed by the constant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will, in their ascent this way, be first attracted and detained by the hill that rises close behind the circus, and load the air with a perpetual succession of vapours, this point, however, may be easily ascertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of salt of tartar exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The same artist who planned the circus, has likewise projected a crescent, when that is finished, we shall probably have a star, and those who are living thirty years hence, may perhaps see all the signs of the zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. These, however fantastical, are still designs that denote some ingenuity and knowledge in the architect, but the rage of building has laid hold on such a number of adventurers, that one sees new houses starting up in every outlet and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without solidity, and stuck together with so little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with, and intersect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of streets and squares disjoined by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if some Gothic devil had stuffed them altogether in a bag, and left them to stand higgledy-piggledy, just as chance directed. What sort of a monster Bath will become in a few years, with those growing excrescences, may be easily conceived, but the want of beauty and proportion is not the worst effect of

these new mansions, they are built so slight, with the soft crumbling stone found in this neighbourhood, that I should never sleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the sailors say) a capful of wind; and I am persuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal strength, would be able to push his foot through the strongest part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muscles. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation. Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces, planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how, agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation, usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind, men of low birth and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages, and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance, and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any farther qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of these uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance, and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country-dances and cotillions among lordlings, squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-Friars, and Botolph-lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the lower town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging house, the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house or elegant apartments, in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath, where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum, and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

Thus the number of people and the number of houses continue to increase, and thus will ever be the case, till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance, shall either be exhausted, or

turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff or members, I detest the whole of it as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice and brutality, and in this term of reprobation I include, without respect of rank, station or quality, all those of both sexes who affect its manners and court its society.

But I have written till my fingers are cramped, and my nausea begins to return. — By your advice, I sent to London a few days ago for half a pound of ginseng, though I doubt much whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the East Indies. Some years ago a friend of mine paid sixteen guineas for two ounces of it, and in six months after it was sold in the same shop for five shillings the pound. In short, we live in a vile world of fraud and sophistication, so that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendship of a sensible man, a rare jewel! which I cannot help thinking myself in possession of, while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as usual, dear Lewis,

Your affectionate

M BRAMBLE

After having been agitated in a short hurricane, on my first arrival, I have taken a small house in Milsham Street, where I am tolerably well lodged for five guineas a week. I was yesterday at the pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which seems to agree with my stomach, and to-morrow morning I shall bathe for the first time, so that, in a few posts, you may expect further trouble. Meanwhile, I am glad to find that the inoculation has succeeded so well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked. If my friend Sir Thomas was a single man, I would not trust such a handsome wench in his family, but as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of Lady G——, who is one of the best women in the world, she may go thither without hesitation, as soon as she is quite recovered, and fit for service — let her mother have money to provide her with necessaries, and she may ride behind her brother on Bucks, but you must lay strong injunctions on Jack, to take particular care of the trusty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his present ease by his past services.

TO MISS WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

Bath, April 26

MY DEAREST COMPANION, — The pleasure I received from yours, when it came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love

and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions, which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life, and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife, with the tortoise-shell memorandum-book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world—all is gaiety, good-humour and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round*, from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings: we have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a-week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies, and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies, a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the prince of Wales, then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation, and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The square, the circus, and the parades, put me in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures, and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, like so many enchanted castles raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair, and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolks jostling each other without ceremony,—*hail fellow! well met!* The noise of the music playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation, gave me the headach and vertigo the first day, but afterwards all these things became familiar, and even agreeable. Right under the pump-room windows is the king's bath, a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces, but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way. My aunt, who says every person of fashion

should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room, and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden, who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took assafetida drops, and was fluttered all day, so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysterics: but her mistress says it will do her good, and poor Win courtesies with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend in a bar, and the glasses, of different sizes, stand ranged in order before them, so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink without being sick. Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs. My uncle began with it the other day, but he made wry faces in drinking, and I am afraid he will leave it off. The first day we came to Bath he fell into a violent passion, beat two blackamoors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their master, but the stranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure, the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed, but, I believe, his passion drove it away, for he has been remarkably well ever since. If a thousand pitics he should ever be troubled with that ugly distemper for, when he is free from pain, he is the best tempered man upon earth, so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that every body loves him, and so good to me in particular, that I shall never be able to show the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-house for the ladies, but my aunt says, young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity, but we are allowed to accompany them to the bookseller's shops, which are charming places of resort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter, and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them), all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop we make a tour through the milliners and toy-men, and commonly stop at Mr Gill's the pastry-cook, to take a jolly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There

is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the grove, to which the company cross over in a boat. It is called Spring Gardens; a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds and parterres of flowers, and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice, and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without seeming to be the worse for it. They say, dancing at Spring Gardens, where the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play, where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gaiety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting with a sigh, upon our poor homely representations at Gloucester. But this in confidence to my dear Willis. You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening. They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a-week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen, and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber, and Sir Ulic Mackilligot recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donaghan, to me as a partner, but Jerry excused himself, by saying I had got the headach, and indeed it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains; and that, as I become accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off. Sir Ulic was very complaisant, made her a great many high-flown compliments, and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the same favour, but my brother, seeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wished him good night. The captain is a pretty man, to be sure, tall and straight, and well made, with light grey eyes, and a Roman nose, but there is a certain boldness in his look and manner that puts one out of countenance. But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected scrawl, which I shall therefore conclude,

with assuring you, that neither Bath, nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of her ever affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MOLLY JONES,—Heaving got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr Higgins at the hot-well, together with the stockings which his wife footed for me, but now they are of no service. No body wears such things in this place. O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fiddling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting—O gracious! If God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might I not reveal, concerning old mistress and young mistress, Jews with beards that were no Jews, but handsome Christians, without a hair upon their sin, strolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has told me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr Wilson, and that's not his name neither, and tho' he acted among the playmen, he is meat for their masters, and she has g'ven me her yellow troleopa, which Mrs Drab, the manty-maker, says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur—you knows as how yellow fits my fizzogmony. God he knows what havoc I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a full soot of gaze, as good as new, that I bought last Friday of Madam Friponneau, the French mullaner. Dear girl, I have seen all the fine shows of Bath, the prades, the squires, and the circhis, the crasbit, the hotogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's Row, and I have been twice in the bath with mistress, and n'ar a smook upon our backs, hussy. The first time I was mortally afraid, and flustered all day, and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick, but mistress said, if I didn't go, I should take a dose of bumtaffy, and so remembering how it worked Mrs Gwyllm a pennorth, I chose rather to go again with her into the bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—but what did that signify?—they mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbustion, that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and wrapt me in a blanket—Mrs Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home, but she knows as I knows what's what—Ah, Laud help you!—

There is Sir Yuri Mickligut, of Balnacinch, in the county of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr O Frizzle, and he has got an estate of fifteen hundred a-year—I am sure he is both rich and generous. But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in trusting me with his flegm for mistress, which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr O Frizzle assures me, he values not her portion a brass varthing—and, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a baron-knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr O Frizzle that was all she had to trust to. As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellow—I vow I thought he would a fit with Mr O Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden—but God he knows I have no thought cyther of wau or t'other.

As for house news, the worst is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick—he eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that, and wheezes and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy—Parson Marrowfat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters, but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire, and mistress says, if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will certainly carry him to Aberga'nny to drink goat's whey—to be sure, the poor dear honymil is lost for want of exercise, for which reason she intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the downs in a post-chaise. I have already made very creditable corrections in this here place, where, to be sure, we have the very squintasence of satiety—Mrs Patcher, My Lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I, are sworn sisters. She has shown me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and retrash rusty silks, and bum-besems, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlayne, and stale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpy-door as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water—but this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly. If we should come to Aberga'nny, you'll be within a day's ride of us, and then we shall see wan another, please God. If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine, and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Saul, and this is all at present, from your beloved friend and sarvent,

WINIFRED JENKINS,

Bath, April 26

TO MRS GWYLLIM, HOUSEKEEPER AT
BRAMBLETON-HALL

I am astonished that Dr Lewis should take upon him to give away Alderney, without my privy and concurrences. What signifies my brother's order?—my brother is little

better than noncompush. He would give away the shirt off his back, and the teeth out of his head; nay, as for that matter, he would have ruined the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters. What, between his wilfulness and his waste, his trumps and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented slave. Alderney gave four gallons a-day ever since the calf was sent to market. There is so much milk out of my dairy, and the press must stand still—but I won't loose a cheese-paring, and the milk shall be made good, if the sarvants should go without butter. If they must needs have butter, let them make it of sheep's milk, but then my wool will suffer for want of grace, so that I must be a loser on all sides. Well, patience is like a stout Welsh poney, it bears a good deal, and trots a great way, but it will tire at the long run—Before its long, perhaps I may show Matt that I was not born to be the household drudge to my dying day. Gwyn rites from Crickhowel, that the price of flannel is fallen three farthings an ell, and that's another good penny out of my pocket. When I go to market to sell, my commodity stinks, but when I want to buy the commonest thing, the owner pricks it up under my nose, and it can't be had for love nor money—I think every thing runs cross at Brambleton-hall. You say the gander has broke the eggs, which is a phinumenon I don't understand, for, when the fox carried off the old goose last year he took her place, and hatched the eggs, and partected the goslings like a tender parent. Then you tell me the thunder has soured two barrels of bear in the seller. But how the thunder should get there, when the seller was double locked, I can't comprehend. Howsomever, I won't have the bear thrown out till I see it with mine own eyes. Perhaps it will recover—at least it will serve for vinegar to the sarvants. You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unsartin when we return. I hope, Gwyllim, you'll take care there is no waste, and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their spinning. I think they may go very well without bear in hot weather—it serves only to inflame the blood, and set them agog after the men. Water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tampart. Don't forget to put up in the port-mantle, that cums with Williams, along with my riding-habit, hat, and feather, the vial of puri-water, and the tinctur for my stomach, being as how I am much troubled with flutterencies. This is all at present from yours,

TABITHA BRAMBLE

Bath, April 26

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—I have done with the wa-

ters, therefore your advice comes a day too late. I grant that physic is no mystery of your making. I know it is a mystery in its own nature, and, like other mysteries, requires a strong gulp of faith to make it go down. Two days ago I went into the king's bath, by the advice of our friend, Ch——, in order to clear the strainer of the skin, for the benefit of a free perspiration, and the first object that saluted my eye was a child, full of scrofulous ulcers, carried in the arms of one of the guides, under the very noses of the bathers. I was so shocked at the sight, that I retired immediately, with indignation and disgust. Suppose the matter of those ulcers, floating in the water, comes in contact with my skin, when the pores are all open, I would ask you what must be the consequence? Good heavens! the very thought makes my blood run cold! We know not what sores may be running into the water while we are bathing, and what sort of matter we may thus imbibe, the king's evil, the scurvy, the cancer, and the pox, and, no doubt, the heat will render the virus the more volatile and penetrating. To purify myself from all such contamination, I went to the duke of Kingston's private bath, and there I was almost suffocated for want of free air, the place was so small, and the steam so stifling.

After all, if the intention is no more than to wash the skin, I am convinced that simple clement is more effectual than any water impregnated with salt and iron, which, being astringent, will certainly contract the pores, and leave a kind of crust upon the surface of the body. But I am now as much afraid of drinking as of bathing, for, after a long conversation with the doctor, about the construction of the pump and the cistern, it is very far from being clear with me, that the patients in the pump-room don't swallow the scourgings of the bathers. I can't help suspecting, that there is, or may be, some regurgitation from the bath into the cistern of the pump. In that case, what a delicate beverage is every day quaffed by the drinkers, medicated with the sweat, and dirt, and dandruff, and the abominable discharges of various kinds, from twenty different diseased bodies, par-boiling in the kettle below! In order to avoid this filthy composition, I had recourse to the spring that supplies the private baths on the abbey-green; but I at once perceived something extraordinary in the taste and smell, and, upon inquiry, I find that the Roman baths in this quarter were found covered by an old burying-ground belonging to the abbey, through which, in all probability, the water drains in its passage, so that, as we drink the decoction of living bodies at the pump-room, we swallow the strainings of rotten bones and carcasses at the private bath. I vow to God, the very idea turns my stomach!—Determined as I

am against any farther use of the Bath waters, this consideration would give me little disturbance, if I could find any thing more pure, or less pernicious, to quench my thirst, but although the natural springs of excellent water are seen gushing spontaneous, on every side, from the hills that surround us, the inhabitants in general make use of well-water, so impregnated with nitre, or alum, or some other villainous mineral, that it is equally ungrateful to the taste, and mischievous to the constitution. It must be owned, indeed, that here, in Milsham-street, we have a precarious and scanty supply from the hill, which is collected in an open basin in the circus, liable to be defiled with dead dogs, cats, rats, and every species of nastiness, which the rascally populace may throw into it, from mere wantonness and brutality.

Well, there is no nation that drinks so hogghishly as the English. What passes for wine among us is not the juice of the grape: it is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauseous ingredients, by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poison-making, yet we and our forefathers are, and have been, poisoned by this cursed drench, without taste or flavour. The only genuine and wholesome beverage in England is London porter, and Dorchester table-beer, but as for your ale and your gin, your cyder and your perry, and all the trashy family of made wines, I detest them as infernal compositions, contrived for the destruction of the human species. But what have I to do with the human species? Except a very few friends, I care not if the whole was —

Hark ye, Lewis, my misanthropy increases every day. The longer I live, I find the folly and the fraud of mankind grow more and more intolerable. I wish I had not come from Brambleton-hall; after having lived in solitude so long, I cannot bear the hurry and impertinence of the multitude. Besides, every thing is sophisticated in these crowded places. Snares are laid for our lives in every thing we eat or drink, the very air we breathe is loaded with contagion. We cannot even sleep without risk of infection. I say infection—this place is the rendezvous of the diseased—you won't deny that many diseases are infectious, even the consumption itself is highly infectious. When a person dies of it in Italy, the bed and bedding are destroyed, the other furniture is exposed to the weather, and the apartment white-washed, before it is occupied by any other living soul. You'll allow, that nothing receives infection sooner, or retains it longer, than blankets, feather-beds, and mattresses. 'Sdeath! how do I know what miserable objects have been stewing in the bed where I now lie!—I wonder, Dick, you did not put me in mind of sending for my own mattresses—but, if I had not been an ass, I should not have needed a remembran-

cer. There is always some plaguy reflection that rises up in judgment against me, and ruffles my spirits—therefore, let us change the subject

I have other reasons for abridging my stay at Bath. You know sister Tabby's complexion—if Mrs Tabitha Bramble had been of any other race, I should certainly have looked upon her as the most.——But the truth is, she has found means to interest my affection, or rather, she is beholden to the force of prejudice, commonly called the ties of blood. Well, this amiable maiden has actually commenced a flirting correspondence with an Irish baronet of sixty-five. His name is Sir Ulick Mackilghut. He is said to be much out at elbows; and, I believe, has received false intelligence with respect to her fortune. Be that as it may, the connection is exceedingly ridiculous, and begins already to excite whispers. For my part, I have no intention to dispute her free agency, though I shall fall upon some expedient to undeceive her paramour as to the point which he has principally in view. But I don't think her conduct is a proper example for Liddy, who has also attracted the notice of some coxcombs in the rooms, and Jerry tells me, he suspects a strapping fellow, the knight's nephew, of some design upon the girl's heart. I shall therefore keep a strict eye over her aunt and her, and even shift the scene, if I find the matter grow more serious. You perceive what an agreeable task it must be, to a man of my kidney, to have the cure of such souls as these. But, hold, you shall not have another peevish word (till the next occasion) from yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Bath, April 28

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS
COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR KNIGHT,—I think those people are unreasonable, who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the same dull scenes perpetually revolve, without variation. I am, on the contrary, amazed to find so small a place so crowded with entertainment and variety. London itself can hardly exhibit one species of diversion to which we have not something analogous at Bath, over and above those singular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of seeing the most remarkable characters of the community. He sees them in their natural attitudes and true colours, descended from their pedestals, and divested of their formal draperies, undisguised by art and affectation. Here we have ministers of state, judges, generals, bishops, projectors, philosophers, wits, poets, players, chemists, fiddlers, and buffoons. If he makes any considerable

stay in the place, he is sure of meeting with some particular friend whom he did not expect to see, and to me there is nothing more agreeable than such casual encounters. Another entertainment, peculiar to Bath, arises from the general mixture of all degrees, assembled in our public rooms, without distinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates as a monstrous jumble of heterogeneous principles, a vile mob of noise and impertinence, without decency or subordination. But this chaos is to me a source of infinite amusement.

I was extremely diverted, last ball night, to see the master of the ceremonies leading, with great solemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated abigail, dressed in her lady's cast clothes, whom he (I suppose) mistook for some countess just arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress, from St Christopher's, and the gay colonel Tinsel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark. Yesterday morning, at the pump-room, I saw a broken-winded Wapping landlady squeeze through a circle of peers, to salute her brandy merchant, who stood by the window, propped upon crutches, and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kicked the shins of the chancellor of England, while his lordship, in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump. I cannot account for my being pleased with these incidents any other way than by saying they are truly ridiculous in their own nature, and serve to heighten the humour in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can.

Those follies that move my uncle's spleen excite my laughter. He is as tender as a man without a skin, who cannot bear the slightest touch without flinching. What tickles another, would give him torment, and yet he has what we may call lucid intervals, when he is remarkably facetious. Indeed, I never knew a hypochondriac so apt to be infected with good humour. He is the most risible misanthrope I ever met with. A lucky joke, or any ludicrous incident, will set him laughing immoderately, even in one of his most gloomy paroxysms, and when the laugh is over, he will curse his own imbecility. In conversing with strangers, he betrays no marks of disquiet—he is splenetic with his familiars only, and not even with them, while they keep his attention employed, but, when his spirits are not exerted externally, they seem to recoil, and prey upon himself. He has renounced the waters with execration, but he begins to find a more efficacious, and, certainly, a much more palatable remedy in the pleasures of society. He has discovered some old friends among the invalids at Bath, and in particular, renewed his acquaintance with the

celebrated James Quin, who certainly did not come here to drink water. You cannot doubt but that I had the strongest curiosity to know this original, and it was gratified by Mr Bramble, who has had him twice at our house to dinner.

So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more respectable than it has been generally represented. His bon mots are in every witling's mouth, but many of them have a rank flavour, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural grossness of idea. I suspect, however, that justice has not been done the author by the collectors of those *Quiniana*, who have let the best of them slip through their fingers, and only retained such as were suited to the taste and organs of the multitude. How far he may relax in his hours of jollity, I cannot pretend to say, but his general conversation is conducted by the nicest rules of propriety, and Mr James Quin is certainly one of the best bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a most agreeable companion, but (as I am credibly informed) a very honest man, highly susceptible of friendship, warm, steady, and even generous in his attachments, disdaining flattery, and incapable of meanness and dissimulation. Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I should take him to be proud, insolent, and cruel. There is something remarkably severe and forbidding in his aspect, and I have been told he was ever disposed to insult his inferiors and dependents. Perhaps that report has influenced my opinion of his looks—you know we are the fools of prejudice. However that may be, I have as yet seen nothing but his favourable side, and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the most sensible men he ever knew. He seems to have a reciprocal regard for old squareroes, whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew, and often reminds of their old tavern adventures, on the other hand, Matthew's eyes sparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance. Let him be never so jarring and discordant, Quin puts him in tune, and, like treble and bass in the same concert, they make excellent music together. To other day, the conversation turning upon Shakspeare, I could not help saying, with some emotion, that I would give a hundred guineas to see Mr Quin act the part of Falstaff, upon which, turning to me with a smile,—“And I would give a thousand, young gentleman,” said he, “that I could gratify your longing.” My uncle and he are perfectly agreed in their estimate of life, which, Quin says, would stink in his nostrils, if he did not steep it in claret.

I want to see this phenomenon in his cups, and have almost prevailed upon uncle to give him a small turtle at the Bear. In the mean time, I must entertain you with an incident

that seems to confirm the judgment of those two cynic philosophers. I took the liberty to differ in opinion from Mr Bramble, when he observed, that the mixture of people in the entertainments of this place was destructive of all order and urbanity, that it rendered the plebeians insufferably arrogant and troublesome, and vulgarized the deportment and sentiments of those who moved in the upper spheres of life. He said, such a preposterous coalition would bring us into contempt with all our neighbours, and was worse, in fact, than debasing the gold coin of the nation. I argued, on the contrary, that those plebeians who discovered such eagerness to imitate the dress and equipage of their superiors, would likewise, in time, adopt their maxims and their manners, be polished by their conversation, and refined by their example, but when I appealed to Mr Quin, and asked if he did not think that such an unreserved mixture would unprove the whole mass,—“Yes,” said he, “as a plate of marmalade would improve a pan of sir-reverence.”

I owned I was not much conversant in high life, but I had seen what were called polite assemblies in London and elsewhere, that those of Bath seemed to be as decent as any, and that, upon the whole, the individuals that composed it would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. “But let us have recourse to experience,” said I, “Jack Holder, who was intended for a parson, has succeeded to an estate of two thousand a-year, by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phaeton and four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the taverns in Bath and Bristol, till his guests are gorged with good cheer. He has bought a dozen suits of fine clothes, by the advice of the master of the ceremonies; under whose tuition he has entered himself; he has lost some hundreds at billiards to sharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-street into keeping, but, finding all these channels insufficient to drain him of his current cash, his counsellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltshire's room. In order to give it the more éclat, every table is to be furnished with sweetmeats and nosegays, which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may help themselves without restriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding.”

“I will abide by that experiment,” cried my uncle; “and if I could find a place to stand secure without the vortex of the tumult, which I know will ensue, I would certainly go thither and enjoy the scene.” Quin proposed that we should take our station in the music gallery, and we took his advice. Holder had got thither before us, with his

horns perduo, but we were admitted. The tea-drinking passed as usual, and the company having risen from the tables, were sauntering in groups, in expectation of the signal for attack, when, the bell beginning to ring, they flew with eagerness to the desert, and the whole place was instantly in commotion. There was nothing but justling, scrambling, pulling, snatching, struggling, scolding, and screaming. The nosegays were torn from one another's hands and bosoms, the glasses and china went to wreck, the tables and floor were strewn with comfits. Some cried, some swore, and the tropes and figures of Billingsgate were used without reserve in all their native zest and flavour, nor were those flowers of rhetoric unattended with significant gesticulation. Some snapped their fingers, some forked them out, some clapped their hands, and some their backsides, at length they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and every thing seemed to presage a general battle, when Holder ordered his horns to sound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants, and inflame the contest, but this manœuvre produced an effect quite contrary to what he expected. It was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate sense of their disgraceful situation. They were ashamed of their absurd deportment, and suddenly desisted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles, and handkerchiefs, and great part of them retired in silent mortification.

Quin laughed at this adventure, but my uncle's delicacy was hurt. He hung his head in manifest chagrin, and seemed to repine at the triumph of his judgment. Indeed his victory was more complete than he imagined, for, as we afterwards learned, the two amazons who signalized themselves most in the action, did not come from the purlieus of Puddledock, but from the courtly neighbourhood of St James's palace. One was a baroness, and the other a wealthy knight's dowager. My uncle spoke not a word till we had made our retreat good to the coffee-house, where, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead,—"I bless God," said he, "that Mrs Tabitha Bramble did not take the field to-day." "I would pit her for a cool hundred," cried Quin, "against the best shake-bag of the whole main." The truth is, nothing could have kept her at home but the accident of her having taken physic before she knew the nature of the entertainment. She has been for some days furnishing up an old suit of black velvet, to make her appearance as Sir Ulic's partner at the next ball.

I have much to say of this amiable kinswoman; but she has not been properly introduced to your acquaintance. She is remarkably civil to Mr Quin, of whose sarcastic humour she seems to stand in awe, but her caution is no match for her impertinence. "Mr Gwynn," said she the other day, "I

was once vastly entertained with your playing the ghost of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*. Do, pray, spout a little the ghost of Gimlet." "Madam," said Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, "the ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again." Insensible of this check, she proceeded. "Well, to be sure, you looked and talked so like a real ghost—and then the cock crowed so natural—I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact in the very nick of time, but I suppose he's game—an't he game, Mr Gwynn?" "Dunghill, madam." "Well, dunghill or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at Brambleton-hall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouse of St Giles's parish, madam, but I protest I know not his particular mew." My uncle, frying with vexation, cried—"Good God, sister, how you talk! I have told you twenty times that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn." "Hoity, toity, brother of mine," she replied, "no offence, I hope—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old British extraction—I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profession, and if so be that were the case, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins." "No, madam," answered Quin, with great solemnity, "my mother was not a w— of such distinction—true it is, I am sometimes tempted to believe myself of royal descent, for my inclinations are often arbitrary—if I was an absolute prince at this instant, I believe I should send for the head of your cook in a charger—she has committed felony on the person of that John Dory, which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even presented without sauce—*O tempore! O mores!*"

This good-humoured sally turned the conversation into a less disagreeable channel—but lest you should think my scribble aw tedious as Mrs Tabby's clack, I shall not add another word, but that I am, as usual, yours,

J MELFORD

Bath, April 30

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

DEAR LEWIS.—I received your bill upon Wiltshire, which was punctually honoured, but, as I don't choose to keep so much cash by me in a common lodging-house, I have deposited £250 in the bank of Bath, and shall take their bills for it on London, when I leave this place, where the season draws to an end—you must know, that now being a-foot, I am resolved to give Liddy a glimpse of London. She is one of the best-hearted creatures I ever knew, and gains upon my

affection every day. As for Tabby, I have dropped such hints to the Irish baronet, concerning her fortune, as, I make no doubt, will cool the ardour of his addresses. Then her pride will take the alarm, and the rancour of stale maidenhood being chafed, we shall hear nothing but slander and abuse of Sir Ulic Mackilligut—thus rupture, I foresee, will facilitate our departure from Bath, where, at present, Tabby seems to enjoy herself with peculiar satisfaction. For my part, I detest it so much, that I should not have been able to stay so long in the place, if I had not discovered some old friends, whose conversation alleviates my disgust. Going to the coffeehouse one forenoon, I could not help contemplating the company with equal surprise and compassion. We consisted of thirteen individuals, seven lamed by the gout, rheumatism, or palsy, three maimed by accident, and the rest either deaf or blind. One hobbled, another hopped, a third dragged his legs after him like a wounded snake, a fourth straddled betwixt a pair of long crutches, like the mummy of a felon hanging in chains, a fifth was bent in an horizontal position, like a mounted telescope, shoved in by a couple of chairmen, and a sixth was the bust of a man set upright in a wheel machine, which the waiter moved from place to place.

Being struck with some of their faces, I consulted the subscription-book, and, perceiving the names of several old friends, began to consider the group with more attention. At length I discovered Rear-admiral Balderick, the companion of my youth, whom I had not seen since he was appointed lieutenant of the Severn. He was metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face, which appeared the more ancient from his grey locks, that were truly venerable. Sitting down at the table where he was reading a newspaper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; then, taking him by the hand,—“Ah, Sam,” said I, “forty years ago I little thought”—I was too much moved to proceed. “An old friend, sure enough,” cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly through his glasses, “I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard-strained since we parted; but I can’t heave up the name.” The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed,—“Ha! Matt, my old fellow-cruizer, still afloat!” and, starting up, hugged me in his arms. His transport, however, boded me no good, for, in saluting me, he thrust the spring of his spectacles into my eye, and, at the same time, set his wooden stump upon my gouty toe, an attack that made me shed tears in sad earnest. After the hurry of our recognition was over, he pointed out two of our common friends in the room, the bust

was what remained of Colonel Cockril, who had lost the use of his limbs in making an American campaign, and the telescope proved to be my college chum, Sir Reginald Bentley, who, with his new title, and unexpected inheritance, commenced fox-hunter, without having served his apprenticeship to the mystery; and, in consequence of following the hounds through a river, was seized with an inflammation in his bowels, which has contracted him into his present attitude.

Our former correspondence was forthwith renewed, with the most hearty expressions of mutual good-will, and, as we had met so unexpectedly, we agreed to dine together that very day at the tavern. My friend Quin, being luckily unengaged, obliged us with his company, and, truly, this was the most happy day I have passed these twenty years. You and I, Lewis, having been always together, never tasted friendship in this high gout, contracted from long absence. I cannot express the half of what I felt at this casual meeting of three or four companions, who had been so long separated, and so roughly treated by the storms of life. It was a renovation of youth, a kind of resuscitation of the dead, that realized those interesting dreams in which we sometimes retrieve our ancient friends from the grave. Perhaps my enjoyment was not the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of past scenes, that conjured up the ideas of some endearing connections, which the hand of death has actually dissolved.

The spirits and good humour of the company seemed to triumph over the wreck of their constitutions. They had even philosophy enough to joke upon their own calamities; such is the power of friendship, the sovereign cordial of life. I afterwards found, however, that they were not without their moments, and even hours, of disquiet. Each of them apart, in succeeding conferences, expatiated upon his own particular grievances, and they were all malcontents at bottom. Over and above their personal disasters, they thought themselves unfortunate in the lottery of life. Balderick complained, that all the recompence he had received for his long and hard service was the half-pay of a rear-admiral. The colonel was mortified to see himself overtopped by upstart generals, some of whom he had once commanded, and, being a man of a liberal turn, could ill put up with a moderate annuity, for which he had sold his commission. As for the baronet, having run himself considerably in debt, on a contested election, he has been obliged to relinquish his seat in parliament, and his seat in the country at the same time, and put his estate to nurse, but his chagrin, which is the effect of his own misconduct, does not affect me half so much as that of the other two, who have acted honourable and distin-

guished parts on the great theatre, and are now reduced to lead a weary life in this stew-pawn of idleness and insignificance. They have long left off using the waters, after having experienced their inefficacy. The diversions of the place they are not in a condition to enjoy. How then do they make shift to pass their time? In the forenoon they crawl out to the rooms or the coffee-house, where they take a hand at whist, or descant upon the General Advertiser; and their evenings they murder in private parties, among peevish invalids, and insipid old women. This is the case with a good number of individuals, whom nature seems to have intended for better purposes.

About a dozen years ago, many decent families restricted to small fortunes, besides those that came hither on the score of health, were tempted to settle at Bath, where they could then live comfortably, and even make a genteel appearance, at a small expense, but the madness of the times has made the place too hot for them, and they are now obliged to think of other migrations—some have already fled to the mountains of Wales, and others have retired to Exeter. Thither, no doubt, they will be followed by the flood of luxury and extravagance, which will drive them from place to place to the very Land's End, and there, I suppose, they will be obliged to ship themselves to some other country. Bath is become a mere sink of profligacy and extortion. Every article of house-keeping is raised to an enormous price, a circumstance no longer to be wondered at, when we know that every petty retainer of fortune piques himself upon keeping a table, and thinks 'tis for the honour of his character to wink at the knavery of his servants, who are in a confederacy with the market people, and of consequence pay whatever they demand. Here is now a mushroom of opulence, who pays a cook seventy guineas a-week for furnishing him with one meal a-day. This portentous frenzy is become so contagious, that the very rabble and refuse of mankind are infected. I have known a negro-driver from Jamaica pay over-night, to the master of one of the rooms, sixty-five guineas for tea and coffee to the company, and leave Bath next morning, in such obscurity, that not one of his guests had the slightest idea of his person, or even made the least inquiry about his name. Incidents of this kind are frequent; and every day teems with fresh absurdities, which are too gross to make a thinking man merry. But I feel the spleen creeping on me apace, and therefore will indulge you with a cessation, that you may have no unnecessary cause to curse your correspondence with, dear Dick, yours ever,

MATT BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 5

TO MISS LETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

MY DEAR LETTY,—I wrote you at great length by the post, the twenty-sixth of last month, to which I refer you for an account of our proceedings at Bath, and I expect your answer with impatience. But having this opportunity of a private hand, I send you two dozen of Bath rings, six of the best of which I desire you will keep for yourself, and distribute the rest among the young ladies, our common friends, as you shall think proper. I don't know how you will approve of the mottoes, some of them are not much to my own liking, but I was obliged to take such as I could find ready manufactured. I am vexed that neither you nor I have received any further information of a certain person—sure it can't be wilful neglect!—O my dear Willis! I begin to be visited by strange fancies, and to have some melancholy doubts, which, however, it would be ungenerous to harbour without further inquiry. My uncle, who has made me a present of a very fine set of garnets, talks of treating us with a jaunt to London, which, you may imagine, will be highly agreeable; but I like Bath so well, that I hope he won't think of leaving it till the season is quite over, and yet, betwixt friends, something has happened to my aunt, which will probably shorten our stay in this place.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, she went by herself to a breakfasting in one of the rooms and, in half an hour, returned in great agitation, having Chowder along with her in the chair. I believe some accident must have happened to that unlucky animal, which is the great source of all her troubles. Dear Letty! what a pity it is that a woman of her years and discretion should place her affection upon such an ugly ill-conditioned cur, that snarls and snaps at every body. I asked John Thomas, the footman who attended her, what was the matter? and he did nothing but grin. A famous dog-doctor was sent for, and undertook to cure the patient, provided he might carry him home to his own house, but his mistress would not part with him out of her own sight—she ordered the cook to warm cloths, which she applied to his bowels with her own hand. She gave up all thoughts of going to the ball in the evening, and when Sir Ulic came to drink tea, refused to be seen, so that he went away to look for another partner. My brother Jerry whistles and dances. My uncle sometimes shrugs up his shoulders, and sometimes bursts out a-laughing. My aunt sobs and scolds by turns, and her woman, Win Jenkins, stares and wonders with a foolish face of curiosity, and for my part, I am as curious as she, but ashamed to ask questions.

Perhaps time will discover the mystery, for if it was any thing that happened in the

rooms, it can't be long concealed—all I know is, that last night, at supper, Miss Bramble spoke very disdainfully of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, and asked her brother if he intended to keep us sweltering all the summer at Bath?—"No, sister Tabitha," said he, with an arch smile, "we shall retreat before the dog-days begin, though I make no doubt, that, with a little temperance and discretion, our constitutions might be kept cool enough all the year, even at Bath." As I don't know the meaning of this insinuation, I won't pretend to make any remarks upon it at present hereafter, perhaps, I may be able to explain it more to your satisfaction—in the mean time, I beg you will be punctual in your correspondence, and continue to love your ever faithful

LYDIA MELFORD

Bath, May, 6

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

So, then, Mrs Blackberby's affair has proved a false alarm, and I have saved my money! I wish, however, her declaration had not been so premature, for though my being thought capable of making her a mother, might have given me some credit, the reputation of an intrigue with such a cracked pitcher does me no honour at all. In my last, I told you I had hopes of seeing Quin in his hours of elevation at the tavern, which is the temple of mirth and good fellowship, where he, as priest of Comus, utters the inspirations of wit and humour—I have had that satisfaction. I have dined with his club at the Three Tuns, and had the honour to sit him out. At half an hour past eight in the evening, he was carried home with six good bottles of claret under his belt, and it being then Friday, he gave orders that he should not be disturbed till Sunday at noon—you must not imagine that this dose had any other effect upon his conversation, but that of making it more extravagantly entertaining—he had lost the use of his limbs, indeed, several hours before we parted, but he retained all his other faculties in perfection, and as he gave vent to every whimsical idea as it rose, I was really astonished at the brilliancy of his thoughts, and the force of his expression. Quin is a real voluptuary in the articles of eating and drinking, and so confirmed an epicure, in the common acceptance of the term, that he cannot put up with ordinary fare. This is a point of such importance with him, that he always takes upon himself the charge of catering, and a man admitted to his mess is always sure of eating delicate victuals, and drinking excellent wine—he owns himself addicted to the delights of the stomach, and often jokes upon his own sensuality, but there is nothing selfish in this appetite—he finds that good cheer

unites good company, exhilarates the spirits, opens the heart, banishes all restraint from conversation, and promotes the happiest purposes of social life. But Mr James Quin is not a subject to be discussed in the compass of one letter, I shall, therefore, at present, leave him to his repose and call in another of a very different complexion.

You desire to have further acquaintance with the person of our aunt, and promise yourself much entertainment from her connection with Sir Ulic Mackilligut, but in this hope you are balked already, that connection is dissolved. The Irish baronet is an old hound, that, finding her carrion, has quitted the scent. I have already told you, that Mrs Tabitha Bramble is a maiden of forty-five. In her person, she is tall, raw-boned, awkward, flat-chested, and stooping, her complexion is sallow and freckled, her eyes are not grey, but greenish, like those of a cat, and generally inflamed, her hair is of a sandy, or rather dusty hue, her forehead low, her nose long, sharp, and, towards the extremity, always red in cool weather, her lips skinny, her mouth extensive, her teeth straggling and loose, of various colours and conformation, and her long neck shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles—in her temper, she is proud, stiff, vain, imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood, her natural austerity has been soured by disappointment in love, for her long celibacy is by no means owing to her dislike of matrimony. On the contrary, she has left no stone unturned to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid.

Before I was born, she had gone such lengths in the way of flirting with a recruiting officer, that her reputation was a little singed. She afterwards made advances to the curate of the parish, who dropped some distant hints about the next presentation to the living, which was in her brother's gift, but finding that it was already promised to another, he flew off at a tangent, and Mrs Tabby, in revenge, found means to deprive him of his cure. Her next lover was a lieutenant of a man of war, a relation of the family, who did not understand the refinements of the passion, and expressed no aversion to grapple with cousin Tabby in the way of marriage, but before matters could be properly adjusted, he went out on a cruise, and was killed in an engagement with a French frigate. Our aunt, though baffled so often, did not yet despair—she laid all her snares for Dr Lewis, who is the *fidus Achates* of my uncle. She even fell sick upon the occasion, and prevailed with Matt to interpose in her behalf with his friend, but the doctor being a shy cock, would not be caught with chaff, and flatly rejected the proposal, so that Mrs Tabitha was content to exert her patience once more, after having endeavoured in vain to effect a rupture

betwixt the two friends; and now she thinks proper to be very civil to Lewis, who is become necessary to her in the way of his profession.

These, however, are not the only efforts she has made towards a nearer conjunction with our sex. Her fortune was originally no more than a thousand pounds, but she gained an accession of five hundred, by the death of a sister, and the lieutenant left her three hundred in his will. These sums she has more than doubled, by living, free of all expense, in her brother's house, and dealing in cheese and Welsh flannel, the produce of his flocks and dairy. At present, her capital is increased to about four thousand pounds, and her avarice seems to grow every day more and more rapacious, but even this is not so intolerable as the perverseness of her nature, which keeps the whole family in disquiet and uproar. She is one of those geniuses who find some diabolical enjoyment in being dreaded and detested by their fellow-creatures.

I once told my uncle, I was surprised that a man of his disposition could bear such a domestic plague, when it could be so easily removed—the remark made him sore, because it seemed to tax him with want of resolution—wrangling up his nose, and drawing down his eye-brows,—“A young fellow,” said he, “when he first thrusts his snout into the world, is apt to be surprised at many things which a man of experience knows to be ordinary and unavoidable—this precious aunt of yours is become insensibly a part of my constitution—damn her, she’s a *noli me tangere* in my flesh, which I cannot bear to be touched or tampered with.” I made no reply, but shifted the conversation. He really has an affection for this original, which maintains its ground in defiance of common sense, and in despite of that contempt which he must certainly feel for her character and understanding. Nay, I am convinced, that she has likewise a most violent attachment to his person; though her love never shows itself but in the shape of discontent; and she persists in tormenting him out of sheer tenderness. The only object within doors upon which she bestows any marks of affection, in the usual style, is her dog Chowder, a filthy cur from Newfoundland, which she had in a present from the wife of a skipper in Swansea. One would imagine she had distinguished this beast with her favour on account of his ugliness and ill-nature, if it was not, indeed, an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own. Certain it is, she caresses him without ceasing, and even harasses the family in the service of this cursed animal, which, indeed, has proved the proximate cause of her breach with Sir Ulick Mackiligh.

You must know, she yesterday wanted to

steal a march of poor Liddy, and went to breakfast in the room, without any other companion than her dog, in expectation of meeting with the baronet, who had agreed to dance with her in the evening. Chowder no sooner made his appearance in the room, than the master of the ceremonies, incensed at his presumption, ran up to drive him away, and threatened him with his foot, but the other seemed to despise his authority, and, displaying a formidable case of long, white, sharp teeth, kept the puny monarch at bay,—while he stood under some trepidation, fronting his antagonist, and bawling to the waiter, Sir Ulick Mackiligh came to his assistance, and, seeming ignorant of the connection between this intruder and his mistress, gave the former such a kick in the jaws, as sent him howling to the door. Mrs. Tabitha, incensed at this outrage, ran after him, squalling in a tone equally disagreeable, while the baronet followed her on one side, making apologies for his mistake, and Derrick on the other, making remonstrances upon the rules and regulations of the place.

Far from being satisfied with the knight's excuses, she said she was sure he was no gentleman, and when the master of the ceremonies offered to hand her into the chair, she rapped him over the knuckles with her fan. My uncle's footman being still at the door, she and Chowder got into the same vehicle, and were carried off amidst the jokes of the chairmen and other populace. I had been riding out on Clarkendown, and happened to enter just as the *fracas* was over. The baronet, coming up to me with an affected air of chagrin, recounted the adventure, at which I laughed heartily, and then his countenance cleared up. “My dear soul,” said he, “when I saw a sort of a wild baist, snarling with open mouth at the master of the ceremonies, like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb, I could not do less than go to the assistance of the little man, but I never dreamt the baist was one of Mrs. Bramble's attendants.—O! if I had, he might have made his breakfast upon Derrick, and welcome; but, you know, my dear friend, how natural it is for us Irishmen to blunder, and to take the wrong sow by the ear—however, I will confess judgment, and cry her mercy, and, ‘tis to be hoped, a penitent sinner may be forgiven.” I told him, that as the offence was not voluntary on his side, it was to be hoped he would not find her implacable.

But, in truth, all this concern was dissipated. In his approaches of gallantry to Mrs. Tabitha, he had been misled by a mistake of at least six thousand pounds in the calculation of her fortune, and in this particular he was just deceived. He therefore seized the first opportunity of incurring her displeasure decently, in such a manner as would certainly annihilate the correspondence, and he could not have taken a more effectual

method than that of beating her dog. When he presented himself at our door, to pay his respects to the offended fair, he was refused admittance, and given to understand, that he should never find her at home for the future. She was not so inaccessible to Derrick, who came to demand satisfaction for the insult she had offered to him, even in the verge of his own court. She knew it was convenient to be well with the master of the ceremonies, while she continued to frequent the rooms; and, having heard that he was a poet, began to be afraid of making her appearance in a ballad or lampoon. She therefore made excuses for what she had done, imputing it to the flutter of her spirits, and subscribed handsomely for his poems; so that he was perfectly appeased, and overwhelmed her with a profusion of compliment. He even solicited a reconciliation with Chowder, which, however, the latter declined; and he declared, that if he could find a precedent in the annals of Bath, which he would carefully examine for that purpose, her favourite should be admitted to the next public breakfasting. But, I believe, she will not expose herself or him to the risk of a second disgrace. Who will supply the place of Mackilligut in her affections, I cannot foresee; but nothing in the shape of a man can come amiss. Though she is a violent churchwoman, of the most intolerant zeal, I believe in my conscience she would have no objection, at present, to treat on the score of matrimony with an anabaptist, quaker, or Jew, and even ratify the treaty at the expense of her own conscience. But, perhaps, I think too hardly of this kinswoman, who, I must own, is very little beholden to the good opinion of yours,

J MELFORD.

Bath, May 6

TO DR LEWIS.

You ask me, why I don't take the air a-horseback, during this fine weather? In which of the avenues of this paradise would you have me take that exercise? Shall I commit myself to the high roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying machines, wagons, and coal-horses, besides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the highway, to show their horsemanship, and the coaches of fine ladies, who go thither to show their equipages? Shall I attempt the downs, and fatigue myself to death in climbing up an eternal ascent, without any hopes of reaching the summit? Know, then, I have made various desperate leaps at those upper regions, but always fell backward into this vapour-pit, exhausted and despirited by those ineffectual efforts, and here we poor valetudinarians pant and struggle like so many Chinese gudgeons, gasping in the bot-

tom of a punch-bowl. By heaven, it is a kind of enchantment! If I do not speedily break the spell, and escape, I may chance to give up the ghost in this nauseous stew of corruption. It was but two nights ago that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greatest weaknesses is that of suffering myself to be over-ruled by the opinion of people whose judgment I despise. I own, with shame and confusion of face, that impotency of any kind I cannot resist. This want of courage and constancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you must have often observed with compassion, if not with contempt. I am afraid some of our boasted virtues may be traced up to this defect.

Without further preamble, I was persuaded to go to a ball, on purpose to see Laddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jack-anapes, the only son of a wealthy undertaker from London, whose mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I sat a couple of long hours, half-stifed, in the midst of a noisome crowd, and could not help wondering, that so many hundreds of those that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in seeing a succession of insipid animals describing the same dull figure for a whole evening, on an area not much bigger than a tailor's shop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dress, or variety, of any kind, however absurd, to engage the attention and amuse the fancy, I should not have been surprised, but there was no such object—it was a tiresome repetition of the same languid frivolous scene, performed by actors that seemed to sleep in all their motions. The continual swimming of those phantoms before my eyes, gave me a swimming of the head, which was also affected by the fouled air, circulating through such a number of rotten human bellows—I therefore retreated towards the door, and stood in the passage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin, when, an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country-dances, and the multitude rising at once, the whole atmosphere was put in commotion. Then, all of a sudden, came rushing upon me an Egyptian gale, so impregnated with pestilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropt senseless upon the floor.

You may easily conceive what a clamour and confusion this accident must have produced in such an assembly. I soon recovered, however, and found myself in an easy chair, supported by my own people. Sister Tabby, in her great tenderness, had put me to the torture, squeezing my head under her arm, and stuffing my nose with spirits of hartshorn, till the whole inside was excoriated. I no sooner got home than I sent for Dr Ch——, who assured me I needed not

be alarmed, for my swooning was entirely occasioned by an accidental impression of fetid effluvia upon nerves of uncommon sensibility. I know not how other people's nerves are constructed; but one would imagine they must be made of very coarse materials, to stand the shock of such a horrid assault.

It was, indeed, *a compound of villainous smells*, in which the most violent stinks and the most powerful perfumes contended for the mastery. Imagine to yourself a high exalted essence of mingled odours, arising from putrid gums, imposthumated lungs, sour flatulences, rank armpits, sweating feet, running sores and issues, plasters, ointments and embrocations. Hungary water, spirit of lavender, assa-fœtida drops, musk, hartshorn and sal volatile, besides a thousand frowzy steams which I could not analyze. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant ether we breathe in the polite assemblies of Bath—such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains—*O Rus! quando te aspiciam!* I wonder what the devil possessed me—but few words are best. I have taken my resolution—you may well suppose I don't intend to entertain the company with a second exhibition. I have promised, in an evil hour, to proceed to London, and that promise shall be performed, but my stay in the metropolis shall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the north, which, I hope, will afford some agreeable pastime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough—and, I think it is a reproach upon me as a British freeholder, to have lived so long without making an excursion to the other side of the Tweed. Besides, I have some relations settled in Yorkshire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his sister. At present I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily disentangled from the Irish baronet, and that I will not fail to make you acquainted (from time to time) with the sequel of our adventures, a mark of consideration which, perhaps, you would willingly dispense with in your humble servant.

MATT BRAMBLE.

Bath, May 8

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS
COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR PHILLIPS,—A few days ago we were terribly alarmed by my uncle's fainting at a ball—he has been ever since cursing his own folly for going thither at the request of an impertinent woman. He declares he will sooner visit a house infected with the plague, than trust himself in such a nauseous spital for the future for he swears the accident was occasioned by the stench of the

crowd; and that he would never desire a stronger proof of our being made of very gross materials, than our having withstood the annoyance by which he was so much discomposed. For my own part, I am very thankful for the coarseness of my organs, being in no danger of ever falling a sacrifice to the delicacy of my nose. Mr Bramble is extravagantly delicate in all his sensations, both of soul and body. I was informed by Dr Lewis, that he once fought a duel with an officer of the horse-guards, for turning aside to the Park wall on a necessary occasion, when he was passing with a lady under his protection. His blood rises at every instance of insolence and cruelty, even where he himself is no way concerned, and ingratitude makes his teeth chatter. On the other hand, the recital of a generous, humane, or grateful action, never fails to draw from him tears of approbation, which he is often greatly distressed to conceal.

Yesterday, one Paunceford gave tea on particular invitation. This man, after having been long buffeted by adversity, went abroad, and Fortune, resolving to make him amends for her former coyness, set him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obscurity, and blazes out in all the tinsel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems dishonest, or that his wealth has made him arrogant or inaccessible, on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But, they say, he is remarkable for shrinking from his former friends, which were generally too plain and homespun to appear amidst his present brilliant connections, and that he seems uneasy at sight of some old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleasure to acknowledge. Be that as it may, he had so effectually engaged the company at Bath, that, when I went with my uncle to the coffee-house in the evening, there was not a soul in the room but one person, seemingly in years, who sat by the fire reading one of the papers. Mr Bramble, taking his station close by him,—"There is such a crowd and confusion of chairs in the passage to Sunpson's," said he, "that we could hardly get along. I wish those minions of fortune would fall upon more laudable ways of spending their money. I suppose, sir, you like this kind of entertainment as little as I do." "I can't say I have any great relish for such entertainments," answered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper. "Mr Serle," resumed my uncle, "I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I can't resist the curiosity I have to know if you received a card on this occasion?"

The man seemed surprised at this address, and made some pause, as doubtful what answer he should make. "I know my curiosity is impertinent," added my uncle, "but

I have a particular reason for asking the favour." "If that be the case," replied Mr Serle, "I shall gratify you without hesitation by owning that I have had no card. But, give me leave, sir, to ask in my turn, what reason you think I have to expect such an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?" "I have my own reasons," cried Mr Bramble, with some emotion, "and am convinced more than ever, that this Pounceford is a contemptible fellow." "Sir," said the other, laying down the paper, "I have not the honour to know you, but your discourse is a little mysterious, and seems to require some explanation. The person you are pleased to treat so cavalierly is a person of some consequence in the community: and, for aught you know, I may also have my particular reasons for defending his character—" "If I was not convinced of the contrary," observed the other, "I should not have gone so far—" "Let me tell you, sir," said the stranger, raising his voice, "you have gone too far in hazarding such reflections—"

Here he was interrupted by my uncle, who asked peevishly, if he was Don Quixote enough at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had treated him with such ungrateful neglect. "For my own part," added he, "I shall never quarrel with you again upon this subject, and what I have said now has been suggested as much by my regard for you, as by my contempt of him." Mr Serle, pulling off his spectacles, eyed uncle very earnestly, saying in a mitigated tone, "surely I am much obliged—ah, Mr Bramble, I now recollect your features, though I have not seen you these many years." "We might have been less strangers to one another," answered the squire, "if our intercourse had not been interrupted in consequence of a misunderstanding occasioned by this very—but, no matter Mr Serle, I esteem your character, and my friendship, such as it is, you may freely command." "The offer is too agreeable to be declined," said he, "I embrace it very cordially, and, as the first fruits of it, request that you will change this subject, which, with me, is a matter of peculiar debacy."

My uncle owned he was right, and the discourse took a more general turn. Mr Serle passed the evening with us at our lodgings, and appeared to be intelligent, and even entertaining, but his disposition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle says he is a man of uncommon parts and unquestioned probity that his fortune, which was originally small, has been greatly hurt by a romantic spirit of generosity, which he has often displayed, even at the expense of his discretion, in favour of worthless individuals that he had rescued Pounceford from the lowest distress, when he was a bankrupt, both in means and reputation that he had espoused his interests

with a degree of enthusiasm, broke with several friends, and even drawn his sword against my uncle, who had particular reasons for questioning the moral character of the said Pounceford that, without Serle's countenance and assistance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity which has raised him to this pinnacle of wealth—that Pounceford, in the first transports of his success, had written, from abroad, letters to different correspondents, owning his obligations to Mr Serle, in the warmest terms of acknowledgement, and declaring he considered himself only as a factor for the occasions of his best friend that, without doubt, he had made declarations of the same nature to his benefactor himself, though this last was always silent and reserved on the subject, but, for some years, those tropes and figures of rhetoric had been disused that upon his return to England, he had been lavish in his caresses to Mr Serle, invited him to his house, and pressed him to make it his own that he had overwhelmed him with general professions, and affected to express the warmest regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance, so that every body believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune, and some went so far as to congratulate Mr Serle on both

All this time Pounceford carefully and artfully avoided particular discussions with his old patron, who had too much spirit to drop the most distant hint of balancing the account of obligation. that, nevertheless, a man of his feelings could not but resent this shocking return for all his kindness; and, therefore, he withdrew himself from the connection, without coming to the least explanation, or speaking a syllable on the subject to any living soul, so that now their correspondence is reduced to a slight salute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place; an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr Pounceford lives in a palace, feeds upon dainties, is arrayed in sumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and passes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall-street, up two pair of stairs backwards, walks a-foot in a Bath rug, eats for twelve shillings a-week, and drinks water, as a preservative against the gont and gravel. Mark the vicissitude Pounceford once resided in a garret, where he subsisted upon sheeps' trotters and cowheel, from which commons he was translated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good cheer; until want of economy and reticence reduced him to a slender annuity, in his decline of years, that scarce affords the bare necessities of life. Pounceford, however, does him the honour to speak of him still with uncommon regard, and to declare what pleasure it would give him to contribute in any shape to his convenience. "But

you know," he never fails to add, "he's a shy kind of a man—and then such a perfect philosopher, that he looks upon all superfluities with the most sovereign contempt."

Having given you this sketch of Squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection, from which, I dare say, it will meet with as little quarter as it has found with yours always,

J Melford

Bath, May 10

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MOLLY,—We are all upon the wing—hey for London, girl!—Fecks' we have been long enough here, for we're all turned tipsy tury—Mistress has excarded Sir Ulic for kicking of Chowder, and I have sent O Frizzle away with a flea in his ear—I've shown him how little I minded his tinsy and his long tail—a fellow, who would think for to go for to offer to take up with a dirty trollop under my nose—I ketched him in the very fect, coming out of the house-maid's garret—but I have g'ien the dirty slut a siserary O Molly' the servants at Bath are devils in garnet—they lite the candle at both ends Here's nothing but ginketting, and wasting, and thieving, and tricking, and trigging, and then they are never content They won't suffer the squire and mistress to stay any longer, because they have been already above three weeks in the house, and they look for a couple of ginneys a-piece at our going away, and this is a parquisite they expect every month in the season, being as how no family has a right to stay longer than four weeks in the same lodgings, and so the cuck swears she will pin the dish-clout to mistress's tail, and the house-maid vows she'll put cow-itch in master's bed, if so be he don't discamp without funder ado I don't blame them for making the most of their market, in the way of vails and parquisites, and I defy the devil to say I am a tail-carrier, or ever brought a poor servant into trouble—but then they oft to have some conscience, in vronging those that be sarvants like themselves For you must no, Molly, I missed three-quarters of blond-lace, and a remnant of muslin, and my silver tumbler, which was the gift of true love, they were all in my work-basket, that I left upon the table in the sarvant's hall, when mistress's bell rung, but if they had been under lock and key, 'twould have been all the same, for there are double keys to all the locks in Bath, and they say as how the very teeth an't safe in your head, if you sleep with your mouth open And so, says I to myself, *them things could not go without hands, and so I'll watch their waters, and*

so I did with a vittess—for then it was I found Bet consarned with O Frizzle And as the cuck had thrown her slush at me, because I had taken part with Chowder, when he fit with the turnspit, I resolved to make a clear kitchen, and throw some of her fat into the fire I ketched the charewoman going out with her load in the morning, before she thought I was up, and brought her to mistress with her whole cargo—Marry, what do'st think she had got, in the name of God? Her buckets were foaming full of our best beer, and her lap was stuffed with a cold tongue, part of a buttock of beef, half a turkey, and a swinging lump of butter, and the matter of ten moulded kandles, that had scarcer ever been lit The cuck brazened it out, and said it was her rite to rummage the pantry, and she was ready for to go before the mare, that he had been her potticary many years, and would never think of hurting a poor sarvant, for giving away the scraps of the kitchen I went another way to work with Madam Betty, because she had been saucy, and called me skandelus names, and said O Frizzle could not abide me, and twenty other odorous falsehoods I got a varrant from the mare, and her box being searched by the constable, my things came out sure enough, besides a full pound of wax candles, and a nite-cap of mistress's, that I could swear to on my cruperal oaf O' then Madam Mopstick came upon her merry bones, and as the squire would'n't hare of a persecution, she escaped a skewering, but the longest day she has to live, she'll remember your humble sarvant,

WINIFRED JENKINS

Bath, May 15

If the hind should come again before we begone, pray send me the shift and apron, with the vite gallow manky shoes, which you'll find in my pillober—Service to Saul

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

You are in the right, dear Phillips, I don't expect regular answers to every letter I know a college life is too circumscribed to afford materials for such quick returns of communication For my part, I am continually shifting the scene, and surrounded with new objects, some of which are striking enough I shall, therefore, conclude my journal for your amusement, and though, in all appearance, it will not treat of very important or interesting particulars, it may prove, perhaps, not altogether uninteresting and unentertaining

The music and entertainments of Bath are over for this season, and all our gay birds of passage have taken their flight to Bristolwell, Tunbridge, Brightelmstone, Scarborough, Harrogate, &c Not a soul is seen

in this place, but a few broken-winded parsons, waddling like so many crows along the North Parade. There is always a great show of the clergy at Bath; none of your thin, puny, yellow, hectic figures, exhausted with abstinence and hard study, labouring under the *morbi eruditorum*, but great overgrown dignitaries and rectors, with rubicund noses and gouty ankles, or broad bloated faces, dragging along great swag bellies, the emblems of sloth and indigestion.

Now we are upon the subject of parsons, I must tell you a ludicrous adventure, which was achieved the other day, by Tom Eastgate, whom you may remember on the foundation of Queen's. He had been very assiduous to pin himself upon George Prankly, who was a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, knowing the said Prankly was heir to a considerable estate, and would have the advowson of a good living, the incumbent of which was very old and infirm. He studied his passions, and flattered them so effectually, as to become his companion and counsellor, and at last obtained of him a promise of the presentation, when the living should fall. Prankly, on his uncle's death, quitted Oxford, and made his first appearance in the fashionable world at London, from whence he came lately to Bath, where he has been exhibiting himself among the bucks and gamblers of the place. Eastgate followed him hither, but he should not have quitted him for a moment, at his first emerging into life. He ought to have known he was a fantastic, foolish, fickle fellow, who would forget his college attachments the moment they ceased appealing to his senses. Tom met with a cold reception from his old friend, and was, moreover, informed, that he had promised the living to another man, who had a vote in the county, where he proposed to offer himself a candidate at the next general election. He now remembered nothing of Eastgate, but the freedoms he had used to take with him, while Tom had quietly stood his butt, with an eye to the benefice, and those freedoms he began to repeat, in commonplace sarcasm on his person and his cloth, which he uttered in the public coffeehouse, for the entertainment of the company. But he was egregiously mistaken in giving his own wit credit for that tameness of Eastgate, which had been entirely owing to prudential considerations. These being now removed, he retorted his repartee with interest, and found no great difficulty in turning the laugh upon the aggressor, who, losing his temper, called him names, and asked, *if he knew whom he talked to*. After much altercation, Prankly, shaking his cane, bid him hold his tongue, otherwise he would dust his cassock for him. "I have no pretensions to such a valet," said Tom, "but if you should do me that office, and overhear yourself, I have here a good oaken towel at your service."

Prankly was equally incensed and confounded at this reply. After a moment's pause, he took him aside towards the window, and, pointing to the clump of firs on Clerkendown, asked, in a whisper, if he had spirit enough to meet him there, with a cast of pistols, at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Eastgate answered in the affirmative, and, with a steady countenance, assured him, he would not fail to give him the rendezvous at the hour he mentioned. So saying, he retired, and the challenger staid some time in manifest agitation. In the morning, Eastgate, who knew his man, and had taken his resolution, went to Prankly's lodgings, and roused him by five o'clock.

The squire, in all probability, cursed his punctuality in his heart, but he affected to talk big, but having prepared his artillery, over night, they crossed the water at the end of the South Parade. In their passage up the hill, Prankly often eyed the parson, in hopes of perceiving some reluctance in his countenance, but as no such marks appeared, he attempted to intimidate him by word of mouth. "If these flints do their office," said he, "I'll do thy business in a few minutes." "I desire you will do your best," replied the other; "for my part, I come not here to trifle. Our lives are in the hands of God, and one of us already totters on the brink of eternity." This remark seemed to make some impression upon the squire, who changed countenance, and, with a faltering accent, observed,—"That it ill became a clergyman to be concerned in quarrels and bloodshed." "Your insolence to me," said Eastgate, "I should have bore with patience, had not you cast the most infamous reflections upon my order, the honour of which I think myself in duty bound to maintain, even at the expense of my heart's blood, and surely it can be no crime to put out of the world a profligate wretch, without any sense of principle, morality, or religion." "Thou mayest take away my life," cried Prankly, in great perturbation, "but don't go to murder my character—what hast got no conscience?" "My conscience is perfectly quiet," replied the other, "and now, sir, we are upon the spot. take your ground as near as you please, prime your pistol, and the Lord, of his infinite mercy, have compassion upon your miserable soul!"

This ejaculation he pronounced in a loud solemn tone, with his hat off, and his eyes lifted up, then drawing a large horse-pistol, he presented, and put himself in a posture of action. Prankly took his distance, and endeavoured to prime, but his hand shook with such violence, that he found this operation impracticable. His antagonist, seeing how it was with him, offered his assistance, and advanced for that purpose, when the poor squire, exceedingly alarmed at what he had heard and seen, desired the action might

be deferred till next day, as he had not settled his affairs "I ha'n't made my will," said he; "my sisters are not provided for, and I just now recollect an old promise, which my conscience tells me I ought to perform. I'll first convince thee that I am not a wretch without principle, and then thou shalt have an opportunity to take my life, which thou seemest to thirst after so eagerly."

Eastgate understood the hint, and told him, that one day should break no squares, adding,—"God forbid that I should be the means of hindering you from acting the part of an honest man and a dutiful brother." By virtue of this cessation, they returned peaceably together. Prankly forthwith made out the presentation of the living, and delivered it to Eastgate, telling him, at the same time, he had now settled his affairs, and was ready to attend him to the fir-grove, but Tom declared he could not think of lifting his hand against the life of so great a benefactor. He did more when they next met at the coffee-house, he asked pardon of Mr Prankly, if in his passion he had said any thing to give him offence, and the squire was so gracious as to forgive him with a cordial shake of the hand, declaring that he did not like to be at variance with an old college companion. Next day, however, he left Bath abruptly; and then Eastgate told me all these particulars, not a little pleased with the effects of his own sagacity, by which he has secured a living worth £160 per annum.

Of my uncle, I have nothing at present to say, but that we set out to-morrow for London *en famille*. He and the ladies, with the maid and Chowder, in a coach; I and the man-servant a-horseback. The particulars of our journey you shall have in my next, provided no accident happens to prevent yours, ever,
J. MELFORD

Bath, May 17

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—I shall to-morrow set out for London, where I have bespoke lodgings at Mrs Norton's, in Golden Square. Although I am no admirer of Bath, I shall leave it with regret, because I must part with some old friends, whom, in all probability, I shall never see again. In the course of coffee-house conversation, I had often heard very extraordinary encomiums passed on the performances of Mr T—, a gentleman residing in this place, who paints landscapes for his amusement. As I have no great confidence in the taste and judgment of coffee-house connoisseurs, and never received much pleasure from this branch of the art, those general praises made no impression at all on my curiosity, but, at the

request of a particular friend, I went yesterday to see the pieces which had been so warmly recommended. I must own I am no judge of painting, though very fond of pictures. I don't imagine that my senses would play me so false as to betray me into admiration of any thing that was very bad, but, true it is, I have often overlooked capital beauties in pieces of extraordinary merit. If I am not totally devoid of taste, however, this young gentleman of Bath is the best landscape painter now living: I was struck with his performances in such a manner as I had never been by painting before. His trees not only have a richness of foliage, and warmth of colouring, which delights the view, but also a certain magnificence in the disposition, and spirit in the expression, which I cannot describe. His management of the *chiaro oscuro*, or light and shadow, especially gleams of sunshine, is altogether wonderful, both in the contrivance and execution, and he is so happy in his perspective, and marking his distances at sea, by a progressive series of ships, vessels, capes and promontories, that I could not help thinking I had a distant view of thirty leagues upon the back-ground of the picture. If there is any taste for ingenuity left in a degenerate age, fast sinking into barbarism, this artist, I apprehend, will make a capital figure, as soon as his works are known.

Two days ago, I was favoured with a visit by Mr Fitzowen, who, with great formality, solicited my vote and interest at the general election. I ought not to have been shocked at the confidence of this man, though it was remarkable, considering what had passed between him and me on a former occasion. These visits are mere matter of form, which a candidate makes to every elector, even to those who, he knows, are engaged in the interest of his competitor, lest he should expose himself to the imputation of pride, at a time when it is expected he should appear humble. Indeed, I know nothing so abject as the behaviour of a man canvassing for a seat in parliament. This mean prostration (to borough electors especially) has, I imagine, contributed in a great measure to raise that spirit of insolence, among the vulgar, which, like the devil, will be found very difficult to lay. Be that as it may, I was in some confusion at the effrontery of Fitzowen, but I soon recollected myself, and told him, I had not yet determined for whom I should give my vote, nor whether I should give it for any. The truth is, I look upon both candidates in the same light, and should think myself a traitor to the constitution of my country, if I voted for either. If every elector would bring the same consideration home to his conscience, we should not have such reason to exclaim against the venality of parliaments. But we are all a pack of venal and corrupted rascals, so lost to all sense

of honesty, and all tenderness of character, that, in a little time, I am fully persuaded nothing will be infamous but virtue and public spirit

G H——, who is really an enthusiast in patriotism, and represented the capital in several successive parliaments, declared to me t'other day, with the tears in his eyes, that he had lived above thirty years in the city of London, and dealt, in the way of commerce, with all the citizens of note in their turns, but that, as he should answer to God, he had never, in the whole course of his life, found above three or four whom he could call thoroughly honest, a declaration which was rather mortifying than surprising to me, who have found so few men of worth in the course of my acquaintance, that they serve only as exceptions— which, in the grammarians' phrase, confirm and prove a general canon I know you will say, G H—— saw imperfectly through the mist of prejudice, and I am rankled by the spleen Perhaps you are partly in the right, for I have perceived that my opinion of mankind, like mercury in the thermometer, rises and falls according to the variations of the weather

Pray settle accounts with Barnes, take what money of mine is in his hands, and give him acquittance If you think Davis has stock or credit enough to do justice to the farm, give him a discharge for the rent that is due this will animate his industry, for I know that nothing is so discouraging to a farmer as the thoughts of being in arrears with his landlord He becomes dispirited, and neglects his labour, and so the farm goes to wreck Tabby has been clamouring for some days about the lamb's skin, which Williams the hind begged of me when he was last at Bath Pruthee take it back, paying the fellow the full value of it, that I may have some peace in my own house; and let him keep his own counsel, if he means to keep his place O! I shall never presume to despise or censure any poor man for suffering himself to be henpecked, conscious how I myself am obliged to truckle to a domestic demon even though (blessed be God) she is not yoked with me for life in the matrimonial wagon. She has quarrelled with the servants of the house about vails, and such intolerable scolding ensued on both sides, that I have been fain to appease the cook and chambermaid by stealth Can't you find some poor gentleman of Wales, to take this precious commodity off the hands of yours,

M BRAMBLE

Bath, May 19

TO DR LEWIS

DOCTOR LEWS.—Give me leaf to tell you, methinks you mought employ your talons better, than to encourage servants to pillage

5 M*

their masters I find by Gwylliam, that Villiams has got my skin, for which he is an unpotent rascal He has not only got my skin, but, moreover, my buttermilk to fatten his pigs, and, I suppose, the next thing he gets will be my pad to carry his daughter to church and fair Roger gets this, and Roger gets that; but I'd have you to know, I won't be rogered at this rate by any ragmatical fellow in the kingdom And I am surprised, Doctor Lews, you would offer to put my affairs in composition with the refuge and skim of the hearth I have toiled and moyled to a good purpus, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't safe as much owl as will make me an under petticoat As for the butter-milk, ne'er a pig in the parish shall thrust his snout in it with my good-will There's a famous physician at the hot-well, that prescribes it to his patience, when the case is consumptive, and the Scots and Irish have begun to drink it already, in such quantities, that there is not a drop left for the hogs in the whole neighbourhood of Bristol I'll have our buttermilk barrelled up, and sent twice a-week to Abergynny, where it may be sold for a half-penny the quart and so Roger may carry his pigs to another market I hope, Doctor, you will not go to push any more such phims in my brother's head, to the prejudice of my pocket, but rather give me some raisins (which hitherto you have not done) to subscribe myself your humble servant,

TAB BRAMBLE

Bath, May 19

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR SIR,—Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach-and-four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap I could scarce refrain from laughing when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes, and, calling to the postilions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face I, and his servant John Thomas, attended them on horseback

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough downs There one of the fore-horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot, and the postilion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped back,

and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly, but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a grasshopper, having made use of poor Win's posteriors as a step to rise in his ascent. The man (who had likewise quit- ted his horse) dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges, with a jerk, laid hold on Laddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frightened, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle, and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his perriwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility, in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage, but she cried, in a tone of distraction,—“Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!”

This was not the case—Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck, for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault, that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming,—“Damn the nasty son of a b——, and them he belongs to!” a benediction which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and her's were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care, was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs Tabby, alarmed at this scene,—“You say nothing, Matt,” cried she, “but I know your mind—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!” “You are mistaken, upon my honour!” replied the squire, with a sarcastic smile, “I should be incapable of harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive, even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite.”

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death, on the supposition that, if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My

uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing, that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not, sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate, and, at length, declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the flood-gates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style, and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horse-whipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred. Mrs Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postilion, who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided, and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without farther impediment. Mrs Bramble, however, found new matter of offence, which, indeed, she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we staid to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postilion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal, that he had ne'er a shirt to his back, and had the impudence to shock her sight by showing his bare posteriors, for which act of indecacy he deserved to be set in the stocks. Mrs Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion, with respect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaster.

“This is a heinous offence indeed,” cried my uncle, “let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication.” He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pink- ing eyes, flat nose, and long chin—but his complexion was of a sickly yellow. His looks denoted famine, and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance,—“An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postilion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in the coach?” “Yes, I am, an' please your noble honour,” answered the man, “but necessity has no law, as the saying is—and more than that, it was an accident—my breeches cracked behind after I had got into the saddle—” “You're an

impudent varlet," cried Mrs Tabby, "for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt." "I am so, an' please your worthy ladyship," said he, "but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad—I ha'n't a shirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an' please your ladyship, but what you see—I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together, and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four-and-twenty hours."

Mrs Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy taterdemalion, and bid him begone, observing, that he would fill the room full of vermin. Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment, and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? When he answered that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mme host was immediately called, and, being interrogated on the subject, declared, that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker—that he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out—that he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra-postilion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled him from getting his bread that, having sold or pawned every thing he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby, that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard any thing to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets?" "I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought a discredit upon my house."

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a christian of bowels—who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity?"—Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender—you stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want—but, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—get a shirt with all convenient dispatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postilion who rode next to her was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous. This was a smart fellow, with a narrow brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postilion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in loose parcels, and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs Tabby, who had not yet digested the affront of his naked skin. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying, she supposed her brother had taken him into favour, because he had insulted her with his obscenity, that a fool and his money were soon parted, but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive, and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There, the first person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjust the footboard, was no other than Humphry Clinker. When I handed out Mrs Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house—my uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly what had brought him hither? The fellow said, his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him;—that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life without fee or reward.

Mr Bramble did not know whether to chide or to laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby, and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character—"Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An' please your honour," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse and shoe him, and bleed and rowel him, and, as for the practice of sow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I can make hog's puddings and hobnails, mend kettles and tin saucepans—" Here uncle burst out a laugh-

ing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of. "I know something of single-stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker, "I can play upon the Jew's harp, sing Black-eyed Susan, Arthur O'Bradley, and divers other songs; I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart, and (under correction) I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad, thou art a complete fellow!" cried my uncle, still laughing, "I have a mind to take thee into my family. Prithree, go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister—thou hast given her much offence by showing her thy naked tail!"

Clinker, accordingly, followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs Tabitha,—"May it please your ladyship's worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that my tail shall never rise up in judgment against me, to offend your ladyship again. Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner—God bless your noble countenance, I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water, and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady!"

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby, but she made no reply, and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness, and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder, and, starting back, trode upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces, then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture, gaping with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs Bramble flew to the dog, and, snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me—here it is, kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied!"

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and, seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an't please your ladyship—it will daub the room—give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the road-side!" To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this ras-

cal lion about his business immediately!" "For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence." "Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphry, "I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden, "he acts by your direction, and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you, for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence—but now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time, and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling, taken from a dunghill!"

Mr Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs Tabitha Bramble! I will now propose an alternative in my turn—either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu!—for I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof, and now to dinner with what appetite you may!" Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner, and, after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt," said she. "And yet I spoke in plain English!"—answered the squire, with a peremptory look. "Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place, but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again!"

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse, adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs Tabitha immediately rose, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek, he returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy sobbed; Win Jenkins cackled; Chowder capered, and Clinker skipt about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort, and in the evening arrived in London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and (in a day or two) will make his appearance in a new suit of livery, but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional

valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden Square, at the house of one Mrs Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils, but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our jesuitical friends, and believe me, ever, dear knight, yours affectionately,

J. MELFORD

London, May 24

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,—London is literally new to me, new in its streets, houses, and even in its situation, as the Irishman said, "London is now gone out of town." What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets and squares, and palaces and churches. I am credibly informed, that, in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are now almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington, and, if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

It must be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Westminster are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new streets are spacious, regular, and airy, and the houses generally convenient. The bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taste and public spirit—I wonder how they stumbled upon a work of such magnificence and utility. But, notwithstanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monster, which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support. The absurdity will appear in its full force, when we consider, that one sixth part of the natives of this whole extensive kingdom is crowded within the bills of mortality. What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers! The abolition of small farms is but one cause of the decrease of population. Indeed, the incredible increase of horses and black cattle, to answer the purposes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and grass, which are raised and managed without much labour; but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or small. The tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants

from the open country. The poorest squire, as well as the richest peer, must have his house in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domestics. The plough-boys, cow-herds, and lower hinds, are debauched and seduced by the appearance and discourse of those coxcombs in livery, when they make their summer excursions. They desert their dirt and drudgery, and swarm up to London, in hopes of getting into service, where they can live luxuriously, and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work, for idleness is natural to man. Great numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers, and London, being an immense wilderness, in which there is neither watch nor ward of any signification, nor any order or police, affords them lurking-places as well as prey.

There are many causes that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass, but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few even of the most opulent citizens of London kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He has his town-house and his country-house, his coach and his post-chaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses, they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who wont to pass his evenings at the ale-house for four-pence halfpenny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home, she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit maître*. The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving-men, and abigails, disguised like their betters.

In short, there is no distinction or subordination left. The different departments of life are jumbled together. The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the stopkeeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, all tread upon the heels of one another, actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiousness, they are seen every

where rambling, riding, rolling, rushing, jostling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing, in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption. All is tumult and hurry. One would imagine they were impelled by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot-passengers run along as if they were pursued by balliffs, the porters and chairmen trot with their burdens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries, glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney-coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them, and I have actually seen a wagon pass through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.

The diversions of the times are not ill-suited to the genius of this incongruous monster called the *public*. Give it noise, confusion, glare and glitter, it has no idea of elegance and propriety. What are the amusements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly. Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill-conceived, and poorly executed, without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assemblage of objects, fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue, in one place, a range of things like coffee-house boxes covered a-top, in another, a parcel of ale-house benches, in a third, a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade, in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault, half lighted, in a fifth, a scanty slip of grass-plot, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate, and through these gay scenes a few lamps glimmer, like so many farthing candles.

When I see a number of well-dressed people, of both sexes, sitting on the covered benches, exposed to the eyes of the mob, and, which is worse, to the cold, raw, night air, devouring sliced beef, and swilling port, and punch, and cider, I can't help compassionating their temerity, while I despise their want of taste and decorum, but when they

course along those damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of heaven, listening to a song, which one half of them cannot possibly hear, how can I help supposing they are actually possessed by a spirit more absurd and pernicious than any thing we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam? In all probability, the proprietors of this and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers, for, considering that eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded that more gout, rheumatism, catarrhs, and consumptions are caught in these nocturnal pastimes, *sub dio*, than from all the risks and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

These, and other observations which I have made in this excursion, will shorten my stay in London, and send me back with a double relish to my solitude and mountains, but I shall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have seen some old friends, who constantly reside in this virtuous metropolis, but they are so changed in manners and disposition, that we hardly know or care for one another. In our journey from Bath, my sister Tabby provoked me into a transport of passion, during which, like a man who has drank himself pot-valiant, I talked to her in such a style of authority and resolution, as produced a most blessed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly ever since this expostulation. How long this agreeable calm will last, heaven above know. I flatter myself the exercise of travelling has been of service to my health, a circumstance which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the north. But I must, in the mean time, for the benefit and amusement of my pupils, explore the depth of this chaos, this mishapen and monstrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was so insolent to my sister on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always sullen and selfish, but if he should return to the country, you may give him a character for honesty and sobriety, and, provided he behaves with proper respect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of yours, always,
MATT BRAMBLE

London, May 29

TO MISS LETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

MY DEAR LETTY,—Inexpressible was the pleasure I received from yours of the 25th,

which was last night put into my hands by Mrs Brentwood, the millner, from Gloucester I rejoice to hear that my worthy governess is in good health, and still more, that she no longer retains any displeasure towards her poor Liddy I am sorry you have lost the society of the agreeable Miss Vaughan, but I hope you won't have cause much longer to regret the departure of your school-companions, as I make no doubt but your parents will, in a little time, bring you into the world, where you are so well qualified to make a distinguished figure When that is the case, I flatter myself you and I shall meet again, and be happy together, and even improve the friendship which we contracted in our tender years This at least I can promise, it shall not be for the want of my utmost endeavours, if our intimacy does not continue for life

About five days ago we arrived in London, after an easy journey from Bath, during which, however, we were overturned, and met with some other little incidents, which had like to have occasioned a misunderstanding betwixt my uncle and aunt but now, thank God, they are happily reconciled, we live in harmony together, and every day make parties to see the wonders of this vast metropolis, which, however, I cannot pretend to describe, for I have not as yet seen one hundredth part of its curiosities, and I am quite in a maze of admiration

The cities of London and Westminster are spread out to an incredible extent The streets, squares, rows, lanes and alleys, are innumerable Palaces, public buildings, and churches, rise in every quarter, and, amongst these last, St Paul's appears with the most astonishing pre-eminence They say it is not so large as St Peter's at Rome, but, for my own part, I can have no idea of any earthly temple more grand and magnificent

But even these superb objects are not so striking as the crowds of people that swarm in the streets I at first imagined that some great assembly was just dismissed, and wanted to stand aside till the multitude should pass, but this human tide continues to flow, without interruption or abatement, from morn to night Then there is such an infinity of gay equipages, coaches, chariots, chaises, and other carriages, continually rolling and shifting before your eyes, that one's head grows giddy looking at them, and the imagination is quite confounded with splendour and variety Nor is the prospect by water less grand and astonishing than that by land you see three stupendous bridges, joining the opposite banks of a broad, deep, and rapid river, so vast, so stately, so elegant, that they seem to be the work of the giants betwixt them, the whole surface of the Thames is covered with small vessels, barges, boats, and wherries, passing to and

fro, and below the three bridges such a prodigious forest of masts, for miles together, that you would think all the ships in the universe were here assembled All that you read of wealth and grandeur, in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and the Persian Tales, concerning Bagdad, Diarbekir, Damascus, Ispahan, and Samarcand, is here realised

Ranelagh looks like the enchanted palace of a giant, adorned with the most exquisite performances of painting, carving, and gilding, enlightened with a thousand golden lamps, that emulate the noon-day sun, crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair, glittering with cloth of gold and silver, lace, embroidery, and precious stones While these exulting sons and daughters of felicity tread this round of pleasure, or regale in different parties and separate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreshments, their ears are entertained with the most ravishing delights of music, both instrumental and vocal There I heard the famous Tenducci, a thing from Italy It looks for all the world like a man, though they say it is not The voice, to be sure, is neither man's nor woman's, but it is more melodious than either, and it warbled so divinely, that, while I listened, I really thought myself in paradise

At nine o'clock, in a charming moon-light evening, we embarked at Ranelagh for Vauxhall, in a wherry, so light and slender, that we looked like so many faeries sailing in a nut-shell My uncle, being apprehensive of catching cold upon the water, went round in the coach, and my aunt would have accompanied him, but he would not suffer me to go by water if she went by land, and therefore she favoured us with her company, as she perceived I had a curiosity to make this agreeable voyage After all, the vessel was sufficiently loaded, for, besides the watermen, there was my brother Jerry, and a friend of his, one Mr Barton, a country gentleman, of a good fortune, who had dined at our house The pleasure of this little excursion was, however, damped, by my being sadly frightened at our landing, where there was a terrible confusion of wherries, and a crowd of people bawling, and swearing, and quarrelling, nay, a parcel of ugly-looking fellows came running into the water, and laid hold on our boat with great violence, to pull it ashore, nor would they quit their hold, till my brother struck one of them over the head with his cane But this flutter was fully recompensed by the pleasures of Vauxhall, which I no sooner entered, than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that rushed all at once upon my eye Image to yourself, my dear Letty, a spacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel, part exhibiting a

wonderful assemblage of the most picturesque and striking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottos, lawns, temples, and cascades, porticos, colonnades, and rotundas, adorned with pillars, statues, and paintings the whole illuminated with an infinite number of lamps, disposed in different figures of suns, stars, and constellations; the place crowded with the gayest company, ranging though those blissful shades, or supping, in different lodges, on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good humour, and animated by an excellent band of music. Among the vocal performers, I had the happiness to hear the celebrated Mrs —, whose voice was so loud and so shrill, that it made my head ache, through excess of pleasure.

In about half an hour after we arrived, we were joined by uncle, who did not seem to relish the place. People of experience and infirmity, my dear Letty, see with very different eyes from those that such as you and I make use of. Our evening's entertainment was interrupted by an unlucky accident. In one of the remotest walks, we were surprised with a sudden shower, that set the whole company a-running, and drove us in heaps, one upon another, into the rotunda, where my uncle, finding himself wet, began to be very peevish, and urgent to be gone. My brother went to look for the coach, and found it with much difficulty, but as it could not hold us all, Mr Barton staid behind. It was some time before the carriage could be brought up to the gate, in the confusion, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of our new footman, Humphry Clinker, who lost his scratch periwig, and got a broken head in the scuffle. The moment we were seated, my aunt pulled off my uncle's shoes, and carefully wrapped his poor feet in her capuchin, then she gave him a mouthful of cordial, which she always keeps in her pocket, and his clothes were shifted as soon as we arrived at our lodgings, so that, blessed be God, he escaped a severe cold, of which he was in great terror.

As for Mr Barton, I must tell you in confidence, he was a little particular, but, perhaps, I mistake his complaisance, and I wish I may, for his sake. You know the condition of my poor heart; which, in spite of hard usage—and yet I ought not to complain—nor will I, till farther information.

Besides Ranelagh and Vauxhall, I have been at Mrs Cornelly's assembly, which, for the rooms, the company, the dresses and decorations, surpasses all description; but as I have no great turn for card-playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the spirit of the place. Indeed, I am still such a country hoyden that I could hardly find patience to be put in a condition to appear, yet I was not above six hours under the hands

of the hair-dresser, who stuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat, and, after all, it was the smallest head in the assembly, except my aunt's. She (to be sure) was so particular with her rump gown and petticoat, her scanty curls, her lappet head, deep triple ruffles and high stays, that every body looked at her with surprise, some whispered and some tittered, and Lady Griskin, by whom we were introduced, flatly told her she was twenty good years behind the fashion.

Lady Griskin is a person of fashion, to whom we have the honour to be related. She keeps a small route at her own house, never exceeding ten or a dozen card-tables, but these are frequented by the best company in town. She has been so obliging as to introduce my aunt and me to some of her particular friends of quality, who treat us with the most familiar good-humour, we have once dined with her, and she takes the trouble to direct us in all our motions. I am so happy as to have gained her good-will to such a degree, that she sometimes adjusts my cap with her own hands, and she has given me a kind invitation to stay with her all the winter. This, however, has been cruelly declined by my uncle, who seems to be (I know not how) prejudiced against the good lady; for, whenever my aunt happens to speak in her commendation, I observe that he makes wry faces, though he says nothing—perhaps, indeed, these grimaces may be the effect of pain arising from the gout and the rheumatism, with which he is sadly distressed. To me, however, he is always good-natured and generous, even beyond my wish. Since we came hither, he has made me a present of a suit of clothes, with trimmings and laces, which cost more money than I shall mention. And Jerry, at his desire, has given me my mother's diamond drops, which are ordered to be set anew, so that it won't be his fault if I do not glitter among the stars of the fourth or fifth magnitude. I wish my weak head may not grow giddy in the midst of all this gallantry and dissipation, though as yet I can safely declare, I could gladly give up all these tumultuous pleasures for country solitude, and a happy retreat with those we love, among whom my dear Willis will always possess the first place in the breast of her ever affectionate

LYDIA MELFORD

London, May 31

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART, JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR PHILLIPS.—I send you this letter, franked by our old friend Barton, who is as much altered as it was possible for a man of his kidney to be. Instead of the careless indolent sloven we knew at Oxford, I found

him a busy talkative politician, a *petit maître* in his dress, and a ceremonious courtier in his manners. He has not gall enough in his constitution to be inflamed with the rancour of party, so as to deal in scurrilous invectives; but since he obtained a place, he is become a warm partizan of the ministry, and sees every thing through such an exaggerating medium, as to me, who am happily of no party, is altogether incomprehensible. Without all doubt, the fumes of faction not only disturb the faculty of reason, but also pervert the organs of sense, and I would lay an hundred guineas to ten, that, if Barton on one side, and the most conscientious patriot in the opposition on the other, were to draw, upon honour, the picture of the king—or me——, you and I, who are still uninfected and unbiassed, would find both painters equally distant from the truth. One thing, however, must be allowed, for the honour of Barton, he never breaks out into illiberal abuse, far less endeavours, by infamous calumnies, to blast the moral character of any individual on the other side.

Ever since we came hither, he has been remarkably assiduous in his attention to our family, an attention which, in a man of his indolence and avocations, I should have thought altogether odd, and even unnatural, had I not perceived that my sister Liddy has made some impression upon his heart. I can't say that I have any objection to his trying his fortune in this pursuit. If an opulent estate, and a great stock of good-nature, are sufficient qualifications in a husband, to render the marriage state happy for life, she may be happy with Barton; but, I imagine, there is something else required to engage and secure the affection of a woman of sense and delicacy—something which nature has denied our friend. Liddy seems to be of the same opinion. When he addresses himself to her in discourse, she seems to listen with reluctance, and industriously avoids all particular communication, but in proportion to her coyness, our aunt is cunning. Mrs. Tabitha goes more than half-way to meet his advances, she mistakes, or affects to mistake, the meaning of his courtesies, which is rather formal and fulsome; she returns his compliments with hyperbolic interest, she persecutes him with her civilities at table, she appeals to him for ever in conversation, she sighs and flirts and ogles, and, by her hideous affectation and impertinence, drives the poor courtier to the very extremity of his complaisance. In short, she seems to have undertaken the siege of Barton's heart, and carries on her approaches in such a desperate manner, that I don't know whether he will not be obliged to capitulate. In the mean time, his aversion to this unamorata, struggling with his acquired affability, and his natural fear of giving offence, throws him

into a kind of distress which is extremely ridiculous.

Two days ago, he persuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the persons of all the great men in the kingdom, and, indeed, there was a great assemblage of distinguished characters, for it was a high festival at court. Our conductor performed his promise with great punctuality. He pointed out almost every individual of both sexes, and generally introduced them to our notice with a flourish of panegyric. Seeing the king approach,—“There comes,” said he, “the most amiable sovereign that ever swayed the sceptre of England, the *delicia humani generis*, Augustus in patronising merit, Titus Vespasian in generosity, Trajan in beneficence, and Marcus Aurelius in philosophy.” “A very honest, kind-hearted gentleman,” added my uncle, “he's too good for the times. A king of England should have a spice of the devil in his composition.” Barton then turning to the Duke of C——, proceeded,—“You know the duke, that illustrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and secured us in possession of every thing we ought to hold dear as Englishmen and Christians. Mark what an eye, how penetrating, yet pacific! what dignity in his mien! what humanity in his aspect! Even malice must own that he is one of the greatest officers in Christendom.” “I think he be,” said Mr Bramble, “but who are these young gentlemen that stand beside him?” “Those,” cried our friend, “those are his royal nephews, the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! the sacred pledges of the protestant line, so spirited, so sensible, so princely—” “Yes, very sensible! very spirited!” said my uncle, interrupting him, “but see the queen! ha! there's the queen! there's the queen! let me see—let me see—where are my glasses?—ha! there's meaning in that eye—there sentiment—there's expression. Well, Mr Barton, what figure do you call next?” The next person he pointed out was the favourite *yearli*, who stood solitary by one of the windows. “Behold yon northern star,” said he, “*shorn of his beams*—” “What! the Caledonian luminary, that lately blazed so bright in our hemisphere! Methinks at present it glimmers through a fog, like Saturn, without his ring, bleak, and dim, and distant—ha, there's the other great phenomenon, the grand pensionary, that weather-cock of patriotism, that veers about in every point of the political compass, and still feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He, too, like a portentous comet, has risen again above the court horizon; but how long he will continue to ascend, it is not easy to foretell, considering his great eccentricity—Who are those two satellites that attend his motions?” When

Barton told him their names,—“To their character,” said Mr Bramble, “I am no stranger. One of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold intoxicating vapour in his head, and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect the whole nation. The other is (I hear) intended for a share in the administration, and the pensionary vouches for his being duly qualified. The only instance I ever heard of his sagacity, was his deserting his former patron, when he found him declining in power, and in disgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thievish as a jackdaw, but, it must be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to disguise his character. His ministry will be attended with one advantage, no man will be disappointed by his breach of promise, as no mortal ever trusted to his word. I wonder how Lord —— first discovered this happy genius, and for what purpose Lord —— has now adopted him, but one would think, that as amber has a power to attract dirt, and straws, and chaff, a minister is endued with the same kind of faculty, to *lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*.” His eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old duke of N——, who, squeezing into the circle with a busy face of importance, thrust his head into every countenance, as if he had been in search of somebody to whom he wanted to impart something of great consequence. My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he passed, and the duke, seeing himself saluted so respectfully by a well-dressed person, was not slow in returning the courtesy. He even came up, and, taking him by the hand,—“My dear friend, Mr A——,” said he “I am rejoiced to see you. How long have you been come from abroad? How did you leave our good friends the Dutch? The king of Prussia don’t think of another war, eh? He’s a great king! a great conqueror! a very great conqueror! Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, sir—corporals, drummers! dross! mere trash—damn’d trash, heh!” His grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to sit in the last parliament but one of the late king, as representative for the borough of Dymkymraig. “Odsø!” cried the duke, “I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr Bramble—you was always a good and loyal subject—a staunch friend to administration—I made your brother an Irish bishop—” “Pardon me, my lord,” said the squire, “I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army—” “Ha!” said his grace, “he was so—he was indeed: but who was the bishop then? Bishop

Blackberry—sure it was Bishop Blackberry—perhaps some relation of yours—” “Very like, my lord,” replied my uncle, “the blackberry is the fruit of the bramble—but I believe the bishop is not a berry of our bush—” “No more he is, no more he is, ha, ha, ha!” exclaimed the duke, “there you give me a scratch, good Mr Bramble, ha, ha, ha!”—well, I shall be glad to see you at Lincoln’s-inn-helds—you know the way—times are altered. Though I have lost the power, I retain the inclination—your very humble servant, good Mr Blackberry.” So saying, he shoved to another corner of the room. “What a fine old gentleman!” cried Mr Barton, “what spirits! what a memory! he never forgets an old friend.” “He does me too much honour,” observed our squire, “to rank me among the number. Whilst I sat in parliament, I never voted with the ministry but three times, when my conscience told me they were in the right, however, if he still keeps levee, I will carry my nephew thither, that he may see and learn to avoid the scene, for I think an English gentleman never appears to such disadvantage as at the levee of a minister. Of his grace I shall say nothing at present, but that for thirty years he was the constant and common butt of ridicule and execration. He was generally laughed at as an ape in politics, whose office and influence served only to render his folly the more notorious, and the opposition cursed him as the indefatigable drudge of a first mover, who was justly styled and stigmatized as the father of corruption. But this ridiculous ape, this venal drudge, no sooner lost the places he was so ill qualified to fill, and unfurled the banners of faction, than he was metamorphosed into a pattern of public virtue, the very people who reviled him before, now extolled him to the skies, as a wise experienced statesman, chief pillar of the protestant succession, and corner-stone of English liberty. I should be glad to know how Mr Barton reconciles these contradictions, without obliging us to resign all title to the privileges of common sense.” “My dear sir,” answered Barton, “I don’t pretend to justify the extravagances of the multitude, who, I suppose, were as wild in their former censure as in their present praise, but I shall be very glad to attend you on Thursday next to his grace’s levee, where, I am afraid, we shall not be crowded with company for, you know, there’s a wide difference between his present office of president of the council, and his former post of first lord commissioner of the treasury.”

This communicative friend having announced all the remarkable characters of both sexes that appeared at court, we resolved to adjourn, and retired. At the foot of the staircase there was a crowd of lacqueys and chairmen, and in the midst of them stood

Humphry Clinker, exalted upon a stool, with his hat in one hand, and a paper in the other, in the act of holding forth to the people. Before we could inquire into the meaning of this exhibition, he perceived his master, thrust the paper into his pocket, descended from his elevation, boited through the crowd, and brought up the carriage to the gate.

My uncle said nothing till we were seated, when, after having looked at me earnestly for some time, he burst out a-laughing, and asked me if I knew upon what subject Clinker was holding forth to the mob "If," said he, "the fellow is turned mountebank, I must turn him out of my service, otherwise he'll make Merry Andrews of us all." I observed, that, in all probability, he had studied physic under his master, who was a farrier.

At dinner the squire asked him if he had ever practised physic? "Yes, an' please your honour," said he, "among brute beasts, but I never meddle with rational creatures." "I know not whether you rank in that class the audience you was haranguing in the court at St James's, but I should be glad to know what kind of powders you was distributing, and whether you had a good sale." "Sale, sir," cried Clinker, "I hope I shall never be base enough to sell for gold and silver, what freely comes of God's grace. I distributed nothing, an' like your honour, but a word of advice to my fellows in servitude and sin." "Advice! concerning what?" "Concerning profane swearing, an' please your honour, so horrid and shocking, that it made my hair stand on end." "Nay, if thou canst cure them of that disease, I shall think thee a wonderful doctor, indeed." "Why not cure them, my good master? the hearts of those poor people are not so stubborn as your honour seems to think. Make them first sensible that you have nothing in view but their good, then they will listen with patience, and easily be convinced of the sin and folly of a practice that affords neither profit nor pleasure." At this remark our uncle changed colour, and looked round the company, conscious that *his own withers were not altogether unwrung*. "But, Clinker," said he, "if you should have eloquence enough to persuade the vulgar to resign those tropes and figures of rhetoric, there will be little or nothing left to distinguish their conversation from that of their betters." "But, then, your honour knows, their conversation will be void of offence, and at the day of judgement there will be no distinction of persons."

Humphry going down stairs to fetch up a bottle of wine, my uncle congratulated his sister upon having such a reformer in the family, when Mrs Tabitha declared he was a sober, civilized fellow, very respectful, and very industrious, and she believed a good Christian into the bargain. One would think Clinker must really have some very extraor-

dinary talent to ingratiate himself in this manner with a virago of her character, so fortified against him with prejudice and resentment, but the truth is, since the adventure of Salthill, Mrs Tabby seems to be entirely changed. She has left off scolding the servants, an exercise which was grown habitual, and even seemed necessary to her constitution, and is become so indifferent to Chowder, as to part with him in a present to Lady Griaskin, who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion. Her ladyship is the widow of Sir Timothy Griaskin, a distant relation of our family. She enjoys a jointure of five hundred pounds a-year, and makes shift to spend three times that sum. Her character, before marriage, was a little equivocal, but at present she lives in the *bon ton*, keeps card tables, gives private suppers to select friends, and is visited by persons of the first fashion. She has been remarkably civil to us all, and cultivates my uncle with the most particular regard; but the more she strokes him, the more his bristles seem to rise. To her compliments he makes very laconic and dry returns. T'other day she sent us a pottle of fine strawberries, which he did not receive without signs of disgust, muttering from the *Æneid*, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. She has twice called for Liddy, of a forenoon, to take an airing in the coach, but Mrs Tabby was always so alert (I suppose by his direction), that she never could have the niece without the aunt's company. I have endeavoured to sound Squares-toes on this subject, but he carefully avoids all explanation.

I have now, dear Phillips, filled a whole sheet, and, if you have read it to an end, I dare say you are as tired as your humble servant,
J MELFORD

London June 2

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

Yes, Doctor, I have seen the British Museum, which is a noble collection, and even stupendous, if we consider it was made by a private man, a physician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the same time, but great as the collection is, it would appear more striking if it was arranged in one spacious saloon, instead of being divided into different departments, which it does not entirely fill. I could wish the series of medals was connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expense, those articles that are wanting. It would likewise be a great improvement, with respect to the library, if the deficiencies were made up by purchasing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection. They might be classed in centuries, according to the dates of their publi-

cation, and catalogues printed of them and the manuscripts, for the information of those that want to consult or compile from such authorities. I could also wish, for the honour of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a course of mathematics, mechanics, and experimental philosophy; and a good salary settled upon an able professor, who should give regular lectures on these subjects.

But this is all idle speculation, which will never be reduced to practice. Considering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to see any institution whatsoever established for the benefit of the public. The spirit of party is risen to a kind of frenzy, unknown to former ages, or rather degenerated to a total extinction of honesty and candour. You know I have observed, for some time, that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the most cruel and perfidious defamation. Every rancorous knave, every desperate incendiary, that can afford to spend half-a-crown or three shillings, may skulk behind the press of a newsmonger, and have a stab at the first character in the kingdom, without running the least hazard of detection or punishment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr Barton, whom Jerry knew at Oxford, a good sort of man, though most ridiculously warped in his political principles, but his partiality is the less offensive, as it never appears in the style of scurrility and abuse. He is a member of parliament, and a retainer to the court, and his whole conversation turns upon the virtues and perfections of the ministers who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of those worthies with the most fulsome praise, I told him I had seen the same nobleman characterized very differently in one of the daily papers, indeed, so stigmatized, that if one half of what was said of him was true, he must be not only unfit to rule, but even unfit to live, that those impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of fresh matter, and that, as he had taken no steps towards his own vindication, I began to think there was some foundation for the charge. "And pray, sir," said Mr Barton, "what steps would you have him take? Suppose, you should prosecute the publisher, who screens the anonymous accuser, and bring him to the pillory for a libel, this is so far from being counted a punishment *in terrorem*, that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection, as a martyr to the cause of defamation, which they have always espoused. They pay his fine, they contribute to the increase of his stock, his shop is crowded with customers, and the sale of his paper rises in proportion to the scandal it contains. All this time the prosecutor is inveighed against as a tyrant and oppressor, for having chosen

to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance. But if he lays an action for damages, he must prove the damage, and I leave you to judge, whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt, and all his views in life blasted by calumny, without his being able to specify the particulars of the damage he has sustained.

"This spirit of defamation is a kind of heresy, that thrives under persecution. *The liberty of the press* is a term of great efficacy, and, like that of the *protestant religion*, has often served the purposes of sedition. A minister, therefore, must arm himself with patience, and bear those attacks without repining. Whatever mischief they may do in other respects, they certainly contribute, in one particular, to the advantage of government, for those defamatory articles have multiplied papers in such a manner, and augmented their sale to such a degree, that the duty upon stamps and advertisements has made a very considerable addition to the revenue." Certain it is, a gentleman's honour is a very delicate subject to be handled by a jury, composed of men who cannot be supposed remarkable either for sentiment or impartiality. In such a case, indeed, the defendant is tried, not only by his peers, but also by his party, and I really think that, of all patriots, he is the most resolute, who exposes himself to such deduction for the sake of his country. If, from the ignorance or partiality of juries, a gentleman can have no redress from law for being defamed in a pamphlet or newspaper, I know but one other method of proceeding against the publisher, which is attended with some risk, but has been practised successfully, more than once, in my remembrance. A regiment of horse was represented, in one of the newspapers, as having misbehaved at Dettingen, a captain of that regiment broke the publisher's bones, telling him, at the same time, if he went to law, he should certainly have the like salutation from every officer of the corps. Governor ——— took the same satisfaction on the ribs of an author, who traduced him by name in a periodical paper. I know a low fellow of the same class, who, being turned out of Venice for his impudence and scurrility, retired to Lugano, a town of the Grisons (a free people, God wot), where he found a printing-press, from whence he squirted his filth at some respectable characters in the republic which he had been obliged to abandon. Some of these, finding him out of the reach of legal chastisement, employed certain useful instruments, such as may be found in all countries, to give him the *bastinado*, which being repeated more than once, effectually stopped the current of his abuse.

"As for the liberty of the press, like every other privilege, it must be restrained within certain bounds, for, if it is carried to a breach

of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greatest evils that ever annoyed a community. If the lowest ruffian may stab your good name with impunity in England, will you be so uncandid as to exclaim against Italy for the practice of common assassination? To what purpose is our property secured, if our moral character is left defenceless? People, thus baited, grow desperate, and the despair of being able to preserve one's character untainted by such villainy, produces a total neglect of fame, so that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually destroyed."

Mr Barton's last consideration, respecting the stamp duty, is equally wise and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers, namely, to connive at drunkenness, riot, and dissipation, because they enhance the receipt of the excise, not reflecting that, in providing this temporary convenience, they are destroying the morals, health, and industry of the people. Notwithstanding my contempt for those who flatter a minister, I think there is something still more despicable in flattering a mob. When I see a man of birth, education and fortune, put himself on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feed with them at the same board, and drink with them in the same cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praise of their virtues, expose himself to the belchings of their beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation, I cannot help despising him as a man guilty of the vilest prostitution, in order to effect a purpose equally selfish and illiberal.

I should renounce politics the more willingly, if I could find other topics of conversation discussed with more modesty and candour but the demon of party seems to have usurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taste is divided into the most virulent factions, which revile, decry and traduce the works of one another. Yesterday I went to return an afternoon's visit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whose house I found one of the authors of the present age, who has written with some success. As I had read one or two of his performances, which gave me pleasure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his person but his discourse and deportment destroyed all the impressions which his writings had made in his favour. He took upon him to decide dogmatically upon every subject, without deigning to show the least cause for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquiesce in the *ipse dixit* of this new Pythagoras. He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors who had died within a century of the present time, and in

this revision, paid no sort of regard to the reputation they had acquired. Milton was harsh and prosaic, Dryden, languid and verbose, Butler and Swift, without humour, Congreve, without wit; and Pope destitute of any sort of poetical merit. As for his contemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applause: they were all dunces, pedants, plagiarists, quacks and imposters, and you could not name a single performance, but what was tame, stupid, and insipid. It must be owned, that this writer had nothing to charge his conscience with on the side of flattery, for, I understand, he was never known to praise one line that was written even by those with whom he lived in terms of good fellowship. This arrogance and presumption, in depreciating authors, for whose reputation the company may be interested, is such an insult upon the understanding, as I could not bear without wincing.

I desired to know his reasons for decrying some works which had afforded me uncommon pleasure, and as demonstration did not seem to be his talent, I dissented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been spoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper, and the dispute might have grown warm, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard, at whose appearance he always quits the place. They are of different cabals, and have been at open war these twenty years. If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory, he did not discourse, but harangue, and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He, too, pronounced *ex cathedra* upon the characters of his contemporaries, and though he scruples not to deal out praise, even lavishly, to the lowest reptile in Grub-street, who will either flatter him in private, or mount the public rostrum as his panegyrist, he damns all the other writers of the age with the utmost insolence and rancour. One is a blunderbuss, as being a native of Ireland, another a half-starved louse of literature from the banks of the Tweed, a third, an ass, because he enjoys a pension from government, a fourth, the very angel of dullness, because he succeeded in a species of writing in which this Aristarchus had failed, a fifth, who presumed to make strictures upon one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticism, whose stench is more offensive than his sting. In short, except himself and his myrmidons, there is not a man of learning or genius in the three kingdoms. As for the success of those who have written without the pale of the confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taste in the public; not considering that, to the approbation of that very tasteless public he himself owes all the consequence he has in life.

Those originals are not fit for conversation. If they would maintain the advantage they had gained by their writing, they should never appear but upon paper. For my part, I am shocked to find a man have sublime ideas in his head, and nothing but illiberal sentiments in his heart. The human soul will generally be found most defective in the article of candour. I am inclined to think no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy, which, perhaps, may have been implanted as an instinct essential to our nature. I am afraid we sometimes palliate this vice, under the specious name of emulation. I have known a person remarkably generous, humane, moderate, and apparently self-denying, who could not hear even a friend commended, without betraying marks of uneasiness, as if that commendation had implied an odious comparison to his prejudice, and every wreath of praise added to the other's character was a garland plucked from his own temples. This is a malignant species of jealousy, of which I stand acquitted in my own conscience. Whether it is a vice or an infirmity, I leave you to inquire.

There is another point, which I would much rather see determined, whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at present? If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within these thirty years, then must I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*, or, which is more probable, the impetuous pursuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from observing those rotten parts of human nature, which now appear so offensively to my observation.

We have been at court and 'change, and everywhere, and everywhere we find food for spleen, and subject for ridicule. My new servant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original, and Tabby is a changed creature she has parted with Chowder, and does nothing but smile, like Malvolio in the play. I'll be hanged if she is not acting a part which is not natural to her disposition, for some purpose which I have not yet discovered.

With respect to the characters of mankind, my curiosity is quite satisfied. I have done with the science of men, and must now endeavour to amuse myself with the novelty of things. I am, at present, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural bias; but this power ceasing to act, I shall return to my solitude with double velocity. Every thing I see, and hear, and feel, in this great reservoir of folly, vanity, and sophistication, contributes to enhance the value of a country life, in the sentiments of yours, always,
MATT BRAMBLE

London, June 2,

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MOLLY JONES,—Lady Griskin's botler, Mr Crumb, having got Squire Barton to frank me a kiver, I would not neglect to let you know how it is with me, and the rest of the family. I could not rite by John Thomas, for because he went away in a huff, at a minute's warning. He and Chowder could not agree, so they fitt upon the road, and Chowder bit his thumb, and he swore he would do him a mischief, and he spoke saucy to mistress, whereby the squire turned him off in gudgeon, and by God's providence we picked up another footman, called Umphry Klinker,—a good sole as ever broke bread, which shows, that a scalded cat may prove a good mouser, and a hound be staunch, tho' he has got narro hare on his buttocks, but the proudest nose may be bro't baor to the grindstone by sickness and misfortunes.

O Molly! what shall I say of London? All the towns that ever I beheld in my born days are no more than Welsh barrows and crumblecks to this wonderful sitty! Even Bath itself is but a filitch. In the name of God, one would think there's no end of the streets, but the land's end. Then there's such a power of people, going hurry skurry! Such a racket of coxes! Such a noise and a hallo! So many strange sites to be seen! O gracious! my poor Welsh brain has been spinning like a top ever since I came hither! And I have seen the park, and the palace of Saint Gimses, and the kings and the queens magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald-ass, and all the rest of the royal family.

Last week I went with mistress to the tower, to see the crowns and wild beasts, and there was a monstracious lion, with teeth half a quarter long, and a gentleman bid me not go near him, if I was'n't a maid, being as how he would roar, and tear, and play the dickens. Now I had no mind to go near him, for I cannot abide such dangerous honeymils, not I. But mistress would go, and the beast kept such a roaring and bouncing, that I tho't he would broke his cage, and devoured us all, and the gentleman tittered forsooth, but I'll go to death upon it, I will, that my lady is as good a firchen as the child unborn, and therefore either the gentleman told a phib, or the lion oft to be set in the stocks for bearing false witness again his neighbour, for the commandment sayeth, *Thou shalt not bear false witness again thy neighbour*.

I was afterwards of a party at Sadler's Wells, where I saw another such tumbling and dancing upon ropes and wires, that I was frightened, and ready to go into a fit. I thought it was all enchantment, and believ-

ing myself bewitched, began for to cry You knows as how the witches in Wales fly upon broomsticks, but here was flying without any broomstick, or thing in the vernal world, and firing of pistols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and swinging, and rolling of wheel-barrow upon a wire (God bless us ') no thicker than a sewing thread, that, to be sure, they must deal with the devil. A fine gentleman with a pig's tail, and a golden sword by his side, came to comfit me, and offered for to treat me with a pint of wind, but I would not stay; and so in going through the dark passage, he began to show his cloven fust, and went for to be rude, my fellow-servant, Umphry Klinker bid him to be civil, and he gave the young man a dowse in the chops, but, 'fackins, Mr Klinker wa'n't long in his debt; with a good oaken sapling he dusted his doublet, for all his golden cheese-toaster, and fipping me under his arm, carried me hum, I nose not how, being I was in such a frustration. But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all such vanities, for what are all those rarities and vagaries to the glories that shall be revealed hereafter! O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have had my hair cut and pipped, and singed, and bolstered, and buckled in the newest fashion, by a French freezer—*Parley vow Francey—Vee Madmansell*—I now carries my head higher than arrow private gentlewoman of Vales. Last night, coming hum from the meeting, I was taken, by lamp light, for an eminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty—but, as I was saying, this is all vanity and vexation of spirit. The pleasures of London are no better than sower whey and stale cider, when compared to the joys of the New Jerusalem.

Dear Mary Jones! An' please God, when I return I'll bring you a new cap, with a turky-shell coom, and a pye-house sermon, that was preached in the tabernacle, and I pray of all love, you will mind your vriting and your spelling, for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made me suet to disseyffer your last scabble, which was delivered by the hind at Bath. O, voman! voman! if thou hadst but the least consumption of what pleasure we scullers have, when we can cunster the carbhidst buck off hand, and spell the ethnitch vords, without looking at the primmer. As for Mr Klinker, he is qualified to be clerk to a parish—but I'll say no more. Remember me to Saul—poor sole! it goes to my hart to think she don't yet know her letters. But all in God's good time. It shall go hard, but I will bring her the ABC in gingerbread, and that, you nose, will be learning to her taste.

Mistress says we are going a long gurney to the north, but, go where we will, I shall ever

be, dear Mary Jones, yours, with true infection,
WIN. JENKINS
London, June 3.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR WAT,—I mentioned in my last, my uncle's design of going to the Duke of N——'s levee, which design has been executed accordingly. His grace has been so long accustomed to this kind of homage, that, though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to understand, that they cannot oblige him in any thing more than in contributing to support the shadow of that power which he no longer retains in substance, and therefore he has still public days, on which they appear at his levee.

My uncle and I went thither with Mr Barton, who, being one of the Duke's adherents, undertook to be our introducer. The room was pretty well filled with people, in a great variety of dress, but there was no more than one gown and cassock, though I am told his grace had, while he was minister, preferred almost every individual that now filled the bench of bishops in the house of lords—but, in all probability, the gratitude of the clergy is like their charity, which shuns the light. Mr Barton was immediately accosted by a person well stricken in years, tall and raw-boned, with a hook-nose and an arch leer, that indicated at least as much cunning as sagacity. Our conductor saluted him by the name of Captain C——, and afterwards informed us he was a man of shrewd parts, whom the government occasionally employed in secret services, but I have had the history of him more at large from another quarter. He had been, many years ago, concerned in fraudulent practices, as a merchant in France, and, being convicted of some of them, was sent to the galleys, from whence he was delivered, by the interest of the late Duke of Ormond, to whom he had recommended himself, in a letter, as his namesake and relation. He was, in the sequel, employed by our ministry as a spy, and, in the war of 1740, traversed all Spain, as well as France, in the disguise of a capuchin, at the extreme hazard of his life, inasmuch as the court of Madrid had actually got scent of him, and given orders to apprehend him at St Sebastian's, from whence he had fortunately retired but a few hours before the order arrived. This and other hair-breadth escapes he pleaded so effectually as a merit with the English ministry, that they allowed him a comfortable pension, which he now enjoys in his old age. He has still access to all the ministers, and is said to be consulted by them on many sub-

jects, as a man of uncommon understanding and great experience. He is, in fact, a fellow of some parts, and invincible assurance, and, in his discourse, he assumes such an air of self-sufficiency, as may very well impose upon some of the shallow politicians who now labour at the helm of administration. But, if he is not belied, this is not the only imposture of which he is guilty. They say he is at bottom not only a Roman Catholic, but really a priest; and, while he pretends to disclose to our state-pilots all the springs that move the cabinet of Versailles, he is actually picking up intelligence for the service of the French minister. Be that as it may, Captain C—— entered into conversation with us in the most familiar manner, and treated the duke's character without any ceremony. "This wiseacre," said he, "is still a-bed, and, I think, the best thing he can do is to sleep on till Christmas; for when he gets up, he does nothing but expose his own folly. Since Grenville was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig. They are so ignorant, they scarce know a crab from a cauliflower, and then they are such dunces, that there's no making them comprehend the plainest proposition. In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" said I. "Transports!" said he, "I tell you they marched by land—" "By land, to the island of Cape Breton?" "What! is Cape Breton an island?" "Certainly." "Hah! are you sure of that?" When I pointed it out on the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms, "My dear C——!" cried he, "you always bring us good news—egad, I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."

He seemed disposed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expence of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambassador, a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman or interpreter, and another officer of his household, who had got no stockings to his legs. Captain C—— immediately spoke, with an air of authority, to a servant in waiting, bidding him go and tell the duke to rise, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambassador from Algiers. Then, turning to us,—"This poor Turk," said he, "notwithstanding his grey beard, is a green horn. He has been several years resident at London, and still is ignorant of our political revolutions. This visit is intended for the prime minister of England; and you'll see how the poor duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own person." "Certain-

it is, the duke seemed eager to acknowledge the compliment. A door opening, he suddenly bolted out, with a shaving cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap lather; and, running up to the ambassador, grinned hideous in his face,—"My dear Mahomet," said he. "God love your long beard, I hope the dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha! Have but a moment's patience, and I'll send to you in a twinkling." So saying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion. After a short pause, however, he said something to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curiosity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he spoke, expressing astonishment mixed with devotion. We were gratified by means of the communicative Captain C——, who conversed with the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambassador, who had mistaken his grace for the minister's fool, was no sooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—"Holy prophet! I don't wonder that this nation prospers, seeing it is governed by the council of idiots, a species of men, whom all good musselmen revere as the organs of immediate inspiration." Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of short duration, after which the duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuse his gracious looks among the crowd of his worshippers.

As Mr Barton advanced to present me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice before I was announced. He forthwith met me more than half way, and, seizing me by the hand, "My dear Sir Francis!" cried he, "this is so kind—I vow to Gad! I am so obliged—such attention to a poor broken minister—well—pray, when does your excellency set sail? For God's sake, have a care of your health, and eat stewed prunes in the passage. Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear excellency, take care of the five nations, our good friends the five nations—the Torryrories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-o'the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickshaws. Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and stinkubus, and wampum, and your excellency won't fail to scour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet—ha, ha, ha!" When he had uttered this rhapsody, with his usual precipitation, Mr Barton gave him to understand, that I was neither Sir Francis, nor St Francis; but simply Mr Melford, nephew to Mr Bramble, who, stepping forward, made his bow at the same time. "Odsó! no more it is Sir Francis," said this wise statesman—"Mr Melford, I am glad to see you—I sent you an engineer to fortify your dock—Mr Bramble—your servant, Mr Bramble. How d'ye, good Mr Bramble? Your nephew is a pretty young fellow—faith and troth! a

very pretty fellow. His father is my old friend. How does he hold it? Still troubled with that damn'd disorder, ha?" "No, my lord," replied my uncle, "all his troubles are over—he has been dead these fifteen years." "Dead! how—yes, faith!" "How? I remember! he is dead, sure enough. Well, and how—does the young gentleman stand for Haverfordwest? or—a—what dy'e—dy dear Mr Milfordhaven, I'll do you all the service in my power—I hope I have some credit left." My uncle then gave him to understand that I was still a minor; and that we had no intention to trouble him at present for any favour whatsoever—"I came hither with my nephew," added he, "to pay our respects to your grace, and I may venture to say, that his views and mine are at least as disinterested as those of any individual in this assembly. "My dear Mr Brambleberry! you do me infinite honour—I shall always rejoice to see you and your hopeful nephew, Mr Milfordhaven. My credit, such as it is, you may command—I wish we had more friends of your kidney."

Then turning to Captain C——, "Ha, C——!" said he, "what news, C——? How does the world wag? ha?" "The world wags much after the old fashion, my lord," answered the captain. "the politicians of London and Westminster have begun again to wag their tongues against your grace, and your short-lived popularity wags like a feather, which the next puff of antiministerial calumny will blow away—" "A pack of rascals," cried the duke—"tories, jacobites, rebels; one half of them would wag their heels at Tyburn, if they had their deserts." So saying, he wheeled about, and, going round the levee, spoke to every individual, with the most courteous familiarity, but he scarce ever opened his mouth, without making some blunder, in relation to the person or business of the party with whom he conversed, so that he really looked like a comedian hired to burlesque the character of a minister. At length a person of very prepossessing appearance coming in, his grace ran up, and hugging him in his arms, with the appellation of "my dear Elb—s!" led him forthwith into the mae apartment, or *sanctum sanctorum* of this political temple. "That," said Captain C——, "is my friend C—— T——, almost the only man of parts who has any concern in the present administration. Indeed, he would have no concern at all in the matter, if the ministry did not find it absolutely necessary to make use of his talents upon some particular occasions. As for the common business of the nation, it is carried on in a constant routine by the clerks of the different offices, otherwise the wheels of government would be wholly stop'd amidst the abrupt succession of ministers, every one more ignorant than his predecessor. I am thinking what a fine hovel we should be in,

if all the clerks of the treasury, of the secretaries, the war-office, and the admiralty, should take it in their heads to throw up their places, in imitation of the great pensioner. But, to return to C—— T——; he certainly knows more than all the ministry and all the opposition, if their heads were laid together, and talks like an angel on a vast variety of subjects. He would really be a great man, if he had any consistency or stability of character. Then, it must be owned, he wants courage; otherwise he would never allow himself to be cowed by the great political bully, for whose understanding he has justly a very great contempt. I have seen him as much afraid of that overbearing Hector, as ever school-boy was of his pedagogue, and yet this Hector, I shrewdly suspect, is no more than a craven at bottom. Besides this defect, C—— has another, which he is at too little pains to hide—there is no faith to be given to his assertions, and no trust to be put in his promises. However, to give the devil his due, he's very good-natured, and even friendly, when close urged in the way of solicitation. As for principle, that's out of question. In a word, he's a wit and an orator, extremely entertaining; and he shines very often at the expense even of those ministers to whom he is a retainer. This is a mark of great imprudence, by which he has made them all his enemies, whatever face they may put upon the matter, and, sooner or later, he'll have cause to wish he had been able to keep his own counsel. I have several times cautioned him on this subject, but 'tis all preaching to the desert—his vanity runs away with his discretion." I could not help thinking the captain himself might have been the better for some hints of the same nature. His panegyric, excluding principle and veracity, puts me in mind of a contest I once overheard, in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women, in Spring-garden. One of those viragos having hunted something to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagonist, setting her hands in her sides, replied, "Speak out, brassy—I scorn your malice—I own I'm both a whore and a thief, and what more have you to say? Damn you, what more have you to say? bating that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to say black is the white of my eye." We did not wait for Mr T——'s coming forth; but, after Captain C—— had characterised all the originals in waiting, we adjourned to a coffeehouse, where we had buttered muffins and tea to breakfast, the said captain still favouring us with his company. Nay, my uncle was so diverted with his anecdotes, that he asked him to dinner, and treated him with a fine turbot, to which he did ample justice. That came evening I spent at the tavern with some friends, one of whom let me into C——'s character, which Mr Bramble no sooner understood, than he

expressed some concern for the connection he had made, and resolved to disengage himself from it, without ceremony.

We are become members of the society for the encouragement of the arts, and have assisted at some of their deliberations, which were conducted with equal spirit and sagacity. My uncle is extremely fond of the institution, which will certainly be productive of great advantages to the public, if, from its democratical form, it does not degenerate into cabal and corruption. You are already acquainted with his aversion to the influence of the multitude, which, he affirms, is incompatible with excellence, and subversive of order. Indeed his detestation of the mob has been heightened by fear, ever since he fainted in the room at Bath, and this apprehension has prevented him from going to the little theatre in the Haymarket, and other places of entertainment, to which, however, I have had the honour to attend the ladies.

It grates old squareroes to reflect, that it is not in his power to enjoy even the most elegant diversions of the capital, without the participation of the vulgar, for they now thrust themselves into all assemblies, from a ridotto at St James's to a hop at Rotherhithe.

I have lately seen our old acquaintance Dick Iry, who we imagined had died of dram-drinking; but he is lately emerged from the Fleet, by means of a pamphlet which he wrote and published against the government with some success. The sale of this performance enabled him to appear in clean linen, and he is now going about soliciting subscriptions for his poems, but his breeches are not in the most decent order.

Dick certainly deserves some countenance for his intrepidity and perseverance—it is not in the power of disappointment, or even of damnation, to drive him to despair. After some unsuccessful essays in the way of poetry, he commenced brandy merchant, and I believe his whole stock ran out through his own bowels; then he consorted with a milk-woman, who kept a cellar in Petty France, but he could not make his quarters good; he was dislodged, and driven up stairs into the kennel by a corporal in the second regiment of foot-guards. He was afterwards the laureate of Blackfriars, from whence there was a natural transition to the Fleet. As he had formerly miscarried in panegyric, he now turned his thoughts to satire, and really seems to have some talent for abuse. If he can hold out till the meeting of parliament, and be prepared for another charge, in all probability Dick will mount the pillory, or obtain a pension, in either of which events his fortune will be made. Meanwhile he has acquired some degree of consideration with the respectable writers of the age; and as I have subscribed for his works, he did not the favour t'other night to introduce me to a so-

ciety of those geniuses, but I found them exceedingly formal and reserved. They seemed afraid and jealous of one another, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by its own electrified atmosphere. Dick, who has more vivacity than judgment, tried more than once to enliven the conversation, sometimes making an effort at wit, sometimes letting off a pun, and sometimes discharging a conundrum; nay, at length he started a dispute upon the hackneyed comparison betwixt blank verse and rhyme, and the professors opened with great clamour, but, instead of keeping to the subject, they launched out into tedious dissertations on the poetry of the ancients, and one of them, who had been a schoolmaster, displayed his whole knowledge of prosody, gleaned from Disputer and Ruddiman. At last, I ventured to say, I did not see how the subject in question could be at all elucidated by the practice of the ancients, who certainly had neither blank verse nor rhyme in their poems, which were measured by feet, whereas ours are reckoned by the number of syllables. This remark seemed to give umbrage to the pedant, who forthwith involved himself in a cloud of Greek and Latin quotations, which nobody attempted to dispel. A confused hum of insipid observations and comments ensued, and (upon the whole) I never passed a duller evening in my life. Yet, without all doubt, some of them were men of learning, wit, and ingenuity. As they are afraid of making free with one another, they should bring each his butt or whetstone along with him, for the entertainment of the company. My uncle says he never desires to meet with more than one wit at a time. One wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage. And now I'm afraid I have given you an unconscionable iness without any flavour at all for which (I suppose) you will bestow your benedictions upon your friend and servant.

J. MELFORD

London, June 5.

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR LEWIS,—Your fable of the monkey and the pig is what the Italians call *ben trovato*; but I shall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin-skinned, and (for aught I know) may have his ague in his pocket. A right Scotchman has always two strings to his bow, and in *de utramque paratus*. Certain it is I have not 'scaped a scouring; but, I believe, by means of that scouring, I have 'scaped something worse, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatism: for my appetite began to flag, and I had certain croakings in

the bowels which boded me no good. Nay, I am not yet quite free of these remembrancers, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection.

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs must those people have, who really prefer the adulterated enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? Most people, I know, are originally seduced by vanity, ambition and childish curiosity; which cannot be gratified but in the *busy haunts of men*, but in the course of this gratification, their very organs of sense are perverted, and they become habitually lost to every relish of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I state the difference between my town grievances and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elastic, salutary air. I enjoy refreshing sleep, which is never disturbed by horrid noise, nor interrupted, but in a morning, by the sweet titter of the martlet at my window. I drink the virgin lymph, pure and crystalline as it gushes from the rock, or the sparkling beverage, home-brewed from malt of my own making, or I indulge with cider, which my own orchard affords, or with claret of the best growth, imported for my own use, by a correspondent on whose integrity I can depend, my bread is sweet and nourishing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven, my table is, in a great measure, furnished from my own ground, my five-year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with venison in juice and flavour, my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the dish with gravy, my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement but when they were at roost, my rabbits panting from the warren, my game fresh from the moors; my trout and salmon struggling from the stream; oysters from their native banks, and herrings, with other sea-fish, I can eat in four hours after they are taken. My sallads, roots, and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection, the produce of the natural soil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The same soil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, so that my desert is every day fresh gathered from the tree, my dairy flows with nectarous tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheese, and the refuse fattens my pigs, that are destined for hams and bacon. I go to bed betimes, and rise with the sun. I make shift to pass the hours without weariness or regret, and am not destitute of amuse-

ments within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad. I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or back-gammon. Without doors, I superintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unspeakable delight. Nor do I take less pleasure in seeing my tenants thrive under my auspices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide. You know I have one or two sensible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a blessing which, perhaps, I might have sought in vain among the crowded scenes of life. There are a few others of more humble parts, whom I esteem for their integrity, and their conversation I find inoffensive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midst of honest men, and trusty dependents, who, I flatter myself, have a disinterested attachment to my person. You yourself, my dear doctor, can vouch for the truth of these assertions.

Now, mark the contrast at London. I am pent up in frowsy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat, and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction, and these would, undoubtedly, produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture; but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid sallow looks, that distinguish the inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country life. I go to bed after midnight, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day. I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchmen bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door, a set of useless fellows, who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants. and, by five o'clock, I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rustics bellowing green pease under my window. If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster. Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals and poisons used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potion extolled by the Londoners as the finest water in the universe. As to the intoxicating potion sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdash with cider, corn-sput, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman for having

staved a cask of port, it appeared, from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above an hundred; and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or baker is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies—so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man may dine as comfortably on a white fricassee of kid-skin gloves, or chip-hats from Leghorn.

As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers' meat and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricassees, and sauces of all kinds—so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour, and yet nothing is more true. Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dung-hills from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and 'sparagus, in the country, are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent Garden, as my heath mutton is to that of St James's market, which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowey. As for the pork, it is an abominable, carnivorous animal, fed with horse flesh and distillers' grains, and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sowing up the gut, that they maybe the sooner fattened in coops, in consequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fish, I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy, fourscore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage, a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach, even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of fresh mackerel, selling by retail. This is not the season for oysters, nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention, that the right Colchester

are kept in slime pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea, and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum, which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water. Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulturer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise, consequently, they must be firm in the flesh, and delicious in flavour,—and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It must be owned that Covent Garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of overgrown fortune, at an exorbitant price, so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community—and that is distributed by such filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday that I saw a dirty barrow-bunter in the street, cleaning her dusty fruit with her own spittle, and who knows but some fine lady of St James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy, and perhaps ulcerated chops of a St Giles's huckster. I need not dwell upon the pallid contaminated mash which they call strawberries, soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets crusted with dirt, and then presented with the worst milk, thickened with the worst flour into a bad likeness of cream, but the milk itself should not pass unanalysed, the produce of faded cabbage leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the streets in open pails, exposed to foul risings discharged from doors and windows, spittle, snot, and tobacco-quids from foot-passengers, overflowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's sake, the spewings of infants who have slabbred in the tin measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer, and, finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the nasty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the respectable denomination of milk-maid.

I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties with the table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous, much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit than to quench thirst and promote digestion, the tallowy rancid mass called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen stuff, and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland. Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation, but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty, and that every man ought to live in his own way, without

restraint. Nay, as there is not sense enough left among them to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniences, for the sake of enjoying agreeable society. A facetious friend of mine used to say, the wine could not be bad where the company was agreeable, a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano salis*; but what is the society of London, that I should be tempted for its sake to mortify my senses, and compound with such uncleanness as my soul abhors? All the people I see are too much engrossed by schemes of interest or ambition, to have any room left for sentiment or friendship. Even in some of my old acquaintance, those schemes and pursuits have obliterated all traces of our former connection. Conversation is reduced to party disputes and illiberal altercation—social commerce to formal visits and card-playing. If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuse yourself with his oddities. He is generally a tartar at bottom—a sharper, a spy, or a lunatic. Every person you deal with endeavours to overreach you in the way of business. You are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phrase of borrowing, and live upon the spoils of the stranger. Your tradesmen are without conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependents without fidelity.

My letter would swell into a treatise, were I to particularise every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my aversion to this and every other crowded city. Thank heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex, but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy. From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods, in a word, the *jucunda obliviosa vitæ*, which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy.

I have agreed for a good travelling coach-and-four, at a guinea a day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the north, hoping still to be with you by the latter end of October. I shall continue to write from every stage where we make any considerable halt, as often as any thing occurs which I think can afford you the least amusement. In the mean time, I must beg you will superintend the economy of Barnes, with respect to my hay and corn harvests, assured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own. On any other terms I should be ashamed to subscribe myself your invariable friend,

MATT. BRAMBLE

London, June 8.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed, and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom any thing extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer, whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason, I fancy that an assembly of Grubs must be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S—, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at a table, and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped, though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye, when a haulf was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he

had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because once in his life he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he unsnatched upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction; when spoken to, he always answered from the purpose—sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a laughing—then he folded his arms and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first, I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me, aloud, that I had nothing to fear. "The gentleman," said he, "is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy." "Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever," observed a person in a tarnished laced coat, "affected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit, w-with nine-mne-teen out of t-twenty." "And affected stuttering for humour," replied our landlord, "though, God knows, there is no affinity between them." It seems, this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius, and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked, and eat and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person, that, if he would admit him to his house the first should be immediately sent to the press; but that, if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel,

but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S——, by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend. Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, understrappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation, for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious, nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartees passed, and much laughter was excited, and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the mean time, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but, finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to

his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship*, with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potato ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled, *The balance of the English poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *agoraphobia*, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever ate.

The stuttester had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time, with a tip-staff for his companion, and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume, but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where, I observed, Mr S— gave a short separate audience to every individual, in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off, one after another, without further ceremony, but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason that this midwife of the muses used to exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale on his unwieldy

size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance, in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him he was not so unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him, respecting the expense of publishing his last ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying, he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin, but, in the mean time, he proposed that Mr Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge; and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play.

Every thing being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puffed along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further, but, in a twinkling, disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high road. The spectators immediately began to halloo,—"Stole away!" and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness, but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lapse, when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming—"Sure the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which, indeed, hardly deserved that name,—"Pray," said he, "Mr Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf-skin?" "Calf-skin or cow-skin," replied the other, "I'll find a slip of sheep-skin that will do his business. I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy. I am out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd ode; and now this pair of boots, brain new, cost me thirty shillings, as per receipt. But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation. I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr S—. I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr S— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes, then

ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum punch, which seemed in a great measure to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all," said our landlord, "this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet, when considered as an effort of invention. Tim being, I suppose, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing, and, even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape, but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance, but, next day, Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the poney. This gentleman gave me to understand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who, having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid. I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour; but Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted. Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as

another, but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution; before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes," said he, "and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I sha'n't be able to get the fellows of them, till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings, but he believed that, during the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk, or indulged himself in fresco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St Martin's church. "Pox on him," cried the bookseller, "he might as well have taken my whip and spurs. In that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil, of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr S——, with proper acknowledgements of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of this connection betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect: "One would imagine S—— had some view to his own interest, in giving countenance and assistance to those people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers, but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed, for if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the mean time. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day, myself excepted, who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a sponging-house, and afterwards paid the debt; another he translated into his family, and clothed, when he was turned out half-naked from jail, in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors, a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived upon sheeps' trotters, up three pairs of stairs backward, in Butcher-row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table, which, though plain, is plentiful, and to his good

offices, as far as they will go, and, when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most pétulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner, once personated him at an alehouse in West Smithfield, and, in the character of S——, had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Christian religion, but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I observed, that all this appearance of liberality on the side of Mr S——, was easily accounted for, on the supposition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adversaries in public, and yet I was astonished, when I recollected that I often had seen this writer virulently abused, in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence. "But you will be more astonished," said he, "when I assure you those very guests, whom you saw at his table to-day, were the authors of great part of that abuse, and he himself is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another." "But this is doing the Devil's work for nothing," cried I. "What should induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?" "Envy," answered Dick, "is the general incitement, but they are galled by an additional scourge of provocation. S—— directs a literary journal, in which their productions are necessarily brought to trial, and though many of them have been treated with such lenity and favour as they little deserved, yet the slightest censure, such as perhaps could not be avoided with any pretensions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of those authors to such a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic, in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he assumed this office, became his enemies, either professed, or in petto, except those of his friends, who knew they had nothing to fear from his strictures, and he must be a wiser man than me, who can tell what advantage or satisfaction he derives from having brought such a nest of hornets about his ears."

I owned that was a point which might deserve consideration, but still I expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant. He said he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool;

5 P*

that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance, that, indeed, this preference was not so much owing to a want of discernment, as to want of resolution; for he had not fortitude enough to resist the importunity even of the most worthless, and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it so easily, that his pride was gratified in seeing himself courted by such a number of literary dependents, that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expose and traduce one another, and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the transactions of Grub street, which he had some thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help suspecting, from Dick's discourse, that he had some particular grudge against S——, upon whose conduct he had put the worst construction it would bear, and, by dint of cross-examination, I found he was not at all satisfied with the character which had been given in the review of his last performance, though it had been treated civilly, in consequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S—— is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized, nor do I find that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable, in his disposition.

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will, perhaps, suspect I intend to enrol myself among the fraternity, but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is, at best, but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a sheet, for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Psalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish. I think Guy, who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors, though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, nor workhouse, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, from the refuse of every other profession.

I know not, whether you will find any amusement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whose constitution had, I own, greatly interested the curiosity of yours,

J. MELFORD

London, June 10.

TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR LETTY,—There is something on my spirits, which I should not venture to communicate by the post, but having the opportunity of Mrs Brentwood's return, I seize it eagerly, to disburden my poor heart, which is oppressed with fear and vexation. O Letty! what a miserable situation it is to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counsel and consolation in distress! I hinted in my last, that one Mr Barton had been very particular in his civilities.—I can no longer mistake his meaning. He has formally professed himself my admirer, and, after a thousand assiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addresses, he had recourse to the mediation of Lady Gris-kin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf. But, my dear Wil-lis, her ladyship overacts her part. She not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great connexions, and the unblemished character of Mr Barton, but she takes the trouble to catechise me, and, two days ago, pe-remptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not possibly resist so many considerations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This insinuation threw me into such a flutter, that she could not but observe my disorder, and, presuming upon the discovery, insisted upon my making her the confidante of my passion. But, although I had not such command of myself as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not such a child as to disclose its secrets to a person who would certainly use them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a subject of conversation so unsuitable to my years and inexperience. that I believed Mr Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion, but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no concessions in his favour. She shook her head, with an air of distrust that made me tremble, and observed, that if my affections were free, they would submit to the decision of prudence, especially when enforced by the authority of those who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a design to interest my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr Barton's passion; and I am sadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yesterday, in the afternoon, he had been walking with us in the park, and stopping in our return at a toy-shop, he presented her with a very fine snuff-box, and me with a gold etuis, which I resolutely refused, till she commanded me to accept it, on pain of her displeasure. nevertheless, being still unsatisfied with respect to the propriety

of receiving this toy, I signified my doubts to my brother, who said he would consult my uncle on the subject, and seemed to think Mr Barton had been rather premature in his presents.

What will be the result of this consultation, heaven knows. but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his passion, and solicit their consent to a connection which my soul abhors, for, my dearest Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderness. not that there is any thing disagreeable about his person, but there is a total want of that nameless charm which captivates and controls the enchanted spirit.—at least he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can possess, they would be excited in vain against that constancy, which, I flatter myself, is the characteristic of my nature. No, my dear Wil-lis, I may be involved in fresh troubles, and I believe I shall, from the importunities of this gentleman and the violence of my relations, but my heart is incapable of change.

You know I put no faith in dreams, and yet I have been much disturbed by one that visited me last night. I thought I was in a church, where a certain person, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt, that the clergyman was Mr Barton, and that poor forlorn I stood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without shoes or stockings. Now I know that there is nothing so childish as to be moved by those vain illusions, but, nevertheless, in spite of all my reason, this hath made a strong impression upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more substantial cause of affliction—I have some religious scruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conscience. I was persuaded to go to the tabernacle, where I heard a discourse that affected me deeply. I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not sensible of these inward motions, these operations of grace, which are the signs of a regenerated spirit, and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehensions about the state of my poor soul. Some of our family have had very uncommon accessions, particularly my aunt and Mrs Jenkins, who sometimes speak as if they were really inspired, so that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which, indeed, I would willingly resign, if it was in my power; but, to make this sacrifice, I must be enabled by such assistance from above as hath not yet been indulged to your unfortunate friend,

LYDIA MELFORD

June 10.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission. With the assistance of mme host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty. The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me—but he denied the charge with great confidence, till I told him, that, if he would give up the watch, which was a family-piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure, but, if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages, and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance. So much for business.

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to see a carriage belonging to a coachmaker in our neighbourhood. Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door, which, it seems, opened into a kind of methodist meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty, and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace. But, if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was Lady Griskin, Mrs Tabitha Bramble, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Squaretoes was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority, as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He de-

scended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, Lady Griskin flitted her fan, Mrs Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotion, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it; and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any farther notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her to be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at any thing she had done.—"I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character. If, in fact (as I rather believe), your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine"—Mrs Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee, that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present, but that, if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand, with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing any thing that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr Clinker to attend him up stairs, and spoke to him in these words—"Since you are called upon by the spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service." "I hope," said Humphry, "I have not failed in my duty to your honour—I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me—but having an inward admonition of the spirit—" "An admonition of the devil," cried the squire in a passion. "What admonition, you block-head! What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer!" "Begging your honour's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philosopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace," said his master, "I take to be a deceptful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your

upper story—in a word, Mr Clinker, I will have no light in my family, but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir," cried Humphry, "the light of reason is no more, in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon." "Very true," said my uncle, "the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain. Hark ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast, and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism, whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-o'-the-wisp, from one error into another, till you are plunged into a religious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair—" "Which the Lord of his infinite mercy forbid!" exclaimed the afflicted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honour says I am either a knave or a madman, now, as I'll assure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore, I beseech your honour, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery."

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of methodism; but Mrs Tabitha took offence at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly-mindedness. She upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience sake; she observed, that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and declaring, that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look; then turning to the preacher,—"You hear what my sister says,—if you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of methodism lies before

you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labour." "I would not willingly give offence to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry; "her ladyship has been very good to me ever since we came to London, and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises, and both she and Lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims; but, at the same time, I am bound to love and obey your honour. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with a gentleman of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison to your honour. therefore I submit, and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial, then desired to know in what manner Lady Griskin and Mr Barton came to join their religious society. He told him, that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the tabernacle, whether he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr W——'s preaching, that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention, that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking, but as for Mr Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griskin. Humphry moreover owned, that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister that, on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulses, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the spirit, and that he had assisted in Lady Griskin's and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed, that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary, that this supposition would account for their endeavours to convert him to methodism, an event which would occasion a connection of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by

the thoughts of this scheme succeeding, but I gave him to understand, that Barton was pre-engaged, that he had the day before made a present of an *etuis* to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view (no doubt) to countenance her own acceptance of a snuff-box at the same time that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family, but told him, it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life, that he had assured me, he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself, and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr and Mrs Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune

The squire was not insensible to the advantages of such a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence, but when I took notice that there seemed to be an aversion on the side of Liddy, he said he would sound her on the subject, and if her reluctancy was such as would not be easily overcome, he would civilly decline the proposal of Mr Barton for he thought that, in the choice of a husband, a young woman ought not to sacrifice the feelings of her heart for any consideration upon earth,—“Liddy is not so desperate,” said he, “as to worship fortune at such an expense” I take it for granted this whole affair will end in smoke, though there seems to be a storm brewing in the quarter of Mrs Tabby, who sat with all the sullen dignity of silence at dinner, seemingly pregnant with complaint and expostulation. As she has certainly marked Barton for her own prey, she cannot possibly favour his suit with Liddy, and therefore I expect something extraordinary will attend his declaring himself my sister's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as soon as the lover can pick up resolution enough to stand the brunt of Mrs Tabby's disappointment for he is, without doubt, aware of her designs upon his person. The particulars of the *dénouement* you shall know in due season. Meanwhile, I am always yours,

J MELFORD

London, June 10

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR LEWIS,—The deceitful calm was

of short duration. I am plunged again in a sea of vexation, and the complaints in my stomach and bowels are returned, so that I suppose I shall be disabled from prosecuting the excursion I had planned. What the devil had I to do to come a plague-hunting with a leash of females in my train? Yesterday my precious sister (who, by the bye, has been for some time a profest methodist) came into my apartment, attended by Mr Barton, and desired an audience with a very stately air. “Brother,” said she, “this gentleman has something to propose, which I flatter myself will be the more acceptable, as it will rid you of a troublesome companion.” Then Mr Barton proceeded to this effect—“I am, indeed, extremely ambitious of being allied to your family, Mr Bramble, and I hope you will see no cause to interpose your authority.” “As for authority,” said Tabby, interrupting him with some warmth, “I know of none that he has a right to use on this occasion. If I pay him the compliment of making him acquainted with the step I intend to take, it is all he can expect in reason. This is as much as I believe he would do by me, if he intended to change his own situation in life. In a word, brother, I am so sensible of Mr Barton's extraordinary merit, that I have been prevailed upon to alter my resolution of living a single life, and to put my happiness in his hands, by vesting him with a legal title to my person and fortune, such as they are. The business at present is to have the writings drawn, and I shall be obliged to you if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpose.”

You may guess what an effect this overture had upon me, who (from the information of my nephew) expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his passion for Liddy, I could not help gazing in silent astonishment, alternately at Tabby and her supposed admirer, which last hung his head in the most awkward confusion for a few minutes, and then retired, on pretence of being suddenly seized with a vertigo. Mrs Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make use of a bed in the house, but he insisted upon going home, that he might have recourse to some drops, which he kept for such emergencies, and his innamorata acquiesced. In the mean time I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure (though I suspected the truth), and did not know in what manner to demean myself towards Mrs Tabitha, when Jerry came in and told me he had just seen Mr Barton alight from his chariot at Lady Griskin's door. This incident seemed to threaten a visit from her ladyship, with which we were honoured accordingly, in less than half an hour. “I find,” said she, “there has been a match of cross-purposes among you, good folks; and I'm come to set you to rights.”

So saying, she presented me with the following billet

"DEAR SIR,—I no sooner recollected myself from the extreme confusion I was thrown into by that unlucky mistake of your sister, than I thought it my duty to assure you, that my devoirs to Mrs Bramble never exceeded the bounds of ordinary civility, and that my heart is unalterably fixed upon Miss Liddy Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother, when he questioned me upon that subject. Lady Griskin has been so good as to charge herself, not only with the delivery of this note, but also with the task of undeceiving Mrs Bramble, for whom I have the most profound respect and veneration, though my affection being otherwise engaged, is no longer in the power of, sir, your very humble servant,
"RALPH BARTON"

Having cast my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyship that I would no longer retard the friendly office she had undertaken, and I and Jerry forthwith retired into another room. There we soon perceived the conversation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies, and at length could distinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the scene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the disputants, and stood trembling betwixt them, as if she had been afraid they would have proceeded to something more practical than words. Lady Griskin's face was like the full moon in a storm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentous, while Tabby looked grim and ghastly, with an aspect breathing discord and dismay. Our appearance put a stop to their mutual revilings, but her ladyship, turning to me,—“Cousin,” said she, “I can't help saying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady, for the pains I have taken to serve her family.” “My family is much obliged to your ladyship,” cried Tabby, with a kind of hysterical giggle, “but we have no right to the good offices of such an honourable go-between.” “But, for all that, good Mrs Tabitha Bramble,” resumed the other, “I shall be content with the reflection, that virtue is its own reward, and it shall not be my fault if you continue to make yourself ridiculous. Mr Bramble, who has no little interest of his own to serve, will, no doubt, contribute all in his power to promote a match betwixt Mr Barton and his niece, which will be equally honourable and advantageous, and, I dare say, Miss Liddy herself will have no objection to a measure so well calculated to make her happy n life.” “I beg your ladyship's pardon,” exclaimed Liddy, with great vivacity; “I have nothing but misery to expect from such a measure, and I hope my guardians will have too much compassion to barter my peace of mind for any consideration of interest or fortune.” “Upon my word,

Miss Liddy” said she, “you have profited by the example of your good aunt. I comprehend your meaning, and will explain it when I have a proper opportunity. In the mean time I shall take my leave—Madam, your most obedient and devoted humble servant,” said she, advancing close up to my sister, and courtesying so low, that I thought she intended to squat herself down on the floor. This salutation Tabby returned with equal solemnity, and the expression of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad subject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth, if any such should ever appear again in these times of dullness and degeneracy.

Jerry accompanied her ladyship to her house, that he might have an opportunity to restore the etuis to Barton, and advise him to give up his suit, which was so disagreeable to his sister, against whom, however, he returned much irritated. Lady Griskin had assured him, that Liddy's heart was pre-occupied, and immediately the idea of Wilson recurring to his imagination, his family pride took the alarm. He denounced vengeance against that adventurer, and was disposed to be very peremptory with his sister, but I desired he would suppress his resentment, until I should have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earnestly pressed her on this head, owned, with a flood of tears, that Wilson had actually come to the hot well at Bristol, and even introduced himself into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar, but that nothing had passed betwixt them, further than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind: that he had disappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my sister's maid to deliver a letter, which, however, she refused to receive, though she had consented to carry a message, importing, that he was a gentleman of a good family, and that, in a very little time, he would avow his passion in that character. She confessed, that, although he had not kept his word in this particular, he was not yet altogether indifferent to her affection, but solemnly promised she would never carry on any correspondence with him, or any other admirer, for the future, without the privacy and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration she made her own peace with Jerry, but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incensed against Wilson, whom he now considers as an impostor that harbours some infamous design upon the honour of his family. As for Barton, he was not a little mortified to find his present returned, and his addresses so unfavourably received, but he is not a man to be deeply affected by such disappointments, and I know not whether he is not as well pleased with being discarded by Liddy, as he would

have been with a permission to prosecute his pretensions, at the risk of being every day exposed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be slighted with impunity. I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences, for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from Justice Buzzard, to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman. This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked and obtained permission, her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the justice, in order to procure his discharge, but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected. Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief-takers, and, at a little distance, a thick squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman, in a post-chaise, which he (the postilion) drove. This deposition was sufficient to justify his commitment, and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jerry accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect, which, begging their pardon, is the very picture of simplicity and the justice himself put a very unfavourable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender. But, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent, and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavours that he may not be oppressed. I shall, to-morrow, send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner, that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf. However it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin. I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlour, where I had been stewing in the

crowd, and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay at London for some weeks, till the poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester, so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend,

MATT BRAMBLE

London, June 12

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR WAT,—The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage. Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion, with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison. A postilion having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to gaol, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risk of being hanged. Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve, as persuaded most of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave, and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favour the culprit. He was a young man, well dressed, and from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted that he was a student in one of the Inns of court. He freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his simplicity, exclaimed—"In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so." "No," cried he, "God forbid that I should call myself

innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin" "What, then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master "No, sure," said he, "blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt"

Here the justice interposed, observing, that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession, upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon The Templar affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic "You know very well, added he, "that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner"

The thief-takers grinned at one another, and Mr Justice Buzzard replied with great emotion,—"Mr Martin, I desire you will mind your own business, I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine" In short, there was no remedy, the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney-coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks' confinement He said, his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry

Confounded at this information, I asked,— "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?" "We have exact intelligence of all Mr Martin's transactions," said he, "but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction, and as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point blank to his identity" "So, if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he has sworn," said I, "this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows"

The constable observed, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi*, or, perhaps, Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact, in which case he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself, or, finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind so far back as

six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about Then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated,—"The Lord's will be done' if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith, of which, though unworthy, I make profession"

When I expressed my surprise that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the least resemblance, the constable (who was himself a thief-taker) gave me to understand, that Mr Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known, that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober, that his courage and presence of mind never failed him, that his address was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and insolence, that he never encumbered himself with watches, or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom, and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner, that, after the action, it was impossible to recognise either the one or the other "This great man," said he, "has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together, for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with, that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance, but, for all that, his race is almost run He is now fluttering about justice, like a moth about a candle There are so many lime-twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he swings before Christmas"

Shall I own to you, that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for subsistence? It seems he lived some time as a clerk to a timber-merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, he was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors She did not long survive her marriage, and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way, than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon success He pays his respects regularly to Mr Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher-general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has

received his caution in good part. Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honour to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne, but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually, that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity for equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness as by his own misfortune. When I assured him that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down upon his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears,—"O squire!" cried he, sobbing, "what shall I say!—I can't—no, I can't speak—my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic, that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time Lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs Tabitha on this domestic calamity, and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly, that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr Mead and I squored them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen, and when we inquired for Clinker,—"I don't care if the devil had him, said he, here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place. Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined—we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish—the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damn'd religion. For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil. Two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow, have been blubbering all night, and if the fellow an't speedily removed by *habes corpus*, or otherwise, I'll be damn'd if there's a grain of true

spunk left within these walls—we shan't have a soul to do credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman—damn my eyes, there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart—we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the jailor's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our house-maid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw any thing so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervour, on the torments of hell denounced in scripture against evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins, formed a groupe, that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one, it denoted admiration, in another, doubt, in a third, disdain, in a fourth, contempt, in a fifth, terror, in a sixth, derision, and in a seventh, indignation. As for Mrs Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow, but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The jailor's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying, she wished from her heart there was such another good soul like him in every gaol in England.

Mr Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man. But Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions, of being hanged, for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to methodism. He now made proper acknowledgements for the honour of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him, he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor souls, and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reinforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-servants, I waited on Mr Mead to the house of Justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said, his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial, so that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker.

and indeed the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the squire in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr Martin, of whom I have made such honourable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having observed him, at Mr Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life, for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty, upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person whose deposition would bring him off as clear as the sun at noon. Sure the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself! He said the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions, that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction, but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business, and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next gaol delivery. He affirmed, that all these circumstances were well known to the justice, and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgement of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr Bramble, that he declared with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate's Hearing, how ever, how favourable Mr Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he resolved to take the advice of counsel, in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but in a day or two this troublesome business may be dismissed, and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from yours, J MELFORD

London, June 11

To DR LEWIS

Thank heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are dispersed, and I have now the clearest prospect of my summer campaign, which, I hope, I shall be able to begin to-morrow.

I took the advice of counsel with respect to the case of Clinker, in whose favour a lucky accident has intervened. The fellow who accused him has had his own battery turned upon himself. Two days ago he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed on the evidence of an accomplice Clinker having moved for a writ of habeas corpus was brought before the lord-chief justice, who, in consequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, reporting that the said Clinker was not the person who stopped him on the highway, as well as in consideration of the postilion's character and present circumstances, was pleased to order that my servant should be admitted to bail, and he has been discharged accordingly, to the unspeakable satisfaction of our whole family, to which he has recommended himself in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and singing psalms, which he has exercised with such effect, that even Tabby respects him as a chosen vessel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocrisy in this excess of religion, I would not keep him in my service, but so far as I can observe, the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm, which renders him very susceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horseman, and understands fairiery, I have bought a stout gelding for his use, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in case the coachman should not mind his business. My nephew, who is to ride his own saddle-horse, has taken (upon trial) a servant just come from abroad with his former master, Sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honesty. The fellow, whose name is Dutton, seems to be a *petit maître*. He has got a smattering of French, bows and grins and shrugs, and takes snuff *à la mode de France*, but values himself chiefly upon his skill and dexterity in hair-dressing. If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all respects, the very contrast of Humphry Clinker.

My sister has made up matters with Lady Griskin, though, I must own, I should not have been sorry to see that connection entirely destroyed. But Tabby is not of a disposition to forgive Barton, who (I understand) is gone to his seat in Berkshire for the summer-season. I cannot help suspecting, that, in the treaty of peace which has been lately ratified betwixt those two females, it is stipulated, that her ladyship shall use her best endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our sister Tabitha, who seems to be quite desperate in her matrimonial designs. Perhaps the match-maker is to have a valuable consideration in the way of brokerage, which she will most certainly deserve,

if she can find any man in his senses who will yoke with Mrs Bramble from motives of affection or interest

I find my spirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to say, every thing that discomposes my mind, produces a correspondent disorder in my body, and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by those considerations that dissipate the clouds of mental chagrin. The imprisonment of Clinker brought on those symptoms which I mentioned in my last, and now they are vanished at his discharge. It must be owned, indeed, I took some of the tincture of ginseng, prepared according to your prescription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the stomach, but the pain and sickness continued to return, after short intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myself perfectly at ease. We have had fair weather these ten days, to the astonishment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the same indulgence in Wales, I hope Barnes has got my hay made, and safe-cocked, by this time. As we shall be in motion for some weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as usual, but I shall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in case it should be necessary to communicate any thing to your assured friend,

MATT BRAMBLE

London, June 14

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MARY,—Having the occasion of my cousin Jenkins of Abergarny, I send you (as a token) a turkey-shell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a sarment upon the nothingness of good works, which was preached in the tabernacle, and you will also receive a horn-buck for Saul, whereby she may learn her letters, for I am much concerned about the state of her poor soul—And what are all the pursuits of this life to the concerns of that immortal part?—what is life but a veil of affliction?—O Mary! the whole family have been in such a constipation! Mr Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail against him. His virtue is like poor gold, seven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a robbery, and had before Gustass Bushard, who made his mittamouse, and the pore youth was sent to prison upon the fals oaf of a willian, that wanted to sware his life away for the looker of Cain.

The squire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he stud like an innocent sheep in the midst of wolves and tygers. Lord knows what

mought have happened to this pyehouse young man, if master had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they say, five hundred years ould (God bless us!) and a congeror, but if he be, sure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwise he wouldn't have fought out Mi Clinker, as he did, in spite of stone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command. For ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr Clinker, who is indeed a very powerful labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than use the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling, and I trust, that even myself, though unworthy, shall find grease to be accepted. Miss Laddy has been touched to the quick, but is a little timoursome, howsomever, I make no doubt but she and all of us will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr Clinker, to produce blessed fruit of generation and repentance. As for master and the young squire, they have as yet had narrow glimpsee of the new light. I doubt as how their hearts are hardened by worldly wisdom, which, as the pyebill saith, is foolishness in the sight of God.

O Mary Jones! pray without ceasing for grease to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful instrument, which I hope will be exercised this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall. To-morrow we are to set out in a cox and four for Yorkshire, and (I believe) we shall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell, but I shan't go so far as to forget my friends, and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her humble sarvant,

WIN JENKINS

London, June 14

TO MRS GWYLLIM, HOUSEKEEPER AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

MRS GWYLLIM.—I can't help thinking it very strange, that I never had an answer to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago from Bath, concerning the sour bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be wasted. We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well managed in our absence, for you know you must render an account, not only to your earthly master, but also to him that is above, and if you are found a good and faithful sarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty stun of cheese ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl spun as will make half a dozen pair of blankets, and that the savings of the buttermilk will fetch me a good penny before Martinmas, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with birch-mast and acorns.

I wrote to Dr Lewis for the same purpose, but he never had the good manners to take the least notice of my letter, for which reason I shall never favour him with another, though he besmits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchful eye over the hind Vilhams, who is one of his amissories, and, I believe, no better than he should be at bottom. God forbid that I should lack christian charity, but charity begins at home, and sure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of such vermin. I do suppose, that the brindled cow has been had to the parson's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick has become a mighty mouser. Pray order every thing for the best, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour. If I had a private opportunity, I would send them some hymns to sing instead of profane ballads, but, as I can't, they and you must be contented with the prayers of your assured friend,

T BRAMBLE

London, June 14

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS
COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty. As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society, who, resenting his presumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postilion being upon record as an old offender, the chief-justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr Mead, importing, that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath, and honest Humphry was discharged. When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic, he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion. He took snuff in some confusion, and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave his blessing in something more substantial than words—"Clinker," said he, "I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life-guard-man on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung across his shoulders, and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday, at seven in the morning, my uncle, with the three women, in the coach, Humphry, well

mounted on a black gelding bought for his use, myself a-horseback, attended by my new valet, Mr Dutton, an exceeding cockcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial. The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding dress, jack boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting-whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes, so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet, to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postilions, stopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows a-horseback at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and, unslung his carbine, prepared for action. The squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly, but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert. At that instant, who should come up, at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment, then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who having fired at a great distance, fled across the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his perwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand, that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The squire having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation, but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck, Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much struck with its singularity. He could not suppose the fellow had

any design upon our company, which was so numerous and well armed, he therefore thanked him for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest, but this was a secret to all except my uncle and myself. Mrs Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged, in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr Martin, with whose polite address, and agreeable conversation, she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosting me in the yard, asked, with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company. I understood his meaning, but answered *no*, that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows that looked like highwaymen. He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chestnut gelding, with a white streak down his forehead, and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post-chaises this very morning. I inquired, in my turn, if Mr Martin was of his acquaintance, and, nodding thrice again, he answered, that *he had seen the gentleman*.

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin, with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often travelled that road and he replied, with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me in very polite terms, and turned off upon a cross-road, that led to a village on the left. At supper, Mrs Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr Martin's good sense and good breeding, and seemed to regret that she had not a farther opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little surprised to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in these words

• "SIR,—I could easily perceive from your looks, when I had the honour to converse with you at Hatfield, that my character is not unknown to you, and I dare say, you won't think it strange, that I should be glad to change my present way of life for any other honest occupation, let it be ever so

humble, that will afford me bread in moderation, and sleep in safety. Perhaps you may think I flatter, when I say, that from the moment I was witness to your generous concern in the cause of your servant, I conceived a particular esteem and veneration for your person, and yet what I say is true. I should think myself happy, if I could be admitted into your protection and service as house-steward, clerk, butler, or bailiff, for either of which places I think myself tolerably well qualified, and, sure I am, I should not be found deficient in gratitude and fidelity, at the same time, I am very sensible how much you must deviate from the common maxims of discretion, even in putting my professions to the trial, but I don't look upon you as a person that thinks in the ordinary style, and the delicacy of my situation will, I know, justify this address to a heart warmed with beneficence and compassion. Understanding you are going pretty far north, I shall take an opportunity to throw myself in your way again before you reach the borders of Scotland, and, I hope, by that time you shall have taken into consideration the truly distressful case of, honoured sir, your very humble and devoted servant,

"EDWARD MARTIN"

The squire, having perused this letter, put it into my hand, without saying a syllable, and, when I had read it, we looked at each other in silence. From a certain sparkling in his eyes, I discovered there was more in his heart than he cared to express with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin, and this was precisely my own feeling, which he did not fail to discern by the same means of communication. "What shall we do," said he, "to save this poor sinner from the gallows, and make him a useful member of the commonwealth?" and yet the proverb says,—"Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat." I told him I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie, and that I should heartily concur in any step he might take in favour of his solicitation. We mutually resolved to deliberate upon the subject, and in the mean time proceeded on our journey. The roads having been broken up by the heavy rains in the spring, were so rough, that although we travelled very slowly, the jolting occasioned such pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peevish when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the post-road, between Wetherby and Borough-bridge.

Harrowgate water, so celebrated for its efficacy in the scurvy and other distempers, is supplied from a copious spring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which a good many houses have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Most of the company lodge

at some distance, in five separate inns, situated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a distinct society that eat together, and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfast in dishabille, at separate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or choose to come in. Here also they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One custom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a solecism in politeness. The ladies treat with tea in their turns, and even girls of sixteen are not exempted from this shameful imposition. There is a public ball by subscription every night at one of the houses, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets, and, indeed, Harrowgate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and dissipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more sociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no less than fifty lodgers, and as many servants. Our family does not exceed thirty-six, and I should be sorry to see the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increase.

At present, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental assemblage of persons, who are utter strangers to one another. There seems to be a general disposition among us to maintain good fellowship, and promote the purposes of humanity, in favour of those who come thither on the score of health. I see several faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of these waters. In such a variety there must be some originals, among whom Mrs Tabitha Bramble is not the most inconsiderable. No place, where there is such an intercourse between the sexes, can be disagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament. She has had some warm disputes at table with a lame parson from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the insignificance of moral virtue, and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tie-periwig, who, though he has lost his teeth, and the use of his limbs, can still wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her such fulsome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as seem to have won her heart, and she, in her turn, treats him with such attention, as indicates a design upon his person, but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any snare that she can lay for his affection.

We do not propose to stay long at Harrowgate, though at present it is our headquarters, from whence we shall make some excursions to visit two or three of our rich

relations, who are settled in this country. Pray remember me to all my friends of Jesus, and allow me to be still yours affectionately,

J MELFORD

Harrowgate, June 23

To Dr LEWIS,

DEAR DOCTOR,—Considering the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country constitute a most intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Wetherby, I have suffered more from jolting and swinging, than ever I felt in the whole course of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the postillions were very careful in driving. I am now safely housed at the new inn at Harrowgate, whither I came to satisfy my curiosity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health, and truly, after having considered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourse of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which seems to be the character of our nation.

Harrowgate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation, and the people, who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the house, and all the rest of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither space, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet square, and when the folding-bed is down, there is just room sufficient to pass between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occasion for a fire at midsummer, but here the climate is so backward, that an ash-tree, which our landlord has planted before my window is just beginning to put forth its leaves, and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water, which is said to have effected so many surprising cures, I have drank it once, and the first draught has cured me of all desire to repeat the medicine. Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourgings of a foul gun. It is generally supposed to be strongly impregnated with sulphur, and Dr Shaw, in his book upon mineral waters, says, he has seen flakes of sulphur floating in the well. *Pace tanti viri*—I, for my part, have never observed any thing like sulphur, either in or about the well, neither do I find that any brimstone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge-water, and the saline taste of it seems to declare that it is nothing else than salt water putrefied in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my nose with one hand,

while I advanced the glass to my mouth with the other, and after I had made shift to swallow it, my stomach could hardly retain what it had received. The only effects it produced were sickness, griping, and insurmountable disgust. I can hardly mention it without puking. The world is strangely misled by the affectation of singularity. I cannot help suspecting that this water owes its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive. On the same kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poisons, as specifics in the *materna meduca*. I am persuaded, that all the cures ascribed to the Harrowgate water, would have been as efficaciously, and infinitely more agreeably performed by the internal and external use of sea-water. Sure I am, this last is much less nauseous to the taste and smell, and much more gentle in its operations as a purge, as well as more extensive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went across the country to visit Squire Burdock, who married a first cousin of my father, an heiress, who brought him an estate of a thousand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the ministry in parliament, and, having an opulent fortune, piques himself upon living in the country, and maintaining *old English hospitality*. By the by, this is a phrase very much used by the English themselves, both in words and writing, but I never heard of it out of the island, except by way of irony and sarcasm. What the hospitality of our forefathers has been, I should be glad to see recorded rather in the memoirs of strangers who have visited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of such hospitality, than in the discourse and luccubrations of the modern English, who seem to describe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue, and I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest at London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's head, the Turk's head, the Boar's head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning.

But, to return from this digression, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make. Our Yorkshire cousin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord*, but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates, nevertheless, he still keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exercised, and his huntsman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chase, which he recites

in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and significant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is scratched by one of his groomsmen. This fellow, it seems, having no inclination to curry any beast out of the stable, was at great pains to scollop his nails in such a manner, that the blood followed at every stroke. He was in hopes that he would be dismissed from this disagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectation. His master declared he was the best scratcher in the family, and now he will not suffer any other servant to draw a nail upon his carcase.

The squire's lady is very proud, without being stiff or inaccessible. She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility, but then she thinks she has a right to treat them with the most ungracious freedoms of speech, and never fails to let them know she is sensible of her own superior affluence. In a word, she speaks well of no living soul, and has not one single friend in the world. Her husband hates her mortally, but although the brute is sometimes so very powerful in him, that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a school-boy, the lash of her tongue. On the other hand, she is afraid of provoking him too far, lest he should make some desperate effort to throw off her yoke, she therefore acquiesces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of an English freeholder, by saying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his disposition, or contributes to the ease of his person. The house, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable. It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profusion of victuals and drink, but mine host seems to be misplaced,—and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon venison with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more servicable, and less rapacious, but they are generally insolent and inattentive, and so greedy, that I think I can dine better, and for less expense, at the Star and Garter in Pall-mall than at our cousin's castle in Yorkshire. The squire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is also blessed with an only son, about two-and-twenty, just returned from Italy, a complete fiddler and *dilettante*, and he slips no opportunity of manifesting the most perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the house, on a visit to this virtuoso, with whom they had been acquainted at the Spa. It was the Count de Melvil, with his lady, on their way to Scotland. Mr Burdock had met with an accident, in consequence of which both the count and I would have retired, but the young gentle-

man and his mother insisted upon our staying dinner,—and their serenity seemed to be so little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The squire had been brought home over night in his post-chaise, so terribly belaboured about the pate, that he seemed to be in a state of stupefaction, and had ever since remained speechless. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his assistance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring that he had no fever, nor any other bad symptom, but the loss of speech, if he really had lost that faculty. But the young squire said this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio*; that there was a fracture in the *cranium*, and that there was a necessity for having him trepanned without loss of time. His mother espousing this opinion, had sent an express to York for a surgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come, with his 'prontice and instruments. Having examined the patient's head, he began to prepare his dressings, though Grieve still retained his first opinion, that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it, as the squire had passed the night in profound sleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulsion. The York surgeon said he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he should take off the scalp, but, at any rate, the operation might be of service, in giving vent to any blood that might be extravasated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her son were clear for trying the experiment, and Grieve was dismissed with some marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainness of his appearance. He seemed to be about the middle age, and wore his own black hair without any sort of dressing, by his garb, one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the stiffness of that sect, on the contrary, he has very submissive, respectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themselves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dressings and instruments were displayed in order upon a pewter dish. The operator, laying aside his coat and periwig, equipped himself with a night-cap, apron and sleeves, while his 'prontice and footman, seizing the squire's head, began to place it in a proper posture. But mark what followed! The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of these assistants, with the grasp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone,—“I ha'n't lived so long in Yorkshire to be trepanned by such vermin as you,” and, leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the astonishment of us all. The surgeon still insisted upon the operation, alleging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and desiring the servants to put him into bed

again, but nobody would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpose, when the squire turned him and his assistants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus asserted his prerogative, and put on his clothes with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his son, and received with his usual style of rustic civility. Then, turning to Signior Mackaroni, with a sarcastic grin,—“I tell thee what, Dick, said he, “A man's skull is not to be bored every time his head is broken, and I'll convince thee and thy mother, that I know as many tricks as e'er an old fox in the West Riding.”

We afterwards understood he had quarrelled at a public house with an exciseman, whom he challenged to a bout at single stick, at which he had been worsted, and that the shame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, she had shown no concern for his disaster, and now heard of his recovery without emotion. She had taken some little notice of my sister and me, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance, than out of any sentiment of regard to our family. She said Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjust her head before dinner, but she would not meddle with Tabby, whose spirit, she soon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, she acknowledged me so far as to say she had heard of my father, though she hinted, that he had disoblighed her family, by making a poor match in Wales. She was disagreeably familiar in her inquiries about our circumstances, and asked, if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law. I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he should follow no profession but that of a country gentleman, and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a seat in parliament. “Pray, cousin,” said she, “what may his fortune be?” When I answered, that, with what I should be able to give him, he would have better than two thousand a-year, she replied, with a disdainful toss of her head, that it would be impossible for him to preserve his independence on such a paltry provision.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to sit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income, and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the house. “Ay, but times are changed,” cried the squire. “Country gentlemen now-a-days live after another fashion. My table alone stands me in a cool thousand a quarter, though I raise my own stock, unport my own liquors, and have every thing at the first hand. True it is, I keep open house, and receive all comers, for the honour of Old England.” “If that be the case,” said I, “'tis a wonder you can maintain it at so small an expence, but every

private gentleman is not expected to keep a caravansera for the accommodation of travellers. Indeed, if every individual lived in the same style, you would not have such a number of guests at your table, of consequence your hospitality would not shine so bright for the glory of the West Riding." The young squire, tickled by this ironical observation, exclaimed, "*O che burla*." His mother eyed me in silence with a supercilious air, and the father of the feast, taking a bumper of October,—"My service to you, cousin Bramble," said he, "I have always heard there was something keen and biting in the air of the Welsh mountains."

I was much pleased with the count de Melvil, who is sensible, easy, and polite, and the countess is the most amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers, and the young gentleman, mounting his horse, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their servants rode round to give notice to the rest, whom they had left at a public house on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the censorious demon took possession of our Yorkshire landlady and our sister Tabitha. The former observed, that the countess was a good sort of a body, but totally ignorant of good breeding, consequently awkward in her address. The squire said, he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts, but that the jade would be very handsome, if she was a little more in flesh. "Handsome!" cried Tabby, "she has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning, but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call good features in Wales," replied our landlord, "but they'll pass in Yorkshire." Then turning to Liddy, he added,—"What say you, my pretty red-streak!—what is your opinion of the countess?" "I think," cried Liddy, with great emotion, "she's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with such freedom in company, and the lady of the house said, in a contemptuous tone, she supposed Miss had been brought up at some country boarding-school.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghast, exclaiming that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I rushing out, found his own and his servant's horse ready saddled in the stable, with pistols in the caps. We mounted instantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all possible expedition, but notwithstanding all the speed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count and his lady safe lodged at the house of Grieve, who had signalized himself in a very remarkable manner on this occasion. At the turning of a lane that led to the village where the count's servants remained, a couple of robbers a-horseback

suddenly appeared, with their pistols advanced, one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young squire went off at full speed, without ever casting a look behind. The count desiring the thief to withdraw his pistol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purse without making the least resistance, but not satisfied with this booty, which was pretty considerable, the rascal insisted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the countess screamed with affright. Her husband, exasperated at the violence with which she was threatened, wrested the pistol out of the fellow's hand, and, turning it upon him, snapped it in his face, but the robber, knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his bosom, and in all probability would have killed him on the spot, had not his life been saved by a wonderful interposition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to pass that very instant, ran up to the coach, and, with a crabstick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the first blow, then seizing his pistol, presented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without farther opposition. The other was secured by the assistance of the count and the coachman, and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horse, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither also the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the countess could be kept from swooning, but at last she was happily conveyed to the house of the apothecary, who went into the shop to prepare some drops for her, while his wife and daughter administered to her in another apartment. I found the count standing in the kitchen with the parson of the parish, and expressing much impatience to see his protector, whom as yet he had scarce found time to thank for the essential service he had done him and the countess. The daughter passing at the same time with a glass of water, Monsieur de Melvil could not help taking notice of her figure, which was strikingly engaging. "Ay," said the parson, "she's the prettiest girl, and the best girl, in all my parish, and if I could give my son an estate of ten thousand a-year, he should have my consent to lay it at her feet. If Mr Grieve had been as solicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Christian, he would not have hung so long upon his hands." "What is her name?" said I. "Sixteen years ago," answered the vicar, "I christened her by the name of Serafina Melville." "Ha! what! how!" cried the count eagerly, "sure you said Serafina Melville!" "I did," said he, "Mr Grieve told me those were the names of two noble persons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

"The count, without speaking another syllable, rushed into the parlour, crying,—

"This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs Grieve, then, seizing the countess by the hand, exclaimed, with great agitation,—"O madam!—O sir! I am—I am your poor Elinor. This is my Serafina Melvil. O child! these are the count and countess of Melvil—the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The countess rising from her seat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Serafina, and clasped her to her breast with great tenderness, while she herself was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving scene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himself, who, falling on his knees before the count,—"Behold," said he, "a penitent, who at length can look upon his patron without shrinking." "Ah, Ferdinand!" cried he, raising and folding him in his arms, "the play fellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth!—Is it to you that I am indebted for my life?" "Heaven has heard my prayer," said the other, "and given me an opportunity to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kissed the hand of the countess, while Monsieur de Melvil saluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand Count Fathom, whose adventures were printed many years ago. Being a sincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name, that he might elude the inquiries of the count, whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependance but upon his own industry and moderation. He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile, was unaffectedly pious, and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment, he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement. In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be pressed to leave off business, and reunite himself to the count's family, and as the countess seemed extremely fond of his daughter, she will, in all probability, insist upon Serafina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to these noble persons, we returned to the squire's, where we expected an invitation to pass the night, which was wet and raw, but, it seems Squire Burdock's hospitality reached not so far for the honour of Yorkshire we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take fast hold on my constitution, I resolved to visit another relation, one Mr Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel, being the youngest of four sons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's Inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himself called to the bar for the honour of his family, and, soon after this preferment, succeeded to his father's estate, which was very considerable. He carried home with him all the knavish chicanery of the lowest pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchased of a drayman for twenty pounds, and he soon found means to obtain a *dedimus* as an acting justice of the peace. He is not only a sordid miser in his disposition, but his avarice is mingled with a spirit of despotism, which is truly diabolical. He is a brutal husband, an unnatural parent, a harsh master, an oppressive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magistrate. Friends he has none, and in point of hospitality and good breeding, our cousin Burdock is a prince in comparison with this ungracious miscreant, whose house is the lively representation of a jail. Our reception was suitable to the character I have sketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we should have been kindly treated. She is really a good sort of woman, in spite of her low original, and well respected in the county, but she has not interest enough in her own house to command a draught of table beer, far less to bestow any kind of education on her children, who run about like ragged colts in a state of nature. Pox on him! he is such a dirty fellow, that I have not patience to prosecute the subject.

By the time we reached Harrowgate, I began to be visited by certain rheumatic symptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr Micklewhimmin, recommended a hot-bath of these waters so earnestly, that I was over-persuaded to try the experiment. He had used it often with success, and always staid an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrowgate water, heated for the purpose. If I could hardly bear the smell of a single tumbler when cold, you may guess how my nose was regaled by the steams arising from a hot-bath of the same fluid. At night I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground-floor, where the tub smoked and stunk like the pot of Acheron in one corner, and in another stood a dirty bed, provided with thick blankets, in which I was to sweat, after coming out of the bath. My heart seemed

to die within me, when I entered this dismal bagnio, and found my brain assaulted by such insufferable effluvia. I cursed Micklewhim-men for not considering that my organs were formed on this side the Tweed, but being ashamed to recoil upon the threshold, I submitted to the process.

After having endured all but real suffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed, and wrapped in blankets. There I lay a full hour, panting with intolerable heat, but not the least moisture appearing on my skin, I was carried to my own chamber, and passed the night without closing an eye, in such a flutter of spirits as rendered me the most miserable wretch in being. I should certainly have run distracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occasioned by that Stygian bath, had not burst the vessels, and produced a violent hemorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible disquiet. I lost two pounds of blood and more on this occasion, and find myself still weak and languid but, I believe, a little exercise will forward my recovery, and therefore I am resolved to set out to-morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propose to brace up my fibres by sea-bathing, which I know is one of your favourite specifics. There is, however, one disease, for which you have found as yet no specific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epistle is an infallible symptom. *What, therefore, cannot be cured, must be endured*, by you, as well as by yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Harrowgate, June 26

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR KNIGHT,—The manner of living at Harrowgate was so agreeable to my disposition, that I left the place with some regret. Our aunt Tabby would have probably made some objection to our departing so soon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whose heart she had been practising, from the second day after our arrival. That original, though seemingly precluded from the use of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account. In short, by dint of groaning and whining, he had excited the compassion of the company so effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very best apartment in the house, gave it up for his ease and convenience. When his man led him into the long-room, all the females were immediately in commotion:—one set an elbow-chair; another shook up the cushion, a third brought a stool, and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet. Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) supported

him into the dining-room, and placed him promptly at the table, and his taste was indulged with a succession of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profusion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the less agreeable for being delivered in the Scottish dialect. As for Mrs Tabitha, his respects were particularly addressed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her bias to methodism, which he also professed upon a calvanistical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not such an invalid as he pretended to be. I observed he eat very heartily three times a-day, and though his bottle was marked *stomachic tincture*, he had recourse to it so often, and seemed to swallow it with such peculiar relish, that I suspected it was not compounded in the apothecary's shop, or the chemist's laboratory. One day, while he was earnest in discourse with Mrs Tabitha, and his servant had gone out on some occasion or other, I dexterously exchanged the labels and situation of his bottle and mine, and having tasted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to some of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr Micklewhimmen had occasion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle instead of his own, and, filling a large glass, drank to the health of Mrs Tabitha. It had scarce touched his lips, when he perceived the change that had been put upon him, and was at first a little out of countenance. He seemed to retire within himself, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his resolution was taken, addressing himself to our quarter, "I give the gentleman credit for his wit," said he, "it was a good practical joke but sometimes *hi joci in seria ducunt mala*. I hope, for his own sake, he has na drank all the liquor for it was a vera poorful infusion of jalap in Bourdeaux wine, and it's possible he may ha ta'en sic a dose as will produce a terrible catastrophe in his ain bowels."

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the share of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure at Harrowgate, and was, in effect, a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-guests, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: but now his mirth gave way to his apprehension. He began to spit, to make wry faces, and writhe himself into various contortions. "Damn the stuff," cried he, "I thought it had a villainous twang—pah! he that would cozen a Scot, mun get oop betimes, and take old Scratch for his counsellor." "In troth, Mester what d'ye ca'um," replied the lawyer, "your wit has

run you into a filthy puddle—I'm truly concerned for your woe. The best advice I can give you in sic a dilemma, is to send an express to Rippon for Dr Wagh without delay, and, in the mean time, swallow all the oil and butter you can find in the house, to defend your poor stomach and intestines from the villication of the particles of the jallap, which is vera violent, even when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun—he retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was swallowed, and the doctor sent for, but before he arrived, the miserable patient had made such discharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give him farther offence and thus double evacuation was produced by imagination alone, for what he had drunk was genuine wine of Bordeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private use. The clothier, finding the joke turn out so expensive and disagreeable, quitted the house next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any signs of outward exultation, on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had suffered, and acquired fresh credit from this show of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night which succeeded this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen-chimney being foul, the soot took fire, and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner. Every body leaped naked out of bed, and in a minute the whole house was filled with cries and confusion. There were two stairs in the house, and to these we naturally ran, but they were both so blocked up, by the people pressing one upon another, that it seemed impossible to pass without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midst of this anarchy, Mr Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimbly as a buck along the passage, and Tabby, in her under petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that she might escape through his protection, he very fairly pushed her down, crying, "Na, na, gude faith, charity begins at home!" Without paying the least respect to the shrieks and entreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midst of the crowd, overturning every thing that opposed him, and actually fought his way to the bottom of the stair-case. By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was assembled, and proposed that we should make our exit successively by that conveyance. The squire exhorted his sister to begin the descent, but before she could resolve, her woman, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, in a transport of terror, threw herself out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the

ground, that he might receive her in her descent. This maiden was just as she had started out of bed, the moon shone very bright, and a fresh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs Winifred's beauties could possibly escape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whose heart was not able to withstand the united force of so many charms, at least, I am much mistaken if he has not been her humble slave from that moment. He received her in his arms, and, giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, ascended again with admirable dexterity.

At that instant, the landlord of the house called out, with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguished, and the ladies had nothing farther to fear. This was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect, the shrieking ceased, and a confused sound of expostulation ensued. I conducted Mrs Tabitha and my sister to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away, but was soon brought to herself. Then I went to offer my service to the other ladies, who might want assistance. They were all scudding through the passage to their several apartments and as the thoroughfare was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good observation of them in their transit, but as most of them were naked to the smock, and all their heads shrouded in huge night-caps, I could not distinguish one face from another, though I recognized some of their voices. These were generally plaintive, some wept, some scolded, and some prayed. I lifted up one poor old gentlewoman, who had been overturned and sore bruised by a multitude of feet, and this was also the case with the lame parson from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his passage overthrown, though not with impunity, for the cripple, in falling, gave him such a good pelt in the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for the lawyer, he waited below till the hurly-burly was over, and then stole softly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a second sally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the public room by his own servant and another assistant, groaning most wofully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered. The selfish brutality of his behaviour on the stairs had steeled their hearts against all his arts and address. No soul offered to accommodate him with a chair, cushion, or footstool, so that he was obliged to sit down on a hard wooden bench. In that position he looked around with a rueful aspect, and, bowing very low, said, in a whining tone, "Your most humble servant, ladies—fire is a dreadful calamity!" "Fire purifies gold, and it tries friendship," cried Mrs Tabitha, bridling. "Yea, madam," replied Micklewhimmen, "and it trieth discretion also!" "If discretion consists in for-

saking a friend in adversity, you are eminently possessed of that virtue," resumed our aunt. "Na, ma'am," rejoined the advocate, "well I wot I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat. Ye'll please to observe, ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature. One is instinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other is reason. Now, in certain great emergencies, when the faculty of reason is suspended, instinct takes the lead, and, when this predominates, having no affinity with reason, it pays no sort of regard to its connections, it only operates for the preservation of the individual, and that by the most expeditious and effectual means: therefore, begging your pardon, ladies, I'm no accountable, *in foro conscientie*, for what I did, while under the influence of this irresistible power."

Here my uncle interposed,—"I should be glad to know," said he, "whether it was instinct that prompted you to retreat with bag and baggage, for, I think, you had a portmanteau on your shoulder." The lawyer answered, without hesitation, "Gif I might tell my mind freely, without incurring the suspicion of presumption, I should think it was something superior to either reason or instinct, which suggested that measure, and this on a twafald account. In the first place, the portmanteau contained the writings of a worthy nobleman's estate, and their being burnt would have occasioned a loss that could not be repaired. Secondly, my good angel seems to have laid the portmanteau on my shoulders, by way of defence, to sustain the violence of a most inhuman blow from the crutch of a reverend clergyman, which, even in spite of that medium, hath wounded me sorely, even unto the pericranium." "By your own doctrine," cried the parson, who chanced to be present, "I am not accountable for the blow, which was the effect of instinct." "I crave your pardon, reverend sir," said the other, "instinct never acts but for the preservation of the individual, but your preservation was out of the case—you had already received the damage, and therefore the blow must be imputed to revenge, which is a sinful passion, that ill becomes any Christian, especially a protestant divine, and, let me tell you, most reverend doctor, gin I had a mind to plea, the law would haul my libel relevant." "Why, the damage is pretty equal on both sides," cried the parson; "your head is broke, and my crutch is snapped in the middle—now, if you repair the one, I will be at the expense of curing the other."

This sally raised the laugh against Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave, when my uncle, in order to change the discourse, observed, that instinct had been very kind to him in another respect, for it had restored to him the use of his limbs, which, in his

exit, he had moved with surprising agility. He replied, that it was the nature of fear to brace up the nerves, and mentioned some surprising feats of strength and activity performed by persons under the impulse of terror, but he complained, that, in his own particular, the effects had ceased when the cause was taken away. The squire said he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he should dance a Scotch measure, without making a false step; and the advocate, grinning, called for the piper. A fiddler being at hand, this original started up, with his bloody uapkin over his black tie-periwig, and acquitted himself in such a manner, as excited the mirth of the whole company, but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs Tabby, who did not understand the principle of instinct, and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonstration.

From Harrowgate we came hither, by the way of York, and here we shall tarry some days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both resolved to make use of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic, from its situation along a cliff that overhangs the sea. The harbour is formed by a small elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly opposite to the town, and on that side is the castle, which stands very high, of considerable extent, and, before the invention of gunpowder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms, for the use of the company who resort to this place in the summer, to drink the waters, and bathe in the sea, and the diversions are pretty much on the same footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this side, under a cliff, within a few paces of the sea; and thither the bathers go every morning in dis-habille, but the descent is by a great number of steps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utensils and attendants. You have never seen one of these machines. Imagine to yourself, a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and, on each side, a little window above, and a bench below. The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he moves and fixes the horse to the other end. The person within, being stripped, opens the door to the seaward where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water. After having bathed, he reascends into the apartment by the steps, which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the

carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land, so that he has nothing further to do but to open the door and come down as he went up, should he be so weak or ill as to require a servant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea, nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the seaward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever. The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet, but then the machines can be used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day, so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning. For my part, I love swimming as an exercise, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus. You and I have often plunged together into the sea, but the sea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleasure. You cannot conceive what a flow of spirits it gives, and how it braces every sinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diseases which are every day cured by sea-bathing, you might justly say you had received a treatise, instead of a letter, from your affectionate friend and servant,

J MELFORD

Scarborough, July 4

To Dr. LEWIS

I have not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days. From Harrogate we came hither by the way of York, where we staid only one day, to visit the castle, the minster, and the assembly room. The first, which was heretofore a fortress, is now converted into a prison, and is the best, in all respects, I ever saw, at home or abroad. It stands in a high situation, extremely well ventilated, and has a spacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the prisoners, except those whom it is necessary to confine in close confinement. Even these last have all the comforts that the nature of their situation can admit of. Here the assizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpose.

As for the minster, I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size and the height of its spire, from those other ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture, but it is now agreed that this style is Saracen rather than Gothic, and, I suppose, it was first imported into England

from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Those British architects who adopted this style don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country possessed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship for the multitude employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool, and for this purpose, nothing could be better adapted than those buildings, vast, narrow, dark and lofty, impervious to the sun-beams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere, but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm. For my part, I never entered the abbey-church at Bath but once, and, the moment I stepped over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones. When we consider that, in our churches in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and chantry houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheum, created for the benefit of the medical faculty, and sadly aver, that more bodies are lost than souls saved by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year? I should be glad to know what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the house of God was made more comfortable or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians, and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well floored, wainscoted, warmed and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground, and thus indeed is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety or proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science, and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder. These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans, who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to

prayers They may be of farther use, however, for making observations and signals; but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenic.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the assembly-room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of idolatry which is performed in it at present. The grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off in point of reputation. All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes. I am persuaded there are fifty spas in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet risen to fame, and perhaps never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying their virtues to the public view. Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing. While this practice prevails, but it were to be wished they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth. I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nickname of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelations. You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Christian religion, a dispute from which he required the epithet of Demonstrator. The truth is, H——t owns no religion but that of nature, but, on this occasion, he was stimulated to show his parts, for the honour of his country. Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and bowing very low, exclaimed, in the Italian language,—"I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." This sally was reported to the Cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before Pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal,—"Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed, H——t was the only Englishman

I ever knew who had resolution enough to live his own way in the midst of foreigners, for, neither in dress, diet, customs or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a giro or circuit, which he thus performed. At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a vouturin to Antibes. There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratino, to Pisa and Florence. After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a vetturino for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his route to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation. After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent, to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St Peter's at Rome. He came hither to Scarborough, to pay his respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——, and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory, but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian *superstition*. He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburgh, for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time, he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was (by mistake) put on board of another vessel under sail, and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound to Petersburg. "Petersburgh—Petersburgh—" said he, "I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith struck a bargain with the captain, bought a couple of shirts of the mate, and was safe conveyed to the court of Muscovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn. He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the same nature, and I will hold any wager, that, as he cannot be supposed to live much longer, according to the course of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant.*

* This gentleman crossed the sea to France, visited and conferred with M. de Voltaire at Ferney, resumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the house of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a suppression of urine, he re-

But, to return from one humourist to another. You must know I have received benefit both from the chalybeate and the sea, and would have used them longer, had not a most ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place for I can't bear the thought of affording a spectacle to the multitude. Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, I went down to the bathing place, attended by my servant Clinker, who waited on the beach as usual. The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved so chill, that, when I rose from my first plunge, I could not help sobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard my cry, and saw me indistinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and rushing into the sea, clothes and all, overturned the guide, in his hurry to save his master. I had swam out a few strokes, when, hearing a noise, I turned about, and saw Clinker (already up to his neck) advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect. Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women and children, there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down, then, running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine, where my clothes had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection. Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot, partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his master. I made my acknowledgements for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately to shift his clothes, a command which

solved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himself off by abstinence, and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast he found himself entirely freed of his complaint, but refused taking sustenance. He said, the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed to put about ship when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity, as would have done honour to the firmest stoic of antiquity.

he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with farther entertainment at my expense. Clinker's intention was laudable, without all doubt; but, nevertheless, I am a sufferer by his simplicity. I have had a burning heat, and a strange buzzing noise, in that ear, ever since it was so roughly treated, and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at, as the monster that was hauled naked ashore upon the beach. Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, ay, and more mischievous too. and whether a man had not better choose a sensible rogue than an honest simpleton, for his servant, is no matter of doubt with yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Scarborough, July 4

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR WAT,—We made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monstratus*.

One morning, while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it into his head that his master was in danger of drowning, and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this achievement was relished by Mr Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the economy of his own person. In the first ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fist, but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage, and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night, but in this hope we were disappointed. In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was so hard strained, that one of the irons which connect the frame snapt, and the leather sling on the same side cracked in the middle. The shock was so great, that my sister Liddy struck her head against Mrs Tabitha's nose with such violence, that the blood flowed; and Win Jenkins was darted through a small window in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she stuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr Bramble. We were eight miles distant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach, until the damage should be repaired. In this dilemma we

discovered a blacksmith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our disaster, and thither the postilions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot, but we found the blacksmith had been dead some days, and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and dispatch. While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the straw, struck with the well-known sound of the hammer and anvil, started up, and, notwithstanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck,—"Ah, Jacob!" cried she, "how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again, and we did not leave the village without doing something for her benefit. Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the same time. But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blacksmith—it was necessary to join the leather sling which had been broke, and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp which he spun into lingles, and a few tacks which he made for the purpose. Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour, but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough. Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat, agreeable town, and there we resolved to dine, with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer. Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs Tabby with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room, and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope, that Mr Bramble had bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally

dangerous and dishonourable, and that he should have no scruple in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain, of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread. Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration. The tear started in his eye, while he said, in a faltering accent,—"Worthy sir—your generosity oppresses me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary assistance—indeed I have no occasion—I have been so lucky at billiards and betting at different places, at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, and Newcastle races, that my stock in ready money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in prosecuting some honest scheme of life, but my friend Justice Buz-zard has set so many springs for my life, that I am under the necessity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of some generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether. It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to ask your advice. I have had information of all your route since I had the honour to see you at Stevenage, and, supposing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither last night from Darlington to pay you my respects."

"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an asylum in the country," replied my uncle, "but a life of indolence and obscurity would not suit with your active and enterprising disposition. I would therefore advise you to try your fortune in the East Indies. I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commission in the company's service, and if that cannot be obtained, you will at least be received as a volunteer—in which case you may pay for your passage, and I shall undertake to procure you such credentials, that you will not be long without a commission."

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness, it was therefore resolved that he should sell his horse, and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay. In the mean time, he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night. Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the first collier bound for the river Thames. He had not

been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary. A tall meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Laddy stood at a window in the dining-room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume, but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup, when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plastered in a woful condition. The ladies, at the window above, shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall, but the greatest injury he had sustained, arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium, for certain plebeians that were about the door laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced, adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright, but he stooped very much, was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper, his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook-nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider's resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks

of concern they had shown at his disaster in the court-yard. As the squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shown up stairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality. "Ladies," said he, "perhaps you may be scandalized at the appearance my head made when it was uncovered by accident, but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in is neither the effects of disease, nor of drunkenness, but an honest scar received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderago, in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle, but that, being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired, so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted, but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that, in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed,—"I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service. The injustice you have met with is so flagrant!"—"I must crave your pardon, sir," cried the other, interrupting him, "I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago, and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority." "But, in such a length of time, resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head." "Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur,—they bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune, but nobody was to blame." "What! no friend to advance a sum of money?" said Mr Bramble. "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company," answered the other, "but that loan must have been refunded, and I did not choose to encumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a-day." "So you have spent the best part of your life," cried Mr Bramble, "your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a-day—a consideration!"—"Sir," replied the Scot, with great warmth, "you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have

been actuated by any such paltry consideration I am a gentleman, and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a smutten chop, and a truss of straw, and, when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial."

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give him the least offence by the observations he had made, but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected, for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude and disputacious. He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages, but he is so addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is, she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company at supper.

I have many other things to say of this man of war, which I shall communicate in a post or two. Meanwhile, it is but reasonable that you should be indulged with some respite from those weary lucubrations of yours,

J MELFORD

Newcastle upon Tyne, July 10

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXF.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last, I treated you with a high flavoured dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days, and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous, that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man has certainly gathered a whole

budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked by that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest, and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt,—“Pray, sir,” said the lieutenant, “is your name Matthias?” You must know it is one of our uncle’s foibles to be ashamed of his name, Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much, that he answered,—“No, by G—d!” in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up,—“If I had known,” said he, “that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias, perhaps it may be Methusalem, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurnus, or Malthunus, or Matamorus, or——” “No,” cried my uncle, laughing, “it is neither of those, captain, my name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because it savours of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell’s time, christened all their children by names taken from the scripture.” “A foolish pique, indeed,” cried Mrs Tabby, “and even sinful, to fall out with your name because it is taken from holy writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, Esquire, of Llanwys-thin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the *quorum* and *crusty rutilleurum*, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, prince of Wales.”

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed, that he himself had the honour of a scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said, he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago, and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed, that Obadiah was an adventurous appellation, derived from his great-

grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters, but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-demeal, *sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained, in deference to the ladies, and Mrs Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty, in waiving the merit of his ancestry; adding, that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favour with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning and politeness: she even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition: she appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war: all which Mr Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods in hope of reaching some English settlement, but, mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other, according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed, but, in passing through the different wigwams, or villages, of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage. It was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation. A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off, with a rusty knife, one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones, some of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked

nail, splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils, and other tender parts, and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder, dug in the flesh with the sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death song, the *Drummondoo*, in concert with Mr Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh, which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and one of the warriors, stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squunkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius, in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands: she vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice, and, after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe, but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time Mr Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of *Ogacananastogarora*, which signifies *nimble as a weasel*, but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat, where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of Mr Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear*, indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had passed*.

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast

of Mrs Tabby When she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, "Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast, but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or boddion, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever, he said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe, and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired, and, with all his evasion, he could not help discovering the following particulars That his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer, but of ornaments she had great plenty—her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow, the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils—there was a blue stone set in the chin—her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks—her legs and arms were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads—she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven glass, elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the frosh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle—and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady, but Mrs Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connections. She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments, she made no doubt, therefore, that Madame Squunkinacosta was a

young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good christian at bottom Then she asked whether his consort had been high-church or low-church, presbyterian or anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause—"In the name of God, Captain Lasmahago," cried she, "what religion do they profess?" "As to religion, madam," answered the lieutenant, "it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity—they never heard of any *alliance between church and state* They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the fountain of all good, the other the source of evil The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition, but sensible men pay adoration to a Supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe" "O! what a pity," exclaimed the pious Tabby, "that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her, that, while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the catholic religion, but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles, which they believed upon hearsay, when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth, had allowed his only son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor, when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him, *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle They answered, that it was not in their power "If you were really sent by heaven for our conversion," said one of the sachems, "you would certainly have some supernatural endowments, at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed, but you are so ignorant of our language, that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects."

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies. they ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers, but the missionaries, having more zeal than dis-

cretion, refused to quit the vineyard. They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing and squabbling with the conjurers, or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion. Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure, they were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, Lieutenant Lismahago dropt some hints, by which it appeared he himself was a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of St Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words *reason, philosophy and contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire, and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs Tabitha's faith, for by this time she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity. In short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection, and, although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable to the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk-grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggerel rhymes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination. Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat. He read it with the most starched composure, and when I asked his opinion of the poetry—"It is *vara terse* and *vara poignant*," said he, "but, with the help of a wat disclout, it might be rendered more clear and perspicuous. I marvel much that some modern wrt has not published a collection of

these essays, under the title of the *Glazier's triumph over Sawney the Scot*—I'm persuaded it would be a *vara agreeable* offering to the patriots of London and Westminster." When I expressed some surprise that the natives of Scotland, who travel thus way, had not broke all the windows upon the road,—“With submission,” replied the lieutenant, “that were but shallow policy—it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe, and, I think, it is much better to let it stand in the window, than have it presented in the reckoning.”

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation. He said the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity. “These vermin,” said he, “do not consider that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continual matter of self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low, illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scotch, as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is a-kin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill.” The captain, with an affection of candour, observed, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil, that, in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen, and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect. Mr Bramble having eyed her for some time in silence,—“Sister,” said he, “the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man and a good officer—he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life, but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw, neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding.”

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North Briton, who is really a curiosity, but he has been very shy of my conversation, ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoken with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of souring in his aspect,—“If the old definition be true,” said he, “that ris-

witly is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational creature, the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned that the English were easily struck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly, but it did not follow, that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours. I said, that such an inference would be an injury to the Scotch, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered, that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which he insisted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living. He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two small volumes, entitled, *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramsay, which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh. He observed, that a North Briton is seen to a disadvantage by an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand. He therefore finds himself under a restraint which is a great enemy to wit and humour. These are faculties which never appear in full lustre, but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys *her elbow-room*.

He proceeded to explain his assertion, that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London. He said, what we generally called the Scottish dialect, was, in fact, true, genuine old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourse betwixt the French and Scotch nations, that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakspeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. "For instance," said he, "how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in the *Tempest*—*He's gentle and not fearful*: as if it was a paralogism to say, that, being *gentle*, he must of course be

courageous; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high-minded*, and to this day, a Scotswoman, in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him, for being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of his *Faery Queen*, says,

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain,"
Which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was so stout, that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by false refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in signification, are pronounced exactly in the same manner—*wright, write, rate, right*, but, among the Scotch, these words are as different in pronunciation, as they are in meaning and orthography, and this is the case with many others which he mentioned by way of illustration. He, moreover, took notice, that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the sound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe, an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *e* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner, that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr Bramble from his own experience, but he accounted for it on another principle. He said, the same observation would hold in all languages, that a Swiss talking French, was more easily understood than a Parisian, by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language, because every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only, and yet nobody would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other; he, therefore, apprehended, that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton, but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation.

He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scotch had theirs; and the Scotchman who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English, would naturally use his own in speaking their language, therefore, if he was better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English, of consequence, the dialect of the Scotch had an advantage over that of their fellow-subjects, and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was by this time become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation, but all his paradoxes savoured strong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation, that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat flour*; and that the worship of Cloacina in temples which admitted both sexes, and every rank of votaries promiscuously, was a filthy species of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not so much wonder at his broaching those doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimsical and ingenious, which he adduced in support of them.

In fine, Lieutenant Lismahago is a curiosity which I have not yet sufficiently perused, and, therefore, I shall be sorry when we lose his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or disposition. As he goes directly to the south-west division of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we shall part to-morrow at a place called Feltonbridge, and, I dare say, this separation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs Tabitha, unless she has received some flattering assurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpose of entertaining with these unimportant occurrences, they will at least serve as exercises of patience, for which you are indebted to yours, always,

J MELFORD

Morpeth, July 13

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark and unpleasant, and many of them almost impassable in consequence of their decay.

The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile, but the clergy are well lodged. The bishop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is some good sociable company in the place, but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell, which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle, it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham, but it is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce, and the country lying on both sides the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat, pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Percy, earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a commanding situation, but the strength of it seems to have consisted not so much in its site, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its dependants.

Our adventures, since we left Scarborough, are scarce worth reciting, and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting. After her disappointments at Bath and London, she had actually begun to practice upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profession, but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly. Then she opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered. His manner is as harsh as his countenance, but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the asperity of his self-conceit, that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of

America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking, that the Scotch in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works. "The Scotch," said he, "have a slight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themselves; but they may be said to float on the surface of science, and they have made very small advances in the useful arts." "At least," cried Tabby, "all the world allows that the Scotch behaved gloriously in fighting and conquering the savages of America." "I can assure you, madam, you have been misinformed," replied the lieutenant, "in that continent the Scotch did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his majesty's service that distinguished itself more than another. Those who affected to extol the Scotch for superior merit, were no friends to that nation."

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention Lord B——'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship's favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends, he offered such reasons on this subject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced. He would not allow that the Scotch abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service. "When a South and North Briton," said he, "are competitors for a place or commission, which is at the disposal of an English minister, or an English general, it would be absurd to suppose that the preference will not be given to the native of England, who has so many advantages over his rival. First and foremost, he has in his favour that laudable partiality, which, Mr Addison says, never fails to cleave to the heart of an Englishman. secondly, he has more powerful connections, and a greater share of parliamentary interest, by which those contests are generally decided, and, lastly, he has a greater command of money to smooth the way to his success." "For my own part," said he, "I know no Scotch officer who has risen in the army above the rank of a subaltern, without purchasing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits, but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and interest, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants, whereas very few instances of this ill fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would insinuate

that my countrymen have the least reason to complain. Preferment in the service, like success in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour those who have the greatest stock of cash and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides."

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these, that commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flourishes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution—that the liberty of the press was a national evil—and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury and flagrant injustice. He observed, that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow-creatures. He affirmed, the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetual, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry, but there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Meanwhile, the sudden affluence occasioned by trade, forced open all the sluices of luxury, and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption, a total depravity of manners would ensue, and this must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He observed of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvassing for votes, was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order, in consequence of which, the elected and the elector, and, in short, the whole body of the people, were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed, that, on a parliament thus constituted, the crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow, that such a parliament would, as it had already done, lengthen the term of its sitting and authority, whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives, for, without doubt, they had the same right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to seven years. With a parliament, therefore, dependant upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the constitution, for it is not to be supposed that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under

his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said, he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil, while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit, and furnished the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that, at present, there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this effect. Jurors are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence, for if either of the parties to be tried can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has secured the verdict in his favour the jurymen thus brought over, will, in despite of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and harassed, and starved into concurrence, in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured.—but cases will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the consequence? They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient, and in Scotland, where two thirds* of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine. No—the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours. I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted, but from those falls he rose again, like Anteus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he discovered he had been bred to the law, a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of

reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at every thing she meets in the shape of a man, till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her halfway, though he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. She insinuated, more than once, how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take, that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth, consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said, he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little satisfaction, inasmuch as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family. He assured us, however, as we designed to return by the west road, that he would watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counterpart of the rider, and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably represented on canvass.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream, but you will be surprised when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous as the other. The farms are thinly scattered, the lands unclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed, whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles in the same situations, a circumstance that shows what dangerous neighbours the Scotch must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic economy continues on the old footing. My sister Tabby still adheres to methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle, but I believe the passion of love has in some measure abated the fervour of devotion, both in her and her woman, Mrs Jenkins, about

* A mistake—a majority is sufficient in Scotland.

whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr Dutton, and my man Humphry Clinker. Jerry has been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of yours always,

MATT. BRAMBLE

Tweedmouth, July 15

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART AT OXON

DEAR WAT,—In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practised upon poor Laddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt, Mrs Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of her mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person, she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution, but then she seems to have adopted Mrs Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavours to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable, as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandish qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though

agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his second-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed—he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier mache*—he supplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion—he undertook to be her French master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs Tabby to the methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade, he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lustring, washed gauze, and ribands three times refreshed; but she was most remarkable for the frisure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes, nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire they walked together through the high street to the theatre, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested, but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezebel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysterical fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt, and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horse-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. "He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, "but I might as well challenge him to make a horse-shoe or a plough-iron for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it doth not become servants to use those weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out, moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death but

if your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee'en a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said, I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired, and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest, that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature, but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defence but a good cudgel, which shall always beat his service." In the mean time, the fair cause of this contest, Mrs Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct. The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favour of his innamorata, but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces, and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart, from which the other had been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken. In the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post-chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed, before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter. But when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons

he encountered was the postilion, returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and, over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap. When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London, and that Dutton had discovered to the lady that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the riband from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible, but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my own part, I knew nothing at all of what had happened, till the postilion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended. Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming,—“By my soul, your servant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hung to-morrow!” When I asked him who he was,—“My name,” said he, “is Mister Maccloughlin—but it should be Leighlin O'Neale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great, and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland and that rogue, your servant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the pope. I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had, and so being in distress, Mr Coshgrave, the fashionier in Suffolk street, took me out, and made me his own private shocretary. By the same token, I was the last he bailed, for his friends obliged him to tie himself up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds, for why? because as how he could not refuse any body that asked, and therefore, in time, would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon—and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse, and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue, your servant, who came like a thief and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man—but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't show him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bag of his country.”

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockeyed, but it was no business of

mine, and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewise robbed me of my servant—"Didn't I tell you, then," cried he, "that *Rogue* was his true Christian name? Oh! if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I'd give him leave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr O'Neal for the lady's elopement, observing, that he seemed to have had a lucky escape—that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah!" said he, "she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss, and, like Judas, she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expences back to London, and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a servant, you may put me in his place, and, by Jesus! it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as a footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpine, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered, but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity by Mrs Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter, for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long-run. At present the same vanity is expeditiously mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another innamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those floodgates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, de-

claring roundly that she was in a state of apostacy and reprobation; and, finally, threatened to send her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another consideration that gave Mrs Tabitha some disturbance. At Newcastle, the servants had been informed by some wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland but *oat meal* and *sheep-heads*, and Lieutenant Lismahago being consulted, what he said served rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being apprised of this circumstance, very gravely advised her brother to provide a sumpter-horse, with store of hams, tongues, bread, biscuit, and other articles, for our subsistence in the course of our peregrination, and Mr Brauble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into consideration, but, finding no such provision was made, she now revived the proposal, observing, that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be supplied, and that my man's horse would serve as a beast of burden. The squire, shrugging up his shoulders, eyed her askance, with a look of ineffable contempt; and, after some pause—"Sister," said he, "I can hardly persuade myself you are serious." She was so little acquainted with the geography of the island, that she imagined we could not go to Scotland but by sea, and, after we had passed through the town of Berwick, when we told her we were upon Scottish ground, she could hardly believe the assertion. If the truth must be told, the South Britons in general are wofully ignorant in this particular. What between want of curiosity, and traditional sarcasms, the effect of ancient animosity, the people at the other end of the island know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I should have been more struck with the manifest difference in appearance betwixt the peasants and commonalty on the different sides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh complexioned, cleanly, and well clothed, but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, sallow, soiled and shabby, and their little pinched blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the same style with their drivers, meagre, stunted, and ill equipped. When I talked to my uncle on this subject, he said—"Though all the Scottish hinds would not bear to be compared with those of the rich countries of South Britain, they would stand very well in competition with the peasants of France, Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the mountaineers of Wales, and the redshanks of Ireland."

We entered Scotland by a frightful moor of sixteen miles, which promises very little

for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, situated on the sea-side, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation, but for this we cannot give the Scotch credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay, and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say very little. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The first thing that strikes the nose of a stranger shall be nameless, but what first strikes the eye is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven and eight stories, and, in some places, as I am assured, to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people, but their looks, their language, and their customs, are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain.

The inn at which we put up, if it may be so called, was so filthy and disagreeable in all respects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty symptoms to recur. Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson, a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, importing that he would wait upon him next day in person, but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High street, the fourth story being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth. While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I do breathe at all, I shall ever be, dear Phillips, yours,

J. MELFORD

Edinburgh, July 18

To DOCTOR LEWIS

DEAR LEWIS,—That part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, nature seems to have intended as a barrier between two hostile nations. It is a brown desert, of consider-

able extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern, and what rendered it the more dreary when we passed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from seeing above twenty yards from the carriage. My sister began to make wry faces, and used her smelling bottle, Laddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected, but in a few hours these clouds were dissipated, the sea appeared on our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach, but, what surprised us all, this plain, to the extent of several miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I saw in the most fertile parts of South Britain. This plentiful crop is raised in the open field, without any inclosure, or other manure than the *algæ marina*, or sea-weed, which abounds on this coast, a circumstance which shows that the soil and climate are favourable, but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Inclosures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the several fields distinct, but would also protect the crop from the high winds which are so frequent in this part of the island.

Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious basin, where ships of small burden may be perfectly secure, but there is little appearance of business in the place. From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen, and, as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which otherwise lies open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leslie, at the head of a Scotch army, took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct. Their ministers, by exhortation, prayer, assurance and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal; and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Leslie could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm. When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed—"Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant!" and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great slaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a gentleman's house, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds, but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation,

though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner. I intended to pay my respects to Lord Elbank, whom I had the honour to know at London, many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a visit. You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character. At Musselburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr Cardoncl, and at his house I met with Dr C—, the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person. I am not at all surprised that these Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat. Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage. We had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly, according to the inflexions of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and turrets, belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood-house stands on the left as you enter the Canongate. This is a street continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away, so that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation. Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle-row in Holborn. The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them, and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people, and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of provisions. The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales, the sea affords plenty of good fish, the bread is remarkably fine, and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in sufficient quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience, articles in which, it must be allowed, our fellow-subjects are a little defective. The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle Hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From these it is car-

ried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight pairs of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every story is a complete house occupied by a separate family and the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition, a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door, for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy, a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled, for, notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs, of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation, but they ought to have compassion for strangers, who have not been used to this kind of sufferance, and consider whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. As to the surprising height of their houses, it is absurd in many respects, but, in one particular light, I cannot view it without horror, that is, the dreadful situation of all the families above, in case the common staircase should be rendered impassable by a fire in the lower storeys. In order to prevent the shocking consequences that must attend such an accident, it would be a right measure to open doors of communication from one house to another on every storey, by which the people might fly from such a terrible visitation. In all parts of the world we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity. All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market-cross, which, by the bye, was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden, in this neighbourhood. I say, the people stand in the open street from the force of custom, rather than move a few yards to an exchange, that stands empty on one side, or to the parliament close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue

of king Charles II. The company thus assembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells fixed in a steeple hard by. As these bells are well toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger.

The public inns at Edinburgh are still worse than those of London, but, by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart, and here I shall stay until I have seen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exercise. I eat like a farmer, sleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from inanition and excess, but whatever ebbs and flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am, dear Lewis, your affectionate friend and servant,

MATT. BRAMBLE

Edinburgh, July 18

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MARY,—The squire has been so kind as to rap my bit of nonsense under the liver of his own sheet. O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and tremulation God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin these many days. Sattin has had power to temp me in the shape of van Ditton, the young squire's wally dog shumble, but by God's grease he did not purvail. I thoft as how there was no arm in going to a play at Newcastle, with my hair dressed in the Parish fashion, and as for the trifle of paint, he said as how my complexion wanted rouch, and so I let him put it on with a little Spanish owl, but a mischievous mob of colliers, and such promiscuous ribble rabble, that could bear no smut but their own, attacked us in the street, and called me *hoar* and *painted Issabel*, and splashed my close, and spoiled me a complete set of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worse for the ware. They cost me seven good sillings to Lady Griskin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr Clinker what they meant by calling me *Issabel*, he put the pybills into my hand, and I read of van Issabel, a painted harlot, that was thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood. But I am no harlot, and, with God's blessing, no dog shall have my poor blood to lick: marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting and his compliment, he stole away an Irishman's bride, and took a French

leave of me and his master; but I valley not his going a farning, but I have had hanger on his account. Mistress scoulded like mad, thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee, thof, God he knows, he had raisins enuff to complain, but he's a good sole, abounding with Christian meekness, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't speak their lingo. But they should not go for to impose upon foreigners, for the bills on their houses say, they have different *easements* to let, and behold there is nurra goaks in the whole kingdom, nor any think for pore servants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown across, and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a-day, and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out at a back vindore that looks into some street or lane, and the maid calls *gardy loo* to the passengers, which signifies, *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every house in Haddingborough, so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet savour comes from such a number of profuming pans. But they say it is whole-some, and truly I believe it is, for being in the vapours, and thinking of *Issabel* and Mr Clinker, I was going into a fit of astericks, when this fiff, saving your piece, took me by the nose so powerfully, that I sneezed three times, and found myself wonderfully refreshed, and this to be sure is the reason why there are no fits in Haddingborough.

I was likewise made believe that there was nothing to be had but *oatmeal* and *scups' heads*, but if I hadn't been a fool, I might have known there could be no *heads* without carcasses. This very blessed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velsh mutton and cully flower, and as for the oatmeal, I leave that to the servants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without shoes or stockings. Mr Clinker tells me here is a great call of the gospel, but I wish, I wish some of the family be not fallen off from the rite way. O, if I was giving to tail-baring, I have my own secrets to discover. There has been a deal of hugging and flirtation betwixt mistress and an ould Scots officer called *Kismycago*. He looks for all the orld like the scarecrow that our gardner set up to frite away the sparrows, and what will come of it the Lord nows, but come what will, it shall never be said that I mentioned a syllabus of the matter—Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten—I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuse, which is the constant prayer of, dear Molly, your loving friend,

WIN. JENKINS

Addenborough, July 18

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JAMES
COLLIER, GYON.

DEAR PHILLIPS.—If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the good town of Edinburgh, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle companion of his, one Mr R—— C——, a lawyer of this city. I charged myself with the commission, and taking the guinea,—“You see,” said I, “I have pocketed your bounty.” “Yes,” replied Quin, laughing, “and a headach into the bargain, if you drink fair.” I made use of this introduction to Mr C——, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy, and did Mr C—— and Quin all the justice in my power, but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headach; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh, who, with a great share of spirits and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the hey-day of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual of the company, and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real

esteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country, but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress and manner, their music, and even their cookery. Our squire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth so strongly marked with a national character. Now we are upon the article of cookery, I must own, some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate, but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's head and haggis, which were provided, at our request, one day at Mr Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I had read of negroes' heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions, and pepper, inclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs Tabby changed colour, when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this composition, with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oatmeal bread; which is presented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle, and these many of the natives, even in the highest ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection. You know we used to vex poor Murray of Balliol college, by asking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland? Sure enough, I have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a dessert, but by way of *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up betwixt more substantial dishes in France and Italy, but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy and flavour, to those of England, as a musk-melon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin; and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality. As to the fruit now in season, such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of some gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have seen a very fine show of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have

visited, much to our satisfaction. In the castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided, and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state, adorned with jewels. Of these symbols of sovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous. A report being spread, during the sitting of the union parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose, that the lord commissioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood-house is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurnished, and as for the pictures of the Scottish kings, from Fergus I to King William, they are paltry daubings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or portraits hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scotch are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello, and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable, and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre, but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions, but I can declare with a safe conscience I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races, the best company comes hither from the remote provinces, so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus, which was indeed so vehement, that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss R——n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball. The Countess of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all present. She was accompanied by the agreeable Miss Grieve, who made many conquests, nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly. — She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the *Fair Cambrian*, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed, but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman, the express image of that rascal Wilson, went up to ask her to dance a minuet, and his sudden appearance shocked her so much, that she fainted away. I call Wilson a rascal, because if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have ere now appeared in his own character. I must own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption, and Heaven confound me if I don't—but I won't be so womanish as to rail—time will perhaps furnish occasion—thank God! the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady-directress of the ball, thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well as to return and join in the country-dances, in which the Scotch ladies acquit themselves with such spirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle. I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly. She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occasion, at which she made her appearance in a full suit of damask, so thick and heavy, that the sight of it alone, at this season of the year, was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination. She danced one minuet with our friend Mr. Mitchelson, who favoured her so far, in the spirit of hospitality and politeness, and she was called out a second time by the young laird of Balnawhapple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner, but as the first was a married man, and the second paid no particular homage to her charms, which were also overlooked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious. At supper, she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling, and, therefore, it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad. She said the women were awkward, masculine creatures, that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like so many colts, that they had no idea of graceful motion, and put on their clothes in a frightful manner, but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed, of the whole assembly. The neglect of the male sex rendered her malcontent and peevish, she now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teased her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration. There is a set of fanatics, who have separated themselves from the established *kerk*, under the name of seceders. They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the methodist doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of

grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the spirit. Mrs Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their convecticles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Christian, called Mr Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer, and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. Thus they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature. There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys called *cadies*, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages. These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a *cadie's* having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh, and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice. They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury, though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business. Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man, Archy McAlpine, is as well qualified as e'er a *cadie* in Edinburgh, and I am much mistaken if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity.

Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance, that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company. I received a card on his occasion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance. In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves, to the number of about fourscore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, court-ezans and cadies, mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toast-master, who sat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male and female, that were here assembled. He had bespoke the dinner and the wine he had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen, and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival. I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good humour. After the dessert, Mr Fraser proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain. "The best in Christendom"—"Gibb's contract"—"The beggar's bennison"—"King and kirk"—"Great Britain and Ireland." Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me,—"Mester Malford," said he, "may a' unkindness cease betwixt John Bull and his sister Moggy." The next person he singled out was a nobleman who had been long abroad. "Ma lord," cried Fraser, "here is a bumper to a' those noblemen who have virtue enough to spend their rents in their ain countray." He afterwards addressed himself to a member of parliament in these words. "Mester, I'm sure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking—Disgrace and dool to ilka Scot that sells his conscience and his vote." He discharged a third surcasm at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play. Filling his glass, and calling him by name,—"Lang life," said he, "to the wyhe loon that gangs a-field with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a sackfu' o' siller." All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim. Then standing up, and all his brethren following his example,—"Ma lords and gentlemen," cried he, "here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day." So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and, quitting their seats, took their station,

each behind one of the other guests, exclaiming—"Noo we're your honours' cadies again."

The nobleman who had borne the first brunt of Mr Fraser's satire, objected to his abdication. He said, as the company was assembled by invitation from the cadies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expense. "By no means, my lord," cried Fraser, "I wad na be guilty of sic presumption for the wido warld. I never affronted a gentleman since I was born, and sure, at this age, I wunnot offer an indignity to sic an honourable convention." "Well," said his lordship, "as you have expended some wit, you have a right to save your money. You have given me good counsel, and I take it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your seat, I will take your place, with the leave of the good company, and thank myself happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feast*." He was forthwith elected unto the chair, and complimented in a bumper on his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glasses seemed to dance upon the table, and thus, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for music. At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment, at midnight we went to supper, but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings, and, no doubt, his lordship had a swinging bill to discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for some weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the score of my constitution, and very seriously observes, that all his own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth. Mrs Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if, instead of frequenting those scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the Reverend Mr M'Corkendale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health, and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the case than I could wish), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and sobriety, and is so very wise and sententious, that, if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together, for I was tutor sick at alma mater.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the gaieties of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family way. We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Frith, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the shire, or, as the Scotch call it, *the kingdom of Fife*. There is a number of large open sea-boats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these

our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the sea-side, including St Andrews, which is the skeleton of a venerable city, but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather, but we had not advanced half way, when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth, so that we were obliged to turn, or tack, the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog, that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion. And, at the same time, most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed, but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs Tabitha, finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her, that his commission did not extend so far, and, if it did, he should let the people take their own way, for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance, with the assistance of Mr Humphry Tucker, who joined her both in prayer and epaculation. As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense. My uncle sat, recollected in himself, without speaking, my man Archy had recourse to a brandy bottle, with which he made so free, that I imagined he had sworn to die of drinking any thing rather than sea-water, but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication, than if it had been sea-water in good earnest. As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach to think of any thing else. Meanwhile the sea swelled mountains high, the boat pitched with such violence, as if it had been going to pieces, the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a deluge. Every time the vessel was put about, we shipped a sea that drenched us all

to the skin When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier-head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we would fetch up our leeway the next trip, however, brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon "To be sure," cried Tabby, when she found herself on *terra firma*, "we must all have perished, if we had not been the particular care of Providence" "Yes," replied my uncle, "but I am much of the honest Highlander's mind after he had made such a passage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence" "Certainly," said Donald, "but, by my saul, mon, I've ne'er trouble Providence again, so long as the bug of Stirling stands" You must know, the brig, or bridge of Stirling, stands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet I don't find that our squire has suffered in his health from this adventure, but poor Liddy is in a peaking way I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind, and this apprehension distracts me, for she is really an amiable creature

We shall set out to-morrow, or next day, for Stirling and Glasgow and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our course to the southward In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be ever yours,
J MELFORD

Edinburgh, August 8

TO DR LEWIS

I should be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life Perhaps the gratitude excited by these benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks, for a man is as apt to be prepossessed by particular favours, as to be prejudiced by private motives of disgust If I am partial, there is at least some merit in my conversion from illiberal prejudices, which had grown up with my constitution

The first impression which an Englishman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices, because he refers every thing he sees to a comparison with the same articles in his own country, and this comparison is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exterior, such as the face of the country, in respect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of conversation in general I am not so far convinced by Mr Lismahago's

arguments, but that I think the Scotch would do well, for their own sakes, to adopt the English idioms and pronunciation, those of them especially who are resolved to push their fortunes in South Britain I know, by experience, how easily an Englishman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language spoken with a foreign or provincial accent I have known a member of the house of commons speak with great energy and precision, without being able to engage attention, because his observations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to Lieutenant Lismahago) certainly gives a clownish air even to sentiments of the greatest dignity and decorum I have declared my opinion on this head to some of the most sensible men of this country, observing, at the same time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, excepting in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the union Their college of justice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal, and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution The Scottish legislation is founded, in a great measure, on the civil law consequently, their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals, but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart, and in the constitution of their jury, by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my last from Lismahago's observation

The university of Edinburgh is supplied with excellent professors in all the sciences, and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine*, for *anatomy*, *chemistry*, *botany*, and the *material medica*, over and above those of *mathematics* and *experimental philosophy*, and all these are given by men of distinguished talents What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the infirmary, which is the best instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations, and these are not only useful,

but ornamental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general workhouse, in which all the poor, not otherwise provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment, about thirty years ago. Even the kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanaticism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation. I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God. Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as would have excited sedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago, and psalmody is here practised and taught by a professor from the cathedral of Durham. I should not be surprised, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction, such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, &c. and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation, as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper. The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority. The *lord provost* is equal in dignity to the *lord mayor of London*, and the *four bailies* are equivalent to the rank of aldermen. There is a *dean of guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs, a treasurer, a town clerk, and the council is composed of deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen. Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has, nevertheless, an air of magnificence that commands respect. The castle is an instance of the sublime in site and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year, but it is incapable of sustaining a siege, carried on according to the modern operations of war. The Castle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the High-street, is used as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a prospect, equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea-coast, which is covered with a succession of towns, that would seem

to indicate a considerable share of commerce, but if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the union, by which the Scotch were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France. The palace of Holyroodhouse is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow where it cannot be seen, a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the site of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares, built in the English manner, and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The sea-port is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and staid two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built, and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland that I have seen—Dalketh, Pinkie, Yester, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease. I suppose the Scotch affect these monuments of grandeur. If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe, that their weak side seems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation. I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fire linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, house-keeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expense as well as the elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and state, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to those of England, a circumstance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr Philip Miller of Chelsea, that almost all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England. The pleasure-grounds are, in my opinion, not so well laid out according to the *genius loci*; nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges, kept in such delicate order. The trees are planted in prudish rows, which have not such an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into

irregular groups, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raise around their houses, look dull and funereal in the summer season. I must confess, indeed, that they yield serviceable timber, and good shelter against the northern blasts, that they grow and thrive in the most barren soil, and continually perspire a fine balsam of turpentine, which must render the air very salutary and sanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by sea from the coast of Fife. She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in consequence of being drenched with sea-water, but my fears, as well as her's, have been happily disappointed. She is now in perfect health; I wish I could say the same of Liddy. Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child, her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her spirits flag. She has become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears. Her brother suspects internal uneasiness on account of Wilson, and denounces vengeance against that adventurer. She was, it seems, strongly affected at the ball, by the sudden appearance of one Mr Gordon, who strongly resembles the said Wilson, but I am rather suspicious that she caught cold by being overheated with dancing. I have consulted Dr Gregory, an eminent physician, of an amiable character, who advises the Highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey, which surely cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales. The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we shall find those remedies in the very place which I proposed as the utmost extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyll.

Mr Smollett, one of the judges of the commissary-court, which is now sitting, has very kindly insisted upon our lodging at his country-house, on the banks of Loch Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glasgow. For this last city we shall set out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town-life, Edinburgh would certainly be the head-quarters of yours always.

MATT BRAMBLE

Edinburgh, August 8

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS
COLLEGE, OXON.

DEAR KNIGHT,—I am now a little short of the *ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. These last are now lying before me, to the amount of some hundreds, scattered up and

down the Deucalionian sea, affording the most picturesque and romantic prospect I ever beheld. I write this letter in a gentleman's house, near the town of Inveraray, which may be deemed the capital of the West Highlands, famous for nothing so much as for the stately castle begun and actually covered in by the late duke of Argyll, at a prodigious expense. Whether it will ever be completely finished is a question.

But, to take things in order. We left Edinburgh ten days ago—and the farther north we proceed, we find Mrs Tabitha the less manageable, so that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadstone—they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at last, if we may believe her own assertions, was a dispute which she left unfinished with Mr Moffat, touching the eternity of hell torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be sceptical on this head, till at length he declared open war against the common acceptation of the word *eternal*. He is now persuaded that *eternal* signifies no more than an indefinite number of years, and that the most enormous sinner may be quit for *nine millions nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell-fire*, which term or period, as he very well observes, forms but an inconsiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity. For this mitigation he contends, as a system agreeable to the ideas of goodness and mercy, which we annex to the Supreme Being. Our aunt seemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked, but he hinted, that no person whatever was so righteous as to be exempted entirely from punishment in a future state, and that the most pious Christian upon earth might think himself very happy to get off for a fast of seven or eight thousand years in the midst of fire and brimstone. Mrs Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation. She had recourse to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popish doctrine of purgatory, and quoted scripture in defence of the *fire everlasting prepared for the devil and his angels*. The Reverend Mr M'Corkendale, and all the theologians and saints of that persuasion, were consulted, and some of them had doubts about the matter, which doubts and scruples had begun to infect our aunt when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We passed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itself. This too is pretty much the case with Stirling, though it still boasts of a fine old castle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reside in their minority. But Glasgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom.

There we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr Moore, an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh, and truly he could not have done us more essential service. Mr Moore is a merry, facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour, and his wife an agreeable woman, well bred, kind and obliging. Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country. Our landlord showed us every thing, and introduced us to all the world at Glasgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions. Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in spirit and expence, and I was soon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh. The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning, as well as in commerce. Here is an university, with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed, and judiciously chosen. It was vacation time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity, but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects. The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors, but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow. He not only visited all the manufactories of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was any thing remarkable to be seen in art or nature. I believe the exercise occasioned by these jaunts was of service to my sister Liddy, whose appetite and spirits begin to revive. Mrs Tabitha displayed her attractions as usual, and actually believed she had entangled one Mr M'Clellan, a rich inkle manufacturer, in her snares, but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether spiritual, founded upon an intercourse of devotion at the meeting of Mr John Wesley, who, in the course of his evangelical mission, had come hither in person. At length we set out for the banks of Loch Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbarton, where there is a castle more curious than any thing of the kind I had ever seen. It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchanan, as an *ars inexpugnabilis*, and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the ancient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of

two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides, except in one place, where the entrance is fortified, and there is no rising ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery. From Dumbarton the West Highlands appear in the form of huge dusky mountains, piled one over another, but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan. We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron, a very neat country-house, belonging to Commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire. It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Loch Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four-and-twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands, covered with wood, some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer. They belong to different gentlemen whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I had left the women at Cameron, as Mrs Tabitha would by no means trust herself again upon the water, and, to come hither it was necessary to cross a small inlet of the sea in an open ferry-boat. This country appears more and more wild and savage the farther we advance, and the people are as different from the Lowland Scotch, in their looks, garb and language, as the mountaineers of Breconshire are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheer-apping cup, they go to the public house, called the change-house, and call for a copin of twopenny, which is a thin yeasty beverage, made of malt, not quite so strong as the table-beer of England. This is brought in a pewter stoup, shaped like a skittle, from whence it is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles. It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipped round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved. The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky, a malt spirit, as strong as Geneva, which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of intoxication. They are used to it from their cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains. I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent smallpox, when the eruptions seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable. The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the

low country. They delight in hunting—have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black cattle, running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inveraray is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyll, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor, but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risk of his life from their hospitality. It must be observed, that the poor Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage. They have been not only disarmed by act of parliament, but also deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient, and, what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches—a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience, indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles, or long staves, over their shoulders. They are even debarred the use of their striped stuff, called tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose great coats, of coarse russet, equally mean and cumbersome, and betray manifest marks of dejection. Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit.

We have had formerly sport in hunting the stag on these mountains. These are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime. I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath that Ossian went to tread, and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass. When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit. The poems of Ossian are in every mouth. A famous antiquarian of this country, the laird of M'Farlane, at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic, which has a great affinity to the Welsh, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words, and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surprised, when asking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we should find any game? he replied, "*Hu mel Sassenagh*," which signifies, *no English*, the very same answer I should have received from a Welshman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the low country but Sassenagh, or Saxons, a strong presumption that the Lowland Scotch and the English are derived from the same stock. The peasants of these

hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners and habitations; every thing I see, and hear, and feel, seems Welsh. The mountains, vales and streams, the air and climate, the beef, mutton and game, are all Welsh. It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we are in some articles, they have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season of the year; their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world, and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expense.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country, a cadet from the family of Argyll, and hereditary captain of one of his castles. His name, in plain English, is Dougal Campbell, but as there are a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished (like the Welsh) by patronymics, and as I have known an ancient Briton called Mador ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designates himself Dou'l Mac-Amieh, Mac-'Oul Ich-Ian, signifying, Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John. He has travelled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic economy, but he finds it impossible to abolish the ancient customs of the family, some of which are ludicrous enough. His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges. He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and dirk, a broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chaunter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulders, and trails along the ground, while he performs the functions of his minstrelsy, and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon, or flag, which was formerly carried before every knight in battle. He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan, and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music. In this exercise, he indulges them with a number of pibrochs or airs, suited to the different passions which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bagpipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and indeed is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall, he therefore begged the piper would have some mercy upon him, and dispense with this part of the morris. A consultation of the

clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed that the laird's request could not be granted, without dangerous encroachments upon the customs of the family. The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors, nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all other. There was no remedy, Mr Campbell, being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the music ceases, he produces himself at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependents, who worship his first appearance, by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago he dispatched above an hundred different solicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's house-keeping is equally rough and hospitable, and savours much of the simplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bed-chamber to gentlemen dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night, half a dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie without any other covering than the plaid. My uncle and I were indulged with separate chambers and down-beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath, and, indeed, I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant, being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast, accompanied by the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival, and the guests did such honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not stand when they were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment in a church, at the distance of ten long miles from the castle. On our way, we were

we found we had committed a small oversight in leaving the corpse behind, so that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentleman half-way, carried upon poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave, the orator, or *senachie*, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time, and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with the discharge of pistols; then, we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The squire and I were, with some difficulty, permitted to retire with the landlord in the evening, but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat, and afterwards seemed to think it a disparagement to his family that not above an hundred gallons of whiskey had been drank upon such a solemn occasion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and in half an hour found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as strangers (my uncle not choosing to be of the party), of the *laird in person*, the *laird's brother*, the *laird's brother's son*, the *laird's sister's son*, the *laird's father's brother's son*, and all their *foster-brothers*, who are counted part of the family, but we were attended by an infinite number of *gaellys*, or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stock-ings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast—one kit of boiled eggs, a second, full of butter, a third, full of cream, an entire cheese, made of goat's milk, a large earthen pot full of honey, the best part of a ham, a cold venison pasty, a bushel of oatmeal made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers, a large stone bottle full of whiskey, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns. Great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general, one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter and honey, nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of dessert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chase over the mountains after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs Campbell and our squire. To-morrow we

shall set out on our return for Cameron. We propose to cross the frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port Glasgow in our way. This circuit being finished, we shall turn our faces to the south, and follow the sun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the rest of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite so biting as he begins already to be on the tops of these northern hills. But our progress from place to place shall continue to be specified in these detached journals of, yours always,

J. MELFORD

Argyllshire, Sept 3

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—About a fortnight is now elapsed since we left the capital of Scotland, directing our course towards Stirling, where we lay. The castle of this place is such another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a surprising prospect of the windings of the river Forth, which are so extraordinary, that the distance from hence to Alloa by land is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great measure on the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants of which send hither tobacco and other articles, to be deposited in warehouses for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we visited a flourishing iron-work, where, instead of burning wood, they use coal, which they have the art of clearing in such a manner as frees it from the sulphur, that would otherwise render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almost every part of Scotland.

The soil of this district produces scarce any other grain but oats and barley, perhaps because it is poorly cultivated, and almost altogether uncultivated. The few inclosures they have consist of paltry walls of loose stones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been sown on purpose. When I expressed my surprise that the peasants did not disencumber their grounds of these stones, a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, assured me, that the stones, far from being prejudicial, were serviceable to the crop. This philosopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured, and sown with barley, and the produce was more scanty than before. He caused the stones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The stones were removed a second time, and the harvest failed. They were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The same experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the same success. Astonished at this information, I desired to know in what manner he accounted for it.

non, and he said, there were three ways in which the stones might be serviceable. They might possibly restrain an excess in the perspiration of the earth, analogous to colligative sweats, by which the human body is sometimes wasted and consumed. They might act as so many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the spring, or, by multiplying the reflection of the sun, they might increase the warmth, so as to mitigate the natural chilliness of the soil and climate. But surely this excessive perspiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, chalk, or marl, of which last it seems there are many pits in this kingdom. As for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by inclosures, one half of the ground which is now covered would be retrieved, the cultivation would require less labour, and the ploughs, harrows and horses would not suffer half the damage which they now sustain.

These north-western parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and moonish. The peasants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel and remarkably dirty. This last reproach they might easily wash off, by means of those lakes, rivers and rivulets of pure water, with which they are so liberally supplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flourish where the farms are small, the leases short and the husbandman begins upon a rack-rent without a sufficient stock to answer the purposes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of East and Mid Lothian, the Carrs of Gowrie, in Perthshire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and some tracts in Aberdeenshire and Moray, where I am told the harvest is more early than in Northumberland although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a strong curiosity to visit many places beyond the Forth and the Tay, such as Perth, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriving, but the season is too far advanced to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe, and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. In short, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity, but the greatest part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy and well paved, and the houses lofty and well built, of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with Yorkminster or

a respectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand, and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish, an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral, sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article than to employ so much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city, so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port Glasgow, situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise. Mr Moore, a surgeon to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr Cochran, who may be styled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the house of commons, upon which occasion Mr P—— observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar. I was also introduced to Dr John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense. I moreover conversed with one Mr G—— whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a-year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution. — Few or none of their ships were ever captured at sea. I have seen the interior of a church, at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our

The great church, dedicated to St Mungah the river Clyde, and, among other particulars, that snack of our Welsh language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all question, this was a Cumbrian kingdom, its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles to restrain the incursions of the Scotch or Caledonians, who inhabited the West Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal between the two friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchanise from one side of the island to the other.

From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with villas, towns and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and corn-fields interspersed, but on this side of Glasgow there is little other grain than oats and barley, the first are much better, the latter much worse, than those of the same species in England. I wonder there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil, and it is still more surprising, that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew. The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The black book of Paisley*. The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a town on the banks of the Clyde, or the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the Prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an estuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands the castle, formerly called Alclud, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overgrown with a wood of willow, and our

the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation. We now crossed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all, a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-field and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging, as it were, out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland, and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood and water. What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above an hundred fathoms deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood, containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels and pownans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring peculiar to this lake, and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally.

Inclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth, in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

I have other remarks to make, but as my paper is full, I must reserve them till the next occasion. I shall only observe at present, that I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vast fantastic vision in

the clouds, inviting the approach of young
always, MATT. BRAMBLE
Cameron, Aug 28

ODE TO LEVEN WATER

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And true the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to live,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly wubbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread,
While, lightly pois'd, the sealy brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood,
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel and mottled pui *

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'ls of hutch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine
Still on thy bank, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

DEAR DOCTOR,—If I was disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed on a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere, but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation, that it need to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man of war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr Anson, be-

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour

ing conducted to this glen, exclaimed,—
 “Juan Fernandez, by G—”

Indeed this country would be a perfect paradise, if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic Ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy, that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the small-pox, and certain cutaneous evils which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the rest, a person whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable Druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of these lands, but, being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period, but every succeeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power to make his old age easy and comfortable. He has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life, and he and his old woman reside in a small convenient farmhouse having a little garden, which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr Smollett calls him the admiral, because he insists upon steering his pleasure-boat upon the lake, and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property. I asked him the other day, if he was never sick, and he answered, yes, he had a slight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation, for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisingly retentive. These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise and good-nature. Notwithstanding all his innocence, however, he was the cause of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whose natural superstition had been much injured by the histories of witches, fairies, ghosts and goblins, which he has heard in this country. On the evening after our arrival, Humphry strolled into the wood in the course of his meditation, and all at once the admiral stood before him, under the shadow of a spreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in cases that are not supposed preternatural, he could not stand the sight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair standing on end, staring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs Jenkins seeing him in this condition, screamed aloud,—“Lord have mercy

upon us, he has seen something!” Mrs Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation, and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit, in the shape of an old man, with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night-gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in person, who coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch, par, &c at the door, for the taking. The frith of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and grey, cod, mackerel, whiting and a variety of sea-fish, including the finest herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet juicy beef and tolerable veal, with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton, and plenty of partridge, grouse, heathcock and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection, as one would wish to find among near relations, after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auspices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch service, who offered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H— C—, we set out on horseback for Inveraray, the county town of Argyll, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities in Scotland.

The Duke of Argyll has an old castle at Inveraray, where he resides when he is in Scotland, and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inveraray, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation, or even of population. All is sublimity, silence and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter, but there is a margin of plain ground spread along the sea-side, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and

this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracks of the whole island, the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world, I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. These animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence, but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry which distinguishes these mountaineers in their own country. When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they indulge an ancient spirit of animosity, and this difference is very discernible even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious, but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic. We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inveraray, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we staid a few days, and were feasted in such a manner, that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed, that the Duke of Argyll can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell, and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike, the Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons and M'Intoshes are powerful clans, so that, if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprise. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of

regular troops, accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England, and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility, they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue, so steeled against the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harass their cavalry and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence, operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *divide et impera*. The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit, and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by act of parliament, so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them, but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the *feudal system*, about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it was a new discovery like the *Copernican system*. Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is effectually traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the *feudal system*. The connection between the clans and their chiefs is without all doubt *patrilarchal*. It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration, while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, com-

manding, chastising, rewarding, protecting and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connection, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success. In the reign of James VI a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated. The laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament, his lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far as to call themselves severally Camphell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyll, Montrose and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses, but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation, and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence. Mr Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs. But their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence. In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement. The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches, but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, cables, salt, line, nets and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufactory of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty, that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line at one haul. It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with muscels, but the fish was so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own

price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet. His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way, when, the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent, nor indeed are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination. But a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland. Our people have a strange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyll, we visited the adjacent islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the first we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, lord or king of the Isles, formerly resided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Cran, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage in one of which the *Florida*, a ship of the Spanish armada, was blown up by one of Mr Smollett's ancestors. About forty years ago, John, duke of Argyll, is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared that this ship had the military chest on board. He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between decks. However, they picked up several pieces of plate that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St Columba chose for his habitation. It was respected for its sanctity, and college or seminary of ecclesiastics. Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish and Danish sovereigns, who were here interred. These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently the better adapted to the fishery, in their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent, and they speak the Erse or Gaelic in its greatest purity.

Having sent our horses round by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other side of the frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties, carried out a good way into the sea. New Port Glasgow is such another place, about two miles higher up. Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large

vessels in these harbours Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits They had been, two days before, joined by Mr Smollett and his lady, to whom we have such obligations as I cannot mention, even to you, without blushing

'To-morrow we shall bid adieu to the Scots' Arcadia, and begin our progress to the southward, taking our way by Lanark and Nithsdale, to the west borders of England I have received so much advantage and satisfaction from this tour, that, if my health suffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I shall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the northern extremity of Caithness, unencumbered by those impediments which now clog the heels of yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Cameron, Sept 6

TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

MY DEAR LETTY,—Never did poor prisoner long for deliverance more than I have longed for an opportunity to disburden my cares into your friendly bosom, and the occasion which now presents itself is little less than a miraculous Honest Saunders M Awley, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glasgow, buying goods and, coming to pay his respects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand We have been six weeks in Scotland, and seen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility The people are very courteous, and the country being exceedingly romantic, suits my turn and inclinations. I contracted some friendships at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company, and, in particular, commenced an intimate correspondence with one Miss R—t—n, an amiable young lady of my own age, whose charms seemed to soften, and even subdue, the stubborn heart of my brother Jerry, but he no sooner left the place, than he relapsed into his former insensibility I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family constitution I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken such root in my heart, as to be equally proof against all the pulls of discretion, and the frosts of neglect

Dear Letty I had an alarming adventure at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh While I sat discoursing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilson stood before me, dressed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell It was one Mr Gordon, whom I had not seen before Shocked at the sudden apparition, I fainted away, and

5 W*

2.81*

threw the whole assembly into confusion However, the cause of my disorder remained a secret to every body but my brother, who was likewise struck with the resemblance, and scolded after we came home I am very sensible of Jerry's affection, and know he spoke as well with a view to my own interest and happiness, as in regard to the honour of the family, but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed severely I was not so much affected by the censure he passed upon my own discretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilson He observed, that if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable designs, he would have vindicated his pretensions in the face of day This remark made a deep impression upon my mind I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts, and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and spirits, so it was thought necessary that I should go to the Highlands, and drink goat-milk whey

We went accordingly to Loch Lomond, one of the most enchanting spots in the whole world, and what with this remedy, which I had every morning fresh from the mountains, and the pure air, and cheerful company, I have recovered my flesh and appetite, though there is something still at bottom, which is not in the power of air, exercise, company or medicine to remove These incidents would not touch me so nearly, if I had a sensible confidant to sympathise with my affliction, and comfort me with wholesome advice I have nothing of this kind except Win Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main but very ill qualified for such an office The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her understanding, otherwise I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth But why do I call him *unfortunate*—perhaps this epithet is more applicable to me, for having listened to the false professions of—but hold—I have as yet no right, and sure I have no inclination, to believe any thing to the prejudice of his honour In that reflection I shall still exert my patience As for Mrs Jenkins, she herself is really an object of compassion. Between vanity, methodism and love, her head is almost turned I should have more regard for her, however, if she had been more constant in the object of her affection, but, truly, she aimed at conquest, and flirted at the same time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deserving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet-de-chambre, a debauched fellow, who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick

My dear Willis, I am truly ashamed of my own sex. We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, sensibility, and all that, but I have seen enough

to believe, that our sex in general make it their business to ensnare the other, and for this purpose employ arts which are by no means to be justified. In point of constancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation. My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where she thought she had the least chance to dispose of her person, which, however, hangs still heavy on her hands. I am afraid she has used even religion as a decoy, though it has not answered her expectation. She has been praying, preaching and catechising among the methodists, with whom this country abounds, and pretends to have such manifestations and revelations, as even Clinker himself can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthusiasm. As for Jenkins, she affects to take all her mistress's reveries for gospel. She has also her heart-heavings and motions of the spirit, and, God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this seems to me to be downright hypocrisy and deceit. Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl imposes on herself. She is generally in a flutter, and is much subject to vapours. Since we came to Scotland, she has seen apparitions, and pretends to prophecy. If I could put faith in all these supernatural visitations I should think myself abandoned of grace, for I have neither seen, heard nor felt any thing of this nature, although I endeavour to discharge the duties of religion with all the sincerity, zeal and devotion that is in the power of, dear Letty, your ever affectionate

JYDIA MELFORD

Glasgow, Sept 7

We are so far on our return to Brambleton hall, and I would fain hope we shall take Gloucester in our way, in which case I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing my dear Willis.—I pray remember me to my worthy governess

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MARY,—Saunders Macully, the Scotchman, who pushes directly for Vails, has promised to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miss the opportunity to let you now as I am still in the land of the living, and yet I have been on the brink of the other world since I sent you my last letter. We went by sea to another kingdom, called Fife, and, coming back, had like to have gone to pot in a storm. What between the frite and sickness, I thought I should have brought my heart up, even Mr Clinker was not his own man for eight-and-forty hours after we got ashore. It was well for some folks that we 'scaped drowning; for mistress was very frexious, and seemed

but indifferently prepared for a change, but, thank God! she was soon put in a better frame by the private exaltations of the Reverend Mr Macrocodile. We afterwards churned to Starling and Crasgow, which are a kipple of handsome towns, and then we went to a gentleman's house at Loff Loming, which is a wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on't—they say as how it has got no'er a bottom, and was made by a musician—and, truly, I believe it, for it is no' in the course of nature. It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland* and one of them is a crutch-yard where the dead are buried and always before the person dies a bell rings of it self to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congyration. The bell knolled when we were there—I saw lights and heard lamentations. The gentleman, our landlord has got another house, which he was fain to quit, on account of a mischievous ghost, that would not suffer people to lie in their beds. The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by, and they steal away the good women that are in the straw, if so be as how there a'n't a horse-shoe nailed to the door. And I was shown an old vitch, called Elspath Ringavey, with a red putticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of grey bristles on her sin. That she mought do me no harm, I crossed her hand with a taster, and bid her tell my fortune, and she told me such things—describing Mr Clinker to a brar—but it shall ne'er be said that I minchoned a word of the matter. As I was troubled with fits, she advised me to bathe in the loff, which was hol'y water, and so I went in the morning to a private place, along with the house-maid, and we bathed in our birth-day soot, after the fashion of the country, and behold! whilst we dabbled in the loff, Sir George Coon started up with a gun, but we clapt our hands to our faces, and passed by him to the place where we had left our smocks. A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way. My comfit is, he knew not which was which, and, as the saying is, *all cats in the dark are gray*.

While we staid at Loff Loming, he and our two squires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountains, a parcel of selvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, and speak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr Clinker, because he is so stout, and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise. Indeed, he was once so flurried by an operation, that he had like to have sounded. He made believe as if it had been the ould admiral but the ould admiral could not have made his air to stand on end, and his teeth to shatter; but he said so in prudence, that the ladies

mought not be affeard Miss Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's fey has sat her on her legs again You nows got's fey is mother's milk to a Veltchwoman As for mistress, blessed be God' she ails nothing Her stomach is good, and she improves in grease and godliness but, for all that, she may have infections like other people and, I believe, she wouldn't be sorry to be called *your ladyship*, whenever Sir George thinks proper to ax the question But, for my part, whatever I may see or hear, not a practical shall ever pass the lips of, dear Molly, your loving friend,

WIN JENKINS

Grasco, Sept 7

Remember me, as usual, to Saul We are now coming home, though not the nearest road I do suppose I shall find the kitten a fine boar at my return

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART 41 OXON

DIAR KNIGHT,—Once more I tread upon English ground, which I like not the worse for the six weeks ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia no offence to the *land of lakes, where bannocks grow upon straw* I never saw my uncle in such health and spirits as he now enjoys Liddy is perfectly recovered, and Mrs Tabitha has no reason to complain Nevertheless, I believe she was, till yesterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of insensible brutes, upon whom her accomplishments had been displayed in vain At every place where we halted did she moun' the stage, and flourished her rusty arms, without being able to make one conquest One of her last essays was against the heart of Sir George Colquhoun, with whom she fought all the weapons more than twice over She was grave and gay by turns—she moralized and methodized—she laughed, and romped, and danced, and sung, and sighed, and ogled, and hisped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the desert The baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as she could in conscience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, some degrees farther, but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambushade that she could lay for his affection While we were absent in the Highlands, she practised also upon the laird of Ladrishmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumscailloch, but the laird had such a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parson of the parish, and nothing passed but spiritual communications After all these miscarriages, our aunt suddenly recollected Lieutenant Lisma-

bago, whom, ever since our first arrival at Edinburgh, she seemed to have utterly forgot, but now she expressed her hopes of seeing him at Dumfries, according to his promise

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired, and here we met with an incident, which warinly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr Bramble

As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, gently, though plainly, dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words—"This is hard work for such an old man as you" So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement After a few strokes—"Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, an' please your honour," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but, at present, they are out of the way" "Honour not me," cried the stranger "It more becomes me to honour your grey hairs Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and his youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by

The traveller made three quick steps towards the gaol—then turning short—"Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distress?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other. "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it—I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stript of all I had in the world besides" At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he" "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears—"I am your son Willy, sure enough" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn! where is my dear Willy?" The

captain no sooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard every thing that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hallooed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and, entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene, and I shall think myself happy, if you and your parents will dine with me at the public house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure, but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum, equal to the debt, in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty, without farther process, and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses, without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India company; that, in the course of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and, at the peace, resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds, the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt, and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother, to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious, and to

give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said, he was proud of his acquaintance, that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness and ingratitude. For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs Tubitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve, and, when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough considering the lowness of his origin, but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

On the day that succeeded this adventure, we went some miles out of our road to see Drumlanrig, a seat belonging to the duke of Queensberry, which appears like a magnificent palace, erected by magic, in the midst of a wilderness. It is indeed a princely mansion, with suitable parks and plantations rendered still more striking by the nakedness of the surrounding country, which is one of the wildest tracks in all Scotland. This wilderness, however, is different from that of the Highlands, for here the mountains, instead of heath, are covered with a fine green sward, affording pasture to innumerable flocks of sheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithsdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is said to equal that of Salisbury plain. Having passed the night at the castle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the duke himself, who is one of the best men that ever breathed, we prosecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good provision and excellent wine, at very reasonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all respects as in any part of South Britain. If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would choose Dumfries as the place of my residence. Here we made inquiries about Captain Lismahago, of whom hearing

no tidings, we proceeded by the Solway frith to Carlisle. You must know, that the Solway sands, upon which travellers pass at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, because, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the flood rushes in so impetuously, that passengers are often overtaken by the sea, and perish.

In crossing these treacherous syrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horse, which Humphry Clinker, after due inspection, declared to be the very identical beast, which Mr Lismahago rode when he parted with us at Foltunbridge in Northumberland. *This information, which seemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had shared the fate of his horse, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who shed salt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master. But her grief and ours was not of long duration, for one of the first prisons we saw in Carlisle was the lieutenant *in propria persona*, bargaining with a house-dealer for another steed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted. Mrs Bramble was the first that perceived him, and screamed as if she had seen a ghost, and, truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have passed for an inhabitant of another world, for he was more meagre and grim than before. We received him the more cordially for having supposed he had been drowned, and he was not deficient in expressions of satisfaction at this meeting. He told us he had inquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glasgow, that we had resolved to return by the way of Coldstream. He said, that, in passing the sands without a guide, his horse had knocked up, and he himself must have perished, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return post-chaise. He, moreover, gave us to understand, that his scheme of settling in his own country having miscarried, he was so far on his way to London, with a view to embark for North America, where he intended to pass the rest of his days among his old friends the Minims, and amuse himself in finishing the education of the son he had by his beloved Squinkinacoosta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend such a long voyage by sea, and afterwards such a tedious journey by land. She enlarged particularly on the risk he would run, with respect to the concerns of his precious soul, among savages who had not yet received the glad tidings of salvation, and she hinted, that his abandoning Great Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of some deserving person, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generosity, un-

derstanding that Lismahago's real reason for leaving Scotland was the impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half pay, began to be warmly interested on the side of compassion. He thought it very hard that a gentleman, who had served his country with honour, should be driven by necessity to spend his old age among the refuse of mankind, in such a remote part of the world. He discoursed with me upon the subject, observing, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an asylum at Brambleton-hall, if he did not foresee that his singularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable house-mate, though his conversation at times might be both instructive and entertaining, but, as there seemed to be something particular in his attention to Mrs Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourse should be encouraged, and improved, if possible, into a matrimonial union, in which case there would be a comfortable provision for both, and they might be settled in a house of their own, so that Mr Bramble should have no more of their company than he desired.

In pursuance of this design, Lismahago has been invited to pass the winter at Brambleton-hall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the spring. He has taken time to consider of this proposal, meanwhile he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Bristol, where he has hopes of getting a passage for America. I make no doubt but that he will postpone his voyage, and prosecute his addresses to a happy consummation, and sure, if it produces any fruit, it must be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe we shall take the Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton wells in our way. At any rate, from the first place where we make any stay, you shall hear again from yours always,

J MELFORD

Carlisle, Sept 12

To DR LEWIS

DEAR DOCTOR,—The peasantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom, and yet they look better, and are better clothed, than those of the same rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy, nay, I will venture to say they are better fed, notwithstanding the boasted wine of these foreign countries. The country people of North Britain live chiefly on oatmeal, and milk-cheese, butter, and some garden stuff, with now and then a pickled herring, by way of delicacy, but flesh-meat they seldom or never taste, nor any kind of strong liquor, except twopenny, at times of uncommon festivity. Their breakfast is a kind of hasty pudding of oatmeal,

or pease-meal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, composed of cale or cole, leeks, barley or big, and butter, and this is reinforced with bread, and cheese made of skimmed milk. At night they sup on sowens or flummery of oatmeal. In a scarcity of oats they use the meal of barley and pease, which is both nourishing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes, and you find parsnips in every peasant's garden. They are clothed with a coarse kind of russet of their own making, which is both decent and warm. They dwell in poor huts, built of loose stones and turf, without any mortar, having a fire-place or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill stone, and a hole at top to let out the smoke.

These people, however, are content, and wonderfully sagacious. All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to dispute upon the articles of their faith, which, in those parts I have seen, is entirely presbyterian. I am told that the inhabitants of Aberdeenshire are still more acute. I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war against this part of his country, and swore that the impudence and knavery of the Scotch in that quarter had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The river Clyde, above Glasgow, is quite pastoral, and the banks of it are everywhere adorned with fine villas. From the sea to its source, we may reckon the seats of many families of the first rank, such as the duke of Argyll at Roseneath, the earl of Bute in the isle of that name, the earl of Glencairn at Finlayston, Lord Blantyre at Areskine, the duchess of Douglas at Bothwell, the duke of Hamilton at Hamilton, the duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the earl of Hyndford at Carrichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furnished, and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neatest little towns I have seen in any country. The old castle of Douglas being burnt to the ground by accident, the late duke resolved, as head of the first family in Scotland, to have the largest house in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpose; but there was only one wing of it finished when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in possession of his great fortune, will complete the design of his predecessor. Clydesdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune, but it produces more cattle than corn. This is also the case with Tweeddale, through part of which we passed, and Niddale, which is generally rough, wild and mountainous. These hills are covered with sheep, and this is the small delicious mutton, so much preferable to that of the London market. As their feeding costs so little, the sheep are not killed till five years old, when their flesh, juices and flavour are in perfection, but their fleeces

are much damaged by the tar with which they are smeared to preserve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thousands are lost under huge wreaths of snow. 'Tis a pity the farmers cannot contrive some means to shelter this useful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, especially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greatest extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid, is situated the castle of Drumlanrig, one of the noblest seats in Great Britain, belonging to the duke of Queensberry, one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human nature. I shall not pretend to enter into a description of this palace, which is really an instance of the sublime in magnificence, as well as in situation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, rising like a vision in the midst of the wilderness. His grace keeps open house, and lives with great splendour. He did us the honour to receive us with great courtesy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other guests, with all their servants and horses, to a very considerable number. The duchess was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I see more reason to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are discovered to be erroneous and absurd. Such habits of thinking as interest the grand passions, cleave to the human heart in such a manner, that though an effort of reason may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no sooner ceases, than they resume their grasp with an increased elasticity and adhesion.

I am led into this reflection by what passed at the duke's table after supper. The conversation turned upon the vulgar notions of spirits and omens, that prevail among the commonalty of North Britain, and all the company agreed that nothing could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable story of himself, by way of speculation. "Being on a party of hunting in the north," said he, "I resolved to visit an old friend, whom I had not seen for twenty years,—so long he had been retired and sequestered from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping melancholy way, much afflicted with lowness of spirits, occasioned by the death of his wife, whom he loved with uncommon affection. As he resided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen, with as many servants, we carried some provision with us from the next market town, lest we should find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the house till two o'clock in the afternoon, and were agreeably surprised to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen, and the cloth laid with

six covers. My friend himself appeared in his best apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us these two hours. Astonished at this declaration, I asked who had given him intelligence of our coming, and he smiled, without making any other reply. However, presuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards insisted upon knowing, and he told me, very gravely, he had seen me in a vision of the second sight. Nay, he called in the evidence of his steward, who solemnly declared, that his master had the day before apprised him of my coming with four other strangers, and ordered him to provide accordingly, in consequence of which intimation he had prepared the dinner which we were now eating, and had laid the covers according to the number foretold. The incident we all owned to be remarkable, and I endeavoured to account for it by natural means. I observed, that as the old gentleman was of a visionary turn, the casual idea or remembrance of his old friend, might suggest those circumstances which accident had for once realized, but that in all probability he had seen many visions of the same kind, which were never verified. None of the company directly dissented from my opinion, but from the objections that were hinted, I could plainly perceive, that the majority were persuaded there was something more extraordinary in the case.

Another gentleman of the company, addressing himself to me,—"Without all doubt," said he, "a diseased imagination is very apt to produce visions, but we must find some other method to account for something of this kind that happened within these eight days in my neighbourhood. A gentleman of a good family, who cannot be deemed a visionary in any sense of the word, was, near his own gate, in the twilight, visited by his grandfather, who has been dead these fifteen years. The spectre was mounted seemingly on the very horse he used to ride, with an angry and terrible countenance, and said something, which his grandson, in the confusion of his fear, could not understand. But this was not all: he lifted up a huge horse-whip, and applied it with great violence to his back and shoulders, on which I saw the impression with my own eyes. The apparition was afterwards seen by the sexton of the parish, hovering about the tomb where his body lies interred, as the man declared to several persons in the village, before he knew what had happened to the gentleman. Nay, he actually came to me, as a justice of the peace, in order to make oath of these particulars, which, however, I declined administering. As for the grandson of the defunct, he is a sober, sensible, worldly-minded fellow, too intent upon schemes of interest to give into reveries. He would have willingly concealed the affair,

but he bawled out in the first transports of his fear, and running into the house, exposed his back and his scone to the whole family, so that there was no denying it in the sequel. It is now the common discourse of the country, that this appearance and behaviour of the old man's spirit portends some great calamity to the family, and the good woman has actually taken to her bed in this apprehension."

Though I did not pretend to explain this mystery, I said I did not at all doubt but it would one day appear to be a deception, and, in all probability, a scheme executed by some enemy of the person who had sustained the assault; but still the gentleman insisted upon the clearness of the evidence, and the concurrence of testimony, by which two creditable witnesses, without having any communication one with another, affirmed the appearance of the same man, with whose person they were both well acquainted.

From Drumlanrig we pursued the course of the Nid to Dumfries, which stands several miles above the place where the river falls into the sea, and is, after Glasgow, the handsomest town I have seen in Scotland. The inhabitants indeed, seem to have proposed that city as their model, not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but also in prosecuting their schemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England by the way of Carlisle, where we accidentally met with our friend Lismahago, whom we had in vain inquired after at Dumfries and other places. It would seem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country, which he has now renounced for ever. He gave me the following particulars of his visit to his native soil. In his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a bourgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnership with his father-in-law, chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate in the twilight, where he heard the sound of treddles in the great hall, which had exasperated him to such a degree, that he had like to have lost his senses; while he was thus transported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer master of his passion, he cried,—"Degenerate rascal you have made my father's house a den of thieves," and at the same time chastised him with his horse-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had visited the burying-ground of his ancestors by moon-light, and, having paid his respects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country. Finding the head of his family in such a disgraceful situation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former residence, and the expense of

living increased to double of what it had been when he first left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to seek for repose among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loss to account for the apparition, which had been described at Drumlanrig, and when I repeated the story to the lieutenant, he was much pleased to think his resentment had been so much more effectual than he intended, and he owned he might, at such an hour, and in such a equipage, very well pass for the ghost of his father, whom he was said greatly to resemble. Between friends, I fancy Lismahago will find a retreat without going so far as the wigwags of the Miamis. My sister Tabby is making continual advances to him in the way of affection, and, if I may trust to appearances, the captain is disposed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correspondence, and shall be glad to see them united. In that case we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I and my servants will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrannic governante and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation, without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire, for though an oia is a high-flavoured dish, could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleased with Manchester, which is one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns in Great Britain, and I perceive, that this is the place which hath animated the spirit and suggested the chief manufacture of Glasgow. We propose to visit Chatsworth, the Peak and Buxton, from which last place we shall proceed directly homewards, though by easy journeys. If the season has been as favourable in Wales as in the north, your harvest is happily finished and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barnes be properly reminded. You will find me much better fish than I was at our parting, and this short separation has given a new edge to those sentiments of friendship with which I always have been, and ever shall be, yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Manchester, Sept 15

TO MRS GWYLLIM, HOUSEKEEPER AT
BRAMBLETON-HALL

MRS GWYLLIM,—It has pleased Providence to bring us safe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular, the *Devil's Horse a pike and Hayden's hole*, which hath got no bottom, and as we are drawing homewards, it may be proper to apprise you, that Brambleton-hall may be in a condition to receive us, after this

long journey to the islands of Scotland. By the first of next month you may begin to make constant fires in my brother's chamber and mine and burn a faggot every day in the yellow damask room, have the tester and curtains dusted, and the feather-bed and matrosses well haired, because, perhaps, with the blessing of heaven, they may be yused on some occasion. Let the ould hog-head be well skewered and seasoned for bear, as Mat is resolved to have his seller choak-fool.

If the house was mine, I would turn over a new leaf. I don't see why the servants of Wales shouldn't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cake, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a-quarter. I hope you keep account of Roger's purse-seeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my due when I come home, without bating an ass. I'll assure you. As you must have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do suppose there is a power of turks, chickens and guzzling about the house, and a brave kargo of cheese ready for market, and that the owl has been sent to Crickhowel, saving what the maids spun in the family.

Pray let the whole house and furniture have a thorough cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales, and let Roger search into and make a general clearance of the slit holes which the maids have in secret, for I know they are much given to sloth and uncleanness. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my last, and set their hearts upon better things than they can find in juggling and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, she has undergone a perfect metamorphosis, and is become a new creature from the ammunition of Humphry Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that she might bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the same pains with that pert lussy Mary Jones, and all of you, and that he may have power given to penetrate and instil his goodness even into your most inward parts, is the fervent prayer of, your friend in the spirit,

TAB BRAMBLE

Sept 18

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR LEWIS,—Lismahago is more paradoxical than ever. The late gulp he had of his native air, seems to have blown fresh spirits into all his polemical faculties. He congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing, that the Scotch were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty

and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures and manners. The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect: "Those who reproach a nation for its poverty when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deserve no answer. The Lacedæmonians were poorer than the Scotch, when they took the lead among all the free states of Greece, and were esteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The most respectable heroes of ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cincinnatus and Regulus, were poorer than the poorest freholder in Scotland, and there are at this day individuals in North Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and silver than the whole republic of Rome could raise at those times when their public virtue shone with unrivalled lustre, and poverty was so far from being a reproach, that it added fresh laurels to her fame, because it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof against all the arts of corruption. If poverty be a subject of reproach, it follows, that wealth is the object of esteem and veneration. In that case there are Jews and others in Amsterdam and London, enriched by usury, speculation and different species of fraud and extortion, who are more estimable than the most virtuous and illustrious members of the community, an absurdity which no man in his senses will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly no proof of merit: nay, they are often (if not most commonly) acquired by persons of sordid minds and mean talents: nor do they give any intrinsic worth to the possessor, but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his understanding, and render his morals more depraved. But, granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be justly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can supply its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages; it produces every species of provision in abundance, vast herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with a great number of horses, prodigious quantities of wool and flax, and plenty of copse wood, and in some parts large forests of timber. The earth is still more rich below than above the surface. It yields inexhaustible stores of coal, free-stone, marble, lead, iron, copper and silver, with some gold. The sea abounds with excellent fish, and salt to cure them for exportation, and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom, for the convenience and security of navigation. The face of the country displays a surprising number of cities, towns, villas and villages, swarming with people, and there seems to be no want of art, industry, government and police. Such a king-

dom never can be called poor, in any sense of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper use of those advantages, and the present prosperity of the Scotch, you seem to derive from the union of the two kingdoms."

I said, I suppose he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended, that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating since the union, than before. "I may safely admit these premises," answered the lieutenant, "without subscribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I should take to be the natural progress of improvement. Since that period, other nations, such as the Swedes, the Danes, and, in particular, the French, have greatly increased in commerce, without any such cause assigned. Before the union, there was a remarkable spirit of trade among the Scotch, as appeared in the case of their Darien company, in which they had embarked no less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling, and in the flourishing state of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eastern coast, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in consequence of the union. The only solid commercial advantage reaped from that measure, was the privilege of trading to the English plantations; yet, excepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other respects, I conceive, the Scotch were losers by the union. They lost the independency of their state, the greatest prop of national spirit; they lost their parliament, and their courts of justice were subjected to the revision and supremacy of an English tribunal."

"Softly, captain," cried I, "you cannot be said to have lost your own parliament, while you are represented in that of Great Britain." "True," said he, with a sarcastic grin, "in debates of national competition, the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland must make a formidable figure in the scale, against the whole English legislature." Be that as it may," I observed, "while I had the honour to sit in the lower house, the Scotch members had always the majority on their side." "I understand you, sir," said he, "they generally, side with the majority, so much the worse for their constituents. But even this evil is not the worst they have sustained by the union. Their trade has been saddled with grievous impositions, and every article of living severely taxed, to pay the interest of enormous debts, contracted by the English, in support of measures and connections in which the Scotch had no interest nor concern. I begged he would at least allow, that, by the union, the Scotch were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of English subjects, by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army or navy, and got fortunes in different parts

of England and its dominions "All these," said he, "become English subjects to all intents and purposes, and are in a great measure lost to their mother country. The spirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have served and settled, as formerly, in other countries, such as Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their descendants continue to flourish even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed,—"For God's sake what has England got by this union, which, you say, has been so productive of misfortune to the Scotch?" "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the union," said Lismahago, in a solemn tone "first and foremost, the settlement of the protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness, that no stone was left unturned to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisingly averse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back-doors against the enterprises of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers and mechanics, a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven years, during the last war, Scotland furnished the English army and navy with seventy thousand men, over and above those who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very considerable and seasonable supply to a nation, whose people had been for many years decreasing in number, and whose lands and manufactures were actually suffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that to a nation in such circumstances, a supply of industrious people is a supply of wealth, nor repeat an observation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the English themselves, that the Scotch who settle in South Britain are remarkably sober, orderly and industrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that, by their industry, economy and circumspection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amassed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was so much lost to South Britain. "Give me leave, sir," said he, "to assure you, that in your fact you are mistaken, and in your deduction erroneous

Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to settle in his own country, and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can possibly diminish the stock of South Britain, for none of their treasure stagnates in Scotland. There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the streams which it distributes are refunded and returned, nay, in consequence of that luxury, which our connection with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engrossed by the natives of South Britain, for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always against Scotland, and that she retains neither gold nor silver sufficient for her own circulation. The Scotch, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well answer all necessary occasions, seem to vie with each other in purchasing superfluities from England, such as broad cloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar, rum, tea, chocolate and coffee, in a word, not only every mode of the most extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper, in their own country. For all these particulars, England, I conceive, may touch about one million sterling a-year. I don't pretend to make an exact calculation, perhaps it may be something less, and perhaps a great deal more. The annual revenue arising from all the private estates of Scotland cannot fall short of a million sterling, and I should imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, exclusive of the home consumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I insist upon it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her possession, over and above the other advantages which I have specified, therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the united kingdom."

I must own, I was at first a little nettled to find myself schooled in so many particulars. Though I did not receive all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them, and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks, so far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error. After some recollection,—"Well, captain," said I, "you have argued stoutly for the importance of your own country; for my part, I have such a regard for our fellow-subjects of North Britain, that I should be glad to see the day when your peasants can afford to give all

their oats to their cattle, hogs and poultry, and indulge themselves with good wheaten loaves, instead of such poor, unpalatable and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myself into a premunire with the disputatious Caledonian. He said, he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things, that they might have some reason to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with saw dust and fish bones: but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat flour, and the Scotch in general thought it at least as savoury. He affirmed, that a mouse, which, in the article of self-preservation, might be supposed to act from infallible instinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience, for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were consumed. For their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale, robust constitutions of the people, who lived chiefly upon oatmeal and, instead of being inflammatory, he asserted, that it was cooling, subacid, balsamic and mucilaginous, inasmuch, that, in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water-gruel and flummery made of oatmeal."

"At least," said I, "give me leave to wish them such a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations." "Heaven forbid!" cried this philosopher. "Woe be to that nation where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a blessing, while restrained within its proper channels, but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils: it brings false taste, false appetite, false wants, profusion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a spirit of licentiousness, insolence and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time destroys all the distinctions of civil society, so that universal anarchy and uproar must ensue. Will any sensible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be sought on these terms? No, sure,—but I am one of those who think, that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the alloy of such concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Lismahago, whom I describe the more circumstantially, as I firmly believe he will get up his rest in Monmouthshire. Yesterday, while I was alone with him, he asked, in some confusion, if I should have any objection to the success of a gentleman and a soldier, provided he should be so fortunate as to engage my sister's affection. I answered, without hesitation, that my sister was old enough to judge for herself, and that I should be very far from disapproving any

resolution she might take in his favour. His eyes sparkled at this declaration. He declared, he should think himself the happiest man on earth to be connected with my family, and that he should never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I suppose Tabby and he are already agreed, in which case we shall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you shall give away the bride. It is the least thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-sick maiden, who has been so long a thorn in the side of yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

Sept 20

We have been at Buxton, but, as I did not much relish the company or the accommodations, and had no occasion for the water, we staid but two nights in the place.

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART AT OXON

DEAR WAT,—Adventures begin to thicken as we advance to the southward. Lismahago has now professed himself the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addresses under the sanction of her brother's approbation, so that we shall certainly have a wedding by Christmas. I should be glad you was present at the nuptials, to help me to throw the stocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to the occasion. I am sure it will be productive of some diversion, and, truly, it would be worth your while to come across the country on purpose to see two such original figures in bed together, with their laced night-caps, he the emblem of good cheer, and she the picture of good nature. All this agreeable prospect was clouded, and had well nigh vanished entirely, in consequence of a little misunderstanding between the future brother-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago my uncle and I, going to visit a relation, met with Lord Oxmington at his house, who asked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation. Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of Captain Lismahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his lordship's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a fashionable meal, served up with much ostentation, to a company of about a dozen persons, none of whom we had ever seen before. His lordship is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice, than for his hospitality and understanding, and, indeed, it appeared that he considered his guests merely as objects to shine upon, so as to reflect the lustre of his own magnificence. There was much state, but no courtesy, and a great deal of compliment, without any conversation. Before the dessert was removed, our noble entertainer proposed three general

toasts, then calling for a glass of wine, and bowing all round, wished us a good afternoon.

This was the signal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our squire, who was greatly shocked at the manner of this dismissal. He changed countenance, bit his lip in silence, but still kept his seat, so that his lordship found himself obliged to give us another hint, by saying he should be glad to see us another time. "There is no time like the present time," cried Mr Bramble, "your lordship has not yet drunk a bumper to the *best in Christendom*." "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day," answered our landlord, and I am sorry to see you have drank too many. Order the gentleman's carriage to the gate." So saying, he rose and retired abruptly, our squire starting up at the same time, laying his hand upon his sword, and eyeing him with a most ferocious aspect.

The master having vanished in this manner, our uncle bade one of the servants see what was to pay, and the fellow answering,—"This is no inn," "I cry you mercy," said the other, "I perceive it is not, if it were, the landlord would be more civil. There's a guinea, however, take it, and tell your lord, that I shall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in person for his politeness and hospitality."

We then walked down stairs through a double range of lacqueys, and, getting into the chaise, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the squire much ruffled, I ventured to disapprove of his resentment, observing, that as Lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill-timbered, a sensible man should rather laugh than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding. Mr Bramble took umbrage at my presuming to be wiser than he upon this occasion, and told me, that, as he had always thought for himself in every occurrence in life, he would still use the same privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he closeted Lismahago, and having explained his grievance, desired that gentleman to go and demand satisfaction of Lord Oxmington in his name. The lieutenant charged himself with this commission, and immediately set out a-horseback for his lordship's house, attended at his own request, by my man Archy Macalpine, who had been used to military service, and truly, if Macalpine had been mounted upon an ass, this couple might have passed for the knight of La Mancha and his squire Panza. It was not till after some demur, that Lismahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordship to single combat, in the name of Mr Bramble, and desired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was so confounded at this unexpected message, that

he could not, for some time, make any articulate reply, but stood staring at the lieutenant with manifest marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed,—"What! a commoner send a challenge to a peer of the realm!—Privilege! privilege! Here's a person brings me a challenge from the Welshman that dined at my table. An impudent fellow!—My wine is not yet out of his head."

The whole house was immediately in commotion. Macalpine made a soldierly retreat with the two horses, but the captain was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet-de-chambre headed in this exploit, his sword was passed through a close-stool, and his person through the horse-pond. In this plight he returned to the inn, half-mad with his disgrace. So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he mistook its object. He wanted to quarrel with Mr Bramble, he said, he had been dishonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands. My uncle's back was up in a moment, and he desired him to explain his pretensions. "Either compel Lord Oxmington to give me satisfaction," cried he, "or give it me in your person." "The latter part of the alternative is the most easy and expeditious," replied the squire, starting up, "if you are disposed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs Tabby, who had overheard all that passed. She now burst into the room, and running between them in great agitation,—"Is this your regard for me (said she to the lieutenant), to seek the life of my brother?" Lismahago, who seemed to grow as cool as my uncle grew hot, assured her he had a very great respect for Mr Bramble, but he had still more for his own honour, which had suffered pollution, but if that could be once purified, he should have no further cause of dissatisfaction. The squire said, he should have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour, but as he had now carved for himself, he might swallow and digest it as well as he could. In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonstrances of your humble servant, who joined them at this juncture, those two originals were perfectly reconciled, and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the insults they had received from the petulant peer, for until that aim should be accomplished, Mr Bramble swore, with great emphasis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he should pass his Christmas on the spot.

In consequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his lordship's house, all of us, with

our servants, including the coachman, mounted a horseback, with our pistols loaded and ready primed. Thus prepared for action, we paraded solemnly and slowly before his lordship's gate, which we passed three times, in such a manner that he could not but see us, and suspect the cause of our appearance. After dinner we returned, and performed the same cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning following, but we had no occasion to persist in these manœuvres. About noon we were visited by the gentleman at whose house we had first seen Lord Oxmington. He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordship, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practising what had been always the custom of his house, and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordship's knowledge, at the instigation of his valet-de-chambre. "If that be the case," said my uncle, in a peremptory tone, "I shall be contented with Lord Oxmington's personal excuses, and I hope my friend will be satisfied with his lordship's turning that insolent rascal out of his service." "Sir," cried Ismahago, "I must insist upon taking personal vengeance for the personal injuries I have sustained."

After some debate, the affair was adjusted in this manner. His lordship, meeting us at our friend's house, declared he was sorry for what had happened, and that he had no intention to give umbrage. The valet-de-chambre asked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Ismahago, to the astonishment of all present, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming, in a furious tone,—"Où, je te pardonne, gens, foudre!"

Such was the fortunate issue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family, for the squire is one of those who will sacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what he conceives to be the least speck or blemish upon his honour and reputation. His lordship had no sooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in some disorder, and, I dare say, he will never invite another Welshman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this achievement, in order to prosecute our journey, but we follow no determinate course. We make small deviations, to see the remarkable towns, villas, and curiosities on each side of our route, so that we advance by slow steps towards the borders of Monmouthshire but, in the midst of these irregular motions, there is no aberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat, yours always,

J. MELFORD

Sept 28

To DR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—At what time of life may a man think himself exempted from the necessity of sacrificing his repose to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I shall recount at meeting, and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almost all our visits, and seen every thing that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards. A few days ago, understanding, by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not pass so near his habitation, without paying him a visit, though our correspondence had been interrupted for a long course of years.

I felt myself very sensibly affected by the ideas of our past intimacy as we approached the place where we had spent so many happy days together but when we arrived at the house, I could not recognize any one of those objects which had been so deeply impressed upon my remembrance. The tall oaks that shaded the avenue had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that surrounded the court-yard. The house itself, which was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, had a venerable appearance, and along the front that looked into the garden, was a stone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was disposed to be contemplative. Now the old front is covered with a screen of modern architecture, so that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic. As for the garden, which was well stocked with the best fruit which England could produce, there is not now the least vestige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges. Nothing appears but a naked circus of loose sand, with a dry basin and a leaden Triton in the middle.

You must know, that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and was in other respects extremely well qualified to make a respectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with some excesses of youth, and the expense of a contested election, he, in a few years, found himself encumbered with a debt of ten thousand pounds, which he resolved to discharge by means of a prudent marriage. He accordingly married a Miss Thomson, whose fortune amounted to double the sum that he owed. She was the daughter of a citizen who had failed in trade, but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the East Indies. Her own parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt, who had superintended her education, and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the usual proposes of the married state. Her virtues,

however, stood rather upon a negative than a positive foundation. She was neither proud, insolent, nor capricious, nor given to scandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry. She could read, and write, and dance, and sing, and play upon the harpsichord, and smatter French, and take a hand at whist and ombre, but even these accomplishments she possessed by halves. She excelled in nothing. Her conversation was flat, her style mean, and her expression embarrassed—in a word, her character was totally insipid. Her person was not disagreeable, but there was nothing graceful in her address, nor engaging in her manners, and she was so ill qualified to do the honours of the house, that, when she sat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the mistress of the family in some other place.

Baynard had flattered himself that it would be no difficult matter to mould such a subject after his own fashion, and that she would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domestic happiness. He proposed to reside always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthusiasm, to cultivate his estate, which was very improvable, to enjoy the exercise of rural diversions, to maintain an intimacy of correspondence with some friends that were settled in his neighbourhood, to keep a comfortable house, without suffering his expenses to exceed the limits of his income, and to find pleasure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family. This, however, was a visionary scheme, which he never was able to realize. His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of every thing that related to the conduct of a family, and she had no idea of a country life. Her understanding did not reach so far as to comprehend the first principles of discretion, and indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine to which she had been habituated. She had not taste enough to relish any rational enjoyment, but her ruling passion was vanity, not that species which arises from self-conceit of superior accomplishments, but that which is of a bastard and idiot nature, excited by show and ostentation, which implies not even the least consciousness of any personal merit.

The nuptial peal of noise and nonsense being rung out in all the usual changes, Mr Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected. He told her that his fortune, though sufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the superfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally absurd and intolerable. He therefore hoped she would have no objection to their leaving

London in the spring, when he would take the opportunity to dismiss some unnecessary domestics, whom he had hired for the occasion of their marriage. She heard him in silence, and, after some pause,—“So,” said she, “I am to be buried in the country!” He was so confounded at this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes. At length he told her he was much mortified to find he had proposed any thing that was disagreeable to her ideas. “I am sure,” added he, “I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate.” “Sir,” added she, “you are the best judge of your own affairs. My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thousand pounds. Yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a husband who would not have begrudged me a house in London.” “Good God! my dear,” cried poor Baynard, in the utmost agitation, “you don’t think me so sordid—I only hinted what I thought—but I don’t pretend to impose—” “Yes, sir,” resumed the lady, “it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey.”

So saying, she burst into tears, and retired to her chamber, where she was joined by her aunt. He endeavoured to recollect himself, and act with vigour of mind on this occasion, but was betrayed by the tenderness of his nature, which was the greatest defect of his constitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the best part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, she began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear husband*, who had sat by her all this time, and now pressed his hand to his lips, in a transport of grief. Penitence for the offence he had given. From thenceforward he carefully avoided mentioning the country, and they continued to be sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and dissipation, leading what is called a fashionable life in town. About the latter end of July, however, Mrs Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, desired, of her own accord, that they might pay a visit to his country-house; as there was no company left in London. He would have excused himself from this excursion, which was no part of the economical plan he had proposed, but she insisted upon making this sacrifice to his taste and prejudices, and away they went, with such an equipage as astonished the whole country. All that remained of the season was engrossed by receiving and returning visits in the neighbourhood, and in this intercourse, it was discovered that Sir John Chickwell had a house steward, and one footman in livery more than the compliment of Mr Baynard’s household. This remark was made by the aunt at table, and assented to by the husband, who observed that Sir John Chickwell might

very well afford to keep more servants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs Baynard ate no supper that evening, but was seized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the spirit of her consort. The two supernumerary servants were added. The family plate was sold for old silver, and a new service procured, fashionable furniture was provided, and the whole house turned topsy-turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated these particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend, and I now offered, in that character, to lay before her the necessity of reforming her economy, if she had any regard to the interest of her own family, or complaisance for the inclinations of her husband. But Baynard declined my offer, on the supposition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expostulation, and that it would only serve to overwhelm her with such distress as would make himself miserable.

Baynard is a man of spirit, and had she proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her, but, either by accident or instinct, she fastened upon the weak side of his soul, and held it so fast, that he has been in subjection ever since. I afterwards advised him to carry her abroad to France and Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expense it cost him in England, and this advice he followed accordingly. She was agreeably fluttered with the idea of seeing and knowing foreign parts and foreign fashions, of being presented to sovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith seized the hint, which I had thrown out on purpose, and even pressed Mr Baynard to hasten his departure, so that, in a few weeks, they crossed the sea to France, with a moderate train, still including the aunt, who was her bosom counsellor, and abetted her in all her opposition to her husband's will. Since that period I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correspondence. All that I knew of his transactions amounted to no more than that, after an absence of two years, they returned so little improved in economy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which at length obliged him to mortgage his estate. By this time she had bore him three children, of which the last only survives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good sense, nor the dread of indigence, nor the consideration of his children, has been of force sufficient to stimulate him into the resolution of breaking at once the shameful spell by which he seems enchanted. With a taste capable of the most refined enjoy-

ment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendship and humanity, and a disposition strongly turned to the more rational pleasures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidst a mob of beings pleased with rattles, baubles and gewgaws, so void of sense and distinction, that even the most acute philosophy would find it a very hard task to discover for what wise purposes of Providence they were created. Friendship is not to be found, nor can the amusements for which he sighs be enjoyed, within the rotation of absurdity to which he is doomed for life. He has long resigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exercise of husbandry, in which he delighted, and, as to domestic happiness, not the least glimpse of hope remains to amuse his imagination. Thus blasted in all his prospects, he could not fail to be overhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and spirits in such a manner that he is now threatened with a consumption.

I have given you a sketch of the man whom the other day I went to visit. At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacqueys, but no civility. After we had sat a considerable time in the coach, we were told that Mr Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dressing, but we were introduced to a parlour, so very fine and delicate that, in all appearance, it was designed to be seen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damask, so smooth and sleek, that they looked as if they had never been sat upon. There was no carpet on the floor, but the boards were rubbed and waxed in such a manner, that we could not walk, but were obliged to slide along them, and, as for the stove, it was too bright and polished to be polluted with sea-coal, or stained by the smoke of any gross material fire. When we had remained above half an hour, sacrificing to the inhospitable powers in this temple of cold reception, my friend Baynard arrived, and understanding we were in the house, made his appearance, so meagre, yellow and dejected, that I really should not have known him, had I met with him in any other place. Running up to me with great eagerness, he strained me in his embrace, and his heart was so full, that for some minutes he could not speak. Having saluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable situation, and, conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate, then withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the mean time, presented his son Harry, a shambling blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a hussar, very rude, forward and impertinent. His father would have sent him to a boarding-school, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of

the house, so that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but just turned of twelve, and the whole house was in commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foresaw it would be late before we dined, and proposed a walk to Mr Baynard, that we might converse together freely. In the course of this perambulation, when I expressed some surprise that he had returned so soon from Italy, he gave me to understand, that his going abroad had not at all answered the purpose for which he left England, that although the expense of living was not so great in Italy as at home, respect being had to the same rank of life in both countries, it had been found necessary for him to lift himself above his usual style, that he might be on some footing with the counts, marquisses and cavaliers with whom he kept company. He was obliged to hire a great number of servants, to take off a great variety of rich clothes, and to keep a sumptuous table for the fashionable *sorocconi* of the country, who, without a consideration of this kind, would not have paid any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever so respectable. Besides, Mrs Baynard was continually surrounded by a train of expensive loungers, under the denominations of language-masters, musicians, painters and *cicero*, and had actually fallen into the disease of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible. At length she met with an affront, which gave her a disgust to Italy, and drove her back to England with some precipitation. By means of frequenting the *duchess of B——*'s *conversazione*, while her grace was at Rome, Mrs Baynard became acquainted with all the fashionable people of that city, and was admitted to their assemblies without scruple. Thus favoured, she conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and when the *duchess* left Rome, resolved to have a *conversazione* that should leave the Romans no room to regret her grace's departure. She provided hands for a musical entertainment, and sent *bighetti* of invitation to every person of distinction, but not one Roman of the female sex appeared at her assembly. She was that night seized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which she declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her constitution. In order to prevent this catastrophe, she was speedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, she had purchased such a quantity of silks, stuffs and laces, that it was necessary to hire a vessel to smuggle them over, and this vessel was taken by a customhouse cutter, so that they lost the whole cargo, which had cost them above eight hundred

£pounds

It now appeared that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expensive and fantastic than ever. She affected to lead the fashion, not only in point of female dress, but in every article of taste and connoisseurship. She made a drawing of the new facade to the house in the country, she pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, so as to let in the easterly wind, which Mr Baynard's ancestors had been at great pains to exclude. To show her taste in laying out ground, she seized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the house, which she parcelled out into walks and shrubberies, having a great basin in the middle, into which she poured a whole stream that turned two mills, and afforded the best trout in the country. The bottom of the basin, however, was so ill secured, that it would not hold the water, which strained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation. In a word, the ground which formerly paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, now costs him two hundred pounds a-year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the first expense of trees, shrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the house, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind, nor did he raise a truss of hay or a bushel of oats for his horses, nor had he a single cow to afford milk for his tea, far less did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry. Every article of housekeeping, even the most inconsiderable, was brought from the next market-town, at the distance of five miles, and hither they sent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfast. In short, Baynard fairly owed that he spent double his income, and that in a few years he should be obliged to sell his estate for the payment of his creditors. He said his wife had such delicate nerves, and such imbecility of spirit, that she could neither bear remonstrance, be it ever so gentle, nor practise any scheme of retrenchment, even if she perceived the necessity of such a measure. He had, therefore, ceased struggling against the stream, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to ruin, by reflecting, that his child at least would inherit his mother's fortune, which was secured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly against the indiscretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquiescence under the absurd tyranny which she exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his resolution, and make one effectual effort to disengage himself from a thralldom equally shameful and pernicious. I offered him all the assistance in my power. I undertook to regulate his af-

fares, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authorise me to execute the plan I should form for his advantage. I was so affected by the subject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonstrances, and Baynard was so penetrated with these marks of my affection, that he lost all power of utterance. He pressed me to his breast with great emotion, and wept in silence. At length he exclaimed,—“Friendship is undoubtedly the most precious balin of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great measure recalled me from an abyss of despondence, in which I have been long overwhelmed. I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a distinct state of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the course you prescribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature—the truth is, there are tender connections, of which a bachelor has no idea. Shall I own my weakness?—I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneasy.” “And yet,” cried I, “she has seen you unhappy for a series of years—unhappy from her misconduct, without ever showing the least inclination to alleviate your distress.” “Nevertheless,” said he, “I am persuaded she loves me with the most warm affection, but these are incongruities in the composition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable.”

I was shocked at his infatuation, and changed the subject, after we had agreed to maintain a close correspondence for the future. He then gave me to understand that he had two neighbours who, like himself, were driven by their wives at full speed in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three husbands were of dispositions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their consorts were admirably suited to the purpose of keeping them all three in subjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the same. They vied in grandeur, that is, in ostentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and she, again, piqued herself upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peeress, whose revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox realized in four different instances within the same county—one large fortune and three moderate estates in a fair way of being burst by the inflation of female vanity, and, in three of these instances, three different forms of female tyranny were exercised. Mr Baynard was subjugated by practising upon the tenderness of his nature. Mr Milksan, being of a timorous disposition, truckled to the insolence of a termagant. Mr Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate who assailed him with the weapons of irony and satire, sometimes sneering in the way

of compliment, sometimes throwing out sarcastic comparisons, implying reproaches upon his want of taste, spirit, and generosity by which means she stimulated his passions from one act of extravagance to another, just as the circumstances of her vanity required.

All these three ladies have at this time the same number of horses, carriages, and servants in and out of livery, the same variety of dress, the same quantity of plate and china, the like ornaments in furniture, and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expense of their dishes. I believe it will be found upon inquiry, that nineteen out of twenty, who are ruined by extravagance, fall a sacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of silly women, whose parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enslave. Thank Heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weaknesses of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had discussed all these matters at leisure, we returned towards the house, and met Jerry with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the mansion had not yet made her appearance. In short, Mrs Baynard did not produce herself till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her husband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and son, and she received us with a coldness of reserve sufficient to freeze the very soul of hospitality. Though she knew I had been the intimate friend of her husband, and had often seen me with him in London, she showed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addressed myself to her in the most friendly terms of salutation. She did not even express the common compliment of, *I am glad to see you*, or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health since we had the pleasure of seeing you*, or some such words of course, nor did she once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my sister and my niece, but sat in silence, like a statue, with an aspect of insensibility. Her aunt, the model upon which she had been formed, was indeed the very essence of insipid formality, but the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceasing.

At dinner the lady maintained the same ungracious indifference, never speaking but in whispers to her aunt, and as to the repast, it was made up of a parcel of kick shaws, contrived by a French cook, without one substantial article adapted to the satisfaction of an English appetite. The pottage was little better than bread soaked in dish-washings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digested, the fricassees were involved in a nasty yellow poultice, and the rots were

scorched and stinking, for the honour of the fumet, the dessert consisted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character, the table-beer was sour, the water foul, and the wine vapid, but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey stood behind every chair, except those of the master and mistress of the house, who were served by two valets dressed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old Gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble, and, notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, struck me with such a chill sensation, that, when I entered it, the teeth chattered in my jaws. In short, every thing was cold, comfortless and disgusting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner, we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troublesome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a play-fellow, forsooth, and would have romped with her, had she encouraged his advances. He was even so impudent as to snatch a kiss, at which she changed countenance, and seemed uneasy and though his father checked him for the rudeness of his behaviour, he became so outrageous as to thrust his hand in her bosom, an insult to which she did not tamely submit, though one of the mildest creatures upon earth. Her eyes sparkled with resentment, she started up, and lent him such a box in the ear, as sent him staggering to the other side of the room.

"Miss Melford," cried his father, "you have treated him with the utmost propriety, I am only sorry that the impertinence of any child of mine should have occasioned this exertion of your spirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was so far from assenting to the candour of his apology, that she rose from table, and, taking her son by the hand,—"Come, child," said she, "your father cannot abide you." So saying, she retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her governess, but neither the one or the other deigned to take the least notice of the company.

Baynard was exceedingly disconcerted, but I perceived his uneasiness was tinged with resentment, and derived a good omen from this discovery. I ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, and, though he made some efforts to detain us all night, I insisted upon leaving the house immediately, but, before I went away, I took an opportunity of speaking to him again in private. I said every thing I could recollect to animate his endeavours in shaking off those shameful trammels. I made no scruple to declare that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaisance which he had shown for her foibles, that she was dead to all the genuine sentiments of conjugal affection, insen-

sible of her own honour and interest, and seemingly destitute of common sense and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's house, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreasonable woman herself, who was driving on blindly to her own destruction. I advised him to form a plan for retrenching superfluous expense, and try to convince the aunt of the necessity for such a reformation, that she might gradually prepare her niece for its execution, and I exhorted him to turn that disagreeable piece of formality out of the house, if he should find her averse to his proposal.

Here he interrupted me with a sigh, observing, that such a step would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs Baynard. "I shall lose all patience," cried I, "to hear you talk so weakly, Mrs Baynard's fits will never hurt her constitution. I believe in my conscience they are all affected. I am sure she has no feeling for your distresses, and, when you are ruined, she will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour that he would make an effort such as I had advised, that he would form a plan of economy, and, if he found it impracticable without my assistance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promised to give him the meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs. With this mutual engagement we parted, and I shall think myself supremely happy, if, by my means, a worthy man, whom I love and esteem, can be saved from misery, disgrace and despair.

I have only one friend more to visit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bulford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman, but, being disabled by the gout from enjoying any amusement abroad, he entertains himself within doors, by keeping open house for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company, but he himself is generally the greatest original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much and laughs without ceasing. I am told, that all the use he makes of his understanding at present, is to excite mirth, by exhibiting his guests in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furnish him with entertainments of this kind, but I am resolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himself, and partly to pay my respects to his lady, a good-natured, sensible woman, with whom he lives upon very easy terms, although she has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his estate.

And now, dear Dick, I must tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would presume to send such a long-winded epistle, which I

could not find in my heart to curtail, because the subject interested the warmest passions of my heart, neither will I make any other apology to a correspondent who has been so long accustomed to the impertinence of

MATT BRAMBLE

Sept 30

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART AT OXON

DEAR KNIGHT,—I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last, and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be ever so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confident. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions, but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea, we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sung and played to admiration, but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little assinine in the article of cars, though he affected to be in raptures, and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep, but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed,—"O cara! what d'y'e think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time, he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet. He was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occasionally tried upon strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy: sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn with uncommon application, but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well.

This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord, and he was frequently started with tolerable success, in the course of this evening, but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition, but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw betwixt a young hound and an old hedge-hog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled, but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company, but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the justice, who eat a most unconscionable supper, and among other things, a large plate of broiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed, than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in some constitutions, had a poisonous effect. Mr Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner! He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish, but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank off immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed, but about three o'clock in the morning I was awaked with a dismal cry of *fire!* and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy, and a number of people, half-dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the courtyard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran down stairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been robbed, that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the stair-case was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length, the knight in person was

brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and posteriors exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder, except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming, from time to time—"Lord have mercy upon us!—save the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear captain!—softly!—stand fast—clasp the ladder with both hands there!—well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcase—warm the bed in the green-room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound with all my heart." Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his innamorato, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body, two men-servants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green-room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction, he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceedingly grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh—"Matt," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha! ha! ha! Such a *camisenta*, *scagliata beffata*!—O che roba!—O what a subject! O what *caricatura*!—O for a Ross, a Rembrandt, a Schalken!—Zooks! I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows!—what lights and shadows!—what a group below!—what expression above!—what an aspect!—did you mind the aspect!—ha! ha! ha!—and the limbs and the muscles—every toe denoted terror!—ha! ha! ha!—then the

blanket!—O what *costume*! St Andrew! St Lazarus! St Barrabas!—ha, ha, ha!" "After all, then," cried Mr Bramble, very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm. We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!" "Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord "such a farce! such a *denouement*! such a *catastrophe*!"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire, "we are not yet come to the catastrophe, and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects, who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person, nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience." "'Sdeath!" cried the knight, "I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father, and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century." Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared, she did not see that Mr Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself, and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying, that he must be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason, and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the second time, and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green-room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said—"Here is a small mistake." "No mistake at all," cried the baronet, "oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." "Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service, but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance, and I don't find myself disposed to be brought

upon the stage again I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand" So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet, hearing Frogmore mentioned,—"Odso!" cried he, "I had forgot the justice. Pr'ythee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would show the captain, that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night-scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the farther end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap, and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way. "Jesu! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter,—you look as if you was not a man for this world. Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord have mercy upon us! What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?" "Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I doubt it is all over with me—those mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah, oh! hey!" "Now the Lord forbid!" said the other,—"what, man!—have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel?"—"Jiah!"

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown, discovered that his waistcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at least. "Heaven protect us all!" cried Sir Thomas,— "what a melancholy spectacle!—never did I see a man so suddenly swelled, but when he was either just dead or just dying. Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?" "I don't think the case is quite desperate," said the surgeon, "but I would advise Mr Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition, the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught." The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency,—"Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" Then he begged the surgeon, in the name of God, to dispatch—"As for my worldly affairs," said he, "they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs—but, my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul!—miserable sinner that I am!"

"Nay, pr'ythee, my dear boy, compose thyself," resumed the knight, "consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite, thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't." "Name not the devil," exclaimed the terrified Frogmore, "I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of—Ah! friend, I have been sly—sly—damn'd sly!—Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity. He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room, but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added,—"Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field, and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

He was no sooner removed out of hearing, than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company, but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering, that while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon, and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. Upon inquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made of oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul, when those medicines produced their effect: so that the parson was obliged to hold his nose while he poured forth spiritual consolation from his mouth. The same expedient was used by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an eising-chair, under the pressure of a double evacuation. The short intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case, and the vicar answered, in a solemn snuffing tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again.

When he examined the *egesta*, and felt his pulse, he declared that much of the *virus* was discharged, and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, protesting, that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour, and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation, but my uncle insisted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the mean time, Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden, to see a fish-pond just finished, which Mr Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming,—“A mad dog! a mad dog!” and throwing up the window sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl,—“Lord have mercy upon us! pray take care of the gentleman!—for God's sake, mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcase—warm the bed in the green room!”

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff, and when he took it in silence,—“Sir Thomas Bulford,” said he, “I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin.” “Give me thy hand,” cried the baronet, “thou hast

indeed paid me *scot and lot*, and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable.” So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense, but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary—but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers*.

I have seen a tame bear, very diverting, when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beast when teased for the entertainment of the spectators. As for Lismahago, he seemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's constitution, but the doctor hinted some apprehension that the gouty matter might, by such a sudden shock, be repelled from the extremities, and thrown upon some of the more vital parts of the machine. I should be very sorry to see this prognostic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs Tabitha at parting, that he hoped she would remember him in the distribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. After all, I am afraid our squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit, for his constitution is by no means calculated for night alarms. He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper, so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow, in which case you will have at least one day's respite from the persecution of

I MELFORD

October 3

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

DEAR MARY,—Miss Liddy is so good as to uncloset me in a kiver as fur as Gloster, and the carrier will bring it to hand. God send us all safe to Monmouthshire, for I'm quite jaded with rambling. 'Tis a true saying, *live and learn*. O woman, what chuckling and changing have I seen! Well, there's nothin sartin in this world. Who would have thought that mistress, after all the pains taken for the good of her prusias sole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that she would cast the heys of infection upon such a carrying crow as Lashmyhago! as old as Mathewsullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a starved veczel. O Molly! hadst thou seen him come down the ladder, in a shirt so scanty, that it could not kiver his nakedness! The young squire called him Dunquickset, but he looked for all the world like Cradock-ap-Morgan, the

ould tinker that suffered at Abergany for stealing of kettle. Then he's a profane scuffle, and, as Mr Clinker says, no better than an impfiddle, continually playing upon the pyebill, and the new burth. I doubt he has as little manners as money, for he can't say a civil word, much more make me a present of a pair of gloves for good will, but he looks as if he wanted to be very forward and familiar. O' that ever a gentlewoman of years and discretion should tare her air, and cry and disporridge herself for such a nub-jack' as the song goes—

"I vow she would fain have a burd,
That bids such a price for an owl."

But, for sartin, he must have dealt with some Scotch musician to bring her to this pass. As for me, I put my trust in the Lord, and I have got a slice of witchelm sowed in the gathers of my under petticoat, and Mr Clinker assures me, that, by the new light of grease, I may defy the devil and all his works. But I nose what I nose. If mistress should take up with Lashmyhago, this is no service for me. Thank God, there's not want of places, and if I want for one thing, I would—but no matter. Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year, and parquises, and dresses like a parson of distinksen. I dined with her and the valey de shambles, with bags and golden jackets, but there was nothing kumfttable to eat, being as how they live upon board, and having nothing but a piss of could cuddling tart and some blamangey. I was tuck with the gullick, and a murev it was that mistress had her viol of assings in the cox.

But, as I was saying, I think for sartin this match will go forewood, for things are come to a creesus, and I have seen with my own heys such smuggling. But I scorn for to exclose the secrets of the family, and if it wance comes to marrying, who nose but the frolic may go round. I beheves as how Miss Liddy would have no reversion, if her swan would appear, and you would be surprised, Molly, to receive a bride's fever from your humble sarvant. But this is all suppository, dear girl, and I have sullenly promised to Mr Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child, shall no that arrow said a civil thing to me in the way of infection. I hopes to drink your health at Brambleton-hall, in a horn of October, before the month be out. Pray let my bed be turned once a-day, and the windore opened, while the weather is dry, and burn a few billets with some brush in the footman's garret, and see their mattrash be dry as a bone, for both our gentlemen have got a sad could by lying in damp shuts at Sir Tummus Ballfart's. No more at present, but my service to Saul and the rest of my fellow-sarvants, being, dear Mary Jones, always yours,

Oct 4

WIN JENKINS

TO MISS LATITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCES-
TER

MY DEAR LETTY,—This method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an answer, affords me, I own, some ease and satisfaction in the midst of my disquiet, as it in some degree lightens the burthen of affliction, but it is at best a very imperfect enjoyment of friendship, because it admits of no return of confidence and good counsel. I would give the whole world to have your company for a single day. I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life. I am quite dizzy with a perpetual succession of objects. Besides, it is impossible to travel such a length of way, without being exposed to inconveniences, dangers and disagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves, like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curiosity.

Nature never intended me for the busy world. I long for repose and solitude, where I can enjoy that disinterested friendship which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society. Inexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have seen enough to give me a disgust to the generality of those who carry it on. There is such malice, treachery and dissimulation, even among professed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to strike a virtuous mind with horror, and when we quits the stage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by folly, which is often too serious to excite any thing but compassion. Perhaps I ought to be silent on the foibles of my poor aunt, but with you, my dear Willis, I have no secrets, and, truly, her weaknesses are such as cannot be concealed. Since the first moment we arrived at Bath, she has been employed constantly in spreading nets for the other sex, and, at length, she has caught a superannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name. My uncle and my brother seem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of conversation and mirth for my part, I am too sensible of my own weaknesses to be diverted with those of other people. At present, I have something at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmost terror and suspense.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, as I stood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn, where we had lodged, a person passed a-horseback, whom (gracious heaven!) I instantly discovered to be Wilson! He wore a white riding coat, with the cap buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and passed at a round trot, without seeming to

observe us. Indeed, he could not see us, for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may guess how I was affected at this apparition. The light forsook my eyes, and I was seized with such a palpitation and trembling, that I could not stand. I sat down upon a couch, and strove to compose myself, that my brother might not perceive my agitation, but it was impossible to escape his prying eyes. He had observed the object that alarmed me; and, doubtless, knew him at the first glance. He now looked at me with a stern countenance, then he ran out into the street, to see what road the unfortunate horseman had taken. He afterwards dispatched his man for farther intelligence, and seemed to meditate some violent design. My uncle being out of order, we remained another night at the inn, and all day long Jerry acted the part of an indefatigable spy upon my conduct—he watched my very looks with such eagerness of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart. This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride, but he is so hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the sight of him alone throws me into a flutter, and really it will not be in my power to afford him any share of my affection, if he persists in persecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed some scheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched. I am afraid he suspects some collusion from this appearance of Wilson. Good God! did he really appear? or was it only a phantom, a pale spectre, to apprise me of his death?

O Letty, what shall I do?—Where shall I turn for advice and consolation? Shall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compassionate? This must be my last resource. I dread the thoughts of making him uneasy, and would rather suffer a thousand deaths than live the cause of dissension in the family. I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilson's coming hither, perhaps he was in quest of us, in order to disclose his real name and situation. But wherefore pass without staying to make the least inquiry? My dear Willis, I am lost in conjecture—I have not closed an eye since I saw him. All night long have I been tossed about from one imagination to another. The reflection finds no resting-place. I have prayed, and sighed, and wept plentifully. If this terrible suspense continues much longer, I shall have another fit of illness, and then the whole family will be in confusion. If it was consistent with the wise purposes of Providence, would I were in my grave. But it is my duty to be resigned. My dearest Letty, excuse my weakness—excuse these blots—my tears fall so fast that I cannot keep the paper dry—yet I ought to consider that I have as yet no cause to despair—but I am such a faint-hearted, timorous creature!

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yesterday. He is resolved to pursue our journey straight to Wales. I hope we shall take Gloucester in our way—that hope cheers my poor heart. I shall once more embrace my best beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly bosom. O heaven! is it possible that such happiness is reserved for the dejected and forlorn.

LYDIA MELFORD

October 4

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON

DEAR WATKIN,—I yesterday met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very surprising. As I stood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who should pass by but Wilson a-horseback? I could not be mistaken in his person, for I had a full view of him as he advanced, I plainly perceived by my sister's confusion that she recognized him at the same time. I was equally astonished and incensed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an insult, or something worse. I ran out at the gate, and, seeing him turn the corner of the street, I dispatched my servant to observe his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that satisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at the end of the town, where he supposed the horseman had alighted, but that he would not inquire without further orders. I sent him back immediately to know what strangers were in the house, and he returned with a report, that there was one Mr Wilson lately arrived. In consequence of this information, I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, desiring him to meet me in half an hour, in a certain field at the town's end, with a case of pistols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our last rencounter. But I did not think proper to subscribe the billet. My man assured me he had delivered it into his own hand, and that, having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'Alpine being an old soldier, and luckily sober at the time, I intrusted him with my secret. I ordered him to be within call, and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in case of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an inclosed field at a little distance from the highway. I found my antagonist had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horseman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes, but what was my astonishment, when throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a person whom I had never seen before! he had one pistol stuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand

ready for action, and, advancing a few steps, called to know if I was ready. I answered,—"No," and desired a parley upon which, he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth, then replaced it in his belt, and met me half way. When I assured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he said it *might be so*, that he had received a slip of paper directed to Mr Wilson, requesting him to come hither, and that, as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only. I then gave him to understand, that I had been injured by a person who assumed that name, which person I had actually seen within the hour, passing through the street on horseback, that hearing there was a Mr Wilson at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had written the billet, and I expressed my surprise, that he, who was a stranger to me and my concerns, should give me such a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation. He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole country, that no such horseman had alighted at the Red Lion since nine o'clock, when he arrived, that having had the honour to serve his majesty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter soever it might come, and that, if any explanation was necessary, it did not belong to him to demand it but to the gentleman who summoned him into the field. Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolness of this officer, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour. He seemed to be turned of forty, wore his own short black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel. When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good humour. He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a small farm-house, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diversion of hunting with him for a few weeks, in which case, he might perhaps find out the man who had given me offence. I thanked him very sincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at present, on account of my being engaged in a family party, and so we parted, with mutual professions of goodwill and esteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what I am to make of this singular adventure? Am I to suppose that the horseman I saw was really a thing of flesh and blood, or a bubble that vanished into air?—or must I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than she chooses to disclose? If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandestine correspondence with such a fellow, I should at once discard all tenderness, and forget that she was con-

nected to me by the ties of blood. But how is it possible that a girl of her simplicity and inexperience should maintain such an intercourse, surrounded, as she is, with so many eyes, destitute of all opportunity, and shifting quarters every day of her life? Besides, she has solemnly promised—No—I can't think the girl so base—so insensible to the honour of her family. What disturbs me chiefly is the impression which these occurrences seem to make upon her spirits. These are the symptoms from which I conclude that the rascal has still a hold on her affection. Surely I have a right to call him a rascal, and to conclude that his designs are infamous. But it shall be my fault if he does not one day repent his presumption. I confess I cannot think, much less write, on this subject, with any degree of temper or patience, I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month, but before that period you will probably hear again from your affectionate
J MELFORD

October 4

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BARI AT OXON

DEAR PHILLIPS,—When I wrote you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon. But I now sit down with a heart so full, that I cannot contain itself, though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connection in this address. We have been this day within a hair's breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavour to explain. In crossing the country to get into the post-road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were a-horseback passed without any danger or difficulty, but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down with such impetuosity, as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream. Lismahago and I, and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power. Our aunt, Mrs Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already half way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely, but, whether his foot slipped, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a millstone (no bad emblem of matrimony), and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all pro-

bability have gone hand in hand to the shades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their distress. I snatched out my sister by the hair of the head, and dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared. Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker hauling ashore Mrs Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears, but when I asked if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief. As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor squire, to all appearance deprived of life. It is not in my power to describe what I felt at this melancholy spectacle. It was such an agony as baffles all description. The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, carried him ashore, howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation. When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh. Clinker, perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horse-bleed, let him bleed in the farrier style. At first a few drops only issued from the orifice, but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream, and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed, and put to bed wrapped in warm blankets, but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary water, and held a smelling bottle to his nose. As I had heard of the efficacy of salt in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body, and whether this application had the desired effect, or Nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the by-standers. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected. He laughed and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, seeing me dripping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe. Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry clothes, and having swallowed a little

warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family. I found Mrs Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled perwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like father Thame without his segs, embracing Isis while she cascaded in his urn. Mrs Jenkins was present also, in a loose bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief, but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two, Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good woman of the house had shifted her linen, and put her into bed, but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and, in this persuasion, made a dismal outcry, nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe. Mr Bramble hearing the noise, and being informed of her apprehension, desired she might be brought into his chamber, and she no sooner received this intimation, than she ran thither half naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance. Seeing the squire sitting up in the bed, she sprung forwards, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a most pathetic tone,—“Are you—are you indeed, my uncle?”—“My dear uncle!”—“My best friend!”—“My father!”—“Are you really living?” or is it an illusion of my poor brain?” Honest Matthew was so much affected, that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying—“My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to show how sensible I am of your affection. But your spirits are fluttered child—you want rest—go to bed and compose yourself.” “Well, I will,” she replied, “but still methinks this cannot be real. The coach was full of water—my uncle was under us. Gracious God! you was under water—how did you get out? Tell me that, or I shall think this is all a deception.” “In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear,” said the squire. “and truly that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed.” I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my clothes, so that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker, and having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half an hour the hurricane was all over, but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged, that it could not proceed without

considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being housed at an inn, which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well composed, and the men all afoot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words: "So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water. As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risk, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." So saying, he presented him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value. "God forbid!" cried Clinker, "your honour shall excuse me. I am a poor fellow, but I have a heart. If your honour did but know how I rejoiced to see—blessed be his holy name, that made me the humble instrument—but as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it. I have done no more than my duty, no more than I would have done for the most worthless of my fellow-creatures, no more than I would have done for Captain Lismahago, or Archy M'Alpine, or any sinner upon earth, but, for your worship, I would go through fire as well as water."

"I do believe it, Humphry," said the squire, "but as you think it was your duty to save my life at the hazard of your own, I think it mine to express the sense I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment—I insist upon your receiving this small token of my gratitude, but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompense for the service you have done me. I have determined to settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life, and I desire these gentlemen to bear witness to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book." "Lord make me thankful for all these mercies!" cried Clinker, sobbing, "I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning. Your honour's goodness found me, when I was—naked—when I was—sick and forlorn—I understand your honour's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your worship won't give me leave to speak—I must vent it in prayers to Heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Lismahago said, he should have a much better opinion of his honesty, if he did not whine and cant so abominably, but that he had always observed those weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr Bramble made no reply to this sarcastic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's resentment of Clinker's having, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpine and the sinners of the earth. The landlord being called to receive some orders about the beds, told the squire, that his house was very much at his service, but he was sure he

should not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave him to understand that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public house, when there was an accommodation for us at his own, and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood, he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family, for, if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss. He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr Dennison, when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condescended with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paltry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college, when Mr Dennison answered,—"Yes," with some marks of surprise. "Look at me, then," said our squire, "and let us see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years." The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly,—"I protest," cried he, "I do think I recollect the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganshire, who was student of Jesus." "Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Dennison (exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his breast), I am that very identical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan." Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words, than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying,—"Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan! O Providence! Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!" Then, clasping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner—"Your worship must forgive me—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, sir!—I can't contain myself!—I shall lose my senses!" "Nay, thou hast lost them already, I believe," said the squire, peevishly, "pr'ythee, Clinker, be quiet—what is the matter?"

Humphry, fumbling in his bosom, pulled out an old wooden snuff-box, which he presented in great trepidation to his master, who, opening it immediately, perceived a small cornelian seal, and two scraps of paper. At sight of these articles he started, and changed colour, and casting his eye upon the inscriptions—"Ha!—how!—what!—where," cried he, "is the person here named?" Clinker, knocking his own breast, could hardly pronounce these words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate sheweth Humphry Clinker was the name of the farmer that took me 'prentice." "And who gave you these tokens?" said my uncle, hastily. "My poor mother on her death-bed," replied the other. "And who was your mother?" "Dorothy Twyford, an' please your honour, heretofore bar-keeper at the Angel at Chippenham." "And why were not these tokens produced before?" "My mother told me she had wrote to Glamorganshire, at the time of my birth, but had no answer, and that afterwards, when she made inquiry, there was no such person in that county." "And so, in consequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and misery—I am really shocked at the consequence of my own folly." Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added,—"Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd—you see, gentlemen, how the sins of my youth rise up in judgment against me—here is my direction written with my own hand, and a seal which I left at the woman's request? and this is a certificate of the child's baptism, signed by the curate of the parish." The company were not a little surprised at this discovery, upon which Mr Dennison facetiously congratulated both the father and the son. "For my part, I shook my new found cousin heartily by the hand, and Lisamahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing, that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery. Mr Dennison now desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford, and our squire satisfied him, by answering to this effect. "I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganshire, but, when I came of age, I sold that property, in order to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name, so that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambleton-hall, in Monmouthshire, at your service, and this is my nephew Jeremy Melford of Bel-

field, in the county of Glamorgan." At that instant the ladies entering the room, he presented Mrs Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. The old gentleman saluted them very cordially, and seemed struck with the appearance of my sister, whom he could not help surveying with a mixture of complacency and surprise. "Sister," said my uncle, "there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces. The quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphosed into Matthew Lloyd, and claims the honour of being your carnal kinsman. In short, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting, in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism." Clinker had by this time dropped upon one knee, by the side of Mrs Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying, with a demure aspect,—"Brother, you have been very wicked, but I hope you'll live to see the folly of your ways—I am very sorry to say, the young man, whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your profane learning, and repeated opportunity—I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the nose, of my uncle Lloyd of Pluydwellin, and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's. Brother, as you have changed his name, pray change his dress also, that livery doth not become any person that hath got our blood in his veins." Liddy seemed much pleased with this acquisition to the family—she took him by the hand, declaring she should always be proud to own her connection with a virtuous young man, who had given so many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle. Mrs Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her surprise at this discovery, and the apprehension of losing her sweetheart, exclaimed, in a giggling tone,—"I wish you joy, Mr Clinker—Floyd, I would say—hi, hi, hi!—you'll be so proud, you won't look at your poor fellow-servants, oh, oh!" Honest Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deserved—"But wherefore should I be proud?" said he, "a poor object, conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, nursed in a parish workhouse, and bred in a smithy—whenever I seem proud, Mrs Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in when I first saw you between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was discussed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage, so that we walked all together to Mr Dennison's house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hospitality. The house is

old fashioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces, and on the north there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whose house he is not expected till to-morrow

In the mean time, as there is a man going to the next market town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures, and you will own I give you them like a beef-steak at Dolly's, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of yours,
J MELFORD

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—Since the last trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents some of them of a singular nature, which I reserve as a fund for conversation, but there are others so interesting, that they will not keep *in petto* till meeting

Know, then, it was a thousand pounds to a sixpence, that you should now be executing my will, instead of perusing my letter! Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midst of a rapid river, where my life was saved with the utmost difficulty, by the courage, activity, and presence of mind, of my servant Humphry Clinker But this is not the most surprising circumstance of the adventure The said Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Lloyd, natural son of one Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, if you know any such person You see, doctor, that, notwithstanding all your philosophy, it is not without reason that we Welshmen ascribe such energy to the force of blood — But we shall discuss this point on some future occasion

• This is not the only discovery which I made in consequence of our disaster We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly shore The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Denmison, our fellow-rake at Oxford We are now happily housed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity at which I have been aspiring these twenty years in vain He is blessed with a consort, whose disposition is suited to his own in all respects, tender, generous, and benevolent She, moreover, possesses an uncommon share of understanding, fortitude, and discretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counsellor, and coadjutrix These excellent persons have an only son, about nineteen years of age, just such a youth as

they could have wished that Heaven would bestow, to fill up the measure of their enjoyment In a word, they know no other alloy to their happiness, but their apprehension and anxiety about the life and concerns of this beloved object

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a second brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar, but he did not find himself qualified to shine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profession He disoblged his father, by marrying for love, without any consideration of fortune, so that he had little or nothing to depend upon for some years but his practice, which afforded him a bare subsistence, and the prospect of an increasing family began to give him disturbance and disquiet In the mean time, his father dying, was succeeded by his eldest brother, a fox-hunter and a sot, who neglected his affairs, insulted and oppressed his servants, and in a few years had well-nigh ruined the estate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate consequence of a debauch Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit business, and retire into the country, although this resolution was strenuously and zealously opposed by every individual whom he consulted on the subject Those who had tried the experiment assured him, that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for less than double of what his estate produced, that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horses, hounds, carriages, with a suitable number of servants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours, that farming was a mystery known only to those who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the success of it depending not only upon skill and industry, but also upon such attention and economy as no gentleman could be supposed to give or practise accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miscarried, and not a few had been ruined by their prosecution of agriculture, nay, they affirmed, that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and go to market for his poultry, eggs, kitchen-herbs, and roots, and every the most inconsiderable article of house-keeping, than to have those articles produced on his own ground

These objections did not deter Mr Denmison, because they were chiefly founded upon the supposition, that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid The objects he had in view, were health of body, peace of mind, and the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unalloyed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence He was very moderate in his estimate of the necessaries, and even of the comforts of

life he required nothing but wholesome air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected, that, if a peasant, without education, or any great share of natural sagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent, upon a farm for which he paid an annual rent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, surely he himself might hope for some success from his industry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a-year to receive. He considered that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without distinction. He had studied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerness and delight, and he could not conceive there was any mystery in the practice but what he should be able to disclose by dint of care and application. With respect to household expense, he entered into a minute detail and investigation, by which he perceived the assertions of his friends were altogether erroneous. He found he should save sixty pounds a-year in the single article of house rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies, that even butcher's meat was twenty per cent cheaper in the country than in London, but that poultry, and almost every other circumstance of house-keeping, might be had for less than one-half of what they cost in town, besides a considerable saving on the side of dress, in being delivered from the oppressive imposition of ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the least disturbance. He was now turned of forty, and having lived half that time in the busy scenes of life, was well skilled in the science of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure, than that of a man, who, with five hundred pounds a-year, presumes to rival in expence a neighbour who possesses five times that income. His ostentation, far from concealing, serves only to discover his indigence, and render his vanity the more shocking, for it attracts the eyes of censure, and excites the spirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a servant in his house, nor a farmer in the parish, but what knows the utmost farthing that his lands produce; and all these behold him with scorn or compassion. I am surprised that these reflections do not occur to persons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a salutary effect; but the truth is, of all the passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding, nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved, as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a sketch of the character and situation of Mr Dennison,

when he came down to take possession of his estate, but as the messenger, who carries the letters to the next town, is just setting off, I shall reserve what farther I have to say on this subject till the next post, when you shall certainly hear from yours, always,
MATT BRAMBLE

October 8

TO DR LEWIS

Once more, dear doctor, I resume the pen for your amusement. It was the morning after our arrival, that, walking out with my friend Mr Dennison, I could not help breaking forth into the warmest expressions of applause at the beauty of the scene, which is really enchanting, and I signified, in particular, how much I was pleased with the disposition of some detached groves, that afforded at once shelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took possession of these lands, about two-and-twenty years ago," said he, "there was not a tree standing within a mile of the house, except those of an old neglected orchard, which produced nothing but leaves and moss. It was in the gloomy month of November when I arrived, and found the house in such a condition, that it might have been justly styled *the tower of desolation*. The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited such a rank plantation of weeds as I had never seen before, the window-shutters were falling in pieces, the sashes broken, and owls and jack-daws had taken possession of the chimneys. The prospect within was still more dreary. All was dark and damp, and dirty beyond description, the rain penetrated into several parts of the roof, in some apartments the very floors had given way, the hangings were parted from the walls, and shaking in mouldy remnants, the glasses were dropping out of their frames; the family pictures were covered with dust, and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy. There was not a bed in the house that could be used, except one old-fashioned machine with a high gilt tester, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two centuries in the family. In short, there was no furniture but the utensils of the kitchen, and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that stunk so abominably, that I would not suffer any body to enter it, until I had flashed a considerable quantity of gunpowder, to qualify the foul air within."

"An old cottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the house, had left it with precipitation, alleging, among other causes of retreat, that they could not sleep for frightful noises, and that my poor brother certainly

walked after death. In a word, the house appeared uninhabitable, the barn, stable and out-houses were in ruins, all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waste.

"The farmer who kept the key, never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the spot. He rented a farm of sixty pounds, and his lease was just expiring. He had formed a scheme of being appointed bailiff to the estate, and of converting the house and the adjacent grounds to his own use. A hint of this intention I received from the curate, at my first arrival, I therefore did not pay much regard to what he said by way of discouraging me from coming to settle in the country, but I was a little startled when he gave me warning that he should quit the farm at the expiration of his lease, unless I would abate considerably in the rent.

'At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a person, whose friendship laid the foundation of all my prosperity. In the next market town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr Wilson, who has lately come to settle in the neighbourhood. He had been lieutenant of a man-of-war, but quitted the sea in some disgust, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this parish, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of husbandry. Wilson is one of the best-natured men I ever knew, brave, frank, obliging and ingenuous. He liked my conversation, I was charmed with his liberal manner, an acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was soon improved into a friendship without reserve. There are characters, which, like similar particles of matter, strongly attract each other. He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my estate, of consequence well qualified to advise me on this occasion. Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuse myself with the occupations of farming, he approved of my design. He gave me to understand that all my farms were underlet, that the estate was capable of great improvement, that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood, and that my own ground produced excellent marl for manure. With respect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he said he would willingly take it at the present rent, but at the same time owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in inclosures, it would be worth more than double the sum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my scheme without further delay, and plunged into a sea of expense, though I had no fund in reserve, and the whole produce of the estate did not exceed three hundred pounds a-year. In one week my house was made weather-tight, and thoroughly cleansed from top to bottom, then it was well ventilated, by throwing all the doors and win-

dows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets. The floors were repaired, the sashes new glazed, and, out of the old furniture of the whole house, I made shift to fit up a parlour and three chambers, in a plain, yet decent manner. The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbish, and my friend Wilson charged himself with the dressing of the garden. Bricklayers were set at work upon the barn and stable, and labourers engaged to restore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whose recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the house, and keep constant fires in the apartments.

"Having taken these measures, I returned to London, where I forthwith sold off my household furniture, and, in three weeks from my first visit, brought my wife hither to keep her Christmas. Considering the gloomy season of the year, the dreariness of the place, and the decayed aspect of our habitation, I was afraid that her resolution would sink under the sudden transition from a town life to such a melancholy state of rustication, but I was agreeably disappointed. She found the reality less uncomfortable than the picture I had drawn. By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance. The out-houses had risen out of their ruins, the pigeon-house was rebuilt, and replenished by Wilson, who also put my garden in decent order, and provided a good stock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard, and the house, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures. Farmer Bland spared me a milk-cow for my family, and an ordinary saddle-horse for my servant to go to market at the next town. I hired a country lad for a footman, the hind's daughter was my house-maid, and my wife had brought a cook-maid from London.

"Such was my family when I began house-keeping in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raised from the sale of my superfluous furniture. I knew we should find occupation enough through the day to employ our time, but I dreaded the long winter evenings, yet for these too we found a remedy. The curate, who was a single man, soon became so naturalized to the family, that he generally lay in the house, and his company was equally agreeable and useful. He was a modest man, a good scholar, and perfectly well qualified to instruct me in such country matters as I wanted to know. Mr Wilson brought his wife to see us, and she became so fond of Mrs Dennison, that she said she was never so happy as when she enjoyed the benefit of her conversation. She was then a fine buxom country lass, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her husband Jack Wilson, so that a friendship

ensued among the women, which hath continued to this day

"As for Jack, he hath been my constant companion, counsellor, and commissary—I would not for a hundred pounds you should leave my house without seeing him. Jack is an universal genius—his talents are really astonishing. He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artist in iron and brass. He not only superintended my economy, but also presided over my pastimes. He taught me to brew beer, to make cider, perry, mead, usquebaugh, and plague-water, to cook several outlandish delicacies, such as *alias*, *pepper-pots*, *pillaus*, *corys*, *chabobs* and *staffatas*. He understands all manner of games, from chess down to chuck-farthing, sings a good song, plays upon the violin, and dances a hornpipe with surprising agility. He and I walked, and rode, and hunted, and fished together, without minding the vicissitudes of the weather, and I am persuaded, that in a raw moist climate, like this of England, continual exercise is as necessary as food to the preservation of the individual. In the course of two-and-twenty years there has not been one hour's interruption or abatement in the friendship subsisting between Wilson's family and mine, and, what is a rare instance of good fortune, that friendship is continued to our children. His son and mine are nearly of the same age and the same disposition, they have been bred up together at the same school and college, and love each other with the warmest affection.

"By Wilson's means, I likewise formed an acquaintance with a sensible physician, who lives in the next market town, and his sister, an agreeable old maiden, passed the Christmas holidays at our house. Meanwhile, I began my farming with great eagerness, and that very winter planted these groves that please you so much. As for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that quarter during my first campaign, they were all gone to town before I had settled in the country, and by the summer I had taken measures to defend myself from their attacks. When a gay equipage came to my gates, I was never at home, those who visited me in a modest way, I received; and, according to the remarks I made on their characters and conversation, either rejected their advances, or returned their civility. I was in general despised among the fashionable company, as a low fellow, both in breeding and circumstances, nevertheless, I found a few individuals of moderate fortune, who gladly adopted my style of living, and many others would have acceded to our society, had they not been prevented by the pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters. Those, in times of luxury and dissipation, are the rocks upon which all the small estates in the country are wrecked.

"I reserved in my own hands some acres of ground adjacent to the house, for making experiments in agriculture, according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel and others, who have written on this subject, and qualified their theory with the practical observation of farmer Bland, who was my great master in the art of husbandry. In short, I became enamoured of a country life, and my success greatly exceeded my expectation. I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern, I planted copse and willows where nothing else would grow, I gradually inclosed all my farms, and made such improvements, that my estate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a-year. All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of spirits, except on a very few occasions, when our cheerfulness was invaded by such accidents as are inseparable from the condition of life. I lost two children in their infancy by the small-pox, so that I have one son only, in whom all our hopes are centered. He went yesterday to visit a friend, with whom he has staid all night, but he will be here to dinner. I shall this day have the pleasure of presenting him to you and your family, and I flatter myself you will find him not altogether unworthy of your affection.

"The truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of a very amiable character, and yet his conduct has given us unspeakable disquiet. You must know we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heiress of a considerable fortune, but it seems he had a personal disgust to the alliance. He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences, but being pressed in letters by his mother and me to give a definitive answer, he fairly gave his tutor the slip, and disappeared about eight months ago. Before he took this rash step, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring that he would keep himself concealed until he should understand that his parents would dispense with his contracting an engagement that must make him miserable for life, and he prescribed the form of advertising in a certain newspaper, by which he might be apprised of our sentiments on this subject.

"You may easily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the least hint to his companion Charles Wilson, who belonged to the same college. We resolved to punish him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord, but he maintained his purpose till the young lady chose a partner for herself, then he produced himself, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilson. Suppose we should unite our families, by joining him

with your niece, who is one of the most lovely creatures I ever beheld. My wife is already as fond of her as if she were her own child, and I have a presentiment that my son will be captivated by her at first sight." "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family," said I, "than such an alliance, but, my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you, that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly disengaged—there is a cursed obstacle—" "You mean the young stroller at Gloucester," said he, "you are surprised that I should know this circumstance, but you will be more surprised when I tell you that stroller is no other than my son George Dennison—that was the character he assumed in his eclipse." "I am indeed astonished and overjoyed," cried I, "and shall be happy beyond expression to see your proposal take effect."

He then gave me to understand, that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had disclosed his passion for Miss Melford, the niece of Mr Bramble of Monmouthshire. Though Mr Dennison little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Lloyd, he nevertheless furnished his son with proper credentials, and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places, in quest of us, to make himself and his pretensions known. The bad success of his inquiry had such an effect upon his spirits, that, immediately at his return, he was seized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction, but he is now happily recovered, though still weak and disconsolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of these circumstances, with which he was wonderfully pleased. He declared he would promote the match to the utmost of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr Dennison as his friend and brother. Meanwhile, the father went to desire his wife to communicate this discovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not suffer too sudden a shock, and I imparted the particulars to my sister Tabby, who expressed some surprise, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy, for, though she could have no objection to an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous, she hesitated in giving her consent, on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties. At length, however, she acquiesced, in consequence of having consulted with Captain Lismahago.

Mr Dennison took care to be in the way when his son arrived at the gate, and, without giving him time or opportunity to make any inquiry about the strangers, brought him up stairs to be presented to Mr Lloyd and his family. The first person he saw, when he entered the room, was Liddy, who, notwithstanding all her preparation, stood trembling in the utmost confusion. At sight of this object, he was fixed motionless to the

floor, and, gazing at her with the utmost eagerness of astonishment, exclaimed,—“Sacred heaven! what is this!—ha!—wherefore!” Here his speech failing, he stood straining his eyes, in the most emphatic silence. “George,” said his father, “this is my friend Mr Lloyd. Roused at this intimation, he turned and received my salute, when I said,—“Young gentleman, if you had trusted me with your secret at our last meeting, we should have parted upon better terms.” Before he could make any answer, Jerry came round and stood before him with open arms. At first he started and changed colour, but, after a short pause, he rushed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy. Then he paid his respects to Mrs Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy,—“Is it possible,” cried he, “that my senses do not play me false!—that I see Miss Melford under my father’s roof—that I am permitted to speak to her without giving offence—and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection?” Liddy blushed, and trembled, and faltered. “To be sure, sir,” said she, “it is a very surprising circumstance—a great—a providential—I really know not what I say—but I beg you will think I have said what’s agreeable.”

Mrs Dennison interposing, said,—“Compose yourselves, my dear children. Your mutual happiness shall be our peculiar care.” The son going up to his mother, kissed one hand, my niece bathed the other with her tears, and the good old lady pressed them both in their turns to her breast. The lovers were too much affected to get rid of their embarrassment for one day, but the scene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilson, who brought, as usual, some game of his own killing. His honest countenance was a good letter of recommendation. I received him like a dear friend after a long separation, and I could not help wondering to see him shake Jerry by the hand as an old acquaintance. They had, indeed, been acquainted some days, in consequence of a diverting incident, which I shall explain at meeting. That same night a consultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage articles were settled without the least dispute. My nephew and I promised to make Liddy’s fortune five thousand pounds. Mr Dennison declared, he would make over one half of his estate immediately to his son, and that his daughter-in-law should be secured in a jointure of four hundred. Tabby proposed, that, considering their youth, they should undergo one year at least of probation, before the indissoluble knot should be tied, but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the scheme implying that the young

couple should live in the house under the wings of his parents, we resolved to make them happy without farther delay.

As the law requires that the parties should be some weeks resident in the parish, we shall stay here till the ceremony is performed. Mr Lismahago requests that he may take the benefit of the same occasion, so that Sunday next the banns will be published for all four together. I doubt I shall not be able to pass my Christmas with you at Brambleton-hall. Indeed, I am so agreeably situated in this place, that I have no desire to shift my quarters, and I foresee, that, when the day of separation comes, there will be abundance of sorrow on all sides. In the mean time, we must make the most of those blessings which Heaven bestows. Considering how you are tethered by your profession, I cannot hope to see you so far from home, yet the distance does not exceed a summer day's journey, and Charles Dennison, who desires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to see his old comptator, but as I am now stationary, I expect regular answers to the epistles of, yours invariably,

MATT BRAMBLE

October 11

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART AT OXON

DEAR WAT,—Every day is now big with incident and discovery. Young Mr Dennison proves to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long under the name of Wilson. He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he detested, and acted in different parts of the country as a stroller, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself, then he returned to his father, and disclosed his passion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr Bramble was his old companion Matthew Lloyd. The young gentleman being empowered to make honourable proposals to my uncle and me, had been in search of us all over England without effect, and he it was whom I had seen pass on horseback by the window of the inn, where I stood with my sister, but he little dreamed that we were in the house. As for the real Mr Wilson, whom I called forth to combat by mistake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr Dennison, and this connection had suggested to the son the idea of taking that name while he remained in obscurity.

You may easily conceive what pleasure I must have felt on discovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a sister whom I love with uncommon affection; that, instead of debasing her sentiments and views to a wretched stroller, she

had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank, and superior in fortune, and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law so worthy of my friendship and esteem. George Dennison is, without all question, one of the most accomplished young fellows in England. His person is at once elegant and manly, and his understanding highly cultivated. Though his spirit is lofty, his heart is kind, and his manner so engaging, as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am ashamed to find myself so light in the balance, but the comparison excites no envy—I propose him as a model for imitation. I have endeavoured to recommend myself to his friendship, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injustice we every day commit, and what absurd judgments we form, in viewing objects through the falsifying medium of prejudice and passion. Had you asked me a few days ago the picture of Wilson the player, I should have drawn a portrait very unlike the real person and character of George Dennison. Without all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and perusing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision.

The real Wilson is a great original, and the best tempered companionable man I ever knew. I question if ever he was angry or low-spirited in his life. He makes no pretensions to letters, but he is an adept in every thing else that can be either useful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete sportsman, and counted the best shot in the country. He and Dennison, and Lismahago and I, attended by Clunker, went a-shooting yesterday, and made great havock among the partridges. To-morrow we shall take the field against the woodcocks and snipes. In the evening we dance and sing, or play at commerce, loo and quadrille.

Mr Dennison is an elegant poet, and has written some detached pieces on the subject of his passion for Liddy, which must be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman. Perhaps he is one of the greatest theatrical geniuses that ever appeared. He sometimes entertains us with reciting favourite speeches from our best plays. We are resolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay. I think I shall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub*, and Lismahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet*. Wilson undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton*, for which he has

got a jacket ready painted with his own hand

Our society is really enchanting. Even the severity of Lismahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs Tabby is remarkably dulcified ever since it was agreed that she should take the precedence of her niece in being first noosed. For you must know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage, and the banns for both couples have been already once published in the parish church. The captain earnestly begged that one trouble might serve for all, and Tabitha assented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her *insombrato*, who came hither very slenderly equipped, has sent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding, but it is of no great consequence, as every thing is to be transacted with the utmost privacy. Meanwhile, directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females. Liddy will be secured in a good jointure, and her aunt will remain mistress of her own fortune, except one half of the interest, which her husband shall have a right to enjoy for his natural life. I think this is as little in conscience as can be done for a man who yokes with such a partner for life.

These expectants seem to be so happy, that if Mr Dennison had an agreeable daughter, I believe I should be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour seems to be infectious, for Clinker, alias Lloyd, has a month's mind to play the fool in the same fashion with Mrs Winifred Jenkins. He has even sounded me on the subject, but I have given him no encouragement to prosecute this scheme. I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promise subsisting, that I did not know what designs my uncle might have formed for his advantage, but I was of opinion, that he should not at present run the risk of disobliging him by any premature application of this nature. Honest Humphry protested he would suffer death sooner than say or do any thing that should give offence to the squire, but he owned he had a kindness for the young woman, and had reason to think she looked upon him with a favourable eye, that he considered this mutual manifestation of good will as an engagement understood, which ought to be binding to the conscience of an honest man, and he hoped the squire and I would be of the same opinion, when we should be at leisure to bestow any thought about the matter. I believe he is in the right, and we shall find time to take his case into consideration. You see we are fixed for some weeks at least, and as you have had a long respite, I hope you will begin immediately to discharge the arrears due to your affectionate

J MELFORD

October 14

TO MISS LETITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY,—Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting, that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate,—my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed—and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well nigh perished. O heaven! I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious, but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his own father?—for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his assistance, and invite us to his house, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr Bramble. His name is Mr Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son. Who do you think is this only son?—O Letty!—O gracious heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you, that this only son of Mr Dennison is that very identical youth, who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart!—Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favour, his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent. My uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppose my inclinations. On the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble!—I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune. I have no merit—I have no title to such felicity!—Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in a perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my

heart which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend, and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel. I must, therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come, and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occasion, and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr Clinker, *alias* Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post-chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where, I am sure, you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal—if you have any friendship—any humanity—you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise your ever faithful

LYDIA MELFORD

October 14

TO MRS JERMYN, AT HER HOUSE IN GLOUCESTER

DEAR MADAM,—Though I was not so fortunate as to be favoured with an answer to the letter with which I troubled you in the spring, I still flatter myself that you retain some regard for me and my concerns. I am sure the care and tenderness with which I was treated under your roof and tuition, demand the warmest returns of gratitude and affection on my part, and these sentiments, I hope, I shall cherish to my dying day. At present I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy issue of that indiscretion by which I incurred your displeasure.—Ah! madam, the slighted Wilson is metamorphosed into George Dennison, only son and heir of a gentleman, whose character is second to none in England, as you may understand upon inquiry. My guardians, my brother, and I, are now in his house, and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the persons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will easily conceive how embarrassing this situation must be to a young inexperienced creature like me, of weak

nerves and strong apprehensions, and how much the presence of a friend and confidant would encourage and support me on this occasion. You know that, of all the young ladies, Miss Willis was she that possessed the greatest share of my confidence and affection, and, therefore, I fervently wish to have the happiness of her company at this interesting crisis.

Mrs Dennison, who is the object of universal love and esteem, has, at my request, written to you on this subject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her solicitation. My dear Mrs Jermyn! my ever-honoured governess! let me conjure you, by that fondness which once distinguished your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart, which disposes you to promote the happiness of your fellow-creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and use your influence with Letty's mamma, that my most earnest desire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her safe, and even to accompany her to Gloucester, where, if you will give me leave, I will present to you, under another name, dear madam, your most affectionate humble servant, and penitent,

LYDIA MELFORD

October 14

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!—I have met with so many accidents, surprisals and terrifications, that I am in a perfect fangio, and believe I shall never be my own self again. Last week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and lost a bran-new night-cap with a sulfer stay-hook, that cost me a good half a crown, and an odd shoe of green gallow-monkey, besides wetting my clothes, and taring my smuck, and an ugly gash made in the back part of my thy, by the stump of a tree. To be sure, Mr Clinker tuck me out of the cox, but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the squire, and I mought have had a watry grave, if a millar had not brought me to the dry land. But, O what choppings and changes, girl! The player-man that came after Miss Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Bristol well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, son and hare of Squire Dollison. We are altogether in the same house, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a formite the surrymony will be performed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have. Mistress is resolved to have the same frolick, in the nam of God! Last Sunday, in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marriage betwixt Opanish Lashmeyhago and Ta-

bitha Brample, spinster, he mought as well have called her incle-weaver, for she never spun an hank of yarn in her life. Young Squire Dollison and Miss Liddy make the second kipple, and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr Clinker O Molly! what do'st think? Mr Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own squire, and his right name is Mr Matthew Loyd (thof God he knose how that can be), and he is now out of livery, and wears ruffles; but I knew him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his pistereroes, so he need not hold his head so high. He is for sartin very umble and compeasant, and purtests as how he has the same regard as before, but that he is no longer his own master, and cannot portend to marry without the squire's consent. He says we must wait with patience, and trust to Providence, and such nonsense. But if so be as how his regard be the same, why stand shilly-shally? Why not strike while the iron is hot, and speak to the squire without losing time? What subjection can the squire make to our coming together? Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honest woman. I didn't come on the wrong side of the blanket, girl. My parents were married according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angels—mark that, Mary Jones!

Mr Clinker (Loyd I would say) had best look to his tackle. There be other chaps in the market, as the saying is. What would he say if I should except the soot and sarvice of the young squire's valley? Mr Mac-happy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars. He has a world of buck learning, and speaks French and Ditch and Scotch, and all manner of outlandish lingos to be sure he's a little the worse for the ware, and is much given to drink, but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger. But I have no thoughts of him, I'll assure you. I scorn for to do, or to say, or to think any thing that might give umbreech to Mr Loyd, without furdur occasion. But then I have such vapours, Molly. I sit and cry by myself, and take ass of etida, and smill to burnt fathers and kindal-snuffs, and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new light, to show me the way through this wretched veil of tares. And yet, I want for nothing in this family of love, where every sole is so kind and so courteous, that one would think they are so many saints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myself to your prayers, being, with my service to Saul, your ever loving, and discoursselled friend,

WIN JENKINS

October 14

TO DR LEWIS

DEAR DICK,—You cannot imagine what pleasure I have in seeing your hand-writing, after such a long cessation on your side of our correspondence. yet, heaven knows, I have often seen your hand-writing with disgust, I mean when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin. I like your hint of making interest for the reversion of the collector's place for Lismahago, who is much pleased with the scheme, and presents you with his compliments and best thanks for thinking so kindly of his concerns. The man seems to mend upon further acquaintance. That harsh reserve, which formed a disagreeable husk about his character, begins to peel off in the course of our communication. I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom, and I make no doubt but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our little society, in the article of conversation by the fire-side in winter.

Your objection to my passing this season of the year at such a distance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myself perfectly at my ease where I am, and my health so much improved, that I am disposed to b'd defiance to the gout and rheumatism. I begin to think I have put myself on the superannuated list too soon, and absurdly sought for health in the retreats of laziness. I am persuaded, that all valetudinarians are too sedentary, too regular, and too cautious. We should sometimes increase the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life*, and now and then take a plunge amidst the waves of excess, in order to case-harden the constitution. I have even found a change of company as necessary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the spirits, which is the very essence and criterion of good health.

Since my last, I have been performing the duties of friendship, that required a great deal of exercise, from which I hope to derive some benefit. Understanding, by the greatest accident in the world, that Mr Baynard's wife was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, I borrowed Dennison's post-chaise, and went across the country to his habitation, attended only by Lloyd (quondam Clinker) on horseback. As the distance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and, meeting the physician at the door, was informed that his patient had just expired. I was instantly seized with a violent emotion; but it was not grief. The family being in confusion, I ran up stairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all assembled. The aunt stood wringing her hands, in a state of stupefaction of sorrow,

but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction. He held the body in his arms, and poured forth such a lamentation, that one would have thought he had lost the most amiable consort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exist, independent of esteem, nay, the same object may be lovely in one respect, and detestable in another. The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itself, in such a manner, by dint of use, to things that are in their own nature disagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was so absorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and desired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber. At the same time, I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who stood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the distress of the scene. These steps being taken, I waited till the first violence of my friend's transport was abated, then disengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment, though he struggled so hard, that I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his valet-de-chambre. In a few minutes, however, he recollected himself, and folding me in his arms,—"This," cried he, "is a friendly office, indeed!"—I know not how you came hither, but I think heaven sent you to prevent my going distracted. O Matthew! I have lost my dear Harriet!—my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with such warmth and purity of affection—my constant companion of twenty years!—She's gone—she's gone for ever! Heaven and earth, where is she? Death shall not part us!"

So saying, he started up, and could hardly be withheld from returning to the scene we had quitted. You will perceive it would have been very absurd for me to argue with a man that talked so madly. On all such occasions, the first torrent of passion must be allowed to subside gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by starting little hints, and insinuating other objects of discourse imperceptibly, and being exceedingly pleased in my mind at this event, I exerted myself with such an extraordinary flow of spirits as was attended with success. In a few hours he was calm enough to hear reason, and even to own that heaven could not have interposed more effectually to rescue him from disgrace and ruin. That he might not, however, relapse into weaknesses for want of company, I passed the night in his chamber, in a little tent-bed brought thither on purpose, and well it was that I took this precaution, for he started up in bed several times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been present.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of business, and vested me with full authority over his household, which I began to exercise without loss of time, though not before he knew and approved of the scheme I had projected for his advantage. He would have quitted the house immediately, but this retreat I opposed. Far from encouraging a temporary disgust, which might degenerate into an habitual aversion, I resolved, if possible, to attach him more than ever to his household goods. I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was consistent with decency, I wrote to London, that an inventory and estimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town-house, and gave notice to the landlord that Mr Baynard should quit the premises at Lady-day. I set a person at work to take an account of every thing in the country-house, including horses, carriages and harness, I settled the young gentleman at a boarding-school, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as soon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we dismissed. The aunt continued very sullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr Baynard paid his respects to her every day in her own chamber. There also she held conferences with the waiting-women and other servants of the family, but the moment her niece was interred, she went away in a post-chaise prepared for that purpose, she did not leave the house, however, without giving Mr Baynard to understand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquisite of her woman, accordingly, that worthless drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceased mistress, to the value of five hundred pounds, at a moderate computation.

The next step I took was to disband that legion of supernumerary domestics, who had preyed so long upon the vitals of my friend, a parcel of idle drones, so intolerably insolent, that they even treated their own master with the most contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and these were the only patrons to whom they paid the least deference. I had therefore uncommon satisfaction in clearing the house of those vermin. The woman of the deceased, and a chambermaid, a valet-de-chambre, a butler, a French cook, a master-gardener, two footmen, and a coachman, I paid off, and turned out of the house immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Those whom I retained, consisted of a female cook, who had been assistant to the Frenchman, a house-maid, an old lacquey, a postilion and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expense and care from the shoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses,

when he found himself so suddenly and so effectually relieved. His heart, however, was still subject to vibrations of tenderness, which returned at certain intervals, extorting sighs, and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience, but these fits grew every day less violent and less frequent, till at length his reason obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the state of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thousand pounds, for eighteen thousand pounds of which sum his estate is mortgaged, and as he pays five per cent interest, and some of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a-year clear from his lands, over and above the interest of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burden, I devised the following expedient. His wife's jewels, together with his superfluous plate and furniture in both houses, his horses and carriages, which are already advertised to be sold by auction, will, according to the estimate, produce two thousand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thousand pounds. I have undertaken to find him ten thousand pounds at four per cent, by which means he will save one hundred a-year in the article of interest, and perhaps we shall be able to borrow the other eight thousand on the same terms. According to his own scheme of a country life, he says he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year, but, as he has a son to educate, we will allow him five hundred, then there will be an accumulating fund of seven hundred a-year, principal and interest, to pay off the encumbrance, and, I think, we may modestly add three hundred on the presumption of new-leasing and improving the vacant farms; so that, in a couple of years, I suppose, there will be above a thousand a-year appropriated to liquidate a debt of sixteen thousand.

We forthwith began to class and set apart the articles designed for sale, under the direction of an upholder from London; and, that nobody in the house might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its own channel, to refresh the fainting Naiads, who had so long languished among mouldering roots, withered leaves and dry pebbles. The shrubbery is condemned to extirpation, and the pleasure-ground will be restored to its original use of corn-field and pasture. Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the house, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and chesnut, at the east end, which is now quite exposed to the surly blasts that come from that quarter. All

these works being actually begun, and the house and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaise, and made him acquainted with Dennison, whose goodness of heart would not fail to engage his esteem and affection. He is indeed charmed with our society in general, and declares that he never saw the theory of true pleasure reduced to practice before. I really believe it would not be an easy task to find such a number of individuals assembled under one roof more happy than we are at present.

I must tell you, however, in confidence, I suspect Tabby of tergiversation. I have been so long accustomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her designs, while they are yet in embryo. She attached herself to Lismahago for no other reason but that she despaired of making a more agreeable conquest. At present, if I am not much mistaken in my observation, she would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage. Since he arrived, she has behaved very coldly to the captain, and strove to fasten on the other's heart with the hooks of overstrained civility. These must be the instinctive efforts of her constitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate design, for matters are carried to such a length with the lieutenant, that she could not retract with any regard to conscience or reputation. Besides, she will meet with nothing but indifference or aversion on the side of Baynard, who has too much sense to think of such a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any such connexion at the present juncture. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thousand pounds at four per cent towards paying off his mortgage. Young Dennison has agreed that Liddy's fortune shall be appropriated to the same purpose, on the same terms, his father will sell out three thousand pounds stock for his accommodation. Farmer Bland has, at the desire of Wilson, undertaken for two thousand, and I must make an effort to advance what farther will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philistines. He is so pleased with the improvements made on this estate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himself as a pupil in farming to Mr Dennison, and resolved to attach himself wholly to the practice of husbandry.

Every thing is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties shall have been resident in the parish the term prescribed by law. Young Dennison betrays some symptoms of impatience, but Lismahago bears this necessary delay with the temper of a philosopher. You must know,

the captain does not stand altogether on the foundation of personal merit. Besides his half-pay, amounting to two-and-forty pounds a year, this indefatigable economist has amassed eight hundred pounds, which he has secured in the funds. This sum arises partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians, partly from what he received as a consideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half-pay, to which he is now restricted, and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his sashemship among the Miamis.

Luddy's fears and perplexities have been much assuaged by the company of one Miss Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-school. Her parents had been earnestly solicited to allow her making this friendly visit on such an extraordinary occasion, and two days ago she arrived with her mother, who did not choose that she should come without a proper governante. The young lady is very handsome, sprightly and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good sort of a woman, so that their coming adds considerably to our enjoyment. But we shall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr Clinker Lloyd has made humble remonstrance, through the channel of my nephew, setting forth the sincere love and affection mutually subsisting between him and Mrs Winifred Jenkins, and praying my consent to their coming together for life. I would have wished that Mr Clinker had kept out of this scrape; but as the nymph's happiness is at stake, and she has had already some fits in the way of despondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical catastrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters, and I suppose we shall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambleton-hall. The fellow is stout and lusty, very sober and conscientious, and the wench seems to be as great an enthusiast in love as in religion.

I wish you would think of employing him some other way, that the parish may not be overstocked—you know he has been bred a farmer, consequently belongs to the faculty, and, as he is very docile, I make no doubt, but, with your good instruction, he may be, in a little time, qualified to act as a Welsh apothecary. Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has consented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as she now considers Clinker in the light of a relation, but I believe her objections are of a more selfish nature. She declares she cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Lloyd in the character of a servant, and she foresees, that, on such an occasion, the woman will expect some gratification for her past services. As for Clinker, exclusive of other considerations, he is

so trusty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him such personal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can possibly be shown him by yours,

MATT BRAMBLE

October 26

TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART AT OXON

DEAR KNIGHT,—The fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a close, and the curtain is ready to drop, but the latter scenes of this act I shall recapitulate in order. About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excursion across the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr Baynard, who has just lost his wife, and was for some time disconsolate, though, by all accounts, he had much more cause for joy than for sorrow at this event. His countenance, however, clears up apace, and he appears to be a person of rare accomplishments, but we have received another still more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miss Willis from Gloucester. She was Luddy's bosom-friend at boarding-school, and being earnestly solicited to assist at the nuptials, her mother was so obliging as to grant my sister's request, and even to come with her in person. Luddy, accompanied by George Dennison and me, gave them the meeting half way, and next day conducted them hither in safety. Miss Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of disposition, an agreeable contrast to my sister, who is rather too grave and sentimental for my turn of mind. The other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good-humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born and remarkably handsome. Ah, Phillips! if these qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make—but these are idle reflections—my destiny must one day be fulfilled.

At present we pass the time as agreeably as we can. We have got up several farces, which afforded unspeakable entertainment, by the effects they produced among the country people, who were admitted to all our exhibitions. Two nights ago, Jack Wilson acquired great applause in Harlequin Skeleton, and Lismahago surprised us all in the character of Pierot. His long lank sides, and strong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part. He appeared with a ludicrous stare, from which he had discharged all meaning; he adopted the impressions of fear and amazement so naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the skeleton had him in chase, his horror became most divertingly picturesque, and seemed to endow him with such preternatural agility, as confounded all

the spectators. It was a lively representation of Death in pursuit of Consumption, and had such an effect upon the commonalty, that some of them shrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmost consternation.

This is not the only instance in which the lieutenant had lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been soured and shrivelled by disappointment and chagrin, is now swelled out and smoothed like a raisin in a plum-porridge. From being reserved and punctilious, he is become easy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs, and banters, with the most facetious familiarity, and, in a word, enters into all our schemes of merriment and pastime. The other day his baggage arrived in the wagon from London, contained in two large trunks and a long deal box, not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he displayed for the entertainment of the company, and he freely owned, that it consisted chiefly of the *opima spolia* taken in battle. What he selected for his wedding suit, was a tarnished white cloth, faced with blue velvet, embroidered with silver, but he valued himself most upon a tie-periwig, in which he had made his first appearance as a lawyer, about thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever since, and now all the servants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the ceremony, which was yesterday celebrated at the parish church. George Dennison and his bride were distinguished by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerness and joy, and she trembled with coyness and confusion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis supported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the *pas*, and formed indeed such a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dressed in the style of 1739, and, the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold, but this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her shoulders a fur cloak of American sables, valued at fourscore guineas, a present equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, she was led up to the altar by Mr. Dennison, who did the office of her father. Lismahago advanced in the military step, with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that surpassed all description, and a languishing leer upon his countenance, in which there seemed to be something arch and ironical. The ring which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was used. He now produced it with an air of self-complacency. It was a curious antique, set with rose-diamonds. He told us afterwards it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a present from his grandmother. These circumstances agree-

ably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generosity for he had, in the morning, presented my uncle with a fine bear's skin and a Spanish fowling-piece, and me with a case of pistols curiously mounted with silver. At the same time, he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purse, made of silk-grass, containing twenty crown pieces. You must know, this young lady, with the assistance of Mr. Lloyd, formed the third couple who yesterday sacrificed to Hymen. I wrote you in my last that he had recourse to my mediation, which I employed successfully with my uncle, but Mrs. Tabitha held out till the love-sick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then she relented, and those two cooing turtles were caged for life. Our aunt made an effort of generosity in furnishing the bride with her superfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my sister, nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occasion. It was indeed a day of peace-offering. Mr. Dennison insisted upon Liddy's accepting two bank-notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money, and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, besides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Dennison and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilson had resolved to execute some jokes on Lismahago, and, after supper, began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired, but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alleging that the adventure in which he had engaged was a very serious matter, and that it would be more the part of a good Christian to pray that he might be strengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finish the adventure. He was spared accordingly, and permitted to ascend the nuptial couch with all his senses about him. There he and his consort sat in state like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction posset was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago, the fragments were distributed among the by-standers, according to the custom of the ancient Britons, on the supposition that every person who ate of this hallowed cake should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilson's waggery fell upon honest Humphry and his spouse, who were bedded in an upper room, with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking. This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a sort of caterwauling ensued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat, shod with walnut shells, which, galloping along the boards, made such a dreadful noise as effectually discomposed our lovers.

Winifred screamed aloud, and shrunk under the bed-clothes. Mr Lloyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propria persona*, laid aside all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency. At length, the poor animal being more afraid than either, leaped upon the bed, and mewed with the most piteous exclamation. Lloyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, rose and set the door wide open, so that this troublesome visitant retreated with great expedition, then securing himself, by means of a double bolt, from a second intrusion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without disturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well satisfied with what has passed. George Dennison and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any strong marked signs of their mutual satisfaction, but their eyes are sufficiently expressive. Mrs Tabitha Lismahago is rather fulsome in signifying her approbation of the captain's love, while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry. He sighs, and ogles, and languishes at this amiable object. He kisses her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and sings tender airs, and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him sincere. In order to show how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland saraband over a naked back-sword, and leaped so high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells. Mr Matthew Lloyd, when asked how he relishes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying—"For what we have received, Lord make us thankful, amen!" His help-mate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be ashamed of having been in bed with a man. Thus all these widgeons enjoy the novelty of their situation, but perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs Willis cannot be persuaded to stay, and Liddy is engaged by promise to accompany her daughter back to Gloucester, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence and that most of us will spend the Christmas holidays at Bath, in which case I shall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters. By this time, I suppose, you are sick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that scheme of peregrination which was last year concerted between you and your affectionate

J MELFORD

November 8

TO DOCTOR LEWIS

DEAR DOCTOR,—My niece Liddy is now happily settled for life, and Captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands, so that

have nothing farther to do, but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my son Lloyd, who is also fairly joined to Mrs Winifred Jenkins. You are an excellent genius at hints. Dr Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr Lewis in that respect. What you observe of the vestry-clerk deserves consideration. I make no doubt but Matthew Lloyd is well enough qualified for the office, but, at present, you must find room for him in the house. His incorruptible honesty and indefatigable care will be serviceable in superintending the economy of my farm, though I don't mean that he shall interfere with Barnes, of whom I have no cause to complain. I am just returned with Baynard from a second trip to his house, where every thing is regulated to his satisfaction. He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, so that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone, therefore, I will not part with him till the spring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of husbandry, which will at once employ and amuse his attention. Charles Dennison has promised to stay with him a fortnight, to set him fairly afloat in his improvements, and Jack Wilson will see him from time to time, besides, he has a few friends in the country, whom, his new plan of life will not exclude from his society. In less than a year, I make no doubt but he will find himself perfectly at ease, both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerously affected the other, and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing my friend rescued from misery and contempt.

Mrs Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Gloucester, our plan has undergone some alteration. Jerry has persuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath, and I believe his parents will accompany him thither. For my part, I have no intention to take that route. It must be something very extraordinary that will induce me either to revisit Bath or London. My sister and her husband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Gloucester, and make the best of our way to Brambleton-hall, where I desire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Christmas dinner. You must also employ your medical skill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good case to receive the rest of our company, who promise to visit us in their return from the Bath. As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise. I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr Lismahago, who is a keen sportsman, and we shall take the heath in all weathers. That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters, a resolu-

tion, which, had I taken it sooner, might have saved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epistles of

MATT BRAMBLE

November 14

TO MRS GWYLLIM, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

GOOD MRS GWYLLIM,—Heaven, for wise purposes, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manager of my brother's family: but as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams, I desire you will get your accounts ready for inspection, as we are coming home without further delay. My spouse, the captain, being subject to rum-matticks, I beg you will take great care to have the bloo chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception. Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well tousled. Mrs Lloyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant: therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room. If she can spin, and is mistress of plain work, so much the better—but she must not expect extravagant wages—having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests your loving friend,

TAB LISMAHAGO

November 20

TO MRS MARY JONES, AT BRAMBLETON-HALL

MRS JONES,—Providence hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. We were yesterday three kiple chined by the grease of God, in the holy

bands of mattermoney, and I now subscribe myself Loyd at your sarvice. All the parish allowed that young squire Dallison and his bride was a comely pear for to see. As for Madam Lashmiheygo, you nose her pickle-aries—her head, to be sure, was fantastical, and her spouse had wrapt her with a long marokin furze clock from the land of the selvedges, thof they say it is of immense vally. The captain himself had a hudge hassock of air, with three tails, and a tum-tawdry coat, boddered with sulfur. Wan said he was a monkey-bank, and the ould botler swore he was the born imich of Titi-dall. For my part, I says nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me. Mr Loyd was dressed in a little frog and checket with gould binding, and thof he don't enter in caparison with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow private squire in the county, and then his pursing is far from contentible. Your humble sarvant had on a plain pea-green tabby sack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and side curls. They said I was the very moral of Lady Rickmanstone, but not so pale—that may well be, for her ladyship is my elder by seven good years and more. Now, Mrs Mary, our satiety is to suppurate. Mr Milfart goes to Bath along with the Dallisons, and the rest of us push home to Wales, to pass our Christmash at Brambleton-hall. As our appartments is to be the yellow pepper, in the thurd story, pray carry my things thither. Present my compliments to Mrs Gwyllim, and I hope she and I will live upon dissent terms of civility. Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher spear, you'll excuse my being familiar with the lower sarvants of the family, but, as I trust you'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good-will and purtection of yours,

W LOYD

November 20

END OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.

THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

In these ticklish times, it may be necessary to give such an account of the following sheets as will exempt me from the plague of prosecution.

On the 7th of March, in the present year 1748, they were offered to me for sale by a tall thin woman, about the age of threescore, dressed in a gown of bombasin, with a cloak and bonnet of black silk, both a little the worse for the wear. She called herself Dorothy Hatchet, spinster, of the parish of Old-street, administratrix of Mr Nathaniel Peacock, who died in the said parish on the 5th day of last April, and lies buried in the church-yard of Islington, in the north-west corner, where his grave is distinguished by a monumental board, inscribed with the following tristich—

Hic, hæc, hoc,
Here lies the block
Of old Nathaniel Peacock

In this particular, any person whatever may satisfy himself, by taking an afternoon's

walk to Islington, where, at the White House, he may recreate and refresh himself with excellent tea and hot rolls for so small a charge as eight-pence.

As to the MS, before I would treat for it, I read it over attentively, and found it contained divers curious particulars of a foreign history, without any allusion to, or resemblance with, the transactions of these times. I likewise turned over to Kempfer and the Universal History, and found in their several accounts of Japan, many of the names and much of the matter specified in the following sheets. Finally, that I might run no risk of misconstruction, I had recourse to an eminent chamber-counsel of my acquaintance, who diligently perused the whole, and declared it was no more actionable than the Vision of Ezekiel, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah the prophet. Thus assured, I purchased the copy, which I now present in print, with my best respects to the courteous reader, being his very humble servant,

S. ETHRINGTON

Bucklersbury

Vivant Rex et Regina

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM.

THE EDITOR'S DECLARATION

I NATHANIEL PEACOCK, of the parish of St Giles's, haberdasher and author, solemnly declare, that, on the third of last August, sitting alone in my study, up three pair of stairs, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, meditating upon the uncertainty of sublunary enjoyment, I heard a shrill, small voice, seemingly proceeding from a chink or crevice in my own pericardium, call distinctly three times,—“Nathaniel Peacock! Nathaniel Peacock! Nathaniel Peacock!” Astonished, yes, even affrighted, at this citation, I replied, in a faltering tone,—“In the name of the Lord, what art thou?” Thus adjured, the voice answered and said,—“I am an Atom.” I was now thrown into a violent perturbation of spirit, for I never could behold an atom without fear and trembling, even when I knew it was no more than a composition of dry bones, but the conceit of being in presence of an atom, informed with spirit, that is, animated by a ghost or goblin, increased my terrors exceedingly. I durst not lift up mine eyes, lest I should behold an apparition more dreadful than the hand-writing on the wall. My knees knocked together, my teeth chattered: mine hair bristled up so as to raise a cotton night-cap from the scalp; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; my temples were bedewed with a cold sweat. Verily I was for a season entranced.

At length, by the blessing of God, I recollected myself, and cried aloud,—“Avast, Satan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” “White-livered villain!” said the voice with a peculiar tartness of pronunciation, “what art thou afraid of, that thou shouldst thus tremble, and diffuse around thee such an unsavoury odour? What thou hearest is within thee—is part of thyself. I am one of those atoms, or constituent particles of matter, which can neither be annihi-

lated, divided nor impaired: the different arrangements of us atoms, compose all the variety of objects and essences which nature exhibits or art can obtain. Of the same shape, substance, and quality, are the component particles that harden in rock, and flow in water, that blacken in the negro, and brighten in the diamond; that exhale from a rose, and steam from a dunghill. Even now ten millions of atoms were dispersed in air by that odoriferous gale, which the commotion of thy fear produced, and I can foresee that one of them will be consolidated in a fibre of the olfactory nerve belonging to a celebrated beauty, whose nostril is excoriated by the immoderate use of plain Spanish Know, Nathaniel, that we atoms are singly endued with such efficacy of reason, as cannot be expected in an aggregate body, where we crowd and squeeze and embarrass one another, yet, those ideas which we singly possess, we cannot communicate, except once in a thousand years, and then only, when we fill a certain place in the pineal gland of a human creature, the very station which I now maintain in thine. For the benefit of you miserable mortals, I am determined to promulge the history of one period, during which I underwent some strange revolutions in the empire of Japan, and was conscious of some political anecdotes now to be divulged for the instruction of British ministers. Take up the pen, therefore, and write what I shall unfold.”

By this time my first apprehensions vanished; but another fear, almost as terrible, usurped its place. I began to think myself insane, and concluded that the voice was no other than the fantastic undulation of a disturbed brain. I therefore preferred an earnest orison at the throne of grace, that I might be restored to the fruition of my right understanding and judgment. “O incredulous wretch!” exclaimed the voice, “I will now convince thee that this is no phantasma or

hideous dream Answer me, dost thou know the meaning and derivation of the word atom?" I replied,—"No, verily." "Then I will tell thee," said the voice; "thou shalt write it down without delay, and consult the curate of the parish on the same subject. If his explanation and mine agree, thou wilt then be firmly persuaded that I am an actual, independent existence; and that this address is not the vague delirium of a disordered brain. *Atomos* is a Greek word, signifying an indivisible particle, derived from *alpha*, privative, and *temno*, to cut."

I marvelled much at this injunction, which, however, I literally obeyed; and next morning sallied forth to visit the habitation of the curate; but in going thither, it was my hap to encounter a learned physician of my acquaintance, who hath read all the books that ever were published in any nation or language to him I referred for the denotation of the word atom. He paused a little, threw up his eyes to heaven, stroked his chin with great solemnity, and, ~~heaving~~ ^{heaving} three times,—"Greek, sir," said he, "is more familiar to me than my native tongue. I have conversed, sir, with Homer and Plato, Hesiod and Theophrastus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Aræteus, Pindar and Sophocles, and all the poets and historians of antiquity. Sir, my library cost me two thousand pounds. I have spent as much more in making experiments, and you must know that I have discovered certain chemical specifics, which I would not divulge for fifty times the sum. As for the word *atomos* or *atime*, it signifies a scoundrel, sir, or, as it were, sir, a thing of no estimation. It is derived, sir, from *alpha* privative, and *time*, honour. Hence, we call a skeleton an *atomy*, because, sir, the bones are, as it were, dishonoured, by being stripped of their clothing, and exposed in their nakedness."

I was sorely vexed at this interpretation, and my apprehension of lunacy recurred; nevertheless I proceeded in my way to the lodgings of the curate, and deared his explanation, which tallied exactly with what I had written. At my return to my own house, I ascended to my study, asked pardon of my internal monitor, and taking pen, ink, and paper, sat down to write what it dictated in the following strain.

"It was in the era of Foggien,* one thousand years ago, that fate determined I should exist in the empire of Japan, where I underwent a great number of vicissitudes, till, at length, I was inclosed in a grain of rice, eaten by a Dutch mariner at Firando, and, becoming a particle of his body, brought to the Cape of Good Hope. There I was discharged in a scorbutic dysentery, taken up in a heap of soil to manure a garden, raised

* The history of Japan is divided into three different eras, of which Foggien is the most considerable

to vegetation in a salad, devoured by an English supercargo, assimilated to a certain organ of his body, from which, at his return to London, being diseased in consequence of impure contact, I was again separated with a considerable portion of putrescent flesh, thrown upon a dunghill, gobbled up and digested by a duck, of which duck your father, Ephraim Peacock, having eaten plentifully at the feast of the cordwainers, I was mixed with his circulating juices, and finally fixed in the principal part of that animalcule which, in process of time, expanded itself into thee, Nathaniel Peacock."

Having thus particularized my transmigrations since my conveyance from Japan, I shall return thither, and unfold some curious particulars of state-intrigue, carried on during the short period, the history of which I mean to record. I need not tell thee that the empire of Japan consists of three large islands, or that the people who inhabit them are such inconsistent, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpose of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a shuttlecock tossed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philosophy and folly. A Japanese, without the intervention of any visible motive, is, by turns, merry and pensive, superficial and profound, generous and illiberal, rash and circumspect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They seem to have no fixed principle of action, no certain plan of conduct, no effectual rudder to steer them through the voyage of life, but to be hurried down the rapid tide of each revolving whim, or driven the sport of every gust of passion that happens to blow. A Japanese will sing at a funeral and sigh at a wedding, he will this hour talk ribaldry with a prostitute, and the next immerse himself in the study of metaphysics or theology. In favour of one stranger, he will exert all the virtues of hospitality, against another he will exercise all the animosity of the most sordid prejudice. One minute sees him hazarding his all on the success of the most extravagant project, another beholds him hesitating on lending a few copans* to his friend on undeniable security. To-day he is afraid of paring his corns, to-morrow he scruples not to cut his own throat. At one season he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another he will not bestow the smallest pittance to save his brother from indigence and distress. He is elated to insolence by the least gleam of success; he is dejected to despondence by the slightest turn of adverse fortune. One hour he doubts the best established truths, the next he swallows the most improbable fiction. His praise and his censure are what a wise man would choose to avoid, as evils equally pernicious; the first is generally

* Copan is a gold coin used in Japan, value about 4s shillings.

raised without foundation, and carried to such extravagance, as to expose the object to the ridicule of mankind; the last is often unprovoked, yet usually inflamed to all the rage of the most malignant persecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great a petty officer who robs a hen-roost, and damn to infamy a general for not performing impossibilities. The same man whom he yesterday flattered with the most fulsome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the most bitter abuse; and, at the turning of a straw, take into his bosom the very person whom he has formerly defamed as the most perfidious rascal.

The Japanese value themselves much upon their constitution, and are very clamorous about the words liberty and property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they please, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With respect to their property, they are the tamest animals in the world, and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, such impositions as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular, they may be compared to an ass, that will crouch under the most unconscionable burden, provided you scratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his bellyfull. They are so practicable, that they have suffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the most bungling administration, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition of the most sordid and contemptible sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne.

The methods used for accomplishing these purposes are extremely simple. You have seen a dancing bear incensed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeased by firing a pistol over his nose. The Japanese, even in their most ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance against the cuboy, or minister, and even threaten the throne itself, are easily softened into meekness and condescension. A set of tall fellows, hired for the purpose, tickle them under the noses with long straws into a gentle convulsion, during which they shut their eyes, and smile, and quietly suffer their pockets to be turned inside out. Nay, what is still more remarkable, the ministry is in possession of a pipe, or rather bullock's horn, which, being sounded to a particular pitch, has such an effect on the ears and understanding of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own interests with their own money, as easily as if the treasure had chiro from the remotest corner of the globe. Notwithstanding these capricious peculiarities, the Japanese are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their insular situation, and partly from a spirit of commercial

perseverance, and conducted by repeated flashes of good sense, which almost incessantly gleam through the chaos of their absurdities.

Japan was originally governed by monarchs who possessed an absolute power, and succeeded by hereditary right, under the title of Dairō. But in the beginning of the period Feggien, this emperor became a cypher, and the whole administration devolved into the hands of the prime minister, or cuboy, who now exercises all the power and authority, leaving the trappings of royalty to the inactive dairō. The prince who held the reins of government in the short period which I intend to record, was not a lineal descendant of the ancient dairōs, the immediate succession having failed, but sprung from a collateral branch which was invited from a foreign country in the person of *Bupo*, in honour of whom the Japanese erected *Fakku-basi*,* or the temple of the white horse. So much were all his successors devoted to the culture of the idol, which, by the bye, was made of the vilest materials, that, in order to enrich his shrine, they impoverished the whole empire, yet still with the connivance and by the influence of the cuboy, who gratified this sordid passion or superstition of the dairō, with a view to prevent him from employing his attention on matters of greater consequence.

Nathaniel, you have heard of the transmigration of souls, a doctrine avowed by one Pythagoras, a philosopher of Crotona. This doctrine, though discarded and reprobated by Christians, is, nevertheless, sound and orthodox, I affirm on the integrity of an atom. Further I shall not explain myself on this subject, though I might with safety set the convocation and the whole hierarchy at defiance, knowing, as I do, that it is not in their power to make me hate one particle of what I advance, or, if they should endeavour to reach me through your organs, and even condemn you to the stake at Smithfield, verily I say unto thee, I should be a gainer by the next remove. I should shift my quarters from a very cold and empty tenement, which I now occupy in the brain of a poor haberdasher, to the nervous plexus situated at the mouth of the stomach of a fat alderman fed with venison and turtle.

But to return to Pythagoras, whom one of your wise countrymen denominated *Petey Gore the wise-acre* of Croton; you must know that philosopher was a type, which hath not yet been fully unveiled. That he taught the metempsychosis, explained the nature and property of harmonies, demonstrated the motion of the earth, discovered the elements of geometry and arithmetic, enjoined his disciples silence, and abstained from eating any thing that was ever informed

* *Vid.* Kempfer, lib 1

by the breath of life, are circumstances known to all the learned world; but his veneration for beans, which cost him his life, his golden thigh, his adventures in the character of a courtesan, his golden vomit, his epithet of *autopsia*, the title of his being born of a virgin, and his descent into hell, are mysteries in which some of the most important truths are concealed. Between friends, honest Nathaniel, I myself constituted part of that sage's body; and I could say a great deal—but there is a time for all things. I shall only observe, that Philip Tessier had some reason for supposing Pythagoras to have been a monk; and there are shrewd hints in Meyer's dissertation, *Utrum Pythagoras Judeus fuit, an monachus Carmelita*.

Waving these intricate discussions for the present (though I cannot help disclosing that Pythagoras was actually circumcised), know, Peacock, that the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is the method which nature and fate constantly pursue in animating the creatures produced on the face of the earth; and this process, with some variation, is such as the Eleusinian mysteries imported, and such as you have read in Dryden's translation of the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. The gods have provided a great magazine or diversorium, to which the departed souls of all animals repair at their dismission from the body. Here they are bathed in the waters of oblivion until they retain no memory of the scenes through which they have passed; but they still preserve their original crasis and capacity. From this repository all new created beings are supplied with souls, and these souls transmigrate into different animals, according to the pleasure of the great disposer. For example, my good friend Nathaniel Peacock, your own soul has, within these hundred years, threaded a goat, a spider, and a bishop; and its next stage will be the carcase of a brewer's horse.

In what manner we atoms come by these articles of intelligence, whether by intuition, or communication of ideas, it is not necessary that you should conceive. Suffice it to say, the gods were merry on the follies of mankind, and Mercury undertook to exhibit a mighty nation, ruled and governed by the meanest intellects that could be found in the repository of pre-existing spirits. He laid the scene in Japan, about the middle of the period Foggien, when that nation was at peace with all her neighbours. Into the mass destined to sway the empire, he infused, at the very article of conception, the spirit, which, in course of strangulation, had been expelled a posteriori from a goose, killed on purpose to regulate the appetite of the emperor. The animalcule, thus inspired, was born, and succeeded to the throne, under the name of Got-bama-baba. His whole life and conversation was no other than a repetition of the humours he had displayed in his

last character. He was rapacious, shallow, hot-headed, and perverse; in point of understanding, just sufficient to appear in public without a slaving bib; imbued with no knowledge, illumed by no sentiment, and warmed with no affection, except a blind attachment to the worship of Faku-basi, which seemed indeed to be a disease in his constitution. His heart was meanly selfish, and his disposition altogether unprincipally.

Of all his recreations, that which he delighted in most, was kicking the breech of his cuboy, or prime minister, an exercise which he every day performed in private. It was therefore necessary that a cuboy should be found to undergo this diurnal operation without repining. This was a circumstance foreseen and provided for by Mercury, who, a little after the conception of Got-hama-baba, impregnated the ovum of a future cuboy, and implanted in it a changeling soul, which had successively passed through the bodies of an ass, a dotterel, an apple-woman, and a cow-boy. It was diverting enough to see the rejoicings with which the birth of this quanbuku* was celebrated; and still more so to observe the marks of fond admiration in the parents, as the soul of the cow-boy proceeded to expand itself in the young cuboy. This is a species of diversion we atoms often enjoy. We at different times behold the same spirit hunted down in a hare, and cried up in a Hector, fawning in a prostitute, and bribing in a minister, breaking forth in a whistle at the plough, and in a sermon from the pulpit, impelling a hog to the sty, and a counsellor to the cabinet; prompting a shoe-boy to filch, and a patriot to harangue; squinting in a goat, and smiling in a matron.

Tutors of all sorts were provided betimes for the young quanbuku, but his genius rejected all cultivation, at least the crops it produced were barren and ungrateful. He was distinguished by the name of Fika-kaka, and caressed as the heir of an immense fortune. Nay, he was really considered as one of the most hopeful young quanbukus in the empire of Japan, for his want of ideas was attended with a total absence of pride, insolence, or any other disagreeable vice, indeed his character was founded upon negatives. He had no understanding, no economy, no courage, no industry, no steadiness, no disengagement, no vigour, no retention. He was reputed generous and good humoured, but was really profuse, chicken-hearted, negligent, fickle, blundering, weak, and leaky. All these qualifications were agitated by an eagerness, haste, and impatience, that completed the most ludicrous composition which human nature ever produced. He appeared always in hurry and confusion, as if he had

* Quanbuku is a dignity of the first order in Japan.

lost his wits in the morning, and was in quest of them all day. Let me whisper a secret to you, my good friend Peacock. All this bustle and trepidation proceeded from a hollowness in the brain, forming a kind of eddy, in which his animal spirits were hurried about in a perpetual swirl. Had it not been for this *lusus nature*, the circulation would not have been sufficient for the purposes of animal life. Had the whole world been searched by the princes thereof, it would not have produced another to have matched this half-witted original, to whom the administration of a mighty empire was wholly consigned. Notwithstanding all the care that was taken of his education, Fika-kaka never could comprehend any art or science, except that of dancing bare-headed among the bonzas, at the great festival of Cambadox. The extent of his knowledge in arithmetic went no farther than the numeration of his ten fingers. In history, he had no idea of what preceded a certain treaty with the Chinese, in the reign of queen Syko, who died within his own remembrance, and was so ignorant of geography, that he did not know that his native country was surrounded by the sea. No system of morality could he ever understand, and of the fourteen sects of religion that are permitted in Japan, the only discipline he could imbibe was a superstitious devotion for Faku-basi, the temple of the white horse. This, indeed, was neither the fruit of doctrine, nor the result of reason, but a real instinct, implanted in his nature for fulfilling the ends of Providence. His person was extremely awkward, his eye vacant, though alarmed, his speech thick and embarrassed, his utterance ungraceful, and his meaning perplexed. With much difficulty he learned to write his own name, and that of the dauro, and picked up a smattering of the Chinese language, which was sometimes used at court. In his youth, he freely conversed with women, but, as he advanced in age, he placed his chief felicity in the delights of the table. He hired cooks from China at an enormous expense, and drank huge quantities of the strong liquor distilled from rice, which, by producing repeated intoxication, had an unlucky effect upon his brain, that was naturally of a loose flimsy texture. The immoderate use of this potation was likewise said to have greatly impaired his retentive faculty, inasmuch as he was subject, upon every extraordinary emotion of spirit, to an involuntary discharge from the last of the intestines.

Such was the character of Fika-kaka, entitled by his birth to a prodigious estate, as well as to the honours of quanzuku, the first hereditary dignity in the empire. In consequence of this high station, he was connected with all the great men in Japan, and used to the court from his infancy. Here it was he became acquainted with

young Gothama-baba, his future sovereign, and their souls being congenial, they soon contracted an intimacy, which endured for life. They were like twin particles of matter, which having been divorced from one another by a most violent shock, had floated many thousand years in the ocean of the universe, till at length meeting by accident, and approaching within the spheres of each other's attraction, they rush together with an eager embrace, and continue united ever after.

The favour of the sovereign, added to the natural influence arising from a vast fortune and great alliances, did not fail to elevate Fika-kaka to the most eminent offices of the state, until, at length, he attained to the dignity of cuboy, or chief minister, which virtually comprehends all the rest. Here then was the strangest phenomenon that ever appeared in the political world. A statesman without capacity, or the smallest tincture of human learning, a secretary who could not write, a financier who did not understand the multiplication table, and the treasurer of a vast empire who never could balance accounts with his own butler.

He was no sooner, for the diversion of the gods, promoted to the cuboyship, than his vanity was pampered with all sorts of adulation. He was in magnificence extolled above the first Meckaddo, or line of emperors, to whom divine honours had been paid, equal in wisdom to Tensio-dai-sun, the first founder of the Japanese monarchy, braver than Whey-vang, of the dynasty of Chew, more learned than Jacko, the chief pontiff of Japan, more liberal than Shi-wang-ti, who was possessed of the universal medicine, and more religious than Bupo, alias Kobot, who, from a foreign country, brought with him, on a white horse, a book called Kio, containing the mysteries of his religion.

But by none was he more cultivated than by the bonzas, or clergy, especially those of the university of Frenoxena,* so renowned for their learning, sermons and oratory, who actually chose him their supreme director, and every morning adored him with a very singular rite of worship. This attachment was the more remarkable, as Fika-kaka was known to favour the sect of Nem-buds-ju, who distinguished themselves by the ceremony of circumcision. Some malicious people did not scruple to whisper about, that he himself had privately undergone the operation; but these, to my certain knowledge, were the suggestions of falsehood and slander. A slight scarification, indeed, it was once necessary to make, on account of his health, but this was no ceremony of any religious worship. The truth was this—the Nem-buds-ju, being few in number, and generally hated by the whole nation, had recourse to

* Vid. Hist. Eccles. Japan, Vol. I

the protection of Fika-kaka, which they obtained for a valuable consideration. Then a law was promulgated in their favour, a step which was so far from exciting the jealousy of the bonzas, that there was not above three, out of one hundred and fifty-mine thousand, that opened their lips in disapprobation of the measure. Such were the virtue and moderation of the bonzas, and so lotr were they to disobhge their great director Fika-kaka.

What rendered the knot of connection between Dairo Got-hama-baba and this cuboy altogether indissoluble, was a singular circumstance, which I shall now explain. Fika-kaka not only devoted himself entirely to the gratification of his master's prejudices and rapacity, even when they interfered the most with the interest and reputation of Japan, but he also submitted personally to his capricious humours with the most placid resignation. He presented his posteriors to be kicked as regularly as the day revolved, and presented them not barely with submission, but with all the appearance of fond desiré and truly this diurnal exposure was attended with such delectation as he never enjoyed in any other attitude.

To explain this matter, I must tell thee, Peacock, that Fika-kaka was from his infancy afflicted with an itching of the podex, which the learned Dr Woodward would have termed *immanis adidm pruritus*—That great naturalist would have imputed it to a redundancy of cholcy salts, got out of the stomach and guts into the blood, and thrown upon these parts, and he would have attempted to break their colluctations with oil, &c but I, who know the real causes of this disorder, smile at these whims of philosophy.

Be that as it may, certain it is, all the most eminent physicians in Japan were consulted about this strange tickling and tingling, and among these the celebrated Fansey, whose spirit afterwards informed the body of Rabelais. This experienced leech, having prescribed a course of cathartics, balsamics, and sweeteners, on the supposition that the blood was tainted with a scorbutical itch, at length found reason to believe that the disease was local. He therefore tried the method of gentle friction for which purpose he used almost the very same substances which were many centuries after applied by Gargantua to his own posteriors, such as a night-cap, a pillow-bier, a slipper, a poke, a panier, a beaver, a hen, a cock, a chicken, a calf-skin, a hare-skin, a pigeon, a cormorant, a lawyer's bag, a lamprey, a coif, a lure; nay, even a goose's neck, without finding that *volute merifique au trou de cul*, which was the portion of the son of Gargousier. In short, there was nothing that gave Fika-kaka such respite from this tormenting titillation as did smearing the parts

with thick cream, which was afterwards licked up by the rough tongue of a boar-cat. But the administration of this remedy was once productive of a disagreeable incident. In the mean time, the distemper gaining ground, became so troublesome, that the unfortunate quanbuku was incessantly in the fidgets, and ran about distracted, cackling like a hen in labour.

The source of all this misfortune was the juxtaposition of two atoms quarrelling for precedence, in this the cuboy's seat of honour. Their pressing and squeezing, and elbowing and jostling, though of no effect in decomposing one another, occasioned all this irritation and titillation in the posteriors of Fika-kaka. What! dost thou mutter, Peacock? dost thou presume to question my veracity? Now, by the indivisible rotundity of an atom, I have a good mind, cattif, to raise such a buzzing commotion in thy *glandula pinealis*, that thou shalt run distracted over the face of the earth, like Io when she was stung by Juno's gad-fly! What! thou who hast been wrapped from the cradle in visions of mystery and revelation, and swallowed impossibilities like lamb's wool, and digested doctrines harder than iron three times quenched in the Ebro! thou to demur at what I assert upon the evidence and faith of my own consciousness and consistency!—Oh! you capitulate! well, then beware of a relapse—you know a relapsed heretic finds no mercy.

I say, while Fika-kaka's podex was the scene of contention between two turbulent atoms, I had the honour to be posted immediately under the nail of the dairo's great toe, which happened one day to itch more than usual for occupation. The cuboy presenting himself at that instant, and turning his face from his master, Got-hama-baba performed the exercise with such uncommon vehemence, that first his slipper, and then his toe-nail flew off, after having made a small breach in the perineum of Fika-kaka. By the same effort I was divorced from the great toe of the sovereign, and lodged near the great gut of his minister, exactly in the interstice between the two hostile particles, which were thus in some measure restrained from wrangling, though it was not in my power to keep the peace entirely. Nevertheless, Fika-kaka's torture was immediately suspended, and he was even seized with an orgasm of pleasure, analogous to that which characterises the ecstasy of love.

Think not, however, Peacock, that I would adduce this circumstance as a proof that pleasure and pain are mere relations, which can exist only as they are contrasted. No. pleasure and pain are simple, independent ideas, incapable of definition, and this which Fika-kaka felt, was an ecstasy compounded of positive pleasure ingrafted upon the removal of pain, but whether this positive

pleasure depended upon a particular centre of percussion hit upon by accident, or was the inseparable effect of kicking and scratching conferred by a royal foot and toe, I shall not at present unfold. neither will I demonstrate the *modus operandi* on the nervous papillæ of Fika-kaka's breech, whether by irritation, relaxation, undulation, or vibration. Were these essential discoveries communicated, human philosophy would become too arrogant. It was but the other day that Newton made shift to dive into some subaltern laws of matter, to explain the revolution of the planets, and analyse the composition of light, and ever since, that reptile man has believed itself a demi-god. I hope to see the day when the petulant philosopher shall be driven back to his Categories, and the Organum Universale of Aristotle, his *οὐρανὸς ἡμῶν* and his *ἀποδείξεις*.

But, waving these digressions, the pleasure which the cuboy felt from the application of the dairo's toe-nail was succeeded by a kind of tension or stiffness, which began to grow troublesome just as he reached his own palace, where the bonzas were assembled to offer up their diurnal incense. Instant, on this occasion, performed what could hardly have been expected from the most extraordinary talents. At sight of a grizzled beard belonging to one of those venerable doctors, he was struck with the idea of a powerful assuager, and taking him into his cabinet, proposed that he should make oral application to the part affected. The proposal was embraced without hesitation, and the effect even transcended the hope of the cuboy. The oscillation itself was soft, warm, emollient and comfortable, but when the nervous papillæ were gently stroked, and, as it were, fondled by the long, elastic, peristaltic, abstersive fibres that composed this reverend verriculum, such a delectable titillation ensued, that Fika-kaka was quite in raptures.

That which he intended at first for a medicine, he now converted into an article of luxury. All the bonzas who enrolled themselves in the number of his dependents, whether old or young, black or fair, rough or smooth, were enjoined every day to perform this additional and posterior rite of worship, so productive of delight to the cuboy, that he was every morning impatient to receive the dairo's calcitration, or rather his pedestrian digitation, after which he flew with all the eagerness of desire to the subsequent part of his entertainment.

The transports thus produced, seemed to disarrange his whole nervous system, and produce an odd kind of revolution in his fancy, for, though he was naturally grave, and indeed overwhelmed with constitutional hebetude, he became, in consequence of this periodical tickling, the most giddy, pert buffoon in nature. All was grinning, giggling, laughing

and prating, except when his fears intervened, then he started and stared, and cursed and prayed, by turns. There was but one barber in the whole empire that would undertake to shave him, so ticklish and unsteady he was under the hands of the operator. He could not sit above one minute in the same attitude, or on the same seat, but shifted about from couch to chair, from chair to stool, from stool to close-stool, with incessant rotation, and all the time gave audience to those who solicited his favour and protection. To all and several he promised his best offices, and confirmed these promises with oaths and protestations. One he shook by the hand, another he hugged; a third he kissed on both sides the face, with a fourth he whispered, a fifth he honoured with a familiar horse-laugh. He never had courage to refuse even that which he could not possibly grant, and at last his tongue actually forgot how to pronounce the negative particle. but as in the English language two negative amount to an affirmative, five hundred affirmatives in the mouth of Fika-kaka did not altogether destroy the efficacy of simple negation. A promise five hundred times repeated, and at every repetition confirmed by an oath, barely amounted to a computable chance of performance.

It must be allowed, however, he promoted a great number of bonzas, and in this promotion he manifested an uncommon taste. They were preferred according to the colour of their beards. He found, by experience, that beards of different colours yielded him different degrees of pleasure in the friction we have described above, and the provision he made for each was in proportion to the satisfaction the candidate could afford. The sensation ensuing from the contact of a grey beard was soft and delicate, and agreeably demulcent, when the parts were unusually inflamed, a red, yellow, or brindled beard was in request when the business was to thrill or tingle, but a black beard was of all others the most honoured by Fika-kaka, not only on account of its fleecy feel, equally spirited and balsamic, but also for another philosophical reason, which I shall now explain. You know, Peacock, that black colour absorbs the rays of light, and detains them, as it were, in a repository. Thus a black beard, like the back of a black cat, becomes a phosphorus in the dark, and emits sparkles upon friction. You must know, that one of the gravest doctors of the bonzas, who had a private request to make, desired an audience of Fika-kaka in his closet at night, and the taper falling down by accident, that very instant, when his beard was in contact with the cuboy's seat of honour, the electrical snap was heard, and the part illuminated, to the astonishment of the spectators, who looked upon it as a prelude to the apotheosis of Fika-kaka. Being made acquainted with

this phenomenon, the minister was exceedingly elevated in his own mind. He rejoiced in it, as a communication of some divine efficacy, and raised the happy bonza to the rank of pontifex maximus, or chief priest, in the temple of Faku-basi. In the course of experiments, he found that all black beards were electrical in the same degree, and being ignorant of philosophy, ascribed it to some supernatural virtue, in consequence of which they were promoted as the holiest of the bonzas: But you and I know, that such a phosphorus is obtained from the most worthless and corrupted materials, such as rotten wood, putrefied veal, and stinking whiting.

Fika-kaka, such as I described him, could not possibly act in the character of cuboy, without the assistance of counsellors and subalterns, who understood the detail of government and the forms of business. He was accordingly surrounded by a number of satellites, who reflected his lustre in their several spheres of rotation, and though their immersions and emersions were apparently abrupt and irregular, formed a kind of luminous belt as pale and comfortless as the ring of Saturn, the most distant, cold and baleful of all the planets.

The most remarkable of these subordinates was Sti-phi-rum-poo, a man, who, from a low plebeian origin, had raised himself to one of the first offices of the empire, to the dignity of *quo*, or nobleman, and a considerable share of the dauro's personal regard. He owed his whole success to his industry, assiduity and circumspection. During the former part of his life, he studied the laws of Japan with such severity of application, that, though unassisted by the least gleam of genius, and destitute of the smallest pretension to talent, he made himself master of all the written ordinances, all the established customs and forms of proceeding in the different tribunals of the empire. In the progress of his vocation, he became an advocate of some eminence, and even acquired reputation for polemical eloquence, though his manner was ever dry, laboured and unpleasant. Being elevated to the station of a judge, he so far justified the interest by which he had been promoted, that his honesty was never called in question, and his sentences were generally allowed to be just and upright. He heard causes with the most painful attention, seemed to be indefatigable in his researches after truth, and though he was forbidding in his aspect, slow in deliberation, tedious in discussion, and cold in his address, yet, I must own, he was also unbiassed in his decisions. I mean, unbiassed by any consciousness of sinister motive, for a man may be biassed by the nature of his disposition, as well as by prejudices acquired, and yet not guilty of intentional partiality. Sti-phi-rum-poo was scrupulously just, according to his own ideas of justice; and consequently well qualified

to decide in common controversies. But in delicate cases, which required an uncommon share of penetration; when the province of a supreme judge is to mitigate the severity, and sometimes even deviate from the dead letter of the common law, in favour of particular institutions, or of humanity in general, he had neither genius to enlighten his understanding, sentiment to elevate his mind, nor courage to surmount the petty inclosures of ordinary practice. He was accused of avarice and cruelty, but in fact, these were not active passions in his heart. The conduct which seemed to justify these imputations, was wholly owing to a total want of taste and generosity. The nature of his post furnished him with opportunities to accumulate riches; and as the narrowness of his mind admitted no ideas of elegance or refined pleasure, he knew not how to use his wealth so as to avoid the charge of a sordid disposition. His temper was not rapacious, but attentive, he knew not the use of wealth, and therefore did not use it at all, but was in this particular neither better nor worse than a strong-box for the convenience and advantage of his heir. The appearance of cruelty remarkable in his counsels, relating to some wretched insurgents who had been taken in open rebellion, and the rancorous pleasure he seemed to feel in pronouncing sentence of death by self-exenteration,* was in fact the gratification of a dastardly heart, which had never acknowledged the least impulse of any liberal sentiment. This being the case, mankind ought not to impute that to his guilt, which was, in effect, the consequence of his infirmity. A man might, with equal justice, be punished for being purblind. Sti-phi-rum-poo was much more culpable for seeking to shine in a sphere for which nature never intended him, I mean for commencing statesman, and intermeddling in the machine of government; yet even into this character he was forced, as it were, by the opinion and injunctions of Fika-kaka, who employed him at first in making speeches for the dauro, which that prince used to pronounce in public at certain seasons of the year. These speeches being tolerably well received by the populace, the cuboy conceived an extraordinary opinion of his talents, and thought him extremely well qualified to ease him of great part of the burden of government. He found him very well disposed to engage heartily in his interests. Then he was admitted to the obsecration *a posteriori*, and though his beard was not black, but rather of a subfuscian hue, he managed it with such dexterity, that Fika-kaka declared the salute gave him unspeakable pleasure, while the bystanders protested that the contact produced,

* A gentleman capitally convicted in Japan is allowed the privilege of anticipating the common executioner, by ripping out his own bowels.

not simply electrical sparks or scintillations, but even a perfect irradiation, which seemed altogether supernatural. From this moment *Sti-phi-rum-poo* was initiated in the mysteries of the cabinet, and even introduced to the person of the *dairo* *Got-lama-baba*, whose pedestrian favours he shared with his new patron. It was observed, however, that even after his promotion and nobilitation, he still retained his original awkwardness, and never could acquire that graceful ease of attitude with which the cuboy presented his parts averse to the contemplation of his sovereign. Indeed the minister's body was so well moulded for the celebration of the rite, that one would have imagined nature had formed him expressly for that purpose, with his head and body projecting forwards, so as to form an angle of forty-five with the horizon, while the glutinous muscles swelled backwards, as if ambitious to meet half-way the imperial encounter.

The third connection that strengthened this political band was *Nin-kom-poo-po*, commander of the *fune*, or navy of Japan, who, if ever man was, might surely be termed the child of fortune. He was bred to the sea from his infancy, and, in the course of pacific service, rose to the command of a jonkh, when he was so lucky as to detect a crew of pirates, employed on a desolate shore, in concealing a hoard of money which they had taken from the merchants of Corea. *Nin-kom-poo-po* falling in with them at night, attacked them unawares, and, having obtained an easy victory, carried off the treasure. I cannot help being amused at the folly of you silly mortals, when I recollect the transports of the people at the return of this fortunate officer, with a paltry mass of silver, parading in covered wagons, escorted by his crew in arms. The whole city of Meaco resounded with acclamation, and *Nin-kom-poo-po* was extolled as the greatest hero that ever the empire of Japan produced. The cuboy honoured him with five kisses in public, accepted of the osculation in private, recommended him in the strongest terms to the *dairo*, who promoted him to the rank of *Sey-seo-run*, or general at sea. He professed himself an adherent to the cuboy, entered into a strict alliance with *Sti-phi-rum-poo*, and the whole management of the *fune* was consigned into his hands. With respect to his understanding, it was just sufficient to comprehend the duties of a common mariner, and to follow the ordinary route of the most sordid advance. As to his heart, he might be said to be in a state of total apathy, without principle or passion, for I cannot afford the name of passion to such a vile appetite as an insatiable thirst of lucre. He was, indeed, so cold and forbidding, that, in Japan, the people distinguished him by a nickname equivalent to the English word *Salamander*, not that he was inclined to live in fire, but

that the coldness of his heart would have extinguished any fire it had approached. Some individuals imagined he had been begot upon a mermaid by a sailor of *Kamtschatka*, but this was a mere fable. I can assure you, however, that when his lips were in contact with the cuboy's posteriors, *Fika-kaka's* teeth were seen to chatter. The pride of this animal was equal to his frigidity. He affected to establish new regulations at the council where he presided, he treated his equals with insolence, and his superiors with contempt. Other people generally rejoice in obliging their fellow-creatures, when they can do it without prejudice to their own interest. *Nin-com-poo-po* had a repulsive power in his disposition, and seemed to take pleasure in denying a request. When this vain creature, selfish, inelegant, arrogant and uncouth, appeared in all his trappings at the *dairo's* court, upon a festival, he might have been justly compared to a Lapland idol of ice, adorned with a profusion of brass leaf and trinkets of pewter. In the direction of the *fune*, he was provided with a certain number of assessors, counsellors, or coadjutors, but these he never consulted, more than if they had been wooden images. He distributed his commands among his own dependants, and left all the forms of the office to the care of the scribe, who thus became so necessary, that his influence sometimes had well nigh interfered with that of the president, nay, they have been seen, like the electrical spheres of two bodies, repelling each other. Hence, it was observed, that the office of the *sey-seo-gun* actually resembled the serpent called *amphisbæna*, which, contrary to the formation of other animals in head and tail, has a head where the tail should be. Well, indeed, might they compare them to a serpent, in creeping, cunning, coldness and venom, but the comparison would have held with more propriety had nature produced a serpent without ever a head at all.

The fourth who contributed his credit and capacity to this coalition was *Foksi-roku*, a man who greatly surpassed them all in the science of politics, bold, subtle, interested, insinuating, ambitious, and indefatigable. An adventurer from his cradle, a latitudinarian in principle, a libertine in morals, without the advantages of birth, fortune, character, or interest,—by his own natural sagacity, a close attention to the follies and foibles of mankind, a projecting spirit, an invincible assurance, and an obstinacy of perseverance, proof against all the shocks of disappointment and repulse, he forced himself, as it were, into the scale of preferment; and being found equally capable and compliant, rose to high offices of trust and profit, detested by the people, as one of the most desperate tools of a wicked administration, and odious to his colleagues in the ministry, for his superi-

or talents, his restless ambition, and the uncertainty of his attachment

As interest prompted him, he hovered between the triumvirate we have described, and another knot of competitors for the ad—n, headed by Quamba-cun-dono, a great quo, related to the daire, who had bore the supreme command in the army, and was styled fatzman,* *kar' ifanar*, or by way of eminence. This accomplished prince was not only the greatest in his mind, but also the greatest in his person, of all the subjects of Japan; and whereas your Shakspeare makes Falstaff urge it as a plea in his own favour, that as he had more flesh, so likewise he had more frailty than other men, I may justly convert the proposition in favour of Quamba-cun-dono, and affirm, that as he had more flesh, so he had more virtue than any other Japanese, more bowels, more humanity, more beneficence, more affability. He was, undoubtedly, for a fatzman, the most courteous, the most gallant, the most elegant, generous, and munificent quo that ever adorned the court of Japan. So consummate in the art of war, that the whole world could not produce a general to match him in foresight, vigilance, conduct and ability. Indeed, his intellects were so extraordinary and extensive, that he seemed to sentimentalize at every pore, and to have the faculty of thinking diffused all over his frame, even to his finger ends, or, as the Latins call it, *ad unguem*; nay, so wonderful was his organic conformation, that, in the opinion of many Japanese philosophers, his whole body was enveloped in a kind of poultice of brain, and that if he had lost his head in battle, the damage with regard to his power of reflection would have been scarce perceptible. After he had achieved many glorious exploits in a war against the Chinese on the continent, he was sent with a strong army to quell a dangerous insurrection in the northern parts of Ximo, which is one of the Japanese islands. He accordingly by his valour crushed the rebellion, and afterwards, by dint of clemency and discretion, extinguished the last embers of disaffection. When the insurgents were defeated, dispersed, and disarmed, and a sufficient number selected for example, his humanity emerged, and took full possession of his breast. He considered them as wretched men, misled by false principles of honour, and sympathized with their distress; he pitied them as men and fellow-citizens, he regarded them as useful fellow-subjects, who might be reclaimed and reunited to the community. Instead of sending out the ministers of blood, rapine, and revenge, to ravage, burn, and destroy, without distinction of age, sex, or principle, he extended the arms of mercy to all who would embrace that indulgence, he protected the

lives and habitations of the helpless, and diminished the number of the malcontents much more effectually by his benevolence than by his sword.

The southern Japanese had been terribly alarmed at this insurrection, and, in the first transports of their deliverance, voluntarily taxed themselves with a considerable yearly tribute to the hero Quamba-cun-dono. In all probability, they would not have appeared so grateful, had they staid to see the effects of his merciful disposition towards the vanquished rebels, for mercy is surely no attribute of the Japanese, considered as a people. Indeed, nothing could form a more striking contrast than appeared in the transactions in the northern and southern parts of the empire at this juncture. While the amiable Quamba-cun-dono was employed in the god-like office of gathering together, and cherishing under his wings, the poor, dispersed, forlorn widows and orphans, whom the savage hand of war had deprived of parent, husband, home and sustenance, while he, in the north, gathered these miserable creatures, even as a hen gathereth her chickens, Stiphrum-poo, and other judges in the south, were condemning such of their parents and husbands as survived the sword, to crucifixion, cauldrons of boiling oil, or exenteration, and the people were indulging their appetites by feasting upon the viscera thus extracted. The liver of a Ximian was in such request at this period, that if the market had been properly managed and supplied, this delicacy would have sold for two obans a pound, or about four pounds sterling. The troops in the north might have provided at the rate of a thousand head per month for the demand of Meaco, and though the other parts of the carcass would not have sold at so high a price as the liver, heart, harrigals, sweet-bread, and pope's eye, yet the whole, upon an average, would have fetched at the rate of three hundred pounds a-head, especially if those animals, which are but poorly fed in their own country, had been fattened up and kept upon hard meat for the slaughter. This new branch of traffic would have produced about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds annually, for the rebellion might easily have been fomented from year to year, and consequently it would have yielded a considerable addition to the emperor's revenue, by a proper taxation.

The philosophers of Japan were divided in their opinions concerning this new taste for Ximian flesh, which suddenly sprung up among the Japanese. Some ascribed it to a principle of hatred and revenge, agreeable to the common expression of animosity among the multitude,—"You dog, I'll have your liver." Others imputed it to a notion analogous to the vulgar conceit, that the liver of a mad dog being eaten, is a preventive against madness, ergo, the liver of a

* Vide Kempfer's *Aménitat* Japan.

traitor is an antidote against treason. A third sort derived this strange appetite from the belief of the Americans, who imagine they shall inherit all the virtues of the enemies they devour, and a fourth affirmed, that the demand for this dainty arose from a very high and peculiar flavour in Ximian flesh, which flavour was discovered by accident, moreover, there were not wanting some who supposed this banquet was a kind of sacrifice to the powers of sorcery, as we find that one of the ingredients of the charm prepared in Shakspeare's cauldron was "the liver of a blaspheming Jew;" and indeed it is not at all improbable that the liver of a rebellious Ximian might be altogether as effectual. I know that Fika-kaka was stimulated by curiosity to try the experiment, and held divers consultations with his cooks on this subject. They all declared in favour of the trial, and it was accordingly presented at the table, where the cuboy eat of it to such excess as to produce a surfeit. He underwent a severe evacuation both ways, attended with cold sweats and swoonings. In a word, his agony was so violent, that he ever after loathed the sight of Ximian flesh, whether dead or alive.

With the fatzman Quamba-cun-dono was connected another quo called Gotto-mio, viceroy of Xicoco, one of the islands of Japan. If his understanding had been as large as his fortune, and his temper a little more tractable, he would have been a dangerous rival to the cuboy. But if their brains had been weighed against each other, the nineteenth part of a grain would have turned either scale, and as Fika-kaka had negative qualities, which supported and extended his influence, so Gotto-mio had positive powers, that defended him from all approaches of popularity. His pride was of the insolent order, his temper extremely irascible, and his avarice quite rapacious; nay, he is said to have once declined the honour of a kicking from the daïro. Conceited of his own talents, he affected to harangue in the council of twenty-eight, but his ideas were embarrassed, his language was mean, and his elocution more discordant than the braying of fifty asses. When Fika-kaka addressed himself to speech, an agreeable simper played upon the countenances of all the audience; but as soon as Gotto-mio stood up, every spectator raised his thumbs to his ears, as it were instinctively. The daïro Got-hama-baba, by the advice of the cuboy, sent him over to govern the people of Xicoco, and a more effectual method could not have been taken to mortify his arrogance. His deportment was so insolent, his economy so sordid, and his government so arbitrary, that those islanders, who are remarkably ferocious and impatient, expressed their hatred and contempt of him on every occasion. His quanbukuship was hardly safe

from outrage in the midst of his guards, and a cross was actually erected for the execution of his favourite kow-lin, who escaped with some difficulty to the island of Nippon, whither also his patron soon followed him, attended by the curses of the people whom he had been sent to rule.

He who presided at the council of twenty-eight was called Soo-san-sin-o, an old experienced shrewd politician, who conveyed more sense in one single sentence than could have been distilled from all the other brains in council, had they been macerated in one alembic. He was a man of extensive learning and elegant taste. He saw through the characters of his fellow-labourers in the ad——n. He laughed at the folly of one faction, and detested the arrogance and presumption of the other. In an assembly of sensible men, his talents would have shone with superior lustre; but at the council of twenty-eight, they were obscured by the thick clouds of ignorance that enveloped his brethren. The daïro had a personal respect for him, and is said to have conferred frequent favours on his posteriors in private. He kicked the cuboy often *ex officio*, as a husband thinks it incumbent upon him to caress his wife; but he kicked the president for pleasure, as a voluptuary embraces his mistress. Soo-san-sin-o, conscious that he had no family interests to support him in cabals among the people, and careless of his country's fate, resolved to enjoy the comforts of life in quiet. He laughed and quaffed with his select companions in private, received his appointments thankfully, and swam with the tide of politics as it happened to flow. It was pretty extraordinary that the wisest man should be the greatest cypher, but such was the will of the gods.

Besides these great luminaries that enlightened the cabinet of Japan, I shall have occasion, in the course of my narrative, to describe many other stars of an inferior order. At this board there was as great a variety of characters as we find in the celebrated table of Cebes. Nay, indeed, what was objected to the philosopher, might have been more justly said of the Japanese councils. There was neither invention, unity, nor design amongst them. They consisted of mobs of sauntering, strolling, vagrant and ridiculous politicians. Their schemes were absurd, and their deliberations like the sketches of anarchy. All was bellowing, bleating, braying, grinning, grumbling, confusion and uproar. It was more like a dream of chaos than a picture of human life. If the AAIMON, or genius, was wanting, it must be owned that Fika-kaka exactly answered Cebes's description of TTXH, or fortune, blind and frantic, running about every where, giving to some, and taking from others, without rule or distinction, while her emblem of the round stone fairly shows his giddy nature, &c.

μυυυυι φουιν αυτις Here, however, one might have seen many other figures of the painter's allegory, such as Deception tendering the cup of ignorance and error, opinions and appetites, Disappointment and Anguish: Debauchery, Profligacy, Gluttony, and Adulation, Luxury, Fraud, Rapine, Perjury, and Sacrilege, but not the least traces of the virtues which are described in the group of true education, and in the grove of happiness.

The two factions that divided the council of Japan, though inveterate enemies to each other, heartily and cordially concurred in one particular, which was the worship established in the temple of Faku-basi, or the white horse. This was the orthodox faith in Japan, and was certainly founded, as St Paul saith of the Christian religion, upon the evidence of things not seen. All the votaries of this superstition of Faku-basi subscribed and swore to the following creed implicitly, without hesitation or mental reservation — "I believe in the white horse, that he descended from heaven, and sojourned in Jeddo, which is the land of promise. I believe in *Bupo* his apostle, who first declared to the children of Nippon the glad tidings of the gospel of Faku-basi. I believe that the white horse was begot by a black mule, and brought forth by a green dragon, that his head is of silver, and his hoofs are of brass, that he eats gold as provender, and discharges diamonds as dung, that the Japanese are ordained and predestined to furnish him with food, and the people of Jeddo to clear away his litter. I believe that the island of Nippon is joined to the continent of Jeddo, and that whoever thinks otherwise shall be damned to all eternity. I believe that the smallest portion of matter may be practically divided *ad infinitum*, that equal quantities taken from equal quantities, an unequal quantity will remain, that two and two make seven, that the sun rules the night, the stars the day, and the moon is made of green cheese. Finally, I believe that a man cannot be saved without devoting his goods and his chattels, his children, relations, and friends, his senses and ideas, his soul and his body, to the religion of the white horse, as it is prescribed in the ritual of Faku-basi." These are the tenets which the Japanese ministers swallowed as glib as the English clergy swallowed the thirty-nine Articles.

Having thus characterized the chiefs that disputed the administration, or, in other words, the empire of Japan, I shall now proceed to a plain narration of historical incidents, without pretending to philosophize like H——e, or dogmatize like S——t. I shall only tell thee, Nathaniel, that Britain never gave birth but to two historians worthy of credit, and they were Taliesin and Geoffrey of Monmouth. I'll tell you another secret, the whole world has never been able

to produce six good historians. Herodotus is fabulous even to a proverb, Thucydides is perplexed, obscure, and unimportant, Polybius is dry and inelegant, Livy superficial, and Tacitus a coxcomb, Guicciardini wants interest, Davila digestion, and Sarpi truth. In the whole catalogue of French historians, there is not one of tolerable authenticity.

In the year of the period Foggien one hundred and fifty-four, the tranquillity of Japan was interrupted by the encroachments of the Chinese adventurers, who made descents upon certain islands belonging to the Japanese, a great way to the southward of Xicoco. They even settled colonies and built forts on some of them, while the two empires were at peace with each other. When the Japanese governors expostulated with the Chinese officers on this intrusion, they were treated with ridicule and contempt, then they had recourse to force of arms, and some skirmishes were fought with various success. When the tidings of these hostilities arrived at Meaco, the whole council of twenty-eight was overwhelmed with fear and confusion. The dairo kicked them all round, not from passion, but by way of giving an animating fillip to their deliberating faculties. The disputes had happened in the island of Fatsissio, but there were only three members of the council who knew that Fatsissio was an island, although the commerce there carried on was of the utmost importance to the empire of Japan. They were as much in the dark with respect to its situation. Fika-kaka, on the supposition that it adjoined to the coast of Corea, expressed his apprehension that the Chinese would invade it with a numerous army, and was so transported when Foksi-roku assured him it was an island at a vast distance from any continent, that he kissed him five times in the face of the whole council, and his royal master, Got-hama-baba, swore he should be indulged with a double portion of kicking at his next private audience. The same counsellor proposed, that as the fune, or navy, of Japan, was much more numerous than the fleet of China, they should immediately avail themselves of this advantage. Quamba-cun-dono the fatzman was of opinion that war should be immediately declared, and an army transported to the continent. Sti-phi-rum-poo thought it would be more expedient to sweep the seas of the Chinese trading vessels, without giving them any previous intimation, and to this opinion Admiral Nm-com-poo-po subscribed, not only out of deference to the superior understanding of his sage ally, who undertook to prove it was not contrary to the law of nature and nations to plunder the subjects of foreign powers, who trade on the faith of treaties, but also from his own inclination, which was much addicted to pillage without bloodshed. To him, therefore, the task was left of

scouring the seas, and intercepting the succours which (they had received intelligence) were ready to sail from one of the ports of China to the island of Fatsissio. In the mean time junks were provided for transporting thither a body of Japanese troops, under the command of one Koan, an obscure officer, without conduct or experience, whom the fatzman selected for this service, not that he supposed him possessed of superior merit, but because no leader of distinction cared to engage in such a disagreeable expedition.

Nin-kom-poo-po acted according to the justest ideas which had been formed of his understanding. He let loose his cruizers among the merchant ships of China, and the harbours of Japan were quickly filled with prizes and prisoners. The Chinese exclaimed against these proceedings as the most perfidious acts of piracy, and all the other powers of Asia beheld them with astonishment. But the consummate wisdom of the sea sey-seo-gun appeared most conspicuous in another stroke of generalship which he now struck. Instead of blocking up in the Chinese harbour the succours destined to reinforce the enemy in Fatsissio, until they should be driven from their encroachments on that island, he very wisely sent a strong squadron of fune to cruise in the open sea, midway between China and Fatsissio, in the most tempestuous season of the year, when the fogs are so thick and so constant in that latitude as to rival the darkness of a winter night, and supported the feasibility of this scheme in council, by observing that the enemy would be thus decoyed from their harbour, and undoubtedly intercepted in their passage by the Japanese squadron. This plan was applauded as one of the most ingenious stratagems that ever was devised, and Fika-kaka insisted upon kissing his posteriors, as the most honourable mark of his approbation.

Philosophers have observed, that the motives of actions are not to be estimated by events. Fortune did not altogether fulfil the expectations of the council. General Koan suffered himself and his army to be decoyed into the middle of a wood, where they stood like sheep in the shambles, to be slaughtered by an unseen enemy. The Chinese succours perceiving their harbour open, set sail for Fatsissio, which they reached in safety, by changing their course about one degree from the common route, while the Japanese fune continued cruising among the fogs, until the ships were shattered by storms, and the crews more than half destroyed by cold and distemper.

When the news of these disasters arrived, great commotion arose in the council. The dairo Got-hama-baba fluttered, and clucked, and cackled, and hissed, like a goose disturbed in the act of incubation. Quamba-cun-dono shed bitter tears, the cuboy snarled and sobbed, Sti-phi-rum-poo groaned,

Gotto-mio swore, but the sea sey-seo-gun Nin-kom-poo-po underwent no alteration. He sat as the emblem of insensibility, fixed as the north star, and as cold as that luminary, sending forth emanations of frigidity. Fika-kaka mistaking this congelation for fortitude, went round and embraced him where he sat, exclaiming,—"My dear day, sey-seo-gun, what would you advise in this dilemma?" But the contact had almost cost him his life for the touch of Nin-kom-poo-po, thus congealed, had the same effect as that of the fish called torpor. The cuboy's whole body was instantly numb; and if his friends had not instantly poured down his throat a considerable quantity of strong spirit, the circulation would have ceased. This is what philosophers call a generation of cold, which became so intense, that the mercury in a Japanese thermometer, constructed on the same principles which were afterwards adopted by Fahrenheit, and fixed in the apartment, immediately sunk thirty degrees below the freezing point.

The first astonishment of the council was succeeded by critical remarks and argumentation. The dairo consoled himself, by observing, that his troops made a very soldierly appearance as they lay on the field in their new clothing, smart caps, and clean buskins, and that the enemy allowed they had never seen beards and whiskers in better order. He then declared, that, should a war ensue with China, he would go abroad and expose himself for the glory of Japan. Foka-roku expressed his surprise that a general should march his army through a wood in an unknown country, without having it first reconnoitred, but the fatzman assured him that was a practice never admitted into the discipline of Japan. Gotto-mio swore the man was mad to stand with his men, like oxen in a stall, to be knocked on the head, without using any means of defence. "Why the devil," said he, "did not he either retreat, or advance to close engagement with the handful of Chinese who formed the ambuscade?" "I hope, my dear Quambuka," replied the fatzman, "that the troops of Japan will always stand without flinching. I should have been mortified beyond measure had they retreated without seeing the face of the enemy that would have been a disgrace which never befell any troops formed under my direction; and as for advancing, the ground would not permit any manœuvre of that nature. They were engaged in a *cul de sac*, where they could not form either in hollow-square, front line, potence, column, or platoon. It was the fortune of war, and they bore it like men: we shall be more fortunate on another occasion." The president Soo-saa-sun-o took notice, that if there had been one spaniel in the whole Japanese army, this disaster could not have happened, as the animal would have beat the bushes,

and discovered the ambuscade. He therefore proposed, that if the war was to be prosecuted in Fatsissio, which is a country overgrown with wood, a number of blood-hounds might be provided and sent over, to run upon the foot in front and on the flanks of the army, when it should be on its march through such impediments. Quamba-cun-dono declared, that soldiers had much better die in the bed of honour, than be saved and victorious by such an unmilitary expedient, that such a proposal was so contrary to the rules of war, and the scheme of enlisting dogs so derogatory from the dignity of the service, that, if ever it should be embraced, he would resign his command, and spend the remainder of his life in retirement. This canine project was equally disliked by the dairo, who approved of the fatzman's objection, and sealed his approbation with a pedestrian salute of such momentum, that the fatzman could hardly stand under the weight of the compliment. It was agreed that new levies should be made, and a new squadron of fune equipped with all expedition and thus the assembly broke up.

Fortune had not yet sufficiently humbled the pride of Japan. That body of Chinese which defeated Koan, made several conquests in Fatsissio, and seemed to be in a fair way of reducing the whole island. Yet the court of China, not satisfied with this success, resolved to strike a blow, that should be equally humiliating to the Japanese, in another part of the world. Having by special remonstrances already prepossessed all the neighbouring nations against the government of Japan, as the patrons of perfidy and piracy, they fitted out an armament, which was intended to subdue the island of Motao, on the coast of Corea, which the Japanese had taken in a former war, and now occupied at a very great expense, as a place of the utmost importance to the commerce of the empire. Repeated advices of the enemy's design were sent from different parts to the m——y of Japan, but they seemed all overwhelmed by such a lethargy of infatuation, that no measures of prevention were concerted.

Such was the opinion of the people, but the truth is, they were fast asleep. The Japanese hold, with the ancient Greeks and modern Americans, that dreams are from heaven, and in any perplexing emergency, they, like the Indians, Jews and natives of Madagascar, have recourse to dreaming as to an oracle. These dreams or divinations are preceded by certain religious rites, analogous to the ceremony of the ephod, the urim and the thummin. The rites were religiously performed in the council of twenty-eight; and a deep sleep overpowered the dairo and all his counsellors.

Got-hama-baba, the emperor, who reposed his head upon the pillowy sides of Quamba-

cun-dono, dreamed that he was sacrificing in the temple of Fakku-basi, and saw the deity of the white horse devouring pearls by the bushel at one end, and voiding corruption by the ton at the other. The fatzman dreamed that a great number of Chinese cooks were busy buttering his brains. Gotto-mio dreamed of lending money and borrowing sense. Stuphi-rum-poo thought he had procured a new law for clapping padlocks upon the chastity of all the females in Japan under twenty, of which padlocks he himself kept the keys. Nin-kom-poo-po dreamed he was metamorphosed into a sea-lion, in pursuit of a shoal of golden gudgeons. *One did laugh in's sleep, and one cried murder.* The first was Soo-san-sin-o, who had precisely the same vision that disturbed the imagination of the cuboy. He thought he saw the face of a right reverend prelate of the bonzas united with, and growing to, the posteriors of the minister. Fika-kaka underwent the same disagreeable illusion, with this aggravating circumstance, that he already felt the teeth of the said bonza. The president laughed aloud at the ridiculous phenomenon. The cuboy exclaimed, in the terror of being encumbered with such a monstrous appendage. It was not without some reason he cried "murder!" Foksi-roku, who happened to sleep on the next chair, dreamed of money-bags, places, and reversions, and, in the transport of his eagerness, laid fast hold on the trunk-breeches of the cuboy, including certain fundaments, which he grasped so violently, as to excite pain, and extort the exclamation from Fika-kaka, even in his sleep.

The council being at last waked by the clamours of the people, who surrounded the palace, and proclaimed that Motao was in danger of an invasion; the sea sey-seo-gun, Nin-kom-poo-po, was ordered to fit out a fleet of fune, for the relief of that island, and directions were given that the commander of these fune should, in his voyage, touch at the garrison of Foutao, and take on board from thence a certain number of troops, to reinforce the Japanese governor of the place that was in danger. Nin-kom-poo-po for this service chose the commander Bihn-goh, a man who had never signalized himself by any act of valour. He sent him out with a squadron of fune ill-manned, wretchedly provided, and inferior in number to the fleet of China, which was by this time known to be assembled, in order to support the invasion of the island of Motao. He sailed, nevertheless, on this expedition, and touched at the garrison of Foutao, to take in the reinforcement, but the orders sent for this purpose from Nob-od-i, minister for the department of war, appeared so contradictory and absurd, that they could not possibly be obeyed, so that Bihn-goh proceeded without the reinforcement towards Motao, the principal

fortress of which was by this time invested. He had been accidentally joined by a few cruisers, which rendered him equal in strength to the Chinese squadron, which he now desisted. Both commanders seemed afraid of each other. The fleets however engaged, but little damage was done to either. They parted, as if by consent. Bihn-goh made the best of his way back to Foutao, without making the least attempt to succour or open a communication with Fi-de-ta-du, the governor of Motao, who, looking upon himself as abandoned by his country, surrendered his fortress, with the whole island, to the Chinese general. These disgraces happening on the back of the Fatsussian disasters, raised a prodigious ferment in Japan, and the ministry had almost sunk under the first fury of the people's resentment. They not only exclaimed against the folly of the administration, but they also accused them of treachery, and seemed to think that the glory and advantage of the empire had been betrayed. What increased the commotion, was the terror of an invasion, with which the Chinese threatened the islands of Japan. The terrors of Fika-kaka had already cost him two pair of trunk hose, which were defiled by sudden sallies or irruptions from the postern of his microcosm, and these were attended with such noisome effluvia, that the bonzas could not perform the barbal absterision without marks of abhorrence. The emperor himself was seen to stop his nose, and turn away his head, when he approached him to perform the pedestrian exercise.

Here I intended to insert a dissertation on trowsers, or trunk breeches, called by the Greeks, *βρακχοι*, et *παιζαματτα*, by the Latins, *bracca laxa*, by the Spaniards, *bragas anchas*, by the Italians, *calzone largo*, by the French, *haut de chausses*, by the Saxons, *bræcce*, by the Swedes, *brackor*, by the Irish, *briechan*, by the Celtæ, *brag*, and by the Japanese, *bra-ak*. I could make some curious discoveries touching the analogy between the *παιζαματτα* and *Ζωνιον γυναικισιον*, and point out the precise time at which the

- Grecian women began to wear the breeches. I would have demonstrated that the *cingulum muliebre* was originally no other than the wife's literally wearing the husband's trowsers at certain *orgia*, as a mark of dominion transferred, *pro tempore*, to the female. I would have drawn a curious parallel between the *Ζωνιον* of the Greeks, and the *shim* or middle cloth worn by the black ladies in Guinea. I would have proved that breeches were not first used to defend the central parts from the injuries of the weather, inasmuch as they were first worn by the orientals in a warm climate, as you may see in Persius, *braccatis ultia medus—porticus*. I would have shown that breeches were first brought from Asia to the northern parts of Europe, by the Celtæ, sprung from

the ancient Gomanus, that trowsers were worn in Scotland long before the time of Pythagoras; and, indeed, we are told by Jamblycus, that Abaris, the famous Highland philosopher, contemporary, and personally acquainted with the sage of Crotona, wore long trowsers. I myself can attest the truth of that description, as I well remember the person and habit of that learned mountaineer. I would have explained the reasons that compelled the posterity of those mountaineers to abandon the breeches of their forefathers, and expose their posteriors to the wind. I would have convinced the English antiquaries that the inhabitants of Yorkshire came originally from the Highlands of Scotland, before the Scots had laid aside their breeches, and wore this part of dress, long after their ancestors, as well as the southern Britons, were unbreeched by the Romans. From this distinction they acquired the name of *Brigantes*, quasi *Bragantes*, and hence came the verb to *brag*, or boast contemptuously, for the neighbours of the Brigantes being at variance with that people, used, by way of contumelious defiance, when they saw any of them passing or repassing, to clap their hands on their posteriors, and cry *Brag-Brag*. I would have drawn a learned comparison between the shield of Ajax and the sevenfold breeches of a Dutch skipper. Finally, I would have promulgated the original use of trunk-breeches, which would have led me into a discussion of the rites of Cloacina, so differently worshipped by the southern and northern inhabitants of this kingdom. These disquisitions would have unveiled the mysteries that now conceal the origin, migration, superstition, language, laws, and connexions of different nations—*sed nunc non erit his locus*. I shall only observe, that Linschot and others are mistaken in deriving the Japanese from their neighbours the Chinese, and that Dr Kempfer is right in his conjecture, supposing them to have come from Media immediately after the confusion of Babel. It is no wonder, therefore, that being *Braccatorum filii*, they should retain the wide breeches of their progenitors.

Having dropped these hints concerning the origin of breeches, I shall now return to the great personage that turned me into this train of thinking. The council of twenty-eight being assembled in a great hurry, Fika-kaka sat about five seconds in silence, having in his countenance nearly the same expression which you have seen in the face and attitude of Felix on his tribunal, as represented by the facetious Hogarth, in his print done after the Dutch taste. After some pause, he rose, and surveying every individual of the council through a long tube, began a speech to this effect—"Imperial Got-hama-baba, my ever-glorious master; and you, ye illustrious nobles of Japan, quanbukus, quos,

days and daygos, my fellows and colleagues in the work of administration, it is well known to you all, and they are rascals that deny it, I have watched and fasted for the public weal—by G—d, I have deprived myself of two hours of my natural rest, every night for a week together. Then I have been so hurried with state affairs, that I could not eat a comfortable meal in a whole fortnight—and what rendered this misfortune the greater, my chief cook had dressed an *olio*, *a la Chine*—I say an *olio*, my lords, such an *olio* as never appeared before upon a table in Japan—by the Lord, it cost me fifty obans, and I had not time to taste a morsel. Well, then, I have watched, that my fellow-subjects should sleep, I have fasted, that they should feed—I have not only watched and fasted, but I have prayed—no, not much of that—yes, by the Lord, I have prayed, as it were—I have ejaculated—I have danced and sung at the *matsuris*, which, you know, are religious rites—I have headed the multitude, and treated all the *ragamuffins* in Japan. To be certain, I could not do too much for our most excellent and sublime emperor, an emperor unequalled in wisdom, and unrivalled in generosity. Were I to expatiate from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, I should not speak half his praise. O happy nation! O fortunate Japan! happy in such a *dairo* to wield the sceptre, and, let me add (vanity apart), fortunate in such a cuboy to conduct the administration. Such a prince! and such a minister!—*aha!* my noble friend *Soo-san-sun-o*, I see your dayship smile. I know what you think, *ha! ha!* Very well, my lord—you may think what you please, but two such head-pieces—pardon, my royal master, my presumption in laying our heads together—you won't find again in the whole universe, *ha! ha!* I'll be damn'd if you do, *ha! ha! ha!*" The tumult without doors was, by this time, increased to such a degree, that the cuboy could utter nothing more *ab anteriori*, and the majority of the members sat aghast in silence. The *dairo* declared he would throw his cap out of the window into the midst of the populace, and challenge any single man of them to bring it up, but he was dissuaded from hazarding his sacred person in such a manner. *Quamba-cun-dono* proposed to let loose the guards among the multitude; but *Fika-kaka* protested he could never agree to an expedient so big with danger to the persons of all present. *Stu-phu-rum-poo* was of opinion that they should proceed according to law, and indict the leaders of the mob for a riot. *Nin-kom-poo-po* exhorted the *dairo* and the whole council to take refuge on board the fleet. *Gotto-muo* sweated in silence—he trembled for his money-bags, and dreaded another encounter with the mob, by whom he had suffered severely in the flesh, upon a former occasion. The president

shrugged up his shoulders, and kept his eye fixed upon a postern or back-door. In this general consternation, *Foksi-roku* stood up, and offered a scheme, which was immediately put in execution. "The multitude, my lords," said he, "is a many-headed monster—it is a Cerberus that must have a sop—it is a wild beast so ravenous, that nothing but blood will appease its appetite—it is a whale that must have a barrel for its amusement—it is a demon to which we must offer up human sacrifice. Now, the question is, who is to be this sop, this barrel, this scapegoat? Tremble not, illustrious *Fika-kaka*—be not afraid—your life is of too much consequence. But I perceive that the cuboy is moved—an unsavoury odour assails my nostrils—brief let me be—*Bihn-goh* must be the victim—happy, if the sacrifice of his single life can appease the commotions of his country. To him let us impute the loss of *Motao*. Let us, in the mean time, soothe the rabble with solemn promises that national justice shall be done,—let us employ emissaries to mangle in all places of plebeian resort, to puzzle, perplex, and prevaricate, to exaggerate the misconduct of *Bihn-goh*, to traduce his character with retrospective reproach, strain circumstances to his prejudice; inflame the resentment of the vulgar against that devoted officer, and keep up the flame, by feeding it with continual fuel."

The speech was heard with universal applause. *Foksi-roku* was kicked by the *dairo*, and kissed by the cuboy in token of approbation. The populace were dispersed by means of fair promises. *Bihn-goh* was put under arrest, and kept as a malefactor in close prison. Agents were employed through the whole metropolis, to vilify his character, and accuse him of cowardice and treachery. Authors were enlisted to defame him in public writings, and mobs hired to hang and burn him in effigy. By these means, the revenge of the people was artfully transferred, and their attention effectually diverted from the ministry, which was the first object of their indignation. At length matters being duly prepared for the exhibition of such an extraordinary spectacle, *Bihn-goh* underwent a public trial, was unanimously found guilty, and unanimously declared innocent, by the same mouths condemned to death, and recommended to mercy, but mercy was incompatible with the designs of the ad—n. The unfortunate *Bihn-goh* was crucified for cowardice, and bore his fate with the most heroic courage. His behaviour at his death was so inconsistent with the crime for which he was doomed to die, that the emissaries of the cuboy were fain to propagate a report, that *Bihn-goh* had bribed a person to represent him at his execution, and be crucified in his stead.

This was a stratagem very well calculated for the meridian of the Japanese populace,

and it would have satisfied them entirely, had not their fears been concerned. But the Chinese had for some time been threatening an invasion, the terror of which kept the people of Japan in perpetual agitation and disquiet. They neglected their business, and ran about in distraction, inquiring news, listening to reports, staring, whispering, whimpering, clamouring, neglecting their food, and renouncing their repose. The daïro, who believed the Tartars of Yesso (from whom he himself was descended) had more valour and skill and honesty than was possessed by any other nation on earth, took a large body of them into his pay, and brought them over to the island of Nippon, for the defence of his Japanese dominions. The truth is, he had a strong predilection for that people: he had been nursed among them, and sucked it from the nipple. His father had succeeded as heir to a paltry farm in that country, and there he fitted up a cabin which he preferred to all the palaces of Meaco and Jeddo. The son received the first rudiments of his education among these Tartars, whose country had given birth to his progenitor Bupo. He therefore loved their country, he admired their manners, because they were conformable to his own, and he was in particular captivated by the taste they showed in trimming and curling their mustachios.

In full belief that the Yessites stood as high in the estimation of his Japanese subjects as in his own, he imported a body of them into Nippon, where at first they were received as saviours and protectors, but the apprehension of danger no sooner vanished, than they were exposed to a thousand insults and mortifications, arising from the natural prejudice to foreigners, which prevails among the people of Japan. They were reviled, calumniated, and maltreated in every different form, by every class of people, and when the severe season set in, the Japanese refused shelter from the extremities of the weather, to those very auxiliaries they had hired to defend every thing that was dear to them from the swords of an enemy whom they themselves durst not look in the face. In vain Fika-kaka employed a double band of artists to tickle their noses. They shut their eyes indeed, as usual, but their eyes no sooner closed, than their mouths opened, and out flew the tropes and figures of obloquy and execration. They exclaimed, that they had not thought but caught the Tartar, that they had hired the wolves to guard the sheep, that they were simple beasts who could not defend themselves from the dog with their own horns, but what could be expected from a flock which was led by such a pusillanimous belwether? In a word, the Yessites were sent home in disgrace, but the ferment did not subside, and the conduct of the administration was summoned before the venerable tribunal of the populace.

6 E*

There was one Taycho who had raised himself to great consideration in this self-constituted college of the mob. He was distinguished by a loud voice, an unabashed countenance, a fluency of abuse, and an intrepidity of opposition to the measures of the cuboy, who was far from being a favourite with the plebeians. Orator Taycho's eloquence was admirably suited to his audience: he roared, and he brayed, and he bellowed against the m——r: he threw out personal sarcasms against the daïro himself. He inveighed against his partial attachment to the land of Yesso, which he had more than once manifested to the detriment of Japan: he inflamed the national prejudice against foreigners, and as he professed an inviolable zeal for the commons of Japan, he became the first demagogue of the empire. The truth is, the generally happened to be on the right side. The partiality of the daïro, the errors, absurdities, and corruption of the ministry, presented such a palpable mark as could not be missed by the arrows of his declamation. This Cerberus had been silenced more than once with a sop: but whether his appetite was not satisfied to the full, or he was still stimulated by the turbulence of his disposition, which would not allow him to rest, he began to shake his chains anew, and open in the old cry, which was a species of music to the mob, as agreeable as the sound of a bagpipe to a mountaineer of North Britain, or the strum-strum to the swarthy natives of Angola. It was a strain which had the wonderful effect of effacing from the memory of his hearers every idea of his former fickleness and apostacy.

In order to weaken the effect of orator Taycho's harangues, the cuboy had found means to intrude upon the councils of the mob, a native of Ximo called Mura-clam, who had acquired some reputation for eloquence, as an advocate in the tribunals of Japan. He certainly possessed an uncommon share of penetration, with a silver tone of voice, and a great magazine of words and phrases, which flowed from him in a pleasing tide of elocution. He had withal the art of soothing, wheedling, insinuating, and misrepresenting, with such a degree of plausibility, that his talents were admired even by the few who had sense enough to detect his sophistry. He had no idea of principle, and no feeling of humanity. He had renounced the maxims of his family, after having turned them to the best account by execrating the rites of Fakku-hasi, or the white horse, in private among malcontents, while he worshipped him in public with the appearance of enthusiastic devotion. When detected in this double dealing, he fairly owned to the cuboy, that he cursed the white horse in private for his private interest, but that he served him in public from inclination.

The cuboy had just sense enough to per-

ceive that he would always be true to his own interest, and therefore he made it his interest to serve the m——y to the full extent of his faculties. Accordingly Mura-clami fought a good battle with orator Taycho, in the occasional assemblies of the populace. But as it is much more easy to inflame than to allay, to accuse than to acquit, to asperse than to purify, to unveil truth than to varnish falsehood, in a word, to patronize a good cause than to support a bad one, the majesty of the mob snuffed up the excrementitious salts of Taycho's invectives, until their juglars ached, while they rejected with signs of loathing the flowers of Mura-clami's elocution, just as a citizen of Edinburgh stops his nose when he passes by the shop of a perfumer.

While the constitution of human nature remains unchanged, satire will be always better received than panegyric, in those popular harangues. The Athenians and Romans were better pleased with the Philippics of Demosthenes and Tully, than they would have been with all the praise those two orators could have culled from the stores of their eloquence. A man feels a secret satisfaction in seeing his neighbour treated as a rascal. If he be a knave himself (which ten to one is the case), he rejoices to see a character brought down to the level of his own, and a new member added to his society, if he be one degree removed from actual roguery (which is the case with nine tenths of those who enjoy the reputation of virtue), he indulges himself with the pharisaical consolation, of thanking God he is not like that publican.

But to return from this digression. Mura-clami, though he could not with all his talents maintain any sort of competition with Taycho, in the opinion of the mob; he nevertheless took a more effectual method to weaken the force of his opposition. He pointed out to Fika-kaka the proper means for amending the errors of his administration, he proposed measures for prosecuting the war with vigour, he projected plans of conquest in Fataissio, recommended active officers; forwarded expeditions, and infused such a spirit into the councils of Japan, as had not before appeared for some centuries.

But his patron was precluded from the benefit of these measures, by the obstinate prejudice and precipitation of the daïro, who valued his Yessian farm above all the empire of Japan. This precious morsel of inheritance bordered upon the territories of a Tartar chief called Brut-an-tiffi, a famous freebooter, who had injured his kurd to bloodshed, and enriched himself with rapine. Of all mankind he hated most the daïro, though his kinsman; and sought a pretence for seizing the farm, which in three days he could have made his own. The daïro Got-hama-baba was not ignorant of his sentiments.

He trembled for his cabin, when he considered its situation between hawk and buzzard, exposed on one side to the talons of Brut-an-tiffi, and open on the other to the incursions of the Chinese, under whose auspices the said Brut-an-tiffi had acted formerly as a zealous partizan. He had, indeed, in a former quarrel, exerted himself with such activity and rancour, to thwart the politics of the daïro, and accumulate expenses on the subjects of Nippon, that he was universally detested through the whole empire of Japan as a lawless robber, deaf to every suggestion of humanity, respecting no law, restricted by no treaty, scoffing at all religion, goaded by ambition, instigated by cruelty, and attended by rapine.

In order to protect the farm from such a dangerous neighbour, Got-hama-baba, by an effort of sagacity peculiar to himself, granted a large subsidy from the treasury of Japan, to a remote nation of Mantchoux Tartars, on condition that they should march to the assistance of his farm, whenever it should be attacked. With the same sanity of foresight, the Dutch might engage in a defensive league with the Ottoman Porte, to screen them from the attempts of the most Christian king, who is already on their frontiers. Brut-an-tiffi knew his advantage, and was resolved to enjoy it. He had formed a plan of usurpation, which could not be executed without considerable sums of money. He gave the daïro to understand, he was perfectly sensible how much the farm lay at his mercy, then proposed that Got-hama-baba should renounce his subsidiary treaty with the Mantchoux, pay a yearly tribute to him, Brut-an-tiffi, in consideration of his forbearing to seize the farm, and maintain an army to protect it on the other side from the irruptions of the Chinese.

Got-hama-baba, alarmed at this declaration, began by his emissaries to sound the inclinations of his Japanese subjects touching a continental war, for the preservation of the farm, but he found them totally averse to this wise system of politics. Taycho, in particular, began to bawl and bellow among the mob, upon the absurdity of attempting to defend a remote cabin, which was not defensible, upon the iniquity of ruining a mighty empire, for the sake of preserving a few barren acres, a naked common, a poor, pitiful, pelting farm, the interest of which, like Aaron's rod, had already, on many occasions, swallowed up all regard and consideration for the advantage of Japan. He inveighed against the shameful and senseless partiality of Got-hama-baba, he mingled menaces with his representations. He expatiated on the folly and pernicious tendency of a continental war, he enlarged upon the independence of Japan, secure in her insular situation. He declared, that not a man should be sent to the continent, nor a subsidy

granted to any greedy, mercenary, freebooting Tartar, and threatened that if any corrupt minister should dare to form such a connection, he would hang it about his neck, like a millstone, to sink him to perdition. The bellows of Taycho's oratory blew up such a flame in the nation, that the cuboy and all his partizans were afraid to whisper one syllable about the farm.

Meanwhile, Brut-an-tiffi, in order to quicken their determinations, withdrew the garrison he had in a town on the frontiers of China, and it was immediately occupied by the Chinese, an army of whom poured in, like a deluge, through this opening, upon the lands adjoining to the farm. Got-hama-baba was now seized with a fit of temporary distraction. He foamed and raved, and cursed and swore in the Tartarian language, he declared he would challenge Brut-an-tiffi to single combat. He not only kicked, but also cuffed the whole council of twenty-eight, and played at foot-ball with his imperial tiara. Fika-kaka was dumb-founded. Sti-phi-rumpoo muttered something about a commission of lunacy. Nin-kom-poo-po pronounced the words, flat-bottomed junks, but his teeth chattered so much that his meaning could not be understood. The fatzman offered to cross the sea and put himself at the head of a body of light horse, to observe the motions of the enemy, and Gotto-mio prayed fervently within himself, that God Almighty would be pleased to annihilate that accursed farm, which had been productive of such mischief to Japan. Nay, he even ventured to exclaim,—"Would to God the farm was sunk in the middle of the Tartarian ocean!" "Heaven forbid!" cried the president Soosan-sin-o, "for, in that case, Japan must be at the expense of weighing it up again."

In the midst of this perplexity, they were suddenly surprised at the apparition of Taycho's head nodding from a window that overlooked their deliberations. At sight of this horrid spectacle the council broke up. The daïro fled to the inmost recesses of the palace, and all his counsellors vanished, except the unfortunate Fika-kaka, whose fear had rendered him incapable of any sort of motion but one, and that he instantly had to a very efficacious degree. Taycho, bolting in at the window, advanced to the cuboy without ceremony, and accosted him in these words: "It depends upon the cuboy, whether Taycho continues to oppose his measures, or becomes his most obsequious servant. Arise, illustrious quanbuku, and cast your eyes upon the steps by which I ascended." Accordingly Fika-kaka looked, and saw a multitude of people who had accompanied their orator into the court of the palace, and raised for him an occasional star of various implements. The first step was made by an old fig-box, the second by a nightman's bucket, the third by a cask of hempsed, the fourth

by a tar barrel, the fifth by an empty kilderkin, the sixth by a keg, the seventh by a bag of soot, the eighth by a fisherwoman's basket, the ninth by a rotten packsaddle, and the tenth by a block of hard wood from the island of Fatsissio. It was supported on one side by a varnished lettered post, and on the other by a crazy hogshcad. The artificers who erected this climax, and now exulted over it with a hideous clamour, consisted of grocers, scavengers, halter-makers, carpenters, draymen, distillers, chimney-sweepers, oyster-women, ass-drivers, aldermen, and dealers in waste-paper. To make myself understood, I am obliged, Peacock, to make use of those terms and denominations which are known in this metropolis.

Fika-kaka, having considered this work with astonishment, and heard the populace declare upon oath, that they would exalt their orator above all competition, was again addressed by the invincible Taycho. "Your quanbukuship perceives how bootless it will be to strive against the torrent. What need is there of many words? Admit me to a share of the administration. I will commence your humble slave. I will protect the farm at the expense of Japan, while there is an oban left in the island of Nippon; and I will muzzle these bears so effectually, that they shall not show their teeth, except in applauding our proceedings." An author who sees the apparition of a bailiff standing before him in his garret, and instead of being shown a *capias*, is presented with a bank-note; an impatient lover stopped upon Bagshot-heath by a person in a mask, who proves to be his sweetheart, come to meet him in disguise, for the sake of the frolic, a condemned criminal, who, on the morning of execution-day, instead of being called upon by the finisher of the law, is visited by the sheriff with a free pardon,—could not be more agreeably surprised than was Fika-kaka at the demagogue's declaration. He flew into his embrace, and wept aloud with joy, calling him his dear Taycho. He squeezed his hand, kissed him on both cheeks, and swore he should share the better half of all his power then he laughed and snarled by turns, lolled out his tongue, waddled about the chamber, wriggled, and giggled, and nodded. Finally, he undertook to prepare the daïro for his reception; and it was agreed that the orator should wait on his new colleague next morning. This matter being settled to their mutual satisfaction, Taycho retreated through the window into the courtyard, and was conveyed home in triumph by that many-headed hydra, the mob, which shook its multitudinous tail, and brayed through every throat with hideous exultation.

The cuboy, meanwhile, had another trial to undergo; a trial which he had not foreseen. Taycho was no sooner departed, than

he hied him to the dauro's cabinet, in order to communicate the happy success of his negotiation. But at certain periods, Got-hama-baba's resentment was more than a match for any other passion that belonged to his disposition, and now it was its turn to reign. The dauro was made of very combustible materials, and these had been kindled up by the appearance of orator Taycho, who (he knew) had treated his person with indecent freedoms, and publicly vilified the worship of the white horse. When Fika-kaka, therefore, told him he had made peace with the demagogue, the dauro, instead of giving him the kick of approbation, turned his own back upon the cuboy, and silenced him with a *boh!* Had Fika-kaka assailed him with the same syllogistical sophism which was used by the Stagyrite to Alexander in a passion, perhaps he might have listened to reason — *ο οργισμενος οσως αλλα οσως της κρισεως ηντα γινεται, και δι' αυτης ισοις* — "Anger should be raised, not by our equals, but by our superiors, but you have no equal." Certain it is, that Got-hama-baba had no equal, but Fika-kaka was no more like Aristotle, than his master resembled Alexander. The dauro remained deaf to all his remonstrances, tears and entreaties, until he declared that there was no other way of saving the farm, but that of giving a *carte blanche* to Taycho. This agreement seemed at once to dispel the clouds which had been compelled by his indignation. he consented to receive the orator on quality of minister, and next day was appointed for his introduction.

In the morning, Taycho the Great repaired to the palace of the cuboy, where he privately performed the ceremony of osculation *a posteriori*, sung a solemn palinodia on the subject of political system, repeated and signed the Buponian creed, embraced the religion of Fakku-basi, and adored the white horse with marks of unfeigned piety and contrition. Then he was conducted to the antechamber of the emperor, who could not, without great difficulty, so far master his personal dislike, as to appear before him with any degree of composure. He was brought forth by Fika-kaka like a tame bear to the stake, if that epithet of *tame* can be given with any propriety to an animal which nobody but his keeper dares approach. The orator, perceiving him advance, made a low obeisance, according to the custom of Japan, that is, by bending the body averse from the dauro, and laying the right hand upon the left buttock, and pronounced, with an audible voice, — "Behold, invincible Got-hama-baba, a sincere penitent come to make atonement for his virulent opposition to your government, for his atrocious insolence to your sacred person. I have calumniated your favourite farm, I have questioned your integrity, I have vilified your character, ridiculed your understanding, and despised your

authority." This recapitulation was so disagreeable to the dauro, that he suddenly flew off at a tangent, and retreated growling to his den, from whence he could by no means be lugged again by the cuboy, until Taycho, exalting his voice, uttered these words — "But I will exalt your authority more than ever it was debased. I will extol your wisdom, and expatiate on your generosity. I will glorify the white horse, and sacrifice all the treasures of Japan, if needful, for the protection of the farm of Yesso." By these cabalistical sounds the wrath of Got-hama-baba was entirely appeased. He now returned with an air of gaiety, strutting, sideling, c.rceling, fluttering and gobbling, like a turkey-cock in his pride, when he displays his feathers to the sun. Taycho hailed the omen, and, turning his face from the emperor, received such a salutation on the *os sacrum*, that the parts continued vibrating and tingling for several days.

An indenture tripartite was now drawn up and executed. Fika-kaka was continued treasurer, with his levees, his bonzas, and his places, and orator Taycho undertook, in the character of chief scribe, to protect the farm of Yesso, as well as to bridle and manage the blatant beast whose name was Legion. That a person of his kidney should have the presumption to undertake such an affair, is not at all surprising, the wonder is, that his performance should even exceed his promise. The truth is, he promised more than he could have performed, had not certain unforeseen incidents, in which he had no concern, contributed towards the infatuation of the people.

The first trial to which he brought his ascendancy over the mob, was his procuring from them a free gift to enable the dauro to arm his own private tenants in Yesso, together with some ragamuffin Tartars in the neighbourhood, for the defence of the farm. They winked so hard upon this first overt act of his apostacy, that he was fully persuaded they had resigned up all their senses to his direction, and resolved to show them to all Europe, as a surprising instance of his art in monster-taming. This furious beast not only suffered itself to be bridled and saddled, but frisked and fawned, and purred and yelped, and crouched before the orator, licking his feet, and presenting its back to the burdens which he was pleased to impose. Immediately after this first essay, Quambacug-dono, the fatzman, was sent over to assemble and command a body of light horse in Yesso, in order to keep an eye on the motions of the enemy, and, indeed, this vigilant and sagacious commander conducted himself with such activity and discretion, that he soon brought the war in those parts to a point of termination.

Meanwhile, Brut-an-tuffi continued to hover on the skirts of the farm, at the head of

his myrmidons, and demanded of the dairo a categorical answer to the hints he had given Got-hama-baba underwent several successive fits of impatience and distraction. The cuboy, instigated by his own partizans, and in particular by Mura-clam, who hoped to see Taycho take some desperate step that would ruin his popularity, I say, the cuboy, thus stimulated, began to ply the orator with such pressing entreaties as he could no longer resist, and now he exhibited such a specimen of his own power and the people's insanity, as transcends the flight of ordinary faith. Without taking the trouble to scratch their long ears, tickle their noses, drench them with mandragora or geneva, or make the least apology for his own turning tail to the principles which he had all his life so strenuously inculcated, he crammed down their throats an obligation to pay a yearly tribute to Brut-an-tiffi, in consideration of his forbearing to seize the dairo's farm, a tribute which amounted to seven times the value of the lands, for the defence of which it was paid. When I said *crammed*, I ought to have used another phrase. The beast, far from showing any signs of loathing, closed its eyes, opened its hideous jaws, and as it swallowed the inglorious bond, wagged its tail in token of entire satisfaction.

No fritter on Shrove Tuesday was ever more dexterously turned, than were the hydra's brains by this mountebank in patriotism, this juggler in politics, this cat in pan, or cake in pan, or *また 又* in principle. Some people gave out that he dealt with a conjurer, and others scrupled not to insinuate that he had sold himself to the evil spirit. But there was no occasion for a conjurer to deceive those whom the demon of folly had previously confounded, and as to selling, he sold nothing but the interest of his country, and of that he made a very bad bargain. Be that as it may, the Japanese now viewed Brut-an-tiffi either through a new perspective, or else surveyed him with organs entirely metamorphosed. Yesterday they detested him as a profligate ruffian, lost to all sense of honesty and shame, addicted to all manner of vice, a scoffer at religion, particularly that of Faku-basi, the scourge of human nature, and the inveterate enemy of Japan. To-day they glorified him as an unblemished hero, the protector of good faith, the mirror of honesty, the pattern of every virtue, a saint in piety, a devout votary to the white horse, a friend to mankind, the fast ally and the firmest prop of the Japanese empire. The farm of Yesso, which they had so long execrated as a putrid and painful excrescence upon the breach of their country, which would never be quiet until this cursed wart was either exterminated or taken away, they now fondled as a favourite mole, nay, and cherished as the apple of their eye. One would have imagined that all the inconsisten-

cies and absurdities which characterize the Japanese nation had taken their turns to reign, just as the interest of Taycho's ambition required. When it was necessary for him to establish new principles, at that very instant their levity prompted them to renounce their former maxims. Just as he had occasion to fascinate their senses, the demon of caprice instigated them to shut their eyes, and hold out their necks, that they might be led by the nose. At the very nick of time when he adopted the cause of Brut-an-tiffi, in a diametrical opposition to all his former professions, the spirit of whim and singularity disposed them to kick against the shins of common sense, deny the light of day at noon, and receive in their bosoms as a dove, the man whom before they had shunned as a serpent. Thus every thing concurred to establish for orator Taycho a despotism of popularity, and that not planned by reason, or raised by art, but founded on fatality, and finished by accident. *Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat*.

Brut-an-tiffi being so amply gratified by the Japanese for his promise of forbearance with respect to the farm of Yesso, and determined at all events to make some new acquisition, turned his eyes upon the domains of Pol-hassan-akousti, another of his neighbours, who had formed a most beautiful colony in this part of Tartary, and rushed upon it at a minute's warning. His resolution in this respect was so suddenly taken, and quickly executed, that he had not yet formed any excuse for this outrage, in order to save appearances. Without giving himself the trouble to invent a pretence, he drove old Pol-hassan-akousti out of his residence, compelled the domestics of that prince to enter among his own banditti, plundered his house, seized the archives of his family, threatened to shoot the ancient gentlewoman his wife, exacted heavy contribution from the tenants, then dispersed a manifesto, in which he declared himself the best friend of the said Akousti and his spouse, assuring him he would take care of his estate as a precious deposit, to be restored to him in due season. In the mean time, he thought proper to sequester the rents, that they might not enable Pol-hassan to take any measures that should conduce to his own prejudice. As for the articles of meat, drink, clothing, and lodging, for him and his wife and a large family of small children, he had nothing to do but depend upon Providence, until the present troubles should be appeased. His behaviour on this occasion, Peacock, puts me in mind of the Spaniard whom Philip II. employed to assassinate his own son Don Carlos. This compassionate Castilian, when the prince began to deplore his fate, twirled his mustachio, pronouncing, with great gravity, these words of comfort,—“*Calla, calla, señor, todo que se haze es por su bien*,” “I beg your

highness won't make any noise—this is all for your own good " or the politeness of Gibbet, in the play called the *Beaux Strata-gem*, who says to Mrs Sullen,—“Your jewels, madam, if you please—don't be under any uneasiness, madam—if you make any noise, I shall blow your brains out—I have a particular regard for the ladies, madam ”

But the possession of Pol-hassan's demesnes was not the ultimate aim of Brut-an-tiffi. He had an eye to a fair and fertile province belonging to a Tartar princess of the house of Ostrog. He saw himself at the head of a numerous banditti trained to war, fleshed in carnage, and eager for rapine, his coffers were filled with the spoils he had gathered in his former freebooting expeditions and the incredible sums paid him as an annual tribute from Japan, added to his other advantages, rendered him one of the most formidable chiefs in all Tartary. Thus elated with the consciousness of his own strength he resolved to make a sudden irruption into the dominions of Ostrog, at a season of the year when that house could not avail itself of the alliances they had formed with the other powers, and he did not doubt but that in a few weeks, he should be able to subdue the whole country belonging to the Amazonian princess. But I can tell thee, Peacock, his views extended farther than the conquest of the Ostrog dominions. He even aspired at the empire of Tartary, and had formed the design of deposing the great cham, who was intimately connected with the princess of Ostrog. Inspired by these projects, he, at the beginning of winter, suddenly poured like a deluge into one of the provinces that owned this Amazonian's sway, but he had hardly gained the passes of the mountains when he found himself opposed by a numerous body of forces, assembled under the command of a celebrated general, who gave him battle without hesitation, and handle him so roughly, that he was fain to retreat into the demesnes of Pol-hassan, where he spent the greatest part of the winter in exacting contributions, and extending the reign of desolation.

All the petty princes and states who hold of the great cham began to tremble for their dominions, and the cham himself was so much alarmed at the lawless proceedings of Brut-an-tiffi, that he convoked a general assembly of all the potentates who possessed fiefs in the empire, in order to deliberate upon measures for restraining the ambition of this ferocious freebooter. Among others the dairo of Japan, as lord of the farm of Yesso, sent a deputy to this convention, who in his master's name, solemnly disclaimed and professed his detestation of Brut-an-tiffi's proceedings, which indeed were universally condemned. The truth is, he thus merely dreaded the resentment of all the other co-estates rather more than he feared

the menaces of Brut-an-tiffi, and, in particular, apprehended a sentence of outlawry from the cham, by which at once he would have forfeited all legal title to his beloved farm. Brut-an-tiffi, on the other hand, began to raise a piteous clamour, as if he meant to excite compassion. He declared himself a poor injured prince, who had been a dupe to the honesty and humanity of his own heart. He affirmed that the Amazon of Ostrog had entered into a conspiracy against him, with the Mantchoux Tartars, and Prince Akousti. He published particulars of this dreadful conjuration, which appeared to be no other than a defensive alliance, formed in the apprehension that he would fall upon some of them, without any regard to treaty, as he had done on a former occasion, when he seized one of the Amazon's best provinces. He publicly taxed the dairo of Japan with having prompted him to commence hostilities, and hinted that the said dairo was to have shared his conquests. He openly entreated his co-estates to interpose their influence towards the re-establishment of peace in the empire, and gave them privately to understand, that he would ravage their territories without mercy, should they concur with the cham in any sentence to his prejudice.

As he had miscarried in his first attempt, and perceived a terrible cloud gathering around him, in all probability he would have been glad to compound matters at this juncture, on condition of being left *statu quo*, but this was a condition not to be obtained. The princess of Ostrog had by this time formed such a confederacy as threatened him with utter destruction. She had contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with the Chinese, the Mantchoux and the Serednee Tartars, and each of these powers engaged to furnish a separate army to humble the insolence of Brut-an-tiffi. The majority of the Tartar fiefs agreed to raise a body of forces to act against him as a disturber of the public peace, the great cham threatened him with a decree of outlawry and rebellion, and the Amazon herself opposed him at the head of a very numerous and warlike tribe, which had always been considered as the most formidable in that part of Tartary. Thus powerfully sustained, she resolved to enjoy her revenge, and at any rate retrieve the province which had been ravished from her by Brut-an-tiffi, at a time when she was embarrassed with other difficulties. Brut-an-tiffi did not think himself so reduced as to purchase peace with such a sacrifice. The Mantchoux were at a great distance, naturally slow in their motions, and had a very long march through a desert country, which they would not attempt without having first provided prodigious magazines. The Serednee were a divided people, among whom he had made shift to foment intestine

divisions, that would impede the national operations of the war. The Japanese satz-man formed a strong barrier between him and the Chinese, the army furnished by the fiefs he despised, as raw and undisciplined militia, besides, their declaring against him afforded a specious pretence for laying their respective dominions under contribution. But he chiefly depended upon the coffers of Japan, which he firmly believed would hold out until all his enemies should be utterly exhausted.

As this freebooter was a principal character in the drama which I intend to rehearse, I shall sketch his portrait according to the information I received from a fellow-atom who once resided at his court, constituting part in one of the organs belonging to his first chamberlain. His stature was under the middle size, his aspect mean and forbidding, with a certain expression which did not at all prepossess the spectator in favour of his morals. Had an accurate observer beheld him without any exterior distinctions in the streets of this metropolis, he would have naturally clapped his hands to his pockets. Thou hast seen the character of Gibbet represented on the stage by a late comedian of expressive feature. Nature sometimes makes a strange contrast between the interior workmanship and the exterior form, but here the one reflected a true image of the other. His heart never felt an impression of tenderness, his notions of right and wrong did not refer to any idea of benevolence, but were founded entirely on the convenience of human commerce, and there was nothing social in the turn of his disposition. By nature he was stern, insolent and rapacious, uninfluenced by any motive of humanity, unawed by any precept of religion. With respect to religion, he took all opportunities of exposing it to ridicule and contempt. Liberty of conscience he allowed to such extent, as exceeded the bounds of decorum, and disgraced all legislation. He pardoned a criminal convicted of bestiality, and publicly declared, that all modes of religion, and every species of amour, might be freely practised and prosecuted through all his dominions. His capacity was of the middling mould, and he had taken some pains to cultivate his understanding. He had studied the Chinese language, which he spoke with fluency, and piqued himself upon his learning, which was but superficial. His temper was so capricious and inconstant, that it was impossible even for those who knew him best to foresee any one particular of his personal demeanour. The same individual he would caress and insult by turns, without the least apparent change of circumstance. He has been known to dismiss one of his favourites with particular marks of regard, and the most flattering professions of affection; and, before he had time to pull off his buskins at his own house, he has been hurried on horseback by

a detachment of cavalry, and conveyed to the frontiers. Thus harassed, without refreshment or repose, he was brought back by another party, and reconveyed to the presence of Brut-an-tiffi, who embraced him at meeting, and gently chid him for having been so long absent. The fixed principles of this Tartar were these, insatiable rapacity, restless ambition, and an insuperable contempt for the Japanese nation. His maxims of government were entirely despotic. He considered his subjects as slaves, to be occasionally sacrificed to the accomplishment of his capital designs, but, in the mean time, he indulged them with the protection of equitable laws, and encouraged them to industry for his own emolument.

His virtues consisted of temperance, vigilance, activity and perseverance. His folly chiefly appeared in childish vanity and self-conceit. He amused himself with riding, reviewing his troops, reading Chinese authors, playing on a musical instrument in use among the Tartars, trifling with buffoons, conversing with supposed wits, and reasoning with pretended philosophers, but he had no communication with the female sex, nor, indeed, was there any ease, comfort, or enjoyment, to be derived from a participation in his pastime. His wits, philosophers and buffoons were composed of Chinese refugees, who soon discovered his weak side, and flattered his vanity to an incredible pitch of infatuation. They persuaded him that he was an universal genius, an invincible hero, a sage legislator, a sublime philosopher, a consummate politician, a divine poet, and an elegant historian. They wrote systems, compiled memoirs, and composed poems, which were published in his name, nay, they contrived witticisms, which he uttered as his own. They had, by means of commercial communication with the banks of the Ganges, procured the history of a western hero, called Raskalander, which, indeed, was no other than the memoirs of Alexander, written by Quintus Curtius, translated from the Indian language, with an intermixture of oriental fables. This they recommended, with many hyperbolical encomiums, to the perusal of Brut-an-tiffi, who became enamoured of the performance, and was fired with the ambition of rivalling, if not excelling, Raskalander, not only as a warrior, but likewise as a patron of taste, and a protector of the liberal arts. As Alexander deposited Homer's *Iliad* in a precious casket, so Brut-an-tiffi procured a golden box for preserving this sophistication of Quintus Curtius. It was his constant companion, he affected to read it in public, and to lay it under his pillow at night.

Thus pampered with adulation, and intoxicated with dreams of conquest, he made no doubt of being able to establish a new empire in Tartary, which should entirely eclipse the kingdom of Tum-ming-qua, and raise a

reputation that should infinitely transcend the fame of Yan, or any emperor that ever sat upon the throne of Thibet. He now took the field against the Amazon of the house of Ostrog, penetrated into her dominions, defeated one of her generals in a pitched battle, and undertook the siege of one of her principal cities, in full confidence of seeing her kneeling at his gate before the end of the campaign. In the mean time, her scattered troops were rallied, and reinforced by another old experienced commander, who, being well acquainted with the genius of his adversary, pitched upon an advantageous situation, where he waited for another attack. Brut-an-tiffi, flushed with his former victory, and firmly persuaded that no mortal power could withstand his prowess, gave him battle at a very great disadvantage. The consequence was natural, he lost great part of his army, was obliged to abandon the siege, and retreat with disgrace. A separate body, commanded by one of his ablest captains, met with the same fate in a neighbouring country, and a third detachment, at the farthest extremity of his dominions, having attacked an army of the Mantchoux, was repulsed with great loss.

These were not all the mortifications to which he was exposed about this period. The fatzman of Japan, who had formed an army for the defence of the farm of Yesso against the Chinese, met with a terrible disaster. Notwithstanding his being outnumbered by the enemy, he exhibited many proofs of uncommon activity and valour. At length they came to blows with him, and handled him so roughly, that he was fain to retreat from post to pillar, and leave the farm at their mercy. Had he pursued his route to the right, he might have found shelter in the dominions of Brut-an-tiffi, and this was his intention; but, instead of marching in a straight line, he revolved to the right, like a planet round the sun, impelled as it were by a compound impulse, until he had described a regular semicircle, and then he found himself with all his followers engaged in a sheep-pen, from whence there was no egress, for the enemy, who followed his steps, immediately blocked up the entrance. The unfortunate fatzman, being thus pounded, must have fallen a sacrifice to his centripetal force, had not he been delivered by the interposition of a neighbouring chief, who prevailed upon the Chinese general to let Quamba-cun-dona escape, provided his followers would lay down their arms, and return peaceably to their own habitations. This was a bitter pill, which the fatzman was obliged to swallow, and is said to have cost him five stone of suet. He returned to Japan in obscurity, the Chinese general took possession of the farm in the name of his emperor; and all the damage which the tenants sustained, was nothing more than a

change of masters, which they had no great cause to regret.

To the thinking part of the Japanese, nothing could be more agreeable than this event, by which they were at once delivered from a pernicious excrescence, which, like an ulcerated tumour, exhausted the juices of the body by which it was fed. Brut-an-tiffi considered the transaction in a different point of view. He foresaw that the Chinese forces would now be at liberty to join his enemies, the tribe of Ostrog, with whom the Chinese emperor was intimately connected, and that it would be next to impossible to withstand the joint efforts of the confederacy, which he had brought upon his own head. He therefore raised a hideous clamour. He accused the fatzman of misconduct, and insisted, not without a mixture of menaces, upon the dairo's reassembling his forces in the county of Yesso.

The dairo himself was inconsolable. He neglected his food, and refused to confer with his ministers. He dismissed the fatzman from his service. He locked himself in his cabinet, and spent the hours in lamentation—"O my dear farm of Yesso!" cried he, "shall I never more enjoy thy charms?—shall I never more regale my eye with thy beauteous prospects, thy hills of heath, thy meads of broom, and thy wastes of sand? shall I never more eat thy black bread, drink thy brown beer, and feast upon thy delicate porkers? Shall I never more receive the homage of the fallow Yessites with their meagre faces, ragged skirts, and wooden shoes? Shall I never more improve their huts and regulate their pigsties? O cruel fate! in vain did I face thy mud-walled mansion with a new freestone front! In vain did I cultivate thy turnip-garden! In vain did I inclose a piece of ground at a great expense, and raise a crop of barley, the first that ever was seen in Yesso! In vain did I send over a breed of mules and black cattle for the purpose of husbandry! In vain did I supply you with all the implements of agriculture! In vain did I sow grass and grain for food, and plant trees and furze and fern for shelter to the game, which could not otherwise subsist upon your naked downs! In vain did I furnish your houseless sides, and fill your hungry bellies with the good things of Japan! In vain did I expend the treasures of my empire for thy melioration and defence! In vain did I incur the execrations of my people, if I must now lose thee for ever, if thou must now fall into the hands of an insolent alien, who has no affection for thy soil, and no regard for thy interest! O Quamba-cun-dono! Quamba-cun-dono! how hast thou disappointed my hope! I thought thou wast too ponderous to flinch, that thou wouldst have stood thy ground, fixed as the temple of Fakkubasi, and larded the lean earth with thy carcase,

rather than leave my farm uncovered, but, alas! thou hast fled before the enemy like a partridge on the mountains, and suffered thyself at last to be taken in a snare like a foolish dotterel!"

The cuboy, who overheard this exclamation, attempted to comfort him through the key-hole. He soothed, and whined, and wheedled, and laughed, and wept, all in a breath. He exhorted the illustrious Got-hama-baba to bear this misfortune with his wonted greatness of mind. He offered to present his imperial majesty with lands in Japan that should be equal in value to the farm he had lost, or, if that should not be agreeable, to make good at the peace all the damage that should be done to it by the enemy. Finally, he cursed the farm, as the cause of his master's chagrin, and fairly wished it at the devil. Here he was suddenly interrupted with a—"Bub-ub-ub-boh! my lord cuboy, your grace talks like an apothecary. Go home to your own palace, and direct your cooks, and may your bonzas kiss your a—to your heart's content. I swear by the horns of the moon and the hoofs of the white horse, that my foot shall not touch your posteriors these three days." Fkk-kaka, having received this severe check, craved pardon in a whimpering tone for the liberty he had taken, and retired to consult with Mura-clami, who advised him to summon orator Taycho to his assistance.

This mob driver being made acquainted with the passion of the dairo, and the cause of his distress, readily undertook to make such a speech through the key-hole, as should effectually dispel the emperor's despondence, and to this enterprise he was encouraged by the hyperbolical praises of Mura-clami, who exhausted all the tropes of his own rhetoric in extolling the eloquence of Taycho. This triumvirate immediately adjourned to the door of the apartment in which Got-hama-bab was sequestered, where the orator, kneeling upon a cushion, with his mouth applied to the key-hole, opened the sluices of his elocution to this effect: "Most gracious!"

"Bo, bo, boh!" "Most illustrious!" "Bo, boh!" "Most invincible Got-hama-baba!" "Boh!" "When the sun, that glorious luminary, is obscured by envious clouds, all nature saddens, and seems to sympathise with his apparent distress. Your imperial majesty is the sun of our hemisphere, whose splendour illuminates our throne, and whose genial warmth enlivens our hearts, and shall we, your subjects, your slaves, the creatures of your nod—shall we, unmoved, behold your ever glorious effulgence overcast? No! while the vital stream bedews our veins, while our souls retain the faculty of reason, and our tongues the power of speech, we shall not cease to embalm your sorrow with our tears, we shall not cease to pour the overflowings of our affection—our filial tenderness, which

will always be reciprocal with your parental care—these are the inexhaustible sources of the nation's happiness. They may be compared to the rivers Jodo and Jodo-gaya, which derive their common origin from the vast lake of Amr. The one winds its silent course, calm, clear, and majestic, reflecting the groves and palaces that adorn its banks, and fertilizing the delightful country through which it runs; the other gushes impetuously through a rugged channel and less fertile soil, yet serves to beautify a number of wild romantic scenes; to fill an hundred aqueducts, and to turn a thousand mills: at length they join their streams below the imperial city of Meaco, and form a mighty flood devolving to the bay of Osaka, bearing on its spacious bosom the riches of Japan." Here the orator paused for breath—the cuboy clapped him on the back, whispering,—"Super-excellent! O charming simile! Another such will sink the dairo's grief to the bottom of the sea, and his heart will float like a blown bladder upon the waves of Kugova." Mura-clami was not silent in his praise, while he squeezed an orange between the lips of Taycho, and Got-hama-baba seemed all attention. At length the orator resumed his subject: "Think not, august emperor, that the cause of your disquiet is unknown, or unlamented by your weeping servants. We have not only perceived your eclipse, but discovered the invidious body by whose interposition that eclipse is effected. The rapacious arms of the hostile Chinese have seized the farm of Yesso!" "Oh, oh, oh!" "That farm so cherished by your imperial favour, that farm which, in the north of Tartary, shone like a jewel in the Æthiop's ear,—yes, that jewel hath been snatched by the savage hand of a Chinese freebooter—but dry your tears, my prince, that jewel shall detect his theft, and light us to revenge. It shall become a rock to crush him in his retreat,—a net of iron to entangle his steps,—a fallen trunk over which his feet shall stumble. It shall hang like a weight about his neck, and sink him to the lowest gulph of perdition.—Be comforted, then, my liege! your farm is rooted to the centre, it can neither be concealed nor removed. Nay, should he hide it at the bottom of the ocean, or place it among the constellations in the heavens, your faithful Taycho would fish it up entire, or tear it headlong from the starry firmament. We will retrieve the farm of Yesso!" "But, how, how, how, dear orator Taycho?" "The empire of Japan shall be mortgaged for the sake of that precious—that sacred spot, which produced the patriarch apostle Bupo, and resounded under the hoofs of the holy steed. Your people of Japan shall chant the litany of Fakku-basi. They shall institute crusades for the recovery of the farm; they shall pour their treasury at your imperial feet,—they shall clamour for

imposition, they shall load themselves with tenfold burdens, desolate their country, and beggar their posterity in behalf of Yesso. With these funds I could undertake even to overturn the councils of Pekin. While the Tartar princes deal in the price of blood, there will be no want of hands to cut away those noxious weeds which have taken root in the farm of Yesso: those vermin that have preyed upon her delightful blossoms! Amidst such a variety of remedies, there can be no difficulty in choosing. Like a weary traveller, I will break a bough from the first pine that presents, and brush away those troublesome insects that gnaw the fruits of Yesso. Should not the mercenary bands of Tartary suffice to repel those insolent invaders, I will engage to chain this island to the continent, to build a bridge from shore to shore, that shall afford a passage more free and ample than the road to hell. Through this avenue I will ride the mighty beast whose name is Legion. I have studied the art of war, my liege—I had once the honour to serve my country as lance-presado in the militia of Nippon. I will unpeople these realms, and overspread the land of Yesso with the forces of Japan."

Got-hama-baba could no longer resist the energy of such expressions. He flew to the door of his cabinet, and embraced the orator in a transport of joy, while Fika-kaka fell upon his neck and wept aloud, and Mura-clami kissed the hem of his garment.

You must know, Peacock, I had by this time changed my situation. I was discharged in the perspiratory vapour from the perinæum of the cuboy, and sucked into the lungs of Mura-clami, through which I pervaded into the course of the circulation, and visited every part of his composition. I found the brain so full and compact, that there was not room for another particle of matter. But instead of a heart, he had a membranous sac, or hollow viscus, cold and callous, the habitation of sneaking caution, servile flattery, griping avarice, creeping malice, and treacherous deceit. Among these tenants it was my fate to dwell, and there I discovered the motives by which the lawyer's conduct was influenced. He now secretly rejoiced at the presumption of Taycho, which he hoped had already prompted him to undertake more than he could perform, in which case he would infallibly incur disgrace either with the dairo or the people. It is not impossible but this hope might have been realized, had not fortune unexpectedly interposed, and operated as an auxiliary to the orator's presumption. Success began to dawn upon the arms of Japan in the island of Fatsissio, and towards the end of the campaign, Brut-an-tiff obtained two petty advantages in Tartary against one body of Chinese, and another of the Ostrog. All these were magnified into astonishing victories, and ascribed to the wisdom and courage of Taycho, because

during his ministry they were obtained, though he neither knew why, nor wherefore, and was in this respect as innocent as his master Got-hama-baba, and his colleague Fika-kaka. He had penetration enough to perceive, however, that these events had intoxicated the rabble, and began to pervert their ideas. Success of any kind is apt to perturb the weak brain of a Japanese, but the acquisition of any military trophy produces an actual delirium. The streets of Meaco were filled with multitudes who shouted, whooped, and hallooed. They made processions with flags and banners, they illuminated their houses, they extolled Ian-on-i, a provincial captain of Fatsissio, who had, by accident, repulsed a body of the enemy, and reduced an old barn which they had fortified. They magnified Brut-an-tiff; they deified orator Taycho, they drank, they damned, they squabbled, and acted a thousand extravagances, which I shall not pretend to enumerate or particularize. Taycho, who knew their trim, seized this opportunity to strike while the iron was hot. He forthwith mounted an old tub, which was his public rostrum, and, waving his hand in an oratorical attitude, was immediately surrounded with the thronging populace. I have already given you a specimen of his manner, and therefore shall not repeat the tropes and figures of his harangue, but only sketch out the plan of his address, and specify the chain of his argument alone. He assailed them in the way of paradox, which never fails to produce a wonderful effect upon a heated imagination and a shallow understanding. Having, in his exordium, artfully fascinated their faculties like a juggler in Bartholomew fair, by means of an assemblage of words without meaning or import, he proceeded to demonstrate, that a wise and good man ought to discard his maxims, the moment he finds they are certainly established on the foundation of eternal truth: that the people of Japan ought to preserve the farm of Yesso as the apple of their eye, because nature had disjoined it from their empire, and the maintenance of it would involve them in all the quarrels of Tartary, that it was to be preserved at all hazards, because it was not worth preserving, that all the power and opulence of Japan ought to be exerted and employed in its defence, because, by the nature of its situation, it could not possibly be defended, that Brut-an-tiff was the great protector of the religion of the bonzas, because he had never shown the least regard to any religion at all, that he was the fast friend of Japan, because he had more than once acted as a rancorous enemy to this empire, and never let slip the least opportunity of expressing his contempt for the subjects of Nippon, that he was an invincible hero, because he had been thrice beaten, and once compelled to raise a siege, in the course

of two campaigns, that he was a prince of consummate honour, because he had, in the time of profound peace, usurped the dominions, and ravaged the countries of his neighbours, in defiance of common honesty, in violation of the most solemn treaties, that he was the most honourable and important ally that the empire of Japan could choose, because his alliance was to be purchased with an enormous annual tribute, for which he was bound to perform no earthly office of friendship or assistance, because connection with him effectually deprived Japan of the friendship of all the other princes and states of Tartary, and the utmost exertion of his power could never conduce, in the smallest degree, to the interest or advantage of the Japanese empire.

Such were the propositions orator Taycho undertook to demonstrate, and the success justified his undertaking. After a weak mind has been duly prepared, and turned, as were, by opening a sluice or torrent of high-sounding words, the greater the contradiction proposed, the stronger impression it makes, because it increases the puzzle, and lays fast hold on the admiration, depositing the small proportion of reason with which it was before impregnated, like vitriol acid in the copper mines of Wicklow, into which, if you immerse iron, it immediately quits the copper which it had before dissolved, and unites with the other metal, to which it has a stronger attachment. Orator Taycho was not so well skilled in logic as to amuse his audience with definitions of concrete and abstract terms, or expatiate upon the genus and the difference, or state propositions by the subject, the predicate, and the copula, or form syllogisms by mood and figure, but he was perfectly well acquainted with all the equivocal or synonymous words in his own language, and could ring the changes on them with great dexterity. He knew perfectly well how to express the same ideas by words that literally implied opposition for example, a valuable conquest or an invaluable conquest, a shameful rascal or a shameless villain, a hard head or a soft head, a large conscience or no conscience, immensely great or immensely little, damned high or damned low, damned bitter, damned sweet, damned severe, damned insipid, and damned fulsome. He knew how to invert the sense of words by changing the manner of pronunciation e.g. "You are a very pretty fellow" to signify, "You are a very dirty scoundrel." "You have *always* spoken respectfully of the higher powers" to express, "You have often insulted your betters, and even your sovereign." "You have *never* turned tail to the principles you professed" to declare, "You have acted the part of an infamous apostate." He was well aware that words alter their signification according to the cir-

cumstances of times, customs, and the difference of opinion. Thus the name of Jack, who used to turn the spit and pull off his master's boots, was transferred to an iron machine and a wooden instrument now substituted for these purposes thus a stand for the tea-kettle acquired the name of footman, and the words canon and ordinance, signifying originally a rule or law, were extended to a piece of artillery, which is counted the *ultima lex*, or *ultima ratio regum*. In the same manner, the words infidel, heresy, good man, and political orthodoxy, imply very different significations among different classes of people. A mussulman is an infidel at Rome, and a Christian is distinguished as an unbeliever at Constantinople. A papist by protestantism understands heresy, to a Turk the same idea is conveyed by the sect of Ali. The term *good man* at Edinburgh implies fanaticism, upon the Exchange of London, it signifies cash, and in the general acceptation benevolence. Political orthodoxy has different, nay opposite definitions, at different places in the same kingdom, at O—— and C——, at the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall, and at Garraway's in Exchange alley. Our orator was well acquainted with all the legerdemain of his own language, as well as with the nature of the beast he had to rule. He knew when to distract its weak brain with a tumult of incongruous ideas, he knew when to overwhelm its feeble faculty of thinking, by pouring in a torrent of words without any ideas annexed. These throng in like city milliners to a Mile-end assembly, while it happens to be under the direction of a conductor without strength and authority. Those that have ideas annexed may be compared to the females provided with partners, which, though they may crowd the place, do not absolutely destroy all regulation and decorum, but those that are uncoupled press in promiscuously with such impetuosity, and in such numbers, that the puny master of the ceremonies is unable to withstand the irruption, far less to distinguish their quality, or accommodate them with partners thus they fall into the dance without order, and immediately anarchy ensues. Taycho having kept the monster's brain on a simmer, until, like the cow-heel in Don Quixote, it seemed to cry *commence, commence*,—come eat me, come eat me, then told them in plain terms, that it was expedient they should part with their wives and their children, their souls and their bodies, their substance and their senses, their blood and their suet, in order to defend the indefensible farm of Yesso, and to support Brut-an-tiffi, their insupportable ally. The hydra, rolling itself in the dust, turned up its huge unwieldy paunch, and wagged its forked tail, then licked the feet of Taycho, and through all its hoarse discordant throats began to bray applause. The daimo rejoiced

in his success, the first fruits of which consisted in their agreeing to maintain an army of twenty thousand Tartar mercenaries, who were reinforced by the flower of the national troops of Japan, sent over to defend the farm of Yesso, and in their consenting to prolong the annual tribute granted to Brut-an-tiffi, who, in return for this condescension, accommodated the dairo with one of his freebooting captains to command the Yessite army. This new general had seen some service, and was counted a good officer, but it was not so much on account of his military character that he obtained this command, as for his dexterity in prolonging the war, his skill in exercising all the different arts of peculation, and his attachment to Brut-an-tiffi, with whom he had agreed to co-operate in milking the Japanese cow. This plan they executed with such effect, as could not possibly result from address alone, unassisted by the infatuation of those whom they pillaged. Every article of contingent expense for draught-horses, wagons, postage, forage, provision, and secret service, was swelled to such a degree as did violence to common sense as well as to common honesty. The general had a fellow feeling with all the contractors in the army, who were connected with him in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of detection. In vain some of the Japanese officers endeavoured to pry into this mysterious commerce, in vain inspectors were appointed by the government of Japan. The first were removed on different pretences, the last were encountered by such disgraces and discouragements, as in a little time compelled them to resign the office they had undertaken. In a word, there was not a private mercenary Tartar soldier in this army who did not cost the empire of Japan as much as any subaltern officer of its own, and the annual charge of this continental war, undertaken for the protection of the farm of Yesso, exceeded the whole expense of any former war which Japan had ever maintained on its own account since the beginning of the empire, nay, it was attended with one circumstance which rendered it still more insupportable. The money expended in armaments and operations, equipped and prosecuted on the side of Japan, was all circulated within the empire, so that it still remained useful to the community in general. But no instance could be produced of a single copan that ever returned from the continent of Tartary; therefore all the sums sent thither were clear loss to the subjects of Japan.

Orator Taycho acted as a faithful ally to Brut-an-tiffi, by stretching the bass strings of the mobile in such a manner as to be always in concert with the extravagance of the Tartar's demands, and the absurdity of the dairo's predilection. Fika-kaka was astonished at these phenomena, while Mura-clami

hoped in secret that the orator's brain was disordered, and that his insanity would soon stand confessed, even to the conviction of the people. "If," said he to himself, "they are not altogether destitute of human reason, they must, of their own accord, perceive and comprehend this plain proposition: a cask of water that discharges *three* by one pipe, and receives no more than *two* by another, must infallibly be emptied at the long-run. Japan discharges *three* millions of obans every year for the defence of that blessed farm, which, were it put up to sale, would not fetch one-sixth part of the sum, and the annual balance of her trade with all the world brings in *two* millions; ergo, it runs out faster than it runs in, and the vessel at the long-run must be empty." Mura-clami was mistaken. He had studied philosophy only in profile. He had endeavoured to investigate the sense, but he had never fathomed the absurdities of human nature. All that Taycho had done for Yesso amounted not to one-third of what was required by the annual expense of Japan, while it maintained the war against China in different quarters of Asia. A former cuboy (rest his soul!) finding it impossible to raise within the year the exorbitant supplies that were required to gratify the avarice and ambition of the dairo, had contrived the method of funding, which hath been lately adopted with such remarkable success in this kingdom. You know, Peacock, this is no more than borrowing a certain sum on the credit of the nation, and laying a fresh tax upon the public, to defray the interest of every sum thus borrowed, an excellent expedient, when kept within due bounds, for securing the established government, multiplying the dependents of the m—ry, and throwing all the money of the empire into the hands of the administration. But those loans were so often repeated, that the national debt had already swelled to an enormous burden: such a variety of taxes was laid upon the subject, as grievously enhanced all the necessaries of life, consequently the poor were distressed, and the price of labour was raised to such a degree, that the Japanese manufactures were every where undersold by the Chinese traders, who employed their workmen at a more moderate expense.

Taycho, in this dilemma, was seized with a strange conceit. Alchemy was at that period become a favourite study in Japan. Some bonzas having more learning and avarice than their brethren, applied themselves to the study of certain Chaldean manuscripts, which their ancestors had brought from Assyria, and in these they found the substance of all that is contained in the works of Hermes Trismegistus, Geber, Zosymus, the Panapolyte, Olympiodorus, Heliodorus, Agathodæmon, Morienus, Albertus Magnus, and, above all, your countryman, Roger Bacon, who

adopted Geber's opinion, that mercury is the common basis, and sulphur the cement of all metals. By the bye, this same Friar Bacon was well acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, though the reputation arising from the discovery has been given to Swartz, who lived many years after that monk of Westminster. Whether the philosopher's stone, otherwise called the gift azoth, the fifth essence, or the alkahest, which last, Van Helmont pilfered from the tenth book of the Archidoxa, that treasure so long deposited in the occiput of the renowned Aureolus, Philippus, Paracelsus, Theophrastus, Boinbast, de Hohenheim, was ever really attained by human adept, I am not at liberty to disclose, but certain it is, the philosophers and alchemists of Japan, employed by orator Taycho to transmute baser metals into gold, miscarried in all their experiments. The whole evaporated in smoke, without leaving so much as the scrapings of a crucible for a specific against the itch. Tickets made of a kind of bamboo had been long used to reinforce the circulation of Japan, but these were of no use in Tartary, the mercenaries and allies of that country would receive nothing but gold and silver, which, indeed, one would imagine they had a particular method of decomposing or annihilating, for, of all the millions transported thither, not one copan was ever known to revisit Japan. "It was a country," as Hamlet says, "from whose bourne no travelling copan e'er returned." As the war of Yesso, therefore, engrossed all the specie of Nippon, and some currency was absolutely necessary to the subsistence of the Japanese, the orator contrived a method to save the expense of solid food. He composed a mess that should fill their bellies, and, at the same time, protract the intoxication of their brains, which it was so much his interest to maintain. He put them upon a diet of yeast where this did not agree with the stomach, he employed his emissaries to blow up the patients *a posteriori*, as the dog was blown up by the madman of Seville, recorded by Cervantes. The individuals thus inflated were seen swaggering about the streets, smooth and round, and sleek and jolly, with leering eyes and florid complexion. Every one seemed to have the *os magna sonaturum*. He strutted with an air of importance. He broke wind, and broached new systems. He declared, as if by revelation, that the more debt the public owed, the richer it became, that food was not necessary to the support of life, nor an intercourse of the sexes required for the propagation of the species. He expatiated on yeast as the nectar of the gods, that would sustain the animal machine, fill the human mind with divine inspiration, and confer immortality. From the efficacy of this specific, he began to prophesy concerning the white horse, and declared himself an apostle of Bupo. Thus

they strolled through the island of Nippon, barking and preaching the gospel of Fakkubasi, and presenting their barm goblets to all who were in quest of political salvation. The people had been so well prepared for infatuation, by the speeches of Taycho, and the tidings of success from Tartary, that every passenger greedily swallowed the drench, and in a little time the whole nation was converted, that is, they were totally freed from those troublesome and impertinent faculties of reason and reflection, which could have served no other purpose but to make them miserable under the burdens to which their backs were now subjected. They offered up all their gold and silver, their jewels, their furniture and apparel, at the shrine of Fakkubasi, singing psalms and hymns in praise of the white horse. They put arms into the hands of their children, and drove them into Tartary, in order to fatten the land of Yesso with their blood. They grew fanatics in that cause, and worshipped Brutan-tiffi as the favourite prophet of the beautiful Bupo. All was staggering, staring, incoherence, and contortion, exclamation, and eructation. Still this was no more than a temporary delirium, which might vanish as the intoxicating effects of the yeast subsided. Taycho, therefore, called in two reinforcements to the drench. He resolved to satiate their appetite for blood, and to amuse their infantine vanity with the gew-gaws of triumph. He equipped out one armament at a considerable expense to make a descent on the coast of China, and sent another at a much greater to fight the enemy in Fatsissio. The commander of the first disembarked upon a desolate island, demolished an unfinished cottage, and brought away a few bunches of wild grapes. He afterwards hovered on the Chinese coast, but was deterred from landing by a very singular phenomenon. In surveying the shore, through spying glasses, he perceived the whole beach instantaneously fortified, as it were, with parapets of sand, which had escaped the naked eye, and at one particular part, there appeared a body of giants with very hideous features, peeping, as it were, behind those parapets, from which circumstance the Japanese general concluded there was a very formidable ambuscade, which he thought it would be madness to encounter, and even folly to ascertain. One would imagine he had seen Homer's account of the Cyclops, and did not think himself safe, even at the distance of some miles from the shore, for he pressed the commander of the fune to weigh anchor immediately, and retire to a place of more safety. I shall now, Peacock, let you into the whole secret. This great officer was deceived by the carelessness of the commissary, who, instead of perspectives, had furnished him with glasses peculiar to Japan, that magnified and multiplied objects at the same time. They are called

pho-beron-tia The large parapets of sand were a couple of mole-hills, and the gigantic faces of grim aspect, were the posteriors of an old woman sacrificing *sub dso* to the powers of digestion

There was another circumstance which tended to the miscarriage of this favourite expedition The principal design was against a trading town, situated on a navigable river, and at the place where this river disembogued itself into the sea, there was a Chinese fort called Sa-rouf. "The admiral of the fune sent the second in command, whose name was Sel-uon, to lay this fort in ashes, that the embarkation might pass without let or molestation A Chinese pilot offered to bring his junk within a cable length of the walls, but he trusted to the light of his own penetration He ran his junk a-ground, and solemnly declared there was not water sufficient to float any vessel of force within three miles of Sa-rouf This discovery he made by sounding, and it proved two very surprising paradoxes first, that the Chinese junks drew little or no water, otherwise they could not have arrived at the town where they were laid up secondly, that the fort Sa-rouf was raised in a spot where it neither could offend, nor be offended But the seeyoo-gun Sel-uon was a mighty man for paradoxes His superior in command was a plain man, who did not understand these niceties he, therefore, grumbled, and began to be troublesome, upon which a council of war was held, and, he being overruled by a majority of voices, the whole embarkation returned to Nippon *re infecta* You have been told how the beast called Legion brayed and bellowed and kicked, when the fate of Bin-goh's expedition was known, it was disposed to be very unruly at the return of this armament, but Taycho lulled it with a double dose of his mandragora It growled at the giants, the sand-hills, and the paradoxes of Sel-uon then brayed aloud, *Taycho for ever* rolled itself up like a lubberly hydra, yawned and fell fast asleep The other armament, equipped for the operations in Fataissio, did not arrive at the place of destination till the opportunity for action was lost The object was the reduction of a town and island belonging to the Chinese but before the fune with the troops arrived from Nippon, the enemy, having received intimation of their design, had reinforced the garrison and harbour with a greater number of forces and fune than the Japanese commander could bring against them He therefore wisely declined an enterprise which must have ended in his own disgrace and destruction. The Chinese were successful in other parts of Fataissio They demolished some forts, they defeated some parties, and massacred some people, belonging to the colonies of Japan. Perhaps the tidings of these disasters would have roused the people of Ni-

phon from the lethargy of intoxication in which they were overwhelmed, had not their delirium been kept up by some fascinating amulets from Tartary these were no other than the bubbles which Brut-an-tiff swelled into mighty victories over the Chinese and Ostrog, though, in fact, he had been severely cudgelled, and more than once in very great danger of crucifixion. Taycho presented the monster with a bowl of blood, which he told it this invincible ally had drawn from its enemies the Chinese, and, at the same time, blowed the gay bubbles athwart its numerous eyes The hydra lapped the gore with signs of infinite relish, groaned and grunted to see the bubbles dance, exclaimed,—“O rare Taycho!” and relapsed into the arms of slumber Thus passed the first campaign of Taycho's administration

By this time Fika-kaka was fully convinced that the orator actually dealt with the devil, and had even sold him his soul for this power of working miracles on the understanding of the populace He began to be invaded with fears, that the same consideration would be demanded of him for the ease and pleasure he now enjoyed in partnership with that magician He no longer heard himself scoffed, ridiculed and reviled in the assemblies of the people He no longer saw his measures thwarted, nor his person treated with disdain He no longer racked his brains for pretences to extort money, nor trembled with terror, when he used these pretences to the public The mouth of the opposition was now glued to his own posteriors Many a time and often, when he heard orator Taycho declaiming against him from his rostrum, he cursed him in his heart, and was known to ejaculate,—“Kiss my a—, Taycho,” but little did he think the orator would one day stoop to this compliance He now saw that insolent foul-mouthed demagogue ministering with the utmost servility to his pleasure and ambition He filled his bags with the treasures of Japan, as if by enchantment so that he could now gratify his own profuse temper without stint or control He took upon himself the whole charge of the administration, and left Fika-kaka to the full enjoyment of his own sensuality, thus divested of all its thorns It was the contemplation of these circumstances, which inspired the cuboy with a belief that the devil was concerned in producing this astonishing calm of felicity, and that his infernal highness would require of him some extraordinary sacrifice for the extraordinary favours he bestowed He could not help suspecting the sincerity of Taycho's attachment, because it seemed altogether unnatural; and if his soul was to be the sacrifice, he wished to treat with Satan as a principal. Full of this idea, he had recourse to his bonzas, as the most likely persons to pro-

cure him such an interview with the prince of darkness, as should not be attended with immediate danger to his corporeal parts but, upon inquiry, he found there was not one conjuror among them all. Some of them made a merit of their ignorance, pretending they could not in conscience give application to an art which must have led them into communication with demons; others insisted there *was* no such thing as the devil, and this opinion seemed to be much relished by the cubby, the rest frankly owned they knew nothing at all of the matter. For my part, Peacock, I not only know there is a devil, but I likewise know that he has marked out nineteen-twentieths of the people of this metropolis for his prey. How now! you shake, sirrah! You have some reason, considering the experiments you have been trying in the way of sorcery, turning the sieve and shears, mumbling gibberish over a goose's liver stuck with pins, pricking your thumbs, and writing mystical characters with your blood, forming spells with sticks laid across, reading prayers backwards, and invoking the devil by the name, style and title of *Sathan, Abrasax, Adonai*. I know what communication you had with goody Thrusk at Camberwell, who undertook, for three shillings and four pence, to convey you on a broomstick to Norway, where the devil was to hold a conventicle, but you boggled at crossing the sea, without such security for your person as the beldame could not give. I remember you poring over the treatise *De volucris arborea*, until you had well nigh lost your wits, and your intention to enrol yourself in the Rosicrucian society, until your intrigue with the tripe-woman in Thieving-lane destroyed your pretensions to chastity. Then you cloaked your own wickedness with an affectation of scepticism, and declared there never was any such existence as devil, demon, spirit, or goblin, nor any such art as magic, necromancy, sorcery, or witchcraft. O infidel! hast thou never heard of the three divisions of magic into natural, artificial and diabolical? The first of these is no more than medicine, hence the same word *Pharmacopola* signified both a wisacre and apothecary. To the second belong the glass sphere of Archytus, the emperor Leo's singing birds of gold, Boetius the consolator's flying birds of brass, hissing serpents of the same metal, and the famous speaking head of Albertus Magnus. The last, which we call diabolical, depends upon the evocation of spirits; such was the art exercised by the magicians of Pharaoh; as well as by that conjurer recorded by Gaspar Peucerus, who animated the dead carcass of a famous female in Bologna, in such a manner, that she played upon her instrument as well as ever she had done in her life, un-

til another magician, removing the charm, which had been placed in her arm-pits, the body fell down deprived of all motion. It is by such means that conjurers cure distempers with charms and amulets, that, according to St Isidore, they confound the elements, disturb the understanding, slay without poison or any perceptible wound, call up devils, and learn from them how to torment their enemies. Magic was known even to the ancient Romans. Cato teaches us how to charm a dislocated bone, by repeating these mystical words,—*Incipe, cantare in alto, S F motas danata dardaries, Astotaries, die una parite dum coeunt*, &c. Besides, the virtues of ABRACADABRA are well known, though the meaning of the word has puzzled some of the best critics of the last age, such as Wendelinus, Scaliger, Saumaise, and Father Kircher, not to mention the ancient physician Serenus Sammonicus, who describes the disposition of these characters in hexameter verse. I might here launch out into a very learned dissertation, to prove that this very Serenus formed the word ABRACADABRA from the Greek word *Ἀβρααζ*, a name by which Basilides, the Egyptian heretic, defined the Deity, as the letters of it imply 365, the number of days in the year. This is the word still fair and legible on one of the two talismans found in the seventeenth century, of which Baronius gives us the figure in the second volume of his Annals. By the bye, Peacock, you must take notice, that the figure of St George encountering the dragon, which is the symbol of the order of the garter, and at this day distinguishes so many inns, taverns and alehouses in this kingdom, was no other originally than the device of an abraxas or amulet wore by the Basilidians, as a charm against infection, for, by the man on horseback killing the dragon, was typified the sun purifying the air, and dispersing the noxious vapours from the earth. An abraxas marked with this device, is exhibited by Montfaucon out of the collection of Sig Capello. This symbol, improved by the cross on the top of the spear, was afterwards adopted by the Christian crusaders, as a badge of their religious warfare, as well as an amulet to insure victory, the cross alluding to Constantine's labarum, with the motto,—*IN THTO VINC*, "In this you shall conquer." The figure on horseback they metamorphosed into St George, the same with George the Arian, who at one time was reckoned a martyr, and maintained a place in the Roman martyrology, from which he and others were erased by Pope Gelasius, in the fifth century, because the accounts of their martyrdom were written by heretics. This very George, while he officiated as bishop of Alexandria, having ordered a temple of the god *Mythras* to be purified, and converted into a Christian church, found in the said temple this emblem

of the sun, which the Persians adored under the name of *Mythras*, and, with the addition of the cross, metamorphosed it into a symbol of Christian warfare against idolatry. It was on this occasion that the pagans rose against George, and murdered him with the utmost barbarity, and from this circumstance he became a saint and martyr, and the amulet or abraxas became his badge of distinction. The cross was considered as such a sure protection in battle, that every sword-hilt was made in this form, and every warrior, before he engaged, kissed it, in token of devotion; hence the phrase,—“I kiss your hilt,” which is sometimes used even at this day. With respect to the mystical words, ΑΒ ΑΛΛΞ, ΙΑΝ ΔΟΝΝΑΙ, which are found, upon those amulets, and supposed to be of Hebrew extract, though in the Greek character of termination, if thou wouldst know their real signification, thou mayest consult the learned De Croy, in his treatise concerning the genealogies of the *Gnostics*. Thou wilt find it at the end of St Irenæus's works, published by Grævus at Oxford.

But to return to magic, thou must have heard of the famous Albertus Magnus de Boldstadt, who indifferently exercised the professions of conjurer, bawd, and man-midwife, who forged the celebrated *Androides*, or brazen head, which pronounced oracles, and solved questions of the utmost difficulty; nor can the fame of Henry Cornelius Agrippa have escaped thee; he who wrote the treatises *De occulta Philosophia*, *et de cæcis Cereemoniis*, who kept his demon secured with an enchanted iron collar, in the shape of a black dog, which black dog being dismissed in his last moments with these words,—*Abi perdita bestia quæ me totum perdidisti*, plunged itself into the river Soame, and immediately disappeared. But what need of those profane instances, to prove the existence of magicians who held communication with the devil? Don't we read in the Scripture of the magicians of Pharaoh and Manasses, of the witch of Endor, of Simon and Barjesus, magicians, and of that sorceress, of whose body the apostle Paul dispossessed the devil? Have not the fathers mentioned magicians and sorcerers? Have not different councils denounced anathemas against them? Hath not the civil law decreed punishments to be inflicted upon those convicted of the black art? Have not all the tribunals in France, England, and particularly in Scotland, condemned many persons to the stake for sorceries, on the fullest evidence, nay, even on their own confession? Thou thyself mayest almost remember the havoc that was made among the sorcerers in one of the English colonies in North America, by Dr Increase Mather, and Dr Cotton Mather, those luminaries of the New England church, under the authority and auspices of Sir William Phipps, that flower of knighthood, and

mirror of governors, who, not contented with living witnesses, called in the assistance of spectral evidence, to the conviction of those diabolical delinquents. This was a hint, indeed, which he borrowed from the famous trial of Urban Grandier, canon of Loudun in France, who was duly convicted of magic, upon the depositions of the devils *Astaroth*, *Eusas*, *Celsus*, *Acaos*, *Cedon*, *Asmodeus*, *Ahrx*, *Zabulon*, *Nephtalim*, *Cham*, *Urul*, and *Achas*. I might likewise refer thee to King James's history of witchcraft, wherein it appears, upon incontrovertible evidence, that the devil not only presided in person at the assemblies of those wise women, but even condescended to be facetious, and often diverted them by dancing and playing gambols with a lighted candle in his breech. I might bid thee recollect the authenticated account of the earl of Gowry's conspiracy against the said king, in which appears the deposition of a certain person, certifying that the earl of Gowry had studied the black art, that he wore an amulet about his person, of such efficacy, that although he was run several times through the body, not one drop of blood flowed from the wounds until those mystical characters were removed. Finally, I could fill whole volumes with undeniable facts, to prove the existence of magic, but what I have said shall suffice. I must only repeat it again, that there was not one magician, conjuror, wizard or witch, among all the bonzas of Japan, whom the cuboy consulted, a circumstance that astonished him the more, as divers of them, notwithstanding their beards, were shrewdly suspected to be old women, and till that time, an old woman with a beard upon her chin had been always considered as an agent of the devil. It was the nature of Fika-kaka to be impatient and impetuous. Perceiving that none of his bonzas had any communication with the devil, and that many of them doubted whether there was any such personage as the devil, he began to have some doubts about his own soul.—“For if there is no devil,” said he, “there is no soul to be damned, and it would be a reproach to the justice of heaven, to suppose that all souls are to be saved, considering what rascally stuff mankind are made of.” This was an inference which gave him great disturbance, for he was one of those who would rather encounter eternal damnation, than run any risk of being annihilated. He therefore assembled all those among the bonzas who had the reputation of being great philosophers and metaphysicians, in order to hear their opinions concerning the nature of the soul. The first reverend sage who delivered himself on this mysterious subject, having stroked his grey beard, and hemmed thrice with great solemnity, declared that the soul was an animal, a second pronounced it to be the number three, or proportion, a third contended for

the number *seven*, or harmony, a fourth defined the soul the *universe*, a fifth affirmed it was a mixture of elements, a sixth asserted it was composed of *fire*, a seventh opined it was formed of *water*, an eighth called it an *essence*, a ninth, an *idea*, a tenth stuckled for *substance without extension*, an eleventh, for *extension without substance*, a twelfth cried it was an *accident*, a thirteenth called it a *reflecting mirror*, a fourteenth, the *image reflected*, a fifteenth insisted upon its being a *tune*, a sixteenth believed it was the instrument that played the tune, a seventeenth undertook to prove it was *material*, an eighteenth exclaimed it was *immaterial*, a nineteenth allowed it was *something*, and a twentieth swore it was *nothing*. By this time all the individuals that composed this learned assembly spoke together, with equal eagerness and vociferation. The volubility with which a great number of abstruse and unintelligible terms and definitions were pronounced and repeated, not only resembled the confusion of Babel, but they had just the same effect upon the brain of Fika-kaka, as is generally produced in weak heads by looking steadfastly at a mill-wheel or a vortex, or any other object in continual rotation. He grew giddy, ran three times round, and dropped down in the midst of the bonzas, deprived of sense and motion. When he recovered so far as to be able to reflect upon what had happened, he was greatly disturbed with the terror of annihilation, as he had heard nothing said in the consultation which could give him any reason to believe there was such a thing as an immortal soul. In this emergency, he sent for his counsellor Mura-clami, and when that lawyer entered his chamber, exclaimed,—“My dear Mura, as I have a soul to be saved!—A soul to be saved! ay, there’s the rub!—the devil a soul have I! Those bonzas are good for nothing but to kiss my a——,—a parcel of ignorant asses! Pox on their philosophy! Instead of demonstrating the immortality of the soul, they have plainly proved the soul is a chimaera, a Will-o’-the-wisp, a bubble, a term, a word, a nothing!” My dear Mura! prove but that I have a soul, and I shall be contented to be damped to all eternity.” “If that be the case,” said the other, “your quanbukuship may set your heart at rest for if you proceed to govern this empire, in conjunction with Taycho, as you have begun, it will become a point of eternal justice to give you an immortal soul (if you have not one already), that you may undergo eternal punishment, according to your demerits.” The cuboy was much comforted by this assurance, and returned to his former occupations with redoubled ardour. He continued to confer benefices on his back-friends the bonzas, to regulate the whole army of tax-gatherers, to bribe the tribunes, the centu-

rions, the decuriones, and all the inferior mob-drivers of the empire, to hire those pipers who were best skilled in making the multitude dance, and finding out the ablest artists to scratch their long ears, and tickle their noses. These toils were sweetened by a variety of enjoyments. He possessed all the pomp of ostentation, the vanity of levees, the pride of power, the pleasure of adulation, the happiness of being kicked by his sovereign and kissed by his bonzas, and, above all, the delights of the stomach and the close-stool, which recurred in perpetual succession, and which he seemed to enjoy with a particular relish for it must be observed, to the honour of Fika-kaka, that what he eagerly received at one end, he as liberally refunded at the other. But as the faculties of his mind were insufficient to digest the greatness of power which had fallen to his share, so were the organs of his body unable to concoct the enormous mass of aliments which he so greedily swallowed. He laboured under an indigestion of both, and the vague promises which went upwards, as well as the murmurs that passed the other way, were no other than eruptive crudities arising from the defects of his soul and body.

As for Taycho, he confined himself to the management of the war. He recalled the general in chief from Fatsissio, because he had not done that which he could not possibly do, but, instead of sending another on whose abilities he could depend, he allowed the direction of the armaments to devolve upon the second in command, whose character he could not possibly know, because, indeed, he was too obscure to have any character at all. The fruits of his sagacity soon appeared. The new general Abra-moria, having reconnoitred a post of the enemy, which was found too strong to be forced, attacked it without hesitation, and his troops were repulsed and routed with considerable slaughter. It was lucky for Taycho that the tidings of this disaster were qualified by the news of two other advantages which the arms of Japan had gained. A separate corps of troops, under Yaf-frai and Ya-lofi, reduced a strong Chinese fortress in the neighbourhood of Fatsissio, and a body of Japanese, headed by a factor called Ka-liff, obtained a considerable victory at Fla-sao, in the farther extremity of Tartary, where a trading company of Meaco possessed a commercial settlement. The hydra of Meaco began to shake its numerous heads, and growl, when it heard of Abra-moria’s defeat. At that instant, one of its leaders exclaimed,—“Bliss thy long ears!” It was not Taycho that recommended Abra-moria to this command. He was appointed by the *fatzman*. This was true. It was likewise true that Taycho had allowed him quietly to succeed to the command, without knowing any thing of his abilities: it was equally true that Taycho was

an utter stranger to Yaf-frai and Ya-loff, who took the fortress, as well as to the factor Ka-liff, who obtained the victory at the farther end of Tartary. Nevertheless, the beast cried aloud,—“Hang Abra-moria” and a fig for the fatzman! But let the praise of Taycho be magnified! It was Taycho that subdued the fortress in the isle Ka-frit-o. It was Taycho that defeated the enemy at Fla-sao. Yaf-frai has slain his thousands, Ya-loff has slain his five thousands, but Taycho has slain his ten thousands.”

Taycho had credit not only for the success of the Japanese arms, but likewise for the victories of Brut-an-tiffi, who had lately been much beholden to fortune. I have already observed what a noise that Tartar made when the fatzman of Japan found himself obliged to capitulate with the Chinese general. In consequence of that event, the war was already at an end with respect to the Japanese, on the continent of Tartary. The emperor of China took possession of the farm of Yesso, the peasants quietly submitted to their new masters, and those very freebooting Tartar chiefs, who had sold their subjects as soldiers, to serve under the fatzman, had already agreed to send the very same mercenaries into the army of China. It was at this juncture that Brut-an-tiffi exalted his throat. In the preceding campaign he had fought with various success. One of his generals had given battle to the Mantchoux Tartars, and each side claimed the victory. Another of his leaders had been defeated and taken by the Ostrog. The Chinese had already advanced to the frontiers of Brut-an-tiffi's dominions. In this dilemma he exerted himself with equal activity and address: he repulsed the Chinese army with considerable loss, and, in the space of one month after this action, gained a victory over the general of the Ostrog. These advantages rendered him insufferably arrogant. He exclaimed against the fatzman, he threatened the daïro, and, as I have taken notice above, a new army was raised at the expense of Japan, to defend him from all future invasions of the Chinese. Already the Tartar general Bronx-tic, who was vested, at his desire, with the command of the mercenary army of Japan, had given a severe check to a strong body of the Chinese, and even threatened to carry the war into the empire of China, but his progress was soon stopt, and he was forced to retreat in his turn towards the farm of Yesso. But from nothing did orator Taycho reap a fuller harvest of praise, than from the conquest of Tzin-khall, a settlement of the Chinese on the coast of Terra Australis, which conquest was planned by a Banyan merchant of Meaco, who had traded on that coast, and was particularly known to the king of the country. This royal savage was uneasy at the neighbourhood of the Chinese, and conjured the merchant, whose name was

Thum-Khumm-qua, to use his influence at the court of Meaco, that an armament should be equipped against the settlement of Tzin-khall, he himself solemnly promising to co-operate in the reduction of it with all his forces. Thum-Khumm-qua, whose zeal for the good of his country got the better of all his prudential maxims, did not fail to represent this object in the most interesting points of view. He demonstrated to Taycho the importance of the settlement, that it abounded with slaves, ivory, gold, and a precious gum which was not to be found in any other part of the world, a gum in great request all over Asia, and particularly among the Japanese, who were obliged to purchase it in time of war at second-hand from their enemies the Chinese, at an exorbitant price. He demonstrated, that the loss of this settlement would be a terrible wound to the emperor of China, and proved that the conquest of it could be achieved at a very trifling expense. He did more. Though by the maxims of his sect he was restrained from engaging in any military enterprise, he offered to conduct the armament in person, in order the more effectually to keep the king of the country steady to his engagements. Though the scheme was in itself plausible and practicable, Mr Orator Taycho shuffled and equivocated until the season for action was past. But Thum-Khumm-qua was indefatigable: he exhorted, he pressed, he remonstrated, he complained, and besieged the orator's house in such a manner, that Taycho at length, in order to be rid of his importunity, granted his request. A small armament was fitted out, the banyan embarked in it, leaving his own private affairs in confusion, and the settlement was reduced, according to his prediction. When the news of this conquest arrived at Meaco, the multifarious beast brayed hoarse applause, and the minister Taycho was magnified exceedingly. As for Thum-Khumm-qua, whose private fortune was consumed in the expedition, all the recompense he received was the consciousness of having served his country. In vain he reminded Taycho of his promises, in vain he recited the minister's own letters, in which he had given his word that the banyan should be liberally rewarded, according to the importance of his services. Taycho was both deaf and blind to all his remonstrances and representations, and, at last, fairly flung the door in his face.

Such was the candour and the gratitude of the incomparable Taycho. The poor projector, Thum-Khumm-qua, found himself in a piteous case, while the whole nation resounded with joy for the conquest which his sagacity had planned, and his zeal carried into execution. He was not only abandoned by the minister Taycho, but also renounced by the whole sect of the banyans, who looked upon him as a wicked apostate, because

he had been concerned with those who fought with the arm of flesh. It was lucky for him that he afterwards found favour with a subsequent minister, who had not adopted all the maxims of his predecessor, Taycho. The only measures which this egregious demagogue could hitherto properly call his own, were these: his subsidiary treaty with Brut-an-tiff, his raising an immense army of mercenaries to act in Tartary for the benefit of that prince, his exacting an incredible sum of money from the people of Japan, and, finally, two successive armaments which he had sent to annoy the sea-coasts of China. I have already given an account of the first, the intent of which was frustrated by a mistake in the perspectives. The other was more fortunate in the beginning. Taycho had, by the force of his genius, discovered that nothing so effectually destroyed the oiled paper which the Chinese use in their windows instead of glass, as the gold coin called oban, when discharged from a military engine at a proper distance. He found that gold was more compact, more malleable, and more manageable, than any other metal or substance that he knew. He therefore provided a great quantity of obans, and a good body of slingers, and these being conveyed to the coast of China in a squadron of fune, as none of the Chinese appeared to oppose these hostilities, a select number of the troops were employed to make ducks and drakes with the obans, on the supposition that this diversion would allure the enemy to the sea-side, where they might be knocked on the head without further trouble; but the care of their own safety got the better of their curiosity on this occasion, and fifty thousand obans were expended in this manner, without bringing one Chinese from his lurking hole. Considerable damage was done to the windows of the enemy. Then the forces were landed in a village, which they found deserted. Here they burned some fishing-boats, and from hence they carried off some military machines, which were brought to Meaco, and conveyed through the streets in procession, amidst the acclamations of the hydra, who sung the praise of Taycho. Elevated by this triumph, the minister sent forth the same armament a second time, under a new general of his own choosing, whose name was Hylib-bib, who had long entertained an opinion that the inhabitants of China were not beings of flesh and blood, but mere fantastic shadows, who could neither offend nor be offended. Full of this opinion, he made a descent on the coast of that empire, and, to convince his followers that his notion was right, he advanced some leagues into the country, without having taken any precaution to secure a retreat, leaving the fune at anchor upon an open beach. Some people alleged that he depended upon the sagacity of an engineer recom-

mended to him by Taycho, which engineer had such an excellent nose, that he could smell a Chinese at the distance of ten leagues, but it seems the scent failed him at this juncture. Perhaps the Chinese general had trailed rusty bacon and other odiferous substances, to confound his sense of smelling. Perhaps no dew had fallen over night, and a strong breeze blew towards the enemy. Certain it is, Hylib-bib, in the evening, received repeated intelligence that he was within half a league of a Chinese general, at the head of a body of troops greatly superior in number to the Japanese forces which he himself commanded. He still believed it was all illusion, and, when he heard their drums beat, declared it was no more than a ridiculous enchantment. He thought proper, however, to retreat towards the sea-side, but this he did with great deliberation, after having given the enemy fair notice by beat of drum. His motions were so slow, that he took seven hours to march three miles. When he reached the shore where the fune were at anchor, he saw the whole body of the Chinese drawn up on a rising ground, ready to begin the attack. He ordered his rear-guard to face about, on the supposition that the phantoms would disappear as soon as they showed their faces; but finding himself mistaken, and perceiving some of his own people to drop, in consequence of missiles that came from the enemy, he very calmly embarked with his van, leaving his rear to amuse the Chinese, by whom they were, in less than five minutes, either massacred or taken. From this small disgrace the general deduced two important corollaries, first, that the Chinese were actually material beings, capable of impulsion, and, secondly, that his engineer's nose was not altogether infallible. The people of Meaco did not seem to relish the experiments by which these ideas were ascertained. The monster was heard to grunt in different streets of the metropolis, and these notes of discontent produced the usual effect in the bowels of Fika-kaka, but orator Taycho had his flowers of rhetoric and his bowl of mandragora in readiness. He assured them that Hylib-bib should be employed for the future in keeping sheep on the island of Xicoco, and the engineer be sent to hunt truffles on the mountains of Ximo. Then he tendered his dose, which the hydra swallowed with signs of pleasure, and, lastly, he mounted upon its back, and rode in triumph under the windows of the astonished uboy, who, while he shifted his trowsers, exclaimed, in a rapture of joy,—“All hail, Taycho, thou prince of monster-taming men! the daïro shall kick thy posteriors, and I will kiss them in token of approbation and applause.”

The time was now come when fortune, which had hitherto smiled upon the Chinese

arms, resolved to turn tail to that vain-glorious nation, and precisely at the same instant Taycho undertook to display his whole capacity in the management of the war. But before he assured this province, it was necessary that he should establish a despotism in the council of twenty-eight, some members of which had still the presumption to offer their advice towards the administration of affairs. This council being assembled by the daïro's order, to deliberate upon the objects of the next campaign, the president began by asking the opinion of Taycho, who was the youngest member, upon which the orator made no articulate reply, but cried,—“Ba-ba-ba-ba.” The daïro exclaimed, “Boh!” The fatzman ejaculated the interjection “Pish!” The cuboy sat in silent astonishment. Gotto-mio swore the man was dumb, and hinted something of lunacy. Fokai-rokhu shook his head, and Soo-san-sin-o shrugged up his shoulders. At length Fika-kaka going round, and kissing Taycho on the forehead,—“My dear boy!” cried he, “Gad's curse! what's the matter?” Do but open the sluices of your eloquence once more, my dear orator, let us have one smile—one dear smile, and then I shall die contented. With respect to the operations of the campaign, don't you think?”—Here he was interrupted with—“Ka, ka, ka, ka!” “Heighday!” cried the cuboy, “Ba-ba-ba, ka-ka-ka!” that's the language of children!” “And children you shall be,” exclaimed the orator. “Here is a two-penny trumpet for the amusement of the illustrious Got-hama-baba, a sword of gingerbread covered with gold leaf for the fatzman, and a rattle for my lord cuboy. I have likewise sugar-plums for the rest of the council.” So saying, he, without ceremony, advanced to the daïro, and tied a scarf round the eyes of his imperial majesty, then he produced a number of padlocks, and sealed up the lips of every quon in council, before they could recollect themselves from their first astonishment.

The assembly broke up abruptly, and the daïro was conducted to his cabinet by the fatzman and the cuboy, which last endeavoured to divert the chagrin of his royal master, by blowing the trumpet and shaking the rattle in his ears: but Got-hama-baba could not be so easily appeased. He growled like an enraged bear at the indignity which had been offered to him, and kicked the cuboy before as well as behind. Mr Orator Taycho was fain to come to an explanation. He assured the daïro that it was necessary that his imperial majesty should remain in the dark, and that the whole council should be muzzled for a season, otherwise he could not accomplish the great things he had projected in favour of the farm of Yesso. He declared, that while his majesty remained blindfold, he would enjoy all his other senses in greater perfection, that his ears would be

every day regaled with the shouts of triumph, conveyed in notes of uncommon melody, and that the less quantity of animal spirits was expended in vision, the greater proportion would flow to his extremities, consequently, his pleasure would be more acute in his pedestrian exertations upon the cuboy and others whom he delighted to honour. He therefore exhorted him to undergo a total privation of eye-sight, which was at best a troublesome faculty, that exposed mankind to a great variety of disagreeable spectacles. This was a proposal which the daïro did not relish, on the contrary, he waxed exceedingly wrath, and told the orator he would rather enjoy one transient glance of the farm of Yesso, than the most exquisite delights that could be procured for all the other senses. “To gratify your majesty with that ineffable pleasure,” cried Taycho, “I have devoted myself, soul and body, and even reconciled contradictions. I have renounced all my former principles, without forfeiting the influence which, by professing those principles, I had gained. I have obtained the most astonishing victories over common sense, and even refuted mathematical demonstration. The many-headed mob, which no former demagogue could ever tame, I have taught to fetch and to carry, to dance to my pipe, to bray to my tune, to swallow what I present without murmuring, to lick my feet when I am angry, and kiss the rod when I think proper to chastise it. I have done more, my liege, I have prepared a drench for it, which, like Lethe, washes away the remembrance of what is past, and takes away all sense of its own condition. I have swept away all the money of the empire and persuaded the people not only to beggar themselves, but likewise to entail indigence upon their latest posterity, and all for the sake of Yesso. It is by dint of these efforts I have been able to subsidize Brut-an-tiff, and raise an army of one hundred thousand men to defend your imperial majesty's farm, which, were the entire property of it brought to market, would not fetch one third part of the sums which are now yearly expended in its defence. I shall strike but one great stroke in the country of Fatsissio, and then turn the whole stream of the war into the channel of Tartary, until the barren plains of Yesso are fertilized with human blood. In the mean time, I must insist upon your majesty's continuing in the dark, and amusing yourself in your cabinet with the trumpet and other gewgaws which I have provided for your diversion, otherwise I quit the reins of administration, and turn the monster out of my trammels, in which case, like the dog that returns to its vomit, it will not fail to take up its former prejudices against Yesso, which I have with so much pains obliged it to resign.” “O my dear Taycho!” cried the affrighted daïro, “talk not of leaving me in

such a dreadful dilemma. Rather than the dear farm should fall into the hands of the Chinese, I would be contented to be led about blindfold all the days of my life. Proceed in your own way. I invest you with full power and authority, not only to gag my whole council, but even to nail their ears to the pillory, should it be found necessary for the benefit of Yesso. In token of which delegation, present your posteriors, and I will bestow upon you a double portion of my favour." Taycho humbly thanked his imperial majesty for the great honour he intended him, but begged leave to decline the ceremony, on account of the hemorrhoids, which at that time gave him great disturbance.

The orator having thus annihilated all opposition in the council of twenty-eight, repaired to his own house, in order to plan the operations of the ensuing campaign. Though he had reinforced the army in Tartary with the flower of the Japanese soldiery, and destined a strong squadron of fune, as usual, to parade on the coast of China, he foresaw it would be necessary to amuse the people with some new stroke on the side of Fatsissio, which, indeed, was the original and the most natural scene of the war. He locked himself up in his closet, and consulting the map of Fatsissio, he found that the principal Chinese settlement of that island was a fortified town called Quib-quab, to which there was access by two different avenues, one by a broad, rapid, navigable river, on the banks of which the town was situated, and the other by an inland route over mountains, lakes, and dangerous torrents. He measured the map with his compass, and perceived that both routes were nearly of the same length, and, therefore, he resolved that the forces in Fatsissio, being divided into two equal bodies, should approach the place by the two different avenues, on the supposition that they would both arrive before the walls of Quib-quab at the same instant of time. The conduct of the inland expedition was given to Yaff-rai, who now commanded in chief in Fatsissio, and the rest of the troops were sent up the great river under the auspices of Yaloff, who had so eminently distinguished himself in the course of the preceding year.

Orator Taycho had received some articles of intelligence which embarrassed him a little at first, but these difficulties soon vanished before the vigour of his resolutions. He knew that not only the town of Quib-quab was fortified by art, but also that the whole adjacent country was almost impregnable by nature: that one Chinese general blocked up the passes with a strong body of forces, in the route which was to be followed up by Yaff-rai; and that another commanded a separate corps in the neighbourhood of Quib-quab, equal, at least, in number to the detachment of Ya-loff, whom he might, therefore, either

prevent from landing, or attack after he should be landed: or, finally, should neither of these attempts succeed, he might reinforce the garrison of Quib-quab, so as to make it more numerous than the besieging army, which, according to the rules of war, ought to be ten times the number of the besieged. On the other hand, in order to invalidate these objections, he reflected that fortune, which had such a share in all military events, is inconstant and variable, that as the Chinese had been so long successful in Fatsissio, it was now their turn to be unfortunate. He reflected that the demon of folly was capricious, and that as it had so long possessed the rulers and generals of Japan, it was high time it should shift its quarters, and occupy the brains of the enemy, in which case they would quit their advantageous posts, and commit some blunder that would lay them at the mercy of the Japanese. With respect to the reduction of Quib-quab, he had heard, indeed, that the besiegers ought to be ten times the number of the garrison besieged, but as every Japanese was equivalent to ten subjects of China, he thought the match was pretty equal. He reflected, that even if this expedition should not succeed, it would be of little consequence to his reputation, as he could plead at home, that he neither conceived the original plan, nor appointed any of the officers concerned in the execution. It is true, he might have reinforced the army in Fatsissio, so as to leave very little to fortune, but then he must have subtracted something from the strength of the operations in Tartary, which was now become the favourite scene of the war: or he must have altogether suspended the execution of another darling scheme, which was literally his own conception. There was an island in the great Indian ocean at a considerable distance from Fatsissio, and here the Chinese had a strong settlement. Taycho was inflamed with the ambition of reducing this island, which was called Thin-quo, and for this purpose he resolved to embark a body of forces which should co-operate with the squadron of fune, destined to cruise in those latitudes. The only difficulty that remained was to choose a general to direct his enterprise. He perused a list of all the military officers in Japan, and as they were all equal in point of reputation, he began to examine their names, in order to pitch upon that which should appear to be the most significant, and in this particular Taycho was a little superstitious. Not but that surnames, when properly bestowed, might be rendered very useful terms of distinction, but I must tell thee, Peacock, nothing can be more preposterously absurd than the practice of inheriting *cognomina*, which ought ever to be purely personal. I would ask thee, for example, what propriety there was in giving the name *Xenophon*, which signifies *one that speaks a foreign language*,

to the celebrated Greek who distinguished himself, not only as a consummate captain, but also as an elegant writer in his mother tongue? What could be more ridiculous than to denominate the great philosopher of Crotona, *Pythagoras*, which implies a *stinking speech*? Or what could be more misapplied than the name of the weeping philosopher *Heracitus*, signifying *military glory*? The inheritance of surnames among the Romans produced still more ludicrous consequences. The best and noblest families in Rome derived their names from the coarsest employments, or else from the corporeal blemishes of their ancestors. The *Psiones* were millers, the *Cicerones* and the *Lentuli* were so called from the *vetches* and the *lentils* which their forefathers dealt in. The *Fabii* were so denominated from a dung-pit, in which the first of the family was begot by stealth in the way of fornication. A ploughman gave rise to the great family of the *Serrani*, the ladies of which always went without smocks. The *Sulii*, the *Bubulci*, and the *Porci* were descended from a swine-herd, a cow-herd, and hog-butcher. What could be more disgraceful than to call the senator *Strabo*, *Squantum*? or a fine young lady of the house of *Pati*, *Pagmes*? or to distinguish a matron of the *Lami* by the appellation of *Sheep's-eye*?—What could be more dishonourable than to give the surname of snub-nose to *P. Silius*, the proprietor, because his great-great-grandfather had a nose of that make? Ovid, indeed, had a long nose, and therefore was justly denominated *Naso*, but why should Horace be called *Flaccus*, as if his ears had been stretched in the pillory? I need not mention the *Burrhi*, *Nagri*, *Rufi*, *Aquili*, and *Rutuli*, because we have the same foolish surnames in England, and even the *Lappa*, for I myself know a very pretty miss called *Rough-head*, though in fact there is not a young lady in the bills of mortality who takes more pains to dress her hair to the best advantage. The famous dictator, whom the deputies of Rome found at the plough, was known by the name of *Cincinnatus*, or *Ragged-head*. Now I leave you to judge how it would sound in these days, if a footman at the play-house should call out,—“*My Lady Ragged-head's coach Room for my Lady Ragged-head*.” I am doubtful whether the English name of *Hale* does not come from the Roman cognomen *Hala*, which signifies *stinking breath*. What need I mention the *Plauti*, *Panci*, *Valgi*, *Vari*, *Vatri*, and *Scauri*; the *Tuditani*, the *Malici*, *Cenestelle*, and *Lecce*, in other words, the *Splay-foots*, *Bandy-legs*, *Shamble-shins*, *Baker-knives*, *Club-foots*, *Hammer-heads*, *Chubby-cheeks*, *Bald-heads*, and *Letchers*? I shall not say a word of the *Buteo* or *Buzzard*, that I may not be obliged to explain the meaning of the word

Triorchus, from whence it takes its denomination, yet all those were great families in Rome.

But I cannot help taking notice of some of the same improprieties which have crept into the language and customs of this country. Let us suppose, for example, a foreigner reading an English newspaper in these terms—“Last Tuesday, the Right Honourable *Timothy Sullyman*, secretary of state for the southern department, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry at his house in *Knave's acre*. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir *Samuel Hog* and Lady *Diana Rough-head*. We hear there is purpose of marriage between Mr Alderman *Small-cock* and Miss *Harriet Hair-stones*, a young lady of great fortune and superlative merit. By the last mail from Germany, we have certain advice of a complete victory which General *Coward* has obtained over the enemy. On this occasion the general displayed all the intrepidity of the most renowned hero. By the same channel we are informed that Lieutenant *Little-fear* has been broken by a court-martial for cowardice. We hear that *Edward West*, Esq. will be elected president of the directors of the *East India* company for the ensuing year. It is reported that Commodore *North* will be sent with a squadron into the *South Sea*. Captains *East* and *South* are appointed by the lords of the admiralty commanders of two frigates, to sail on the discovery of the *North-west* passage. Yesterday morning Sir *John Summer*, baronet, lay dangerously ill at his house in *Spring-Garden*, where he is attended by Dr *Winter*, but there are no hopes of his recovery. Saturday last, *Philip Frost*, a dealer in gunpowder, died at his house in *Snow-hill*, of a fever caught by overheating himself, in walking for a wagor from *No man's land* to the *World's End*. Last week Mr *John Fog*, teacher of astronomy in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow *Fairweather* of *Puddledock*. We hear from Bath, that on Thursday last a duel was fought on Landsdown, by Captain *Sparrow* and Richard *Hawke*, Esq. in which the latter was mortally wounded. Friday last ended the sessions at the Old Bailey, when the following persons received sentence of death—*Leonard Lamb*, for the murder of *Julius Wolf*, and *Henry Grave*, for robbing and assaulting Dr *Death*, whereby the said *Death* was put in fear of his life. *Giles Gosling*, for defrauding *Samon Fox* of four guineas and his watch, by subtle craft, was transported for seven years, and *David Drinkwater* was ordered to be set in the stocks as an habitual drunkard. The trial of *Thomas Green*, whistler at Fulham, for a rape on the body of *Flora White*, a mulatto, was put off till next sessions, on account of the absence of two material evidences, viz *Sa-*

rah Brown, clear-starcher of *Pimlico*, and *Anthony Black*, scarlet-dyer of *Wandsworth*." I ask thee, *Peacock*, whether a sensible foreigner, who understood the literal meaning of these names, which are all truly British, would not think ye were a nation of humourists, who delighted in cross-purposes and ludicrous singularity? But, indeed, ye are not more absurd in this particular than some of your neighbours. I know a Frenchman of the name of *Bouvier*, which signifies *cow-keeper*, pique himself upon his noblesse, and a general called *Valavoir* is said to have lost his life by the whimsical impropriety of his surname, which signifies *go and see*.* You may remember an Italian minister called *Grossa testa*, or *Great head*, though in fact he had scarce any head at all. That nation has, likewise, its *Sforzas*, *Malatestas*, *Boccanigras*, *Porcinas*, *Grudices*, its *Colunnas*, *Muratorios*, *Medicus*, and *Gozzi* endeavours, *chuckle-heads*, *black muzzles*, *hogs*, *judges*, *pillars*, *masons*, *leeches*, and *chubby-chops*. Spain has its *Almohadas*, *Girones*, *Utreras*, *Urnas*, and *Zapatas*; signifying, *cushions*, *gores*, *bullocks*, *bears*, and *slippers*. The Turks, in other respects a sensible people, fall into the same extravagance, with respect to the inheritance of surnames. An Armenian merchant, to whom I once belonged at Aleppo, used to dine at the house of a cook, whose name was *Clock-maker*, and the handsomest ichoglan in the bashaw's seraglio was surnamed *Crook-back*. If we may believe the historian *Buck*, there was the same impropriety in the same epithet bestowed upon Richard III. King of England, who, he says, was one of the best made men of the age in which he lived; but here I must contradict the said *Buck* from my own knowledge. Richard had, undoubtedly, one shoulder higher than the other, and his left arm was a little shrunk and contracted; but notwithstanding the ungracious colours in which he has been drawn by the flatterers of the house of Lancaster, I can assure thee, *Peacock*, that Richard was a prince of a very agreeable aspect, and excelled in every personal accomplishment; neither was his heart a stranger to the softer passions of tenderness and pity. The very night that preceded the battle of *Bosworth*, in which he lost his life, he went in disguise to the house of a farmer in the neighbourhood, to visit an infant son there boarded, who was the fruit of an amour between him and a young lady of the first condition. Upon this occasion, he embraced the child with all the marks of pa-

ternal affection, and, doubtful of the issue of the approaching battle, shed a flood of tears at parting from him, after having recommended him to the particular care of his nurse, to whom he gave money and jewels to a considerable value. After the catastrophe of Richard, this house was plundered, and the nurse with difficulty escaped to another part of the country, but as the enemies of Richard now prevailed, she durst never reveal the secret of the boy's birth, and he was bred up as her own son to the trade of bricklaying, in which character he lived and died at an advanced age in London. Moreover, it is but justice in me, who constituted part of one of Richard's yeomen of the guard, to assure thee that this prince was not so wicked and cruel as he has been represented. The only share he had in the death of his brother Clarence, was his forbearing to interpose in the behalf of that prince with their elder brother King Edward IV. who, in fact, was the greatest brute of the whole family; neither did he poison his own wife, nor employ assassins to murder his two nephews in the Tower. Both the boys were given by Tyrrel in charge to a German Jew, with directions to breed them up as his own children, in a remote country, and the eldest died of a fever at Embden, and the other afterwards appeared as claimant of the English crown; all the world knows how he finished his career under the name of *Perkin Warbeck*. So much for the abuse of surnames, in the investigation of which I might have used thy own by way of illustration, for, if thou and all thy generation were put to the rack, they would not be able to give any tolerable reason why thou shouldst be called *Peacock* rather than *Ciab-louse*. But it is now high time to return to the thread of our narration. Taycho, having considered the list of officers, without finding one name which implied any active virtue, resolved that the choice should depend upon accident. He hustled them all together in his cap, and putting in his hand at random, drew forth that of *Hob-nob*, a person who had grown old in obscurity, without ever having found an opportunity of being concerned in actual service. His very name was utterly unknown to *Fika-kaka*; and this circumstance the orator considered as a lucky omen; for the cubby had such a remarkable knack at finding out the least qualified subjects, and overlooking merit, his new colleague concluded, not without some shadow of reason, that *Hob-nob's* being unknown to the prime minister was a sort of negative presumption in favour of his character. This officer was accordingly placed at the head of an armament, and sent against the island of *Thin-quo*, in the conquest of which he was to be supported by a squadron of fune already in those latitudes, under the command of the chief *He-rhuma*.

The voyage was performed without loss;

* The general, taking a solitary walk in the evening, was questioned by a sentinel, and answered—" *Ya la voir*." The soldier, taking the words in a literal sense, repeated the challenge; he was answered in the same manner, and being affronted, fired upon the general, who fell dead on the spot.

the troops were landed without opposition. They had already advanced towards a rising ground which commanded the principal town of the island, and He-rhumn had offered to land and draw the artillery by the mariners of his squadron, when Hob-nob had a dream which disconcerted all his measures. He dreamed that he entertained all the islanders in the temple of the white horse, and that his own grandmother did the honours of the table. Indeed he could not have performed a greater act of charity, for they were literally in danger of perishing by famine. Having consulted his interpreter on this extraordinary dream, he was given to understand that the omen was unlucky, that if he persisted in his hostilities, he himself would be taken prisoner, and offered up as a sacrifice to the idol of the place. While he ruminated on this unfavourable response, the principal inhabitants of the island assembled, in order to deliberate upon their own deplorable situation. They had neither troops, arms, fortifications, nor provision, and despaired of supplies, as the fleet of Japan surrounded the island. In this emergency, they determined to submit without opposition, and appointed a deputation to go and make a tender of the island to general Hob-nob. This deputation, preceded by white flags of truce, the Japanese commander no sooner descried, than he thought upon the interpretation of his dream. He mistook the deputies with their white flags for the bonzas of the idol to which he was to be sacrificed, and, being sorely troubled in mind, ordered the troops to be immediately re-embarked, notwithstanding the exhortations of He-rhumn, and the remonstrances of Rha-rin-tumm, the second in command, who used a number of arguments to dissuade him from his purpose. The deputies, seeing the enemy in motion, made a halt, and after they were fairly on board, returned to the town, singing hymns in praise of the idol Fo, who, they imagined, had confounded the understanding of the Japanese general.

The attempt upon Thin-quo having thus miscarried, Hob-nob declared he would return to Japan, but was with difficulty persuaded by the commander of the *funo* and his own second, to make a descent upon another island belonging to the Chinese, called *Qua chu*, where they assured him he would meet with no opposition. As he had no dream to deter him from this attempt, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and actually made good his landing, but the horror occasioned by the apparition of his grandmother had made such an impression upon his mind, as affected his body. Before he was visited by another vision, he sickened and died, and in consequence of his death, Rha-rin-tumm and He-rhumn made a conquest of the island of *Qua-chu*, which was much more valuable than Thin-quo, the first and

sole object of the expedition. When the first news of this second descent arrived in Japan, the ministry were in the utmost confusion. Mr Orator Taycho did not scruple to declare that general Hob-nob had misbehaved, first, in relinquishing Thin-quo upon such a frivolous pretence as the supposed apparition of an old woman, secondly, in attempting the conquest of another place, which was not so much as mentioned in his instructions. The truth is, the importance of *Qua-chu* was not known to the cabinet of Japan. Fika-kaka believed it was some place on the continent of Tartary, and exclaimed, in a violent passion,—"Rot the blockhead, Hob-nob, he'll have an army of Chinese on his back in a twinkling!" When the president Soo-san-sin-o assured him that *Qua-chu* was a rich island at an immense distance from the continent of Tartary, the cuboy insisted upon kissing his excellency's posterior for the agreeable information he had received. In a few weeks arrived the tidings of the island's being totally reduced by Rha-rin-tumm and He-rhumn. Then the conquest was published throughout the empire of Japan, with every circumstance of exaggeration. The blatant beast brayed applause. The rites of Pakku-basi were celebrated with unusual solemnity, and hymns of triumph were sung to the glory of the great Taycho. Even the cuboy arrogated to himself some share of the honour gained by this expedition, inasmuch as the general Rha-rin-tumm was the brother of his friend Mr Secretary No-bo-dy. Fika-kaka gave a grand entertainment at his palace, where he appeared crowned with a garland of the *tsikk-burasiba*, or laurel of Japan, and eat so much of the soup of *Joniku*, or famous *swallow's nest*, that he was for three days troubled with flatulencies and indigestion.

In the midst of all this festivity, the emperor still growled and grumbled about Yesso. His new ally Brut-an-tiffi had met with a variety of fortune, and even suffered some shocks, which orator Taycho, with all his art, could not keep from the knowledge of the daio. He had been severely drubbed by the Mantchoux, who had advanced for that purpose even to his court-yard, but this was nothing in comparison to another disaster, from which he had a hair-breadth escape. The great kham had employed one of his most wily and enterprising chiefs to seize Brut-an-tiffi by surprise, that he might be brought to justice, and executed as a felon and perturbator of the public peace. Kunt-than, who was the partisan pitched upon for this service, practised a thousand stratagems to decoy Brut-an-tiffi into a careless security, but he was still baffled by the vigilance of Yam-a-kheit, a famous soldier of fortune, who had engaged in the service of the outlawed Tartar. At length the opportunity offered, when this captain was sent out to

lay the country under contribution. Then Kunt-than marching solely in the dead of night, caught Brut-an-tiff napping. He might have slain him upon the spot, but his orders were to take him alive, that he might be made a public example. Accordingly, his sentinels being dispatched, he was pulled out of bed, and his hands were already tied with cords, like those of a common malefactor, when, by his roaring and bellowing, he gave the alarm to Yam-a-khoit, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, returning from his excursion. He made all the haste he could, and came up in the very nick of time to save his master. He fell upon the party of Kunt-than with such fury, that they were fain to quit their prey: then he cut the fetters of Brut-an-tiff, who took to his heels and fled with incredible expedition, leaving his preserver in the midst of his enemies, by whom he was overpowered, struck from his horse, and trampled to death. The grateful Tartar not only deserted his brave captain in such extremity, but he also took care to asperse his memory, by insinuating that Yam-a-khoit had undertaken to watch him while he took his repose, and had himself fallen asleep upon his post, by which neglect of duty the Ostrog had been enabled to penetrate into his quarters. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good—the same disaster that deprived him of a good officer, afforded him an opportunity to shift the blame of neglect from his own shoulders to those of a person who could not answer for himself. In the same manner, your general A——y acquitted himself of the charge of misconduct for the attack of T——a, by accusing his engineer, who, having fallen in the battle, could not contradict his assertion. In regard to the affair with the Mantchoux, Brut-an-tiff was resolved to swear truth out of Tartary by mere dint of impudence. In the very article of running away, he began to propagate the report of the great victory he had obtained. He sent the dairo a circumstantial detail of his own prowess, and expatiated upon the cowardice of the Mantchoux, who, he said, had vanished from him like quicksilver, at the very time when they were quietly possessed of the field of battle, and he himself was calling upon the mountains to cover him. It must have been in imitation of this great original, that the inspector, of tympanical memory, assured the public, in one of his lucubrations, that a certain tall Hibernian was afraid of looking him in the face, because the said poltroon had kicked his breech the night before in presence of five hundred people.

Fortune had now abandoned the Chinese in good earnest. Two squadrons of their fune had been successively taken, destroyed, or dispersed by the Japanese commanders, Or-nbos and Fas-khan, and they had lost such a number of single junks, that they were scarce able to keep the sea. On the

coast of Africa, they were driven from the settlement of Kho-rhe by the commander Kha-fell. In the extremity of Asia, they had an army totally defeated by the Japanese captain Khutt-whang, and many of their settlements were taken. In Fatsasio, they lost another battle to Yan-oui, and divers strongholds. In the neighbourhood of Yesso, Bron-xi-tic, who commanded the mercenary army of Japan on that continent, had been obliged to retreat before the Chinese from post to pillar, till at length he found it absolutely necessary to maintain his position, even at the risk of being attacked by the enemy, that outnumbered him greatly. He chose an advantageous post, where he thought himself secure, and went to sleep at his usual time of rest. The Chinese general, resolving to beat up his quarters in the night, selected a body of horse for that purpose, and put them in motion accordingly. It was happy for Bron-xi-tic that this detachment fell upon a quarter where there happened to be a kennel of Japanese dogs, which are as famous as the bull-dogs of England. These animals, ever on the watch, not only gave the alarm, but at the same time fell upon the Chinese horses with such impetuosity, that the enemy were disordered, and had actually fled before Bron-xi-tic could bring up his troops to action. All that he saw of the battle, when he came up, was a small number of killed and wounded, and the cavalry of the enemy scampering off in confusion, though at a great distance from the field. No matter: he found means to paint this famous battle of Myn-than in such colours as dazzled the weak eye-sight of the Japanese monster, which bellowed hoarse applause through all its throats, and in its hymns of triumph equalled Bron-xi-tic even to the unconquerable Brut-an-tiff, which last, about this time, received at his own door another beating from the Mantchoux, so severe, that he lay for some time without exhibiting any signs of life, and, indeed, owed his safety to a very extraordinary circumstance. An Ostrog chief called Liha-dahn, who had reinforced the Mantchoux with a very considerable body of horse before the battle, insisted upon carrying off the carcase of Brut-an-tiff, that it might be hung up on a gibbet *in terrorem*, before the pavilion of the great kham. The general of the Mantchoux, on the other hand, declared he would have it flayed upon the spot, and the skin sent as a trophy to his sovereign. This dispute produced a great deal of abuse betwixt those barbarians, and it was with difficulty some of their inferior chiefs, who were wiser than themselves, prevented them from going by the ears together. In a word, the confusion and anarchy that ensued afforded an opportunity to one of Brut-an-tiff's partizans to steal away the body of his master, whom the noise of the contest had just roused from his

swallow. Liha-dahn, perceiving he was gone, rode off in disgust with all his cavalry; and the Mantchoux, instead of following the blow, made a retrograde motion towards their own country, which allowed Brut-an-tiff time to breathe. Three successive disasters of this kind would have been sufficient to lower the military character of any warrior, in the opinion of any public that judged from their own senses and reflection, but by this time the Japanese had quietly resigned all their natural perceptions, and paid the most implicit faith to every article broached by their apostle Taycho. The more it seemed to contradict common reason and common evidence, the more greedily was it swallowed as a mysterious dogma of the political creed. Taycho then assured them that the whole army of the Mantchoux was put to the sword, and that Bron-xi-tic would carry the war within three weeks into the heart of China; he gave them goblets of horse-blood from Myn-than, and tickled their ears and their noses, they snorted approbation, licked his toes, and sunk into a profound lethargy.

From this, however, they were soon aroused by unwelcome tidings from Fatsissio. Yaff-rai had proceeded in his route until he was stopped by a vast lake, which he could not possibly traverse without boats, cork-jackets, or some such expedient, which could not be supplied for that campaign. Ya-loff had sailed up the river to Quib-quab, which he found so strongly fortified by nature, that it seemed rashness even to attempt a landing, especially in the face of an enemy more numerous than his own detachment. Land, however, he did, and even attacked a fortified camp of the Chinese, but, in spite of all his efforts, he was repulsed with considerable slaughter. He sent an account of this miscarriage to Taycho, giving him to understand, at the same time, that he had received no intelligence of Yaff-rai's motions; that his troops were greatly diminished, that the season was too far advanced to keep the field much longer, and that nothing was left them but a choice of difficulties, every one of which seemed more insurmountable than another. Taycho having deliberated on this subject, thought it was necessary to prepare the monster for the worst that could happen, as he now expected to hear by the first opportunity that the grand expedition of Fatsissio had totally miscarried. He resolved, therefore, to throw the blame upon the shoulders of Ya-loff and Yaff-rai, and stigmatize them as the creatures of Fika-kaka, who had neither ability to comprehend the instructions he had given, nor resolution to execute the plan he had projected. For this purpose he ascended the rostrum, and, with a rueful length of face, opened his harangue upon the defeat of Ya-loff. The hydra no sooner understood that the troops of Japan had been discomfited, than it was seized with

a kind of hysteric fit, and uttered a yell so loud and horrible, that the blindfold daïro trembled in the most internal recesses of his palace. The cuboy Fika-kaka had such a profuse evacuation, that the discharge is said to have weighed five *mill-ah*, equal to eight and forty pounds three ounces and two pennyweights *avordupois* of Great Britain. Even Taycho himself was discomposed. In vain he presented the draught of yeast, and the goblet of blood—in vain his pipers soothed the ears, and his tall fellows tickled the nose of the blatant beast. It continued to howl and grin, and gnash its teeth, and writhe itself into a thousand contortions, as if it had been troubled with that twisting of the guts called the *ilac passion*. Taycho began to think its case desperate, and sent for the daïro's chief physician, who prescribed a glyster of the distilled spirit analogous to your *geneva*, but no apothecary nor old woman in *Meaco* would undertake to administer it on any consideration, the patient was such a filthy, awkward, lubberly, unmanageable beast. "If what comes from its mouth," said they, "be foul, virulent, and pestilential, how nauseous, poisonous, and intolerable must that be which takes the other course!" When Taycho's art and foresight were at a stand, accident came to his assistance. A courier arrived, preceded by twelve postilions blowing horns, and he brought the news that Quib-quab was taken. The orator commanded them to place their horns within as many of the monster's long ears, and blow with all their might, until it should exhibit some signs of hearing. The experiment succeeded. This hydra waking from its trance, opened its eyes, and Taycho seizing this opportunity, hallooed in his loudest tone,—"Quib-quab is taken." This note being repeated, the beast started up, then raising itself on its hind legs, began to wag its tail, to frisk and fawn, to lick Taycho's sweaty socks, in fine, crouching on its belly, it took the orator on its back, and, proceeding through the streets of *Meaco*, brayed aloud,—"Make way for the divine Taycho! Make way for the conqueror of Quib-quab!" But the gallant Ya-loff, the real conqueror of Quib-quab, was no more. He fell in the battle by which the conquest was achieved, yet not before he saw victory declared in his favour. He had made incredible efforts to surmount the difficulties that surrounded him. At length he found means to scale a perpendicular rock, which the enemy had left unguarded, on the supposition that nature had made it inaccessible. This exploit was performed in the night, and in the morning the Chinese saw his troops drawn up in order of battle on the plains of Quib-quab. As their numbers greatly exceeded the Japanese, they did not decline the trial, and in a little time both armies were engaged. The contest, however, was not of long duration,

though it proved fatal to the general on each side. Ya-loff being slain, the command devolved upon Tohn-syn, who pursued the enemy to the walls of Quib-quab, which was next day surrendered to him by capitulation. Nothing was now seen and heard in the capital but jubilee, triumph, and intoxication; and indeed the nation had not for some centuries seen such an occasion for joy and satisfaction. The only person that did not heartily rejoice was the *dairo* Got-hama-baba. By this time he was so tartarized, that he grudged his subjects every advantage obtained in Fatsissio, and when Fika-ka's hobbled up to him with the news of the victory, instead of saluting him with the kick of approbation, he turned his back upon him, saying,—"Boh' boh' What do you tell me of Quib-quab? The damned Chinese are still on the frontiers of Yesso." As to the beast, it was doomed to undergo a variety of agitation. Its present gambols were interrupted by a fresh alarm from China. It was reported that two great armaments were equipped for a double descent upon the dominions of Japan, that one of these had already sailed north about for the island of Xicoco, to make a diversion in favour of the other, which, being the most considerable, was designed for the southern coast of Japan. These tidings, which were not without foundation, had such an effect upon the multitudinous monster, that it was first of all seized with an universal shivering. Its teeth chattered so loud, that the sound was heard at the distance of half a league, and for some time it was struck dumb. During this paroxysm, it crawled silently on its belly to a sand-hill just without the walls of Meaco, and began to scratch the earth with great cagerness and perseverance. Some people imagined it was digging for gold, but the truth is, the beast was making a hole to hide itself from the enemy, whom it durst not look in the face for it must be observed of this beast, it was equally timorous and cruel, equally cowardly and insolent. So hard it laboured at this cavern, that it had actually burrowed itself all but the tail, when its good angel Taycho whistled it out, with the news of another complete victory gained over the Chinese at sea by the *sey-seo-gun* Phal-khan, who had sure enough discomfited or destroyed the great armament of the enemy. As for the other small squadron which had steered the northerly course to Xicoco, it was encountered, defeated, taken, and brought into the harbours of Japan, by three light fune, under the command of a young chief called Hel-y-otte, who happened to be cruising on that part of the coast. The beast hearing Taycho's auspicious whistle, crept out with its buttocks foremost, and, having done him homage in the usual style, began to re-act its former extravagancies. It now considered this demagogue as

the supreme giver of all good, and adored him accordingly. The apostle Bupo was no longer invoked. The temple of Faku-basi was almost forgotten, and the bonzas were universally despised. The praise of the prophet Taycho had swallowed up all other worship. Let us inquire how far he merited this adoration, how justly the unparalleled success of this year was ascribed to his conduct and sagacity. Cho-rhe was taken by Kha-fell, and Quib-quab by Ya-loff and Thon-syn. By land the Chinese were defeated in Fatsissio by Yan-o-ni, in the extremity of Asia by Khutt-whang, and in Tartary by the Japanese bull-dogs, without command or direction. At sea one of their squadrons had been destroyed by Or-nbos, a second by Fash-khan, a third was taken by Hel-y-otte, a fourth was worsted and put to flight in three successive engagements near the land of Kamtschatka by the chief Bak-kakh, and their grand armament defeated by the *sey-seo-gun* Phal-khan. But Kha-fell was a stranger to orator Taycho, Ya-loff he had never seen, the bull-dogs had been collected at random from the shambles of Meaco, he had never heard of Yan-o-ni's name, till he distinguished himself by his first victory, nor did he know there was any such person as Khutt-whang existing. As for Or-nbos, Fash-khan, Phal-khan, and Bak-kakh, they had been *sey-seo-guns* in constant employment under the former administration, and the young Hel-y-otte owed his promotion to the interest of his own family. But it may be alleged that Taycho projected in his closet those plans that were crowned with success. We have seen how he mutilated and frittered the original campaign in Fatsissio, so as to leave it at the caprice of fortune. The reduction of Cho-rhe was part of the design formed by the banyan Thum-khum-quas which Taycho did all that lay in his power to render abortive. The plan of operations in the extremity of Tartary he did not pretend to meddle with, it was the concern of the officers appointed by the trading company there settled, and as to the advantages obtained at sea, they naturally resulted from the disposition of cruizes, made and regulated by the board of *sey-seo-gun*s, with which no minister ever interfered. He might indeed have recalled the chiefs and officers whom he found already appointed when he took the reins of administration, and filled their places with others of his own choosing. How far he was qualified to make such a choice, and plan new expeditions, appears from the adventures of the generals he did appoint, Moria-tanti, who was deterred from landing by a perspective view of whiskers, Hylib-bih, who left his rear in the lurch, and Hob-nob, who made such a masterly retreat from the supposed bonzas of Thin-quo. These three were literally commanders of his own creation, employed in executing schemes of

his own projecting, and these three were the only generals he made, and the only military plans he projected, if we except the grand scheme of subsidizing Brut-an-tiff, and forming an army of one hundred thousand men in Tartary, for the defence of the farm of Yesso. Things being so circumstanced, it may be easily conceived that the orator could ask nothing which the mobile would venture to refuse; and indeed he tried his influence to the utmost stretch: he milked the dugs of the monster till the blood came. For the service of the ensuing year, he squeezed from them nearly twelve millions of obans, amounting to near twenty-four millions sterling, about four times as much as had ever been raised by the empire of Japan in any former war. But by this time Taycho was become not only a convert to the system of Tartary, which he had formerly persecuted, but also an enthusiast in love and admiration of Brut-an-tiff, who had lately sent him his poetical works in a present. This, however, would have been of no use, as he could not read them, had not he discovered that they were printed on a very fine, soft, smooth Chinese paper, made of silk, which he happily converted to another fundamental purpose. In return for this compliment, the orator sent him a bullock's horn bound with brass, value fifteen pence, which had long served him as a pitch-pipe when he made harangues to the mobile. It was the same kind of instrument which Horace describes, *tibia vincta orichalco*. And pray take notice, Peacock, this was the only present Taycho ever bestowed on any man, woman, or child, through the whole course of his life, I mean out of his own pocket, for he was extremely liberal of the public money, in his subsidies to the Tartar chiefs, and in the prosecution of the war upon that continent. The orator was a genius self-taught, without the help of human institution. He affected to undervalue all men of literary talents, and the only book he ever read with any degree of pleasure, was a collection of rhapsodies preached by one Ab-ren-thi, an obscure fanatic bonza, a native of the island of Xicoco. Certain it is, nature seemed to have produced him for the sole purpose of fascinating the mob, and endued him with faculties accordingly.

Notwithstanding all his efforts in behalf of the Tartarian scheme, the Chinese still lingered on the frontiers of Yesso. The views of the court of Pekin exactly coincided with the interest of Bron-xi-tic, the mercenary general of Japan. The Chinese, confounded at the unheard-of success of the Japanese in Fatissio and other parts of the globe, and extremely mortified at the destruction of their fleets and the ruin of their commerce, saw no other way of distressing the enemy, but that of prolonging the war on the continent of Tartary, which they could support for little more than their ordinary

expense, whereas Japan could not maintain it without contracting yearly immense loads of debt, which must have crushed it at the long-run. It was the business of the Chinese, therefore, not to finish the war in Tartary by taking the farm of Yesso, because, in that case, the annual expense of it would have been saved to Japan, but to keep it alive by forced marches, predatory excursions, and undecisive actions, and this was precisely the interest of General Bron-xi-tic, who, in the continuance of the war, enjoyed the continuance of all his emoluments. All that he had to do, then, was to furnish Taycho from time to time with a cask of human blood, for the entertainment of the blatant beast, and to send over a few horse tails, as trophies of pretended victories, to be waved before the monster in its holiday processions. He and the Chinese general seemed to act in concert. They advanced and retreated in turns betwixt two given lines, and the campaign always ended on the same spot where it began. The only difference between them was in the motives of their conduct, the Chinese commander acted for the benefit of his sovereign, and Bron-xi-tic acted for his own.

The continual danger to which the farm of Yesso was exposed, produced such apprehensions and chagrin in the mind of the daïro Got-hama-baba, that his health began to decline. He neglected his food and his rattle, and no longer took any pleasure in kicking the cuboy. He frequently muttered ejaculations about the farm of Yesso, nay, once or twice, in the transports of his impatience, he pulled the bandage from his eyes, and cursed Taycho in the Tartarian language. At length he fell into a lethargy, and, even when roused a little by blisters and caustics, seemed insensible of every thing that was done about him. These blisters were raised by burning the moxa upon his scalp. The powder of *menoki* was also injected in a glyster, and the operation of acupuncture, called *sen-kei*, performed without effect. His disorder was so stubborn, that the cuboy began to think he was bewitched, and suspected Taycho of having practised sorcery on his sovereign. He communicated this suspicion to Mura-clami, who shook his head, and advised that, with the orator's good leave, the council should be consulted. Taycho, who had gained an absolute empire over the mind of the daïro, and could not foresee how his interest might stand with his successor, was heartily disposed to concur in any feasible experiment for the recovery of Got-hama-baba, he therefore consented that the mouths of the council should be unpadlocked *pro hac vice*, and the members were assembled without delay, with this express proviso, however, that they were to confine their deliberations to the subject of the daïro and his distemper. By this time the physicians had discovered the cause of the disorder, which

was no other than his being stung by a poisonous insect produced in the land of Yesso, analogous to the tarantula, which is said to do so much mischief in some parts of Apulia, as we are told by *Ælian*, *Epiphanius*, *Ferdinandus*, and *Baglivi*. In both cases the only effectual remedy was music, and now the council was called to determine what sort of music should be administered. You must know, Peacock, the Japanese are but indifferently skilled in this art, though in general they affect to be connoisseurs. They are utterly ignorant of the theory, and in the practice are excelled by all their neighbours, the Tartars not excepted. For my own part, I studied music under *Pythagoras* at *Crotone*. He found the scale of seven tones imperfect, and added the octave as a fixed, sensible, and intelligent termination of an interval, which included every possible division, and determined all the relative differences of sounds, besides, he taught us how to express the octave by $\frac{1}{2}$, &c &c. But why should I talk to thee of the ancient digramma, the genera, &c of music, which, with their colours, were constructed by a division of the diatessaron? Thou art too dull and ignorant to comprehend the chromatic species, the construction of the tetrachord, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and other modes of the ancient music, and for distinction of ear, thou mightest be justly ranked among the braying tribe that graze along the ditches of Tottenham-court, or Hockley-'the-hole. I know that nothing exhilarates thy spirits so much as a sonata on the salt-box, or a concert of marrow bones and cleavers. The ears of the Japanese were much of the same texture and their music was suited to their ears. They neither excelled in the melopœia, and rhyme or cadence, nor did they know any thing of the true science of harmony, compositions in parts, and those combinations of sounds, the invention of which, with the improvement of the scale, is erroneously ascribed to a Benedictine monk. The truth is, the ancients understood composition perfectly well. Their scale was founded upon perfect consonances. They were remarkably nice in tempering sounds, and had reduced their intervals and concords to mathematical demonstration.

But, to return to the council of twenty-eight, they convened in the same apartment where the daïro lay, and as the business was to determine what kind of music was most likely to make an impression on his organs, every member came provided with his expedient. First and foremost, Mr Orator Taycho pronounced an oration upon the excellencies of the land of Yesso, of energy as (the cuboy said) sufficient to draw the moon from her sphere. It drew nothing, however, from the patient but a single groan. Then the fatzman caused a drum to beat, without producing any effect at all upon the daïro,

though it deprived the whole council of their hearing for some time. The third essay was made by Fika-kaka, first with a rattle and then with tongs and gridiron, which last was his favourite music; but here it failed, to his great surprise and consternation. *Stiphurum-poo* brought the crier of his court to promulgate a decree against Yesso, in a voice that is wont to make the culprit tremble; but the daïro was found *ignoramus*. *Nin-com-poo-po* blew a blast with a kind of boat-swain's whistle, which discomposed the whole audience without affecting the emperor. *Fok-si-roku* said he would try his imperial majesty with the sound which he had always been known to prefer to every species of music, and pulling out a huge purse of golden obans, began to chink them in his ear. This experiment so far succeeded, that the daïro was perceived to smile, and even to contract one hand. But further effect it had none. At last *Goto-mio* starting up, threw a small quantity of *aurum fulminans* into the fire, which went off with such an explosion, that in the same instant Fika-kaka fell flat upon his face, and *Got-hama-baba* started upright in his bed. This, however, was no more than a convulsion that put an end to his life, for he fell back again, and expired in the twinkling of an eye. As for the cuboy, though he did not die, he underwent a surprising transformation or metamorphosis, which I shall record in due season.

Taycho was no sooner certified that *Got-hama-baba* had actually breathed his last, than he vanished from the council in the twinkling of an eye, and mounting the beast whose name is *Legion*, rode full speed to the habitation of *Gio-gio*, the successor and descendant of the deceased daïro. *Gio-gio* was a young prince who had been industriously sequestered from the public view, and excluded from all share in the affairs of state by the jealousy of the last emperor. He lived retired under the wings of his grandmother, and had divers preceptors to teach him the rudiments of every art but the art of reigning. Of all those who superintended his education, he who insinuated himself the farthest in his favour was one *Yak-strot*, from the mountains of *Ximo*, who valued himself much upon the ancient blood that run in his veins, and still more upon his elevated ideas of patriotism. *Yak-strot* was honest at bottom, but proud, reserved, vain and affected. He had a turn for nick-nacks and gim-cracks, and once made and mounted an iron jack and a wooden clock with his own hands. But it was his misfortune to set up for a connoisseur in painting and other liberal arts, and to announce himself an universal patron of genius. He did not fail to infuse his own notions and conceits into the tender mind of *Gio-gio*, who gradually imbibed his turn of thinking, and followed the studies which he recommended. With respect to his lessons

on the art of government, he reduced them to a very few simple principles. His maxims were these—That the emperor of Japan ought to cherish the established religion, both by precept and example; that he ought to abolish corruption, discourage faction, and balance the two parties, by admitting an equal number from each to places and offices of trust in the administration; that he should make peace as soon as possible, even in despite of the public, which seemed insensible of the burden it sustained, and was indeed growing delirious by the illusions of Taycho, and the cruel evacuations he had prescribed; that he should retrench all superfluous expense in his household and government, and detach himself entirely from the accursed farm of Yesso, which some evil genius had fixed upon the breech of Japan, as a cancerous ulcer, through which all her blood and substance would be discharged. These maxims were generally just enough in speculation, but some of them were altogether impracticable,—for example, that of forming an administration equally composed of the two factions, was as absurd as it would be to yoke two stone-horses and two jack-asses in the same carriage, which, instead of drawing one way, would do nothing but bite and kick one another, while the machine of government would stand stock-still or perhaps be torn in pieces by their dragging in opposite directions. The people of Japan had been long divided between two inveterate parties known by the name of *Shit-tik-ums-hei* and *She-ut-kums-hi-ti*, the first signifying *more fool than knave*, and the other, *more knave than fool*. Each had predominated in its turn, by securing a majority in the assemblies of the people, for the majority had always interest to force themselves into the administration, because the constitution being partly democratic, the daïro was still obliged to truckle to the prevailing faction. To obtain this majority, each side had employed every art of corruption, calumny, infatuation, and priestcraft, for nothing is such an effectual ferment in all popular commotions as religious fanaticism. No sooner one party accomplished its aim, than it reprobated the other, branding it with the epithets of traitors to their country, or traitors to their prince, while the minority retorted upon them the charges of corruption, rapaciousness, and abject servility. In short, both parties were equally abusive, rancorous, uncandid, and illiberal. Taycho had been of both factions more than once. He made his first appearance as a *Shit-tik-ums-hei* in the minority, and displayed his talent for scurrility against the daïro to such advantage, that an old rich hag, who loved nothing so well as money, except the gratification of her revenge, made him a present of five thousand obans, on condition he should continue to revile the daïro till his dying-day.

After her death, the ministry, intimidated by the boldness of his tropes, and the fame he began to acquire as a malcontent orator, made such offers as he thought proper to accept, and then he turned *She-ut-kums-hi-ti*. Being disgusted in the sequel, at his own want of importance in the council, he opened once more at the head of his old friends the *Shit-tik-ums-hi-tites*, and once more he deserted them to rule the roast, as the chief of the *She-ut-kums-hi-tites*, in which predicament he now stood. And, indeed, this was the most natural posture in which he could stand, for this party embraced all the scum of the people, constituting the blatant beast, which his talents were so peculiarly adapted to manage and govern. Another impracticable maxim of Yak-strot was the abolition of corruption, the ordure of which is as necessary to anoint the wheels of government in Japan, as grease is to smear the axletree of a loaded wagon. His third impolitic (though not impracticable) maxim, was that of making peace while the populace were intoxicated with the steams of blood, and elated with the shows of triumph. Be that as it will, Gio-gio, attended by Yak-strot, was drawing plans of windmills, when orator Taycho, opening the door, advanced towards him, and, falling on his knees, addressed him in these words—"The empire of Japan, magnanimous prince! assembles, at this instant, a benighted traveller, who, by the light of the star Hesperus continued his journey without repining, until that glorious luminary setting, left him bewildered in darkness and consternation; but scarce had he time to bewail his fate, when the more glorious sun, the ruler of a fresh day, appearing on the tops of the eastern hills, dispelled his terrors with the shades of night, and filled his soul with transports of pleasure and delight. The illustrious Got-hama-baba, of honoured memory, is the glorious star which hath set on our hemisphere. His soul, which took wing about two hours ago, is now happily nestled in the bosom of the blessed Japo; and you, my prince, are the more glorious rising sun, whose genial influence will cheer the empire, and gladden the hearts of your faithful Japanese. I therefore hail your succession to the throne, and cry aloud, Long live the ever-glorious Gio-gio, emperor of the three islands of Japan!" To this salutation the beast below brayed hoarse applause, and all present kissed the hand of the new emperor, who, kneeling before his venerable grandame, craved her blessing, desiring the benefit of her prayers, that God would make him a good king, and establish his throne in righteousness. Then he ascended his chariot, accompanied by the orator and his beloved Yak-strot, and, proceeding to the palace of Meaco, was proclaimed with the usual ceremonies, his relation the fatznan and other princes of the blood assisting on this occasion.

The first step he took after his elevation, was to publish a decree, or rather exhortation, to honour religion and the bonzas and this was no impolitic expedient, for it firmly attached that numerous and powerful tribe to his interest. His next measures did not seem to be directed by the same spirit of discretion. He admitted a parcel of raw boys, and even some individuals of the faction of *Sha-tuk-ums-hei* into his council; and though Taycho still continued to manage the reins of administration, Yak-strot was associated with him in office, to the great scandal and dissatisfaction of the Nipponites, who hate all the Ximians with a mixture of jealousy and contempt.

Fika-kaka was not the last who paid his respects to his new sovereign, by whom he was graciously received, although he did not seem quite satisfied, because, when he presented himself in his usual attitude, he had not received the kick of approbation. New reigns, new customs this daïro never dreamed of kicking those whom he delighted to honour. It was a secret of state which had not yet come to his knowledge, and Yak-strot had always assured him, that kicking the breech always and everywhere implied disgrace, as kicking the parts before betokens ungovernable passion. Yak-strot, however, in this particular, seems to have been too confined in his notions of the *etiquette*, for it had been the custom time immemorial for the daïros of Japan to kick their favourites and prime ministers. Besides, there are at this day different sorts of kicks used even in England, without occasioning any dishonour to the *kickee*. It is sometimes a misfortune to be *kicked* out of place, but no dishonour. A man is often *kicked up* in the way of preferment, in order that his place may be given to a person of more interest. Then there is the amorous kick, called *kickum-jenny*, which every gallant undergoes with pleasure: hence the old English appellation of *kicksy-wicksy*, bestowed on a wanton leman who knew all her paces. As for the familiar kick, it is no other than a mark of friendship, nor is it more dishonourable to be cuffed and cudgelled. Every body knows that the *alapa*, or box o' the ear, among the Romans, was a particular mark of favour by which their slaves were made free and the favourite gladiator, when he obtained his dismissal from the service, was honoured with a sound cudgelling, this being the true meaning of the phrase *rude donatus*. In the times of chivalry, the knight, when dubbed, was well thrucked across the shoulders by his godfather in arms. Indeed, *dubbing* is no other than a corruption of *drubbing*. It was the custom formerly here and elsewhere, for a man to drub his son or apprentice as a mark of his freedom, and of his being admitted to the exercise of arms. The Parascistes, who practised *embalming* in Egypt, which was counted a very honour-

able profession, was always severely drubbed after the operation, by the friends and relations of the defunct, and to this day, the patriarch of the Greeks once a-year, on Easter eve, when he carries out the sacred fire from the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, is heartily cudgelled by the infidels, a certain number of whom he hires for that purpose, and he thinks himself very unhappy and much disgraced, if he is not beaten into all the colours of the rainbow. You know the quakers of this country think it no dishonour to receive a slap-o'-the face, but when you smite them on one cheek, they present the other, that it may have the same salutation. The venerable father Lactantius falls out with Cicero for saying,—“A good man hurts nobody unless he is justly provoked,” *non lacessitur injuria*. “O,” cries the good father, “*quam simplicem veramque, sententiam duorum verborum adjectione corrumpit*!—*non minus enim mali est, referre injuriam, quam inferre*.” The great philosopher Socrates thought it no disgrace to be kicked by his wife Xantippe, nay, he is said to have undergone the same discipline from other people without making the least resistance: it being his opinion that it was more courageous, consequently more honourable, to bear a drubbing patiently, than to attempt any thing either in the way of self-defence or retaliation. The judicious and learned Puffendorf, in his book *De Jure Gentium et Naturale*, declares that a man's honour is not so fragile as to be hurt either by a box on the ear or a kick on the breech, otherwise it would be in the power of every saucy fellow to diminish or infringe it. It must be owned, indeed, Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, says, that charity does not of itself require our patiently suffering such an affront. The English have, with a most servile imitation, borrowed their *punto*, as well as other modes, from the French nation. Now, kicking and cuffing were counted infamous among those people for these reasons: a box on the ear destroys the whole economy of their *frisure*, upon which they bestow the greatest part of their time and attention, and a kick on the breech is attended with great pain and danger, as they are generally subject to the piles. This is so truly the case, that they have no less than two saints to patronize and protect the individuals affected with this disease. One is *St. Fracre*, who was a native of the kingdom of Ireland. He presides over the blind piles. The other is a female saint, *Hæmorrhoussa*, and she comforts those who are distressed with the bleeding piles. No wonder, therefore, that a Frenchman put to the torture by a kick on those tender parts should be provoked to vengeance, and that this vengeance should gradually become an article in their system of punctilio.

But to return to the thread of my narration. Whatever inclination the daïro and

Yak-strot had to restore the blessings of peace, they did not think proper as yet to combat the disposition and schemes of orator Taycho, in consequence of whose remonstrances, the tributary treaty was immediately renewed with Brut-an-tiffi, and Gio-gio declared in the assembly of the people, that he was determined to support that illustrious ally, and carry on the war with vigour. By this time the Chinese were in a manner expelled from their chief settlements in Fatsissio, where they now retained nothing but an inconsiderable colony, which would have submitted on the first summons; but this Taycho left as a nest-egg to produce a new brood of disturbances to the Japanese settlements, that they might not rust with too much peace and security. To be plain with you, Peacock, his thoughts were entirely alienated from this Fatsissian war, in which the interest of this country was chiefly concerned, and converted wholly to the continent of Tartary, where all his cares centered in schemes for the success of his friend Brut-an-tiffi. This freebooter had lately undergone strange vicissitudes of fortune. He had seen his chief village possessed and plundered by the enemy; but he found means, by surprise, to beat up their quarters in the beginning of winter, which always proved his best ally, because then the Mantchoux Tartars were obliged to retire to their own country, at a vast distance from the seat of war. As for Bron-xi-tic, who commanded the Japanese army on that continent, he continued to play booty with the Chinese general, over whom he was allowed to obtain some petty advantages, which, with the trophies won by Brut-an-tiffi, were swelled up into mighty victories, to increase the infatuation of the blatant beast. On the other hand, Bron-xi-tic obliged the generals of China with the like indulgences, by now and then sacrificing a detachment of his Japanese troops, to keep up the spirits of that nation.

Taycho had levied upon the people of Japan an immense sum of money for the equipment of a naval armament, the destination of which was kept a profound secret. Some politicians imagined it was designed for the conquest of Thinquo, and all the other settlements which the Chinese possessed in the Indian ocean; others conjectured the intention was to attack the king of Corea, who had, since the beginning of this war, acted with a shameful partiality in favour of the Emperor of China, his kinsman and ally. But the truth of the matter was this, Taycho kept the armament in the harbours of Japan, ready for a descent upon the coast of China, in order to make a diversion in favour of his friend Brut-an-tiffi, in case he had run any risk of being oppressed by his enemies. However, the beast of many heads having growled and grumbled, during the best part of the summer, at the inactivity of this expensive armament, it was

now thought proper to send it to sea in the beginning of winter, but it was soon driven back in great distress, by contrary winds and storms—and this was all the monster had for its ten millions of obans.

While Taycho amused the mob with this winter expedition, Yak-strot resolved to plan the scheme of economy which he had projected. He dismissed from the daïro's service about a dozen of cooks and scullions, shut up one of the kitchens, after having sold the grates and irons, spits and saucepans, deprived the servants and officers of the household of their breakfast, took away their usual allowance of oil and candles, retrenched their tables; reduced their proportion of drink, and persuaded his pupil the daïro to put himself upon a diet of soup-meagre thickened with oatmeal. In a few days there was no smoke seen to ascend from the kitchens of the palace, or did any fuel, torch, or taper, blaze in the chimneys, courts, and apartments thereof, which now became the habitation of cold, darkness, and hunger. Gio-gio himself, who turned peripatetic philosopher, merely to keep himself in heat, fell into a wash-tub as he groped his way in the dark through one of the lower galleries. Two of his body-guards had their whiskers gnawed off by the rats, as they slept in his anti-chamber, and their captain presented a petition, declaring, that neither he nor his men could undertake the defence of his imperial majesty's person, unless their former allowance of provision should be restored. They and all the individuals of the household were not only punished in their bellies, but likewise curtailed in their clothing, and abridged in their stipends. The palace of Meaco, which used to be the temple of mirth, jollity, and good cheer, was now so dreary and deserted, that a certain wag fixed up a ticket on the outward gate with this inscription—"This tenement to let, the proprietor having left off house-keeping."

Yak-strot, however, was resolved to show, that if the new daïro retrenched the superfluities of his domestic expense, he did not act from avarice or pooriness of spirit, inasmuch as he should now display his liberality in patronising genius and the arts. A general jubilee was now promised to all those who had distinguished themselves by their talents or erudition. The emissaries of Yak-strot declared that Mæcenæus was but a type of this Ximian mountaineer, and that he was determined to search for merit, even in the thickest shades of obscurity. All these researches, however, proved so unsuccessful, that not above four or five men of genius could be found in the whole empire of Japan, and these were gratified with pensions of about one hundred obans each. One was a secularised bonza from Ximo, another a malcontent poet of Nippon, a third, a reformed comedian of Xicoco, a fourth, an emperic, who had out-

lived his practice, and a fifth, a decayed apothecary, who was hard, quack, author, chemist, philosopher, and simpler, by profession. The whole of the expense arising from the favour and protection granted by the dairo to these men of genius, did not exceed seven or eight hundred obans per annum, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds sterling, whereas many a private quo in Japan expended more money on a kennel of hounds. I do not mention those men of singular merit, whom Yak-strot fixed in established places under the government, such as architects, astronomers, painters, physicians, barbers, &c because their salaries were included in the ordinary expense of the crown, I shall only observe, that a certain person who could not read was appointed librarian to his imperial majesty.

These were all the men of superlative genius that Yak-strot could find at this period in the empire of Japan.

Whilst this great patriot was thus employed in executing his schemes of economy with more zeal than discretion, and in providing his poor relations with lucrative offices under the government, a negotiation for peace was brought upon the carpet by the mediation of certain neutral powers, and orator Taycho arrogated to himself the province of discussing the several articles of this treaty. Upon this occasion he showed himself surprisingly remiss and indifferent in whatever related to the interest of Japan, particularly in regulating and fixing the boundaries of the Chinese and Japanese settlements in Fatsissio, the uncertainty of which had given rise to the war. but when the business was to determine the claims and pretensions of his ally Brut-an-tiffi, on the continent of Tartary, he appeared stiff and immovable as mount Athos. He actually broke off the negotiation, because the emperor of China would not engage to drive by force of arms the troops of his ally the princess of Ostrog, from a village or two belonging to the Tartarian freebooter, who, by the bye, had left them defenceless at the beginning of the war, on purpose that his enemies might, by taking possession of them, quicken the resolutions of the dairo to send over an army for the protection of Yesso.

The court of Pekin, perceiving that the Japanese were rendered intolerably insolent and overbearing by success, and that an equitable peace could not be obtained while orator Taycho managed the reins of government at Meaco, and his friend Brut-an-tiffi found anything to plunder in Tartary, resolved to fortify themselves with a new alliance. They actually entered into closer connections with the king of Corea, who was nearly related to the Chinese emperor, had some old scores to settle with Japan, and because he desired these disputes might be amicably compromised in the general pacification, had been

grossly insulted by Taycho, in the person of his ambassador. He had for some time dreaded the ambition of the Japanese ministry, which seemed to aim at universal empire, and he was, moreover, stimulated by this outrage to conclude a defensive alliance with the emperor of China, a measure which all the caution of the two courts could not wholly conceal from the knowledge of the Japanese politicians.

Meanwhile, a dreadful cloud, big with ruin and disgrace, seemed to gather round the head of Brut-an-tiffi. The Mantchoux Tartars, sensible of the inconvenience of their distant situation from the scene of action, which rendered it impossible for them to carry on their operations vigorously in conjunction with Ostrog, resolved to secure winter quarters in some part of the enemy's territories, from whence they should be able to take the field, and act against him early in the spring. With this view they besieged and took a frontier fortress belonging to Brut-an-tiffi, situated upon a great inland lake, which extended as far as the capital of the Mantchoux, who were thus enabled to send thither by water-carriage all sorts of provisions and military stores for the use of their army, which took up their winter quarters accordingly in and about this new acquisition. It was now that the ruin of Brut-an-tiffi seemed inevitable. Orator Taycho saw with horror the precipice, to the brink of which his dear ally was driven. Not that his fears were actuated by sympathy or friendship. Such emotions had never possessed the heart of Taycho. No, he trembled because he saw his own popularity connected with the fate of the Tartar. It was the success and petty triumphs of this adventurer which had dazzled the eyes of the blatant beast, so as to disorder its judgment, and prepare it for the illusions of the orator, but, now that Fortune seemed ready to turn tail to Brut-an-tiffi, and leave him a prey to his adversaries, Taycho knew the disposition of the monster so well as to prognosticate that its applause and affection would be immediately turned into grumbling and disgust, and that he himself, who had led it blindfold into this unfortunate connexion, might possibly fall a sacrifice to its resentment, provided he could not immediately project some scheme to divert its attention, and transfer the blame from his own shoulders.

For this purpose he employed his invention, and succeeded to his wish. Having called a council of the twenty-eight, at which the dairo assisted in person, he proposed, and insisted upon it, that a strong squadron of fune should be immediately ordered to scour the seas, and kidnap all the vessels and ships belonging to the king of Corea, who had acted during the whole war with the most scandalous partiality in favour of the Chinese emperor, and was now so intimately connect-

ed with that potentate, by means of a secret alliance, that he ought to be prosecuted with the same hostilities which the other had severely felt. The whole council were confounded at this proposal, the daïro stood aghast, the cuboy trembled. Yak-strot stared like a skewered pig. After some pause, the president Foo-san-sin-o ventured to observe, that the measure seemed to be a little abrupt and premature: that the nation was already engaged in a very expensive war, which had absolutely drained it of its wealth, and even loaded it with enormous debts, therefore little able to sustain such additional burdens as would, in all probability, be occasioned by a rupture with a prince so rich and powerful. Gotto-mjo swore the landholders were already so impoverished by the exactions of Taycho, that he himself, ere long, should be obliged to come upon the parish. Fika-kaka got up to speak, but could only cackle. Sti-phi-rum-poo was for proceeding in form by citation. Nin-kom-poo-po declared he had good intelligence of a fleet of merchant ships belonging to Corea, laden with treasure, who were then on their return from the Indian isles: and he gave it as his opinion, that they should be way-laid and brought into the harbors of Japan, not by way of declaring war, but only with a view to prevent the money's going into the coffers of the Chinese emperor. Fok-si-roku started two objections to this expedient, first, the uncertainty of falling in with the Corean fleet at sea, alleging, as an instance, the disappointment and miscarriage of the squadron which the sey-seo-gun had sent some years ago to intercept the Chinese fune on the coast of Fatsissio; secondly, the loss and hardship it would be to many subjects of Japan who dealt in commerce, and had great sums embarked in those very Corean bottoms. Indeed Fok-si-roku himself was interested in this very commerce. The fatzman sat silent. Yak-strot, who had some romantic notions of honour and honesty, represented that the nation had already incurred the censure of all its neighbours, by seizing the merchant ships of China, without any previous declaration of war, that the law of nations and nations, confirmed by repeated treaties, prescribed a more honourable method of proceeding, than that of plundering, like robbers, the ships of pacific merchants, who came on the faith of such laws and treaties; he was therefore of opinion, that if the king of Corea had in any shape deviated from the neutrality which he professed, satisfaction should be demanded in the usual form, and when that should be refused, it might be found necessary to proceed to compulsive measures. The daïro acquiesced in this advice, and assured Taycho that an ambassador should be forthwith dispatched to Corea, with instructions to demand an immediate and satisfactory explanation of that prince's

conduct and designs with regard to the empire of Japan.

This regular method of practice would by no means suit the purposes of Taycho, who rejected it with great insolence and disdain. He bit his thumb at the president, forked out his fingers on his forehead at Gotto-mjo, wagged his under jaw at the cuboy, snapped his fingers at Sti-phi-rum-poo, grinned at the sey-seo-gun, made the sign of the cross or gallows to Fok-si-roku, then turning to Yak-strot, he clapped his thumbs in his ears, and began to bray like an ass, finally, pulling out the badge of his office, he threw it at the daïro, who in vain entreated him to be pacified, and wheeling to the right about, stalked away, slapping the flat of his hand upon a certain part that shall be nameless. He was followed by his kinsman the quo Lob-kob, who worshipped him with the most humble adoration. He now imitated this great original in the signal from behind at parting, and in him it was attended by a rumbling sound, but whether this was the effect of contempt or compunction, I could never learn.

Taycho having thus carried his point which was to have a pretence for quitting the reins of government, made his next appeal to the blatant beast. He reminded the many-headed monster of the uninterrupted success which had attended his administration, of his having supported the glorious Brut-an-tiffi, the great bulwark of the religion of Bupo, who had kept the common enemy at bay, and filled all Asia with the fame of his victories. He told them, that, for his own part, he pretended to have subdued Fatsissio in the heart of Tartary, that he despised honours, and had still a greater contempt for riches, and that all his endeavours had been solely exerted for the good of his country, which was now brought to the very verge of destruction. He then gave the beast to understand that he had formed a scheme against the king of Corea, which would not only have disabled that monarch from executing his hostile intentions with respect to Japan, but also have indemnified the nation for the whole expense of the war, but that his proposal having been rejected by the council of twenty-eight, who were influenced by Yak-strot, a Ximian mountaineer, without spirit or understanding, he had resigned his office with intention to retire to some solitude, where he should in silence deplore the misfortunes of his country, and the ruin of the Buponian religion, which must fall of course with its great protector Brut-an-tiffi, whom he foresaw the new ministry would immediately abandon.

This address threw Legion into such a quandary, that it rolled itself in the dirt, and yelled hideously. Meanwhile the orator retreating to a cell in the neighbourhood of Meaco, hired the common crier to go round

the streets, and proclaim that Taycho, being no longer in a condition to afford any thing but the bare necessities of life, would by public sale dispose of his ambulating mule and furniture, together with an ermined robe of his wife, and the greater part of his kitchen utensils. At this time he was well known to be worth upwards of twenty thousand gold obans, nevertheless, the mobile discharging this circumstance entirely from their reflection, attended to nothing but the object which the orator was pleased to present. They thought it was a piteous case, and a great scandal upon the government, that such a patriot who had saved the nation from ruin and disgrace, should be reduced to the cruel necessity of selling his mule and his household furniture. Accordingly they raised a clamour that soon rung in the ears of Gjo-gro and his favourite.

It was supposed that Mura-clami suggested on this occasion to his countryman Yak-strot the hint of offering a pension to Taycho, by way of remuneration for his past services. "If he refuses it," said he, "the offer will at least reflect some credit upon the daïro and the administration, but should he accept of it, which is much more likely, it will either stop his mouth entirely, or expose him to the censure of the people, who now adore him as a mirror of disinterested integrity. The advice was instantly complied with: the daïro signed a patent for a very ample pension to Taycho and his heirs, which patent Yak-strot delivered to him next day at his cell in the country. This miracle of patriotism received the bounty as a turnpike-man receives the toll, and then slapped his door full in the face of the favourite, yet nothing of what Mura-clami had prognosticated came to pass. The many-tailed monster far from calling in question the orator's disinterestedness, considered his acceptance of the pension as a proof of his moderation, in receiving such a trifling reward for the great services he had done his country, and the generosity of the daïro, instead of exciting the least emotion of gratitude in Taycho's own breast, acted only as a golden key to unlock all the sluices of his virulence and abuse.

These, however, he kept within bounds until he should see what would be the fate of Brut-an-tuffi, who now seemed to be in the condition of a criminal at the foot of the ladder. In this dilemma he obtained a very unexpected relieve. Before the army of the Mantchoux could take the least advantage of the settlement they had made on his frontiers, their empress died, and was succeeded by a weak prince, who no sooner ascended the throne than he struck up a peace with the Tartar freebooter, and even ordered his troops to join him against the Ostrog, to whom they had hitherto acted as auxiliaries. Such an accession of strength

would have cast the balance greatly in his favour, had not Providence once more interposed, and brought matters again to an equilibrium.

Taycho no sooner perceived his ally thus unexpectedly delivered from the dangers that surrounded him, than he began to repent of his own resignation, and resolved once more to force his way to the helm, by the same means he had so successfully used before. He was, indeed, of such a turbulent disposition as could not relish the repose of private life, and his spirit so corrosive, that it would have preyed upon himself, if he could not have found external food for it to devour. He therefore began to prepare his engines, and provide proper emissaries, to bespatter and raise a hue-and-cry against Yak-strot at a convenient season, not doubting but an occasion would soon present itself, considering the temper, inexperience, and prejudices of this Ximian politician, together with the pacific system he had adopted so contrary to the present spirit of the blatant beast.

In these preparations he was much comforted and assisted by his kinsman and pupil Lob-kob, who entered into his measures with surprising zeal, and had the good luck to light on such instruments as were admirably suited to the work in hand. Yak-strot was extremely pleased at the secession of Taycho, who had been a very troublesome colleague to him in the administration, and ran counter to all the schemes he had projected for the good of the empire. He now found himself at liberty to follow his own inventions, and being naturally an enthusiast, believed himself born to be the saviour of Japan. Some efforts, however, he made to acquire popularity proved fruitless. Perceiving the people were, by the orator's instigations, exasperated against the king of Corea, he sent a peremptory message to that prince, demanding a categorical answer, and this being denied, declared war against him, according to the practice of all civilized nations, but even this measure failed of obtaining that approbation for which it was taken. The monster, tutored by Taycho and his ministers, exclaimed, that the golden opportunity was lost, inasmuch as, during the observance of those useless forms, the treasures of Corea were safely brought home to that kingdom, treasures which, had they been interrupted by the fume of Japan, would have paid off the debts of the nation, and enabled the inhabitants of Meaco to pave their streets with silver. By the bye, this treasure existed nowhere but in the fiction of Taycho, and the imagination of the blatant beast, which never attempted to use the evidence of sense or reason to examine any assertion, how absurd and improbable soever it might be, which proceeded from the mouth of the orator.

Yak-strot having now taken upon himself

the task of steering the political bark, resolved to show the Japanese that, although he recommended peace, he was as well qualified as his predecessor for conducting the war. He, therefore, with the assistance of the fatiman, projected three naval enterprises: the first against Thin-quo, the conquest of which had been unsuccessfully attempted by Taycho; the second was destined for the reduction of Fan-yah, one of the most considerable settlements belonging to the king of Corea, in the Indian ocean; and the third armament was sent to plunder and destroy a flourishing colony called Lih-nam, which the same prince had established almost as far to the southward as the Terra Australis Incognita. Now, the only merit which either Yak-strot, or any other minister, could justly claim from the success of such expeditions, is that of adopting the most feasible of those schemes which are presented by different projectors, and of appointing such commanders as are capable of conducting them with vigour and sagacity.

The next step which the favourite took, was to provide a help-mate for the young dairo, and a certain Tartar princess, of the religion of Bupo, being pitched upon for this purpose, was formally demanded, brought over to Nippon, espoused by Gio-gio, and installed empress, with the usual solemnities. But, lest the choice of a Tartarian princess should subject the dairo to the imputation of inheriting his predecessor's predilection for the land of Yesso, which had given such sensible umbrage to all the sensible Japanese who made use of their own reason, he determined to detach his master gradually from those continental connexions, which had been the source of such enormous expense, and such continual vexation to the empire of Japan. In these sentiments, he withheld the annual tribute which had been lately paid to Brut-an-tiff; by which means he saved a very considerable sum to the nation, and, at the same time rescued it from the infamy of such a disgraceful imposition. He expected the thanks of the public for this exertion of his influence in favour of his country, but he reckoned without his host. What he flattered himself would yield him an abundant harvest of honour and applause, produced nothing but odium and reproach, as we shall see in the sequel.

These measures, pursued with an eye to the advantage of the public, which seemed to argue a considerable share of spirit and capacity, were strangely chequered with others of a more domestic nature, which savoured strongly of childish vanity, rash ambition, littleness of mind, and lack of understanding. He purchased a vast wardrobe of tawdry clothes, and fluttered in all the finery of Japan. He prevailed upon his master to vest him with the badges and trappings of all the honorary institutions of the empire,

although this multiplication of orders in the person of one man was altogether without precedent or prescription. This was only setting himself up as the more conspicuous mark for envy and detraction.

Not contented with engrossing the personal favour and confidence of his sovereign, and, in effect, directing the whole machine of government, he thought his fortune still imperfect, while the treasure of the empire passed through the hands of the cuboy, enabling that minister to maintain a very extensive influence, which might one day interfere with his own. He therefore employed all his invention, together with that of his friends, to find out some specious pretext for removing the old cuboy from his office, and in a little time accident afforded what all their intrigues had not been able to procure.

Ever since the demise of Got-hama-baba, poor Fika-kaka had been subject to a new set of vagaries. The death of his old master gave him a rude shock: then the new dairo encroached upon his province, by preferring a bonza without his consent or knowledge. Finally, he was prevented, by the express order of Gio-gio from touching a certain sum out of the treasury, which he had been accustomed to throw out of his windows at stated periods, in order to keep up an interest among the dregs of the people. All these mortifications had an effect upon the weak brain of the cuboy. He began to loathe his usual food, and sometimes even declined showing himself to the bonzas at his levee, symptoms that alarmed all his friends and dependents. Instead of frequenting the assemblies of the great, he now attended assiduously to all groanings and christenings, grew extremely fond of caudle, and held conferences with practitioners, both male and female, in the art of midwifery. When business or ceremony obliged him to visit any of the quos or quanbokus of Meaco, he, by a surprising instinct, ran directly to the nursery, where, if there happened to be a child in the cradle, he took it up, and, if it was foul, wiped it with great care and seeming satisfaction. He, moreover, learned of the good women to sing lullabies, and practised them with uncommon success, but the most extravagant of all his whims was what he exhibited one day in his own court-yard. Observing a nest with some eggs, which the goose had quitted, he forthwith dropped his trowsers, and, squatting down in the attitude of incubation, began to stretch out his neck, to hiss and to cackle, as if he had been really metamorphosed into the animal whose place he now supplied.

It was on the back of this adventure that one of the bonzas, as prying, and as great a gossip, as the barber of *Midas*, in paying his morning worship to the cuboy's posteriors, spied something, or rather nothing, and was exceedingly affrighted. He communicated

his discovery and apprehension to divers other of the cloth, and they were all of opinion that some effectual inquisition should be held on this phenomenon, lest the clergy of Japan should hereafter be scandalized, as having knowingly kissed the breech of an old woman, perhaps a monster or a magician. Information was accordingly made to the dairo, who gave orders for immediate inspection, and Fika-kaka was formally examined by a jury of matrons. Whether these were actuated by undue influence, I shall not at present explain, certain it is, they found their verdict, the cuboy *non mas*, and, among other evidences produced to attest his metamorphosis, a certain Ximian, who pretended to have the second sight, made oath that he had one evening seen the said Fika-kaka in a female dress, riding through the air on a broomstick. The unhappy cuboy being thus convicted, was divested of his office, and confined to his palace in the country, while Gogio, by the advice of his favourite, published a proclamation, declaring it was not for the honour of Japan that her treasury should be managed either by a witch or an old woman.

Fika-kaka being thus removed, Yak-strot was appointed treasurer and cuboy in his place, and now ruled the roast with uncontrolled authority. On the very threshold of his greatness, however, he made a false step, which was one cause of his tottering during the whole sequel of his administration. In order to refute the calumnies and defeat the intrigues of Taycho in the assemblies of the people, he chose, as an associate in the ministry, Fok-si-roku, who was at that instant the most unpopular man in the whole empire of Japan, and, at the instigation of this colleague, deprived of bread a great number of poor families, who subsisted on petty places which had been bestowed upon them by the former cuboy. Those were so many mouths opened to augment the clamour against his own person and administration.

It might be imagined, that while he thus set one part of the nation at defiance, he would endeavour to cultivate the other, and, in particular, strive to conciliate the good will of the nobility, who did not see his exaltation without umbrage. But, instead of ingratiating himself with them by a liberal turn of demeanour, by treating them with frankness and affability, granting them favours with a good grace, making entertainments for them at his palace; and mixing in their social parties of pleasure,—Yak-strot always appeared on the reserve, and, under all his finery, continually wore a doublet of buckram, which gave an air of stiffness and constraint to his whole behaviour. He studied postures, and, in giving audience, generally stood in the attitude of the idol Fo; so that he sometimes was mistaken for an image of stone. He formed a scale of gesticulation in a great variety of divisions, compre-

hending the slightest inclination of the head, the front-nod, the side nod, the bow, the half, the semi-demi-bow, with the shuffle, the slide, the circular, semicircular, and quadrant sweep of the right foot. With equal care and precision did he model the economy of his looks into the divisions and subdivisions of the full stare, the side glance, the pensive look, the pouting look, the gay look, the vacant look, and the stolid look. To these different expressions of the eye he suited the corresponding features of the nose and mouth, such as the wrinkled nose, the retorted nose, the sneer, the grin, the simper, and the smile. All these postures and gesticulations he practised and distributed occasionally, according to the difference of rank and importance of the various individuals with whom he had communication.

But these affected airs being assumed in despite of nature, he appeared as awkward as a native of Angola, when he is first hampered with clothes, or a Highlander obliged by act of parliament to wear breeches. Indeed, the distance observed by Yak-strot in his behaviour to the nobles of Nippon, was imputed to his being conscious of a sulphurous smell which came from his own body, so that greater familiarity on his side might have bred contempt. He took delight in no other conversation but that of two or three obscure Ximians, his companions and counsellors, with whom he spent all his leisure time, in conferences upon politics, patriotism, philosophy, and the belles lettres. Those were the oracles he consulted in all the emergencies of state, and with these he spent many an attic evening.

The gods, not yet tired of sporting with the farce of human government, were still resolved to show by what inconsiderable springs a mighty empire may be moved. The new cuboy was vastly well disposed to make his Ximian favourites great men. It was in his power to bestow places and pensions upon them, but it was not in his power to give them consequence in the eyes of the public. The administration of Yak-strot could not fail of being propitious to his own family and poor relations, who were very numerous. Their naked backs and hungry bellies were now clothed with the richest stuffs, and fed with the fat things of Japan. Every department, civil and military, was filled with Ximians. Those islanders came over in shoals to Nippon, and swarmed in the streets of Meaco, where they were easily distinguished by their lank sides, gaunt looks, lantern jaws, and long sharp teeth. There was a fatality that attended the whole conduct of this unfortunate cuboy. His very partiality to his own countrymen brought upon him at last the curses of his whole clan.

Mr Orator Taycho and his kinsman Lob-kob were not idle in the mean time. They provided their emissaries, and primed all their

engines Their understrappers filled every corner of Meaco with rumours, jealousies, and suspicions Yak-strot was represented as a statesman without discernment, a minister without knowledge, and a man without humanity He was taxed with insupportable pride, indiscretion, pusillanimity, rapacity, partiality, and breach of faith It was affirmed that he had dishonoured the nation, and endangered the very existence of the Buponian religion, in withdrawing the annual subsidy from the great Brut-an-tiff that he wanted to starve the war, and betray the glory and advantage of the empire by a shameful peace that he had avowedly shared his administration with the greatest knave in Japan that he treated the nobles of Nippon with insolence and contempt that he had suborned evidence against the ancient cuboy Fika-kaka, who had spent a long life and immense fortune in supporting the temple of Fakkubasi that he had cruelly turned adrift a great number of helpless families, in order to gratify his own worthless dependents with their spoils that he had enriched his relations and countrymen with the plunder of Nippon that his intention was to bring over the whole nation of Ximians, a savage race, who had been ever perfidious, greedy and hostile, towards the natives of the other Japanese islands Nay, they were described as monsters in nature, with cloven feet, long tails, saucer eyes, iron fangs and claws, who would first devour the substance of the Nipponites, and then feed upon their blood

Taycho had Legion's understanding so much in his power, that he actually made it believe Yak-strot had formed a treasonable scheme in favour of a foreign adventurer, who pretended to the throne of Japan, and that the reigning daïro was an accomplice in this project for his own deposition Indeed, they did not scruple to say that Gio-gio was no more than a puppet moved by his own grandmother and this vile Ximian, between whom they hinted there was a secret correspondence which reflected very little honour on the family of the daïro

Mr Orator Taycho and his associate Lobkob left no stone unturned to disgrace the favourite, and drive him from the helm. They struck up an alliance with the old cuboy Fika-kaka; and, fetching him from his retirement, produced him to the beast as a martyr to loyalty and virtue They had often before this period exposed him to the derision of the populace, but now they set him up as the object of veneration and esteem, and every thing succeeded to their wish. Legion hoisted Fika-kaka on his back, and paraded through the streets of Meaco, braying hoarse encomiums on the great talents and great virtues of the ancient cuboy His cause was now espoused by his old friends Sti-phi-rumpoo and Nin-kom-poo-po, who had been turned adrift along with him, and by several

other quos who had nestled themselves in warm places under the shadow of his protection, but it was remarkable, that not one of all the bonzas who owed their preferment to his favour, had gratitude enough to follow his fortune, or pay the least respect to him in the day of his disgrace. Advantage was also taken of the disgust occasioned by Yak-strot's reserve among the nobles of Japan. Even the fatzman was estranged from the councils of his kinsman Gio-gio, and lent his name and countenance to the malcontents, who now formed themselves into a very formidable cabal, comprehending a great number of the first quos in the empire

In order to counterbalance this confederacy, which was a strange coalition of jarring interests, the new cuboy endeavoured to strengthen his administration, by admitting into a share of it Gotto-mio, who dreaded nothing so much as the continuation of the war, and divers other noblemen, whose alliance contributed very little to his interest or advantage Gotto-mio was universally envied for his wealth, and detested for his avarice the rest were either of the She-it-kums-heit-il faction, which had been long in disgrace with the mobile, or men of desperate fortunes and loose morals, who attached themselves to the Ximian favourite solely on account of the posts and pensions he had to bestow

During these domestic commotions, the arms of Japan continued to prosper in the Indian ocean Thin-quo was reduced almost without opposition, and news arrived that the conquest of Fan-yah was already more than half achieved At the same time, some considerable advantages were gained over the enemy on the continent of Tartary by the Japanese forces under the command of Bron-xi-tic It might be naturally supposed that these events would have in some measure reconciled the Nipponites to the new ministry, but they produced rather a contrary effect The blatant beast was resolved to rejoice at no victories but those that were obtained under the auspices of its beloved Taycho, and, now took it highly amiss that Yak-strot should presume to take any step which might redound to the glory of the empire Nothing could have pleased the monster at this juncture so much as the miscarriage of both expeditions, and a certain information that all the troops and ships employed in them had miserably perished The king of Corea, however, was so alarmed at the progress of the Japanese before Fan-yah, that he hogan to tremble for all his distant colonies, and earnestly craved the advice of the cabinet of Pekin touching some scheme to make a diversion in their favour

The councils of Pekin have been ever fruitful of intrigues to embroil the rest of Asia They suggested a plan to the king of Corea, which he forthwith put in execution. The

land of Fumma, which borders on the Korean territories, was governed by a prince nearly allied to the king of Corea, although his subjects had very intimate connections in the way of commerce with the empire of Japan, which indeed had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with this country. The emperor of China and the king of Corea having sounded the sovereign of Fumma, and found him well disposed to enter into their measures, communicated their scheme, in which he immediately concurred. They called upon him in public, as their friend and ally, to join them against the Japanese, as the inveterate enemy of the religion of Fo, and as an insolent people, who affected a despotism at sea to the detriment and destruction of all their neighbours, plainly declaring, that he must either immediately break with the daïro, or expect an invasion on the side of Corea. The prince of Fumma affected to complain loudly of this iniquitous proposal, he made a merit of rejecting the alternative, and immediately demanded of the court of Meaco the succours stipulated in the treaty of alliance, in order to defend his dominions. In all appearance, indeed, there was no time to be lost, for the monarchs of China and Corea declared war against him without further hesitation, and uniting their forces on that side, ordered them to enter the land of Fumma, after having given satisfactory assurances in private that the prince had nothing to fear from their hostilities.

Yak-strot was not much embarrassed on this occasion. Without suspecting the least collusion among the parties, he resolved to take the prince of Fumma under his protection, thereunto moved by divers considerations. First and foremost, he piqued himself upon his good faith, secondly, he knew that the trade with Fumma was of great consequence to Japan, and therefore concluded that his supporting the sovereign of it would be a popular measure, thirdly, he hoped that the multiplication of expense incurred by this new war would make the blatant boast wince under its burden, and of consequence, reconcile it to the thoughts of a general pacification, which he had very much at heart. Meanwhile he hastened the necessary succours to the land of Fumma, and sent thither an old general, called *Le-yaw-ter*, in order to concert with the prince and his ministers the operations of the campaign.

This officer was counted one of the shrewdest politicians in Japan, and, having resided many years as ambassador in Fumma, was well acquainted with the genius of that people. He immediately discovered the scene which had been acted behind the curtain. He found that the prince of Fumma, far from having made any preparations for his own defence, had actually withdrawn his garrisons from the frontier places, which were by

this time peaceably occupied by the invading army of Chinese and Coreans, that the few troops he had were without clothes, arms, and discipline, and that he had amused the court of Meaco with false musters, and a specious account of levies and preparations which had been made. In a word, though he could not learn the particulars, he comprehended the whole mystery of the secret negotiations. He upbraided the minister of Fumma with perfidy, refused to assume the command of the Japanese auxiliaries when they arrived, and, returning to Meaco, communicated his discoveries and suspicions to the new cuboy. But he did not meet with that reception which he thought he deserved for intelligence of such importance. Yak-strot affected to doubt, perhaps he was not really convinced, or, if he was, thought proper to temporize, and he was in the right for so doing. A rupture with Fumma at this juncture would have forced that prince to declare openly for the enemies of Japan, in which case, the inhabitants of Niphon would have lost the benefit of a very advantageous trade. They had already been great sufferers in commerce by the breach with the king of Corea, whose subjects had been used to take off great quantities of the Japanese manufactures, for which they paid in gold and silver, and they could ill bear such an additional loss as an interruption of the trade with Fumma would have occasioned. The cuboy, therefore, continued to treat the prince of that country as a staunch ally, who had sacrificed every other consideration to his good faith, and, far from restricting himself to the number of troops and sine stipulated in the treaty, sent over a much more numerous body of forces and ships of war, declaring, at the same time, he would support the people of Fumma with the whole power of Japan.

Such a considerable diversion of the Japanese strength could not fail to answer in some measure the expectation of the two sovereigns of China and Corea, but it did not prevent the success of the expeditions which were actually employed against their colonies in the Indian ocean. It was not in his power, however, to protect Fumma, had the invaders been in earnest, but the combined army of the Chinese and Coreans had orders to protract the war, and, instead of penetrating to the capital, at a time when the Fummians, though joined with the auxiliaries of Japan, were not numerous enough to look them in the face, they made a full stop in the middle of their march, and quietly retired into summer quarters.

The additional encumbrance of a new continental war redoubled the cuboy's desire of peace, and his inclination being known to the enemy, who were also sick of the war, they had recourse to the good offices of a certain neutral power, called *Sab-on*, sove-

reign of the mountains of Cambodia. This prince accordingly offered his mediation at the court of Meaco, and it was immediately accepted. The negotiation for peace which had been broken off in the ministry of Taycho was now resumed, and an ambassador plenipotentiary arrived from Pekin, and Gottomio was sent thither in the same capacity, in order to adjust the articles, and sign the preliminaries of peace.

While this new treaty was on the carpet, the armament equipped against Fan-yah, under the command of the quo Kep-mar, and the brave admiral who had signalized himself in the sea of Kamtschatka, reduced that important place, where they became masters of a strong squadron of fune belonging to the king of Corea, together with a very considerable treasure, sufficient to indemnify Japan for the expense of the expedition. This, though the most grievous, was not the only disaster which the war brought upon the Coreans. Their distant settlement of Lli-nam was likewise taken by General Tra-rep, and the inhabitants paid an immense sum in order to redeem their capital from plunder.

These successes did not at all retard the conclusion of the treaty, which was indeed become equally necessary to all the parties concerned. Japan, in particular, was in danger of being ruined by her conquests. The war had destroyed so many men, that the whole empire could not afford a sufficiency of recruits for the maintenance of the land forces. All those who had conquered Fatsissio and Fan-yah were already destroyed by hard duty and the diseases of those unhealthy climates, above two-thirds of the fune were rotten in the course of service, and the complements of mariners reduced to less than one half of their original numbers. Troops were actually wanting to garrison the new conquests. The finances of Japan were by this time drained to the bottom. One of her chief resources was stopped by the rupture with Corea, while her expenses were considerably augmented, and her national credit was stretched even to cracking. All these considerations stimulated more and more the daïro and his cuboy to conclude the work of peace.

Meanwhile the enemies of Yak-strot gave him no quarter nor respite. They vilified his parts, traduced his morals, endeavoured to intimidate him with threats which did not even respect the daïro, and never failed to insult him whenever he appeared in public. It had been the custom, time immemorial, for the chief magistrate of Meaco to make an entertainment for the daïro and his empress immediately after their nuptials; and to this banquet all the great quos in Japan were invited. The person who filled the chair at present was Rhum-kikh, a half-witted politician, self-conceited, headstrong,

turbulent and ambitious, a professed worshipper of Taycho, whose oratorical talents he admired, and attempted to imitate in the assemblies of the people, where he generally excited the laughter of his audience. By dint of great wealth and extensive traffic, he became a man of consequence among the mob, notwithstanding an illiberal turn of mind, and an ungracious address, and now he resolved to use this influence for the glory of Taycho, and the disgrace of the Ximian favourite. Legion was tutored for the purpose, and, moreover, well primed with a fiery caustic spirit, in which Rhum-kikh was a considerable dealer. The daïro and his young empress were received by him and his council with a sullen formality in profound silence. The cuboy was pelted as he passed along, and his litter almost overturned by the monster, which yelled and brayed and hooted, without ceasing, until he was housed in the city-hall, where he met with every sort of mortification from the entertainer, as well as the spectators. At length Mr Orator Taycho, with his cousin Lob-kob, appearing in a triumphal car at the city-gate, the blatant beast received them with loud huzzas, unharnessed their horses, and putting itself in the traces, drew them through the streets of Meaco, which resounded with acclamation. They were received with the same exultation within the hall of entertainment, where their sovereign and his consort sat altogether unhonoured and unnoticed.

A small squadron of Chinese fune having taken possession of a defenceless fishery belonging to Japan, in the neighbourhood of Fatsissio, the emissaries of Taycho magnified this event into a terrible misfortune, arising from the mal-administration of the new cuboy, nay, they did not scruple to affirm that he had left the fishing-town defenceless, on purpose that it might be taken by the enemy. This clamour, however, was of short duration. The quo Phyll-Kholl, who commanded a few fune in one of the harbours of Fatsissio, no sooner received intelligence of what had happened, than he embarked what troops were at hand, and, sailing directly to the place, obliged the enemy to abandon their conquest with precipitation and disgrace.

In the midst of these transactions, the peace was signed, ratified, and even approved, in the great national council of the quos, as well as in the assembly of the people. The truth is, the minister of Japan has it always in his power to secure a majority in both these conventions by means that may be easily guessed; and those were not spared on this occasion. Yak-strot in a speech harangued the great council, who were not a little surprised to hear him speak with such propriety and extent of knowledge, for he had been represented as tongue-tied, and, in point of elocution, little better than the pal-

frey he rode. He now vindicated all the steps he had taken since his accession to the helm, he demonstrated the necessity of a pacification, exclaimed and descanted upon every article of the treaty; and, finally, declared his conscience was so clear in this matter, that, when he died, he should desire no other encomium to be engraved on his tomb, but that he was the author of this peace.

Nevertheless, the approbation of the council was not obtained without violent debate and altercation. The different articles were censured and inveighed against by the fatz-man, the late cuboy Fika-kaka, Lob-kob, Sti-phi-rum-poo, Nin-kom-poo-po, and many other quos, but, at the long-run, the influence of the present ministry predominated. As for Taycho, he exerted himself in a very extraordinary effort to depreciate the peace in the assembly of the people. He had for some days pretended to be dangerously ill, that he might make a merit of his patriotism, by showing a contempt for his own life, when the good of the country was at stake. In order to excite the admiration of the public, and render his appearance in the assembly the more striking, he was carried thither on a kind of hand-barrow, wrapped up in flannel, with three woollen night-caps on his head, escorted by Legion, which yelled, and brayed, and whooped, and hallooed, with such vociferation, that every street of Meago rung with hideous clamour. In this equipage did Taycho enter the assembly, where, being held up by two adherents, he, after a prelude of groans to rouse the attention of his audience, began to declaim against the peace as inadequate, shameful, and disadvantageous, nay, he ventured to stigmatize every separate article, though he knew it was in the power of each individual of his hearers to confront him with the terms to which he had subscribed the preceding year, in all respects less honourable and advantageous to his country. Inconsistencies equally glaring and absurd he had often crammed down the throats of the multitude, but they would not go down with this assembly of the people, which, in spite of his flannel, his night-caps, his crutches, and his groans, confirmed the treaty of peace by a great majority. Not that they had any great reason to applaud the peacemakers, who might have dictated their own terms, had they proceeded with more sagacity and less precipitation, but Fok-si-roku, and his brother undertakers, having the treasure of Japan at their command, had anointed the greatest part of the assembly with a certain precious salve, which preserved them effectually from the fascinating arts of Taycho.

This orator, incensed at his bad success within doors, renewed and redoubled his operations without. He exasperated Legion against Yak-strot to such a pitch of rage, that the monster could not hear the cuboy's

name three times pronounced without falling into fits. His confederate Lob-kob, in the course of his researches, found out two originals admirably calculated for executing his vengeance against the Ximian favourite. One of them, called Llur-chir, a profligate bonza, degraded for his lewd life, possessed a wonderful talent of exciting different passions in the blatant beast, by dint of quaint rhymes, which were said to be inspirations of the demon of obloquy, to whom he had sold his soul. These oracles not only commanded the passions, but even influenced the organs of the beast in such a manner, as to occasion an evacuation either upwards or downwards, at the pleasure of the operator. The other, known by the name of Jan-ki-dtzin, was counted the best marksman in Japan in the art and mystery of dirt-throwing. He possessed the art of making balls of filth, which were famous for sticking and stinking, and these he threw with such dexterity, that they very seldom missed their aim. Being reduced to a low ebb of fortune by his debaucheries, he had made advances to the new cuboy, who had rejected his proffered services on account of his immoral character, a prudish punctilio, which but ill became Yak-strot, who had paid very little regard to reputation in choosing some of the colleagues he had associated in his administration. Be that as it may, he no sooner understood that Mr Orator Taycho was busy in preparing for an active campaign, than he likewise began to put himself in a posture of defence. He hired a body of mercenaries, and provided some dirt-men and rhymers. Then, taking the field, a sharp contest and pelting match ensued, but the dispute was soon terminated. Yak-strot's versifiers turned out no great conjurors on the trial. They were not such favourites of the demon as Llur-chir. The rhymes they used produced no other effect upon Legion but that of setting it a-braying. The cuboy's dirt-men, however, played their parts tolerably well. Though their balls were inferior in point of composition to those of Jan-ki-dtzin, they did not fail to discompose Orator Taycho and his friend Lob-kob, whose eyes were seen to water with the smart occasioned by those missiles. But these last had a great advantage over their adversaries, in the zeal and attachment of Legion, whose numerous tongues were always ready to lick off the ordure that stuck to any part of their leaders, and thus they did with such signs of satisfaction, as seemed to indicate an appetite for all manner of filth.

Yak-strot having suffered woefully in his own person, and seeing his partizans in confusion, thought proper to retreat. Yet, although discomfited, he was not discouraged. On the contrary, having at bottom a fund of fanaticism, which, like chamomile, grows the faster for being trod upon, he became more obstinately bent than ever upon prosecuting

his own schemes for the good of the people in their own despite. His vanity was likewise buoyed up by the flattery of his creatures, who extolled the passive courage he had shown in the late engagement. Though every part of him still tingled and stunk from the balls of the enemy, he persuaded himself that not one of their missiles had taken place, and, of consequence, that there was something of divinity in his person. Full of this notion, he discarded his rhymenters and his dirt-casters, as unnecessary, and resolved to bear the brunt of the battle in his own individual person.

Hok-gi-soku advised him, nevertheless, to fill his trowsers with gold obans, which he might throw at Legion, in case of necessity, assuring him that this was the only ammunition which the monster could not withstand. The advice was good, and the cuboy might have followed it, without being obliged to the treasury of Japan, for he was by this time become immensely rich, in consequence of having found a hoard in digging his garden, but this was an expedient which Yak-strot could never be prevailed upon to use, either on this or any other occasion. Indeed, he was now so convinced of his own personal energy, that he persuaded his master Gio-gio to come forth, and see it operate on the blatant beast. Accordingly the daio ascended his car of state, while the cuboy, arrayed in all his trappings, stood before him with the reins in his own hand, and drove directly to the enemy, who waited for him without flinching. Being arrived within dung-shot of Jan-ki-dtzin, he made a halt, and putting himself in the attitude of the idol Fo, with a simper in his countenance, seemed to invite the warrior to make a full discharge of his artillery. He did not long wait in suspense. The balls soon began to whiz about his ears, and a great number took effect upon his person. At length he received a shot upon his right temple, which brought him to the ground. All his gew-gaws fluttered, and his buckram doublet rattled as he fell. Lur-chir no sooner beheld him prostrate, than, advancing with the monster, he began to repeat his rhymes, at which every mouth and every tail of Legion was opened and lifted up. and such a torrent of filth squirted from these channels, that the unfortunate cuboy was quite overwhelmed. Nay, he must have been actually suffocated where he lay, had not some of the daio's attendants interposed, and rescued him from the vengeance of the monster. He was carried home in such an unsavoury pickle, that his family smelted his disaster long before he came in sight; and when he appeared in this woful condition, covered with ordure, blinded with dirt, and even deprived of sense and motion, his wife was seized with hysterical pangs. He was immediately stripped and washed, and other means being used for his

recovery, he in a little time retrieved his recollection.

He was now pretty well undecieved, with respect to the divinity of his person, but his enthusiasm took a new turn. He aspired to the glory of martyrdom, and resolved to devote himself as a victim to patriotic virtue. While his attendants were employed in washing off the filth that stuck to his beard, he recited, in a theatrical tone, the stanza of a famous Japanese bard, whose soul afterwards transmigrated into the body of the Roman poet, Horatius Flaccus, and inspired him with the same sentiment, in the Latin tongue

Virtus repulsa nescia sordida
Intaminatis fulget honoribus
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ

His friends hearing him declare his resolution of dying for his country, began to fear that his understanding was disturbed. They advised him to yield to the torrent, which was become too impetuous to stem; to resign the cuboyship quietly, and reserve his virtues for a more favourable occasion. In vain his friends remonstrated: in vain his wife and children employed their tears and entreaties to the same purpose. He lent a deaf ear to all their solicitations, until they began to drop some hints that seemed to imply a suspicion of his insanity, which alarmed him exceedingly, and the daio himself signifying to him in private, that it was become absolutely necessary to temporize, he resigned the reins of government with a heavy heart, though not before he was assured that he should still continue to exert his influence behind the curtain.

Gio-gio's own person had not escaped untouched in the last skirmish. Jan-ki-dtzin was transported to such a pitch of insolence, that he aimed some balls at the daio, and one of them taking place exactly betwixt the eyes, defiled his whole visage. Had the laws of Japan been executed in all their severity against this audacious plebeian, he would have suffered crucifixion on the spot; but Gio-gio, being good-natured even to a fault, contented himself with ordering some of his attendants to apprehend and put him in the public stocks, after having seized the whole cargo of filth which he had collected at his habitation for the manufacture of his balls. Legion was no sooner informed of his disgrace, than it released him by force, being therein comforted and abetted by the declaration of a puny magistrate, called Praff-patt-phogg, who seized this, as the only opportunity he should ever find of giving himself any consequence in the commonwealth. Accordingly, the monster hoisting him and Jan-ki-dtzin on their shoulders, went in procession through the streets of Meago, hallooing, huzzaing, and extolling

this venerable pair of patriots as the *palлада* of the liberty of Japan.

The monster's officious zeal on this occasion was far from being agreeable to Mr Orator Taycho, who took umbrage at this exaltation of his two understrappers, and from that moment devoted Jan-ki-dtzin to destruction. The dairo, finding it absolutely necessary for the support of his government that this dirtmonger should be punished, gave directions for trying him according to the laws of the land. He was ignominiously expelled from the assembly of the people, where his old patron Taycho not only disclaimed him, but even represented him as a worthless atheist and sower of sedition; but he escaped the weight of a more severe sentence in another tribunal, by retreating, without beat of drum, into the territories of China, where he found an asylum, from whence he made divers ineffectual appeals to the multitudinous beast at Nippon.

As for Yak-strot, he was every thing but a downright martyr to the odium of the public, which produced a ferment all over the nation. His name was become a term of reproach. He was burnt or crucified in effigy in every city, town, village, and district of Nippon. Even his own countrymen, the Ximians, held him in abhorrence and execration. Notwithstanding his partiality to the *natale solum*, he had not been able to provide for all those adventurers, who came from thence, in consequence of his promotion. The whole number of the disappointed became his enemies of course, and the rest finding themselves exposed to the animosity and ill offices of their fellow-subjects of Nippon, who hated the whole community for his sake, inveighed against Yak-strot as the curse of their nation.

In the midst of all this detestation and disgrace, it must be owned, for the sake of truth, that Yak-strot was one of the honestest men in Japan, and certainly the greatest benefactor to the empire. Just, upright, sincere, and charitable, his heart was susceptible of friendship and tenderness. He was a virtuous husband, a fond father, a kind master, and a zealous friend. In his public capacity, he had nothing in view but the advantage of Japan, in the prosecution of which, he flattered himself he should be able to display all the abilities of a profound statesman, and all the virtues of the most sublime patriotism. It was here he over-rated his own importance. His virtue became the dupe of his vanity. Nature had denied him shining talents, as well as that easiness of deportment, that affability, liberal turn, and versatile genius, without which no man can ever figure at the head of an administration. Nothing could be more absurd than his being charged with want of parts and understanding to guide the helm of government, considering how happily it had been conducted

for many years by Fika-kaka, whose natural genius would have been found unequal even to the art and mystery of wool-combing. Besides, the war had prospered in his hands as much as it ever did under the auspices of his predecessor, though, as I have before observed, neither the one nor the other could justly claim any merit from its success.

But Yak-strot's services to the public were much more important in another respect. He had the resolution to dissolve the shameful and pernicious engagements which the empire had contracted on the continent of Tartary. He lightened the intolerable burdens of the empire, he saved its credit, when it was stretched even to bursting. He made a peace, which if not the most glorious that might have been obtained, was at least the most solid and advantageous that ever Japan had concluded with any power whatsoever, and in particular, much more honourable, useful, and ascertained, than that which Taycho had agreed to subscribe the preceding year; and, by this peace, he put an end to all the horrors of a cruel war, which had ravaged the best parts of Asia, and destroyed the lives of six hundred thousand men every year. On the whole, Yak-strot's good qualities were respectable. There was very little vicious in his composition, and as to his follies, they were rather the subjects of ridicule than of resentment.

Yak-strot's subalterns in the ministry rejoiced in secret at his running so far into the north of Legion's displeasure. Nay, it was shrewdly suspected that some of their emissaries had been very active against him in the day of his discomfiture. They flattered themselves, that if he could be effectually driven from the presence of the dairo, they would succeed to his influence, and, in the mean time, acquire popularity, by turning tail to and kicking at the Ximian favourite, who had associated them in the administration, in consequence of their vowing eternal attachment to his interest, and constant submission to his will. Having held a secret conclave to concert their operations, they began to execute their plan, by seducing Yak-strot into certain odious measures of raising new impositions on the people, which did not fail, indeed, to increase the clamour of the blatant beast, and promote its filthy discharge upwards and downwards, but then the torrents were divided, and many a tail was lifted up against the real projectors of the scheme which the favourite had adopted. They resolved to make a merit with the mobile, by picking a German quarrel with Strot, and insulting him in public. Gottonio caused a scrubbing-post to be set up in the night at the cuboy's door. The scribe Zap-ti-fic presented him with a scheme for the importation of brimstone into the island of Ximo, the other scribe pretended he could not spell the barbarous names of the cuboy's re-

lations and countrymen, who were daily thrust into the most lucrative employments. As for Twitz-er, the financier, he never approached Yak-strot without clanking his knuckles in derision. At the council of twenty-eight, they thwarted every plan he proposed, and turned into ridicule every word he spoke. At length they bluntly told the daïro, that as Yak-strot resigned the reins of administration in public, he must likewise give up his management behind the curtain, for they were not at all disposed to answer to the people for measures dictated by an invisible agent. This was but a reasonable demand, in which the emperor seemed to acquiesce. But the new ministers thought it was requisite that they should commit some overt act of contempt for the abdicated cuboy. One of his nearest relations had obtained a profitable office in the island of Ximo, and of this, the new cabal insisted he should be immediately deprived. The daïro remonstrated against the injustice of turning a man out of his place, for no other reason but to satisfy their caprice, and plainly told them he could not do it without infringing his honour, as he had given his word that the possessor should enjoy the post for life. Far from being satisfied with this declaration, they urged their demand with redoubled importunity, mixed with menaces, which equally embarrassed and incensed the good-natured daïro. At last, Yak-strot, taking compassion upon his indulgent master, prevailed upon his kinsman to release him from the obligation of his word, by making a voluntary resignation of his office. The daïro fell sick of vexation; his life was despaired of; and all Japan was filled with alarm and apprehension at the prospect of an infant's ascending the throne, for the heir apparent was still in the cradle.

Their fears, however, were happily disappointed by the recovery of the emperor, who, to prevent as much as possible the inconveniences that might attend his demise, during the minority of his son, resolved that a regency should be established and ratified by the states of the empire. The plan of this regency he concerted in private with the venerable princess his grandmother and his friend Yak-strot; and then communicated the design to his ministers, who, knowing the quarter from whence it had come, treated it with coldness and contempt. They were so elevated by their last triumph over the Ximian favourite, that they overlooked every obstacle to their ambition, and determined to render the daïro dependent on them, and them only. With this view, they threw cold water on the present measure; and to mark their hatred of the favourite more strongly in the eyes of Legion, they endeavoured to exclude the name of his patroness, the daïro's grandmother, from the deed of regency, though their malice was frustrated

by the vigilance of Yak-strot, and the indignation of the states, who resented this affront offered to the family of their sovereign.

The tyranny of this junto became so intolerable to Gio-gio, that he resolved to shake off their yoke, whatever might be the consequence, but before any effectual step was taken for that purpose, Yak-strot, who understood mechanics, and had studied the art of puppet-playing, tried an experiment on the organs of the cabal, which he tampered with individually without success. Instead of uttering what he prompted, the sounds came out quite altered in their passage. Gottomio grunted the financier Twitz-er bleated, or rather brayed, one scribo mewed like a cat, the other yelped like a jackall. In short, they were found so perverse and refractory, that the master of the motion kicked them off the stage, and supplied the scene with a new set of puppets made of very extraordinary materials. They were the very figures through whose pipes the charge of mal-administration had been so loudly sounded against the Ximian favourite. They were now mustered by the fatzman, and hung upon the pegs of the very same puppet-showman against whom they had so vehemently inveighed. Even the superannuated Fikakaka appeared again upon the stage as an actor of some consequence, and insisted upon it, that his metamorphosis was a mere calumny. But Taycho and Lob-kob kept aloof, because Yak-strot had not yet touched them on the proper keys.

The first exhibition of the new puppets was called *topsy-turvy*, a farce in which they overthrew all the paper houses which their predecessors had built, but they performed their parts in such confusion, that Yak-strot, interposing to keep them in order, received divers contusions and severe kicks on the shins, which made his eyes water, and, indeed, he had in a little time reason enough to repent of the revolution he had brought about. The new sticks of administration proved more stiff and unmanageable than the former, and those he had discarded, associating with the blatant beast, bedaubed him with such a variety of filth, drained from all the sewers of scurrility, that he really became a public nuisance. Gottomio pretended remorse of conscience, and declared he would impeach Yak-strot for the peace which he himself had negotiated. Twitz-er snivelled and cried, and cast figures, to prove that Yak-strot was born for the destruction of Japan, and Zan-ti-fic lured an incendiary boaza, called Toks, to throw fire-balls by night into the palace of the favourite.

In this distress, Strot cast his eyes on Taycho the monster-tamer, who alone seemed able to overbalance the weight of all their opposition; and to him he made large advances accordingly, but his offers were still inadequate to the expectations of that dema-

gogue, who, nevertheless, put on a face of capitulation. He was even heard to say, that Yak-strot was an honest man, and a good minister, nay, he declared he would ascend the highest pinnacle of the highest pagod in Japan, and proclaim that Yak-strot had never, directly or indirectly, meddled with administration since he resigned the public office of minister. Finding him, however, tardy and phlegmatic in his proposals, he thought proper to change his phrase, and, in the next assembly of the people, swore, with great vociferation, that the said Yak-strot was the greatest rogue that ever escaped the gallows. This was a necessary filip to Yak-strot, and operated upon him so effectually, that he forthwith sent a *charte blanche* to the great Taycho, and a treaty was immediately ratified on the following condition, that the said Taycho should be raised to the rank of *quanbuku*, and be appointed conservator of the *darro's* signet; that no state measure should be taken without his express approbation; that his creature the lawyer *Pratt-fog* should be ennobled and preferred to the most eminent place in the tribunals of Japan; and that all his friends and dependents should be provided for at the public expense, in such a manner as he himself should propose. His kinsman *Lob-kob*, however, was not comprehended in this treaty, the articles of which he inveighed against with such acrimony, that a rupture ensued betwixt these two originals. The truth is, *Lob-kob* was now so full of his own importance, that nothing less than an equal share of administration would satisfy his ambition, and this was neither in Taycho's power nor inclination to grant.

The first consequence of this treaty was a new shift of hands, and a new dance of ministers. The chair of precedence was pulled from under the antiquated *Fika-kaka*, who fell upon his back, and his heels flying up, discovered but too plainly the melancholy truth of his metamorphosis. All his colleagues were discarded, except those who thought proper to temporize and join in dancing the hay, according as they were actuated by the new partners of the puppet-show. This coalition was the greatest masterpiece in politics that Yak-strot ever performed. Taycho, the formidable Taycho, whom in his single person he dreaded more than all his other enemies of Japan united, was now become his coadjutor, abettor, and advocate; and, which was still of more consequence to Strot, that demagogue was forsaken by his good genius *Legion*.

The many-headed monster would have swallowed down every other species of tergiversation in Taycho, except a coalition with the detested favourite, and the title of *quo*, by which he formally renounced its society, but these were articles which the mongrel could not digest. The tidings of this

union threw the beast into a kind of stupor, from which it was roused by blisters and cauteries applied by *Gotto-mio*, *Twitz-er*, *Zan-ti-fic*, with his understrapper *Toks*, now reinforced by *Fika-kaka*, and his discarded associates, for their common hatred to Yak-strot, like the rod of *Moses*, swallowed up every distinction of party, and every suggestion of former animosity, and they concurred with incredible zeal in rousing *Legion* to a due sense of Taycho's apostacy. The beast, so stimulated, howled three days and three nights successively at Taycho's gate, then was seized with a convulsion, that went off with an evacuation upwards and downwards, so offensive that the very air was infected.

The horrid sounds of the beast's lamentations, the noxious effluvia of its filthy discharge, joined to the poignant remorse which Taycho felt at finding his power over *Legion* dissolved, occasioned a commotion in his brain; and this led him into certain extravagances, which gave his enemies a handle to say he was actually insane. His former friends and partizans thought the best apology they could make for the inconsistency of his conduct, was to say he was *non compos*, and this report was far from being disagreeable to Yak-strot, because it would at any time furnish him with a plausible pretence to dissolve the partnership, at which he inwardly repined, for it was necessity alone that drove him to a partition of his power with a man so incapable of acting in concert with any colleague whatsoever.

In the mean time *Gotto-mio* and his associates left no stone unturned to acquire the same influence over *Legion* which Taycho had so eminently possessed; but the beast's faculties, slender as they were, seemed now greatly impaired, in consequence of that arch empiric's practices upon its constitution. In vain did *Gotto-mio* whoop and halloo, in vain did *Twitz-er* tickle its long ears, in vain did *Zan-ti-fic* apply sternutatories, and his bonza administer inflammatory glysters, the monster could never be brought to a right understanding, or at all concur with their designs, except in one instance, which was its antipathy to the *Ximian* favourite. This had become so habitual, that it acted mechanically upon its organs, even after it had lost all other signs of recognition. As often as the name of Yak-strot was pronounced, the beast began to yell, and all the usual consequences ensued, but whenever his new friends presumed to mount him, he threw himself on his back, and rolled them in the kennel at the hazard of their lives.

One would imagine there was some leaven in the nature of Yak-strot, that soured all his subalterns who were natives of *Nippon*, for howsoever they promised all submission to his will before they were admitted into his motion, they no sooner found themselves acting characters in his drama, than they be-

gan to thwart him in his measures, so that he was plagued by those he had taken in, and persecuted by those he had driven out. The two great props, which he had been at so much pains to provide, now failed him. Taycho was grown crazy, and could no longer manage the monster, and Quambacun-dono, the fatznan, whose authority had kept several puppets in awe, died about this period. These two circumstances were the more alarming, as Gotto-mio and his crew began to gain ground, not only in their endeavours to rouse the monster, but also in tampering with some of the acting puppets, to join their cabal, and make head against their master. These exoterics grew so refractory, that when he tried to wheel them to the right, they turned to the left about, and, instead of joining hands in the dance of politics, rapped their heads against each other with such violence, that the noise of the collision was heard in the street, and, if they had not been made of the hardest wood in Japan, some of them would certainly have been split in the encounter.

By this time Legion began to have some sense of his own miserable condition. The effects of the yeast potions which it had drank so liberally from the hands of Taycho, now wore off. The fumes dispersed, the illusion vanished, the flatulent tumour of its belly disappeared with innumerable explosions, leaving a hideous lankness, and such a canine appetite as all the eatables of Japan could not satisfy. After having devoured the whole harvest, it yawned for more, and grew quite outrageous in its hunger, threatening to feed on human flesh, if not plentifully supplied with other viands. In this dilemma Yak-strot convened the council of twenty-eight, where, in consideration of the urgency of the case, it was resolved to suspend the law against the importation of foreign provisions, and open the ports of Japan for the relief of the blatant beast.

As this was vesting the daïro with a dispensing power unknown to the constitution of Japan, it was thought necessary, at the next assembly of the quos and quanbokus that constitute the legislature, to obtain a legal sanction for that extraordinary exercise of prerogative, which nothing but the *salus populi* could excuse. Upon this occasion it was diverting to see with what effrontery individuals changed their principles with their places. Taycho the quo, happening to be in one of his lucid intervals, went to the assembly, supported by his two creatures Praff-fog, and another limb of the law called Lley-nah, surnamed Gurg-grog, or Curse-mother; and this triumvirate, who had raised themselves from nothing to the first rank in the state, by vilifying and insulting the kingly power, and affirming that the daïro was the slave of the people, now had the impudence to declare in the face of day, that in some

cases the emperor's power was absolute, and that he had an inherent right to suspend and supersede the laws and ordinances of the legislature.

Mura-clami, who had been for some time eclipsed in his judicial capacity by the popularity of Praff-fog, did not fail to seize this opportunity of exposing the character of his upstart rival. Though he had been all his life an humble retainer to the prerogative, he now made a parade of patriotism, and, in a tide of eloquence, bore down all the flimsy arguments which the triumvirate advanced. He demonstrated the futility of their reasoning, from the express laws and customs of the empire; he expatiated on the pernicious tendency of their doctrine, and exhibited the inconsistency of their conduct in such colours, that they must have hid their heads in confusion, had they not happily conquered all sense of shame, and been well convinced that the majority of the assembly were not a whit more honest than themselves. Mura-clami enjoyed a momentary triumph, but his words made a very slight impression, for it was his misfortune to be a Ximian, and if his virtues had been more numerous than the hairs in his beard, this very circumstance would have shaved them clean away from the consideration of the audience.

Taycho, opening the flood-gates of his abuse, bespattered all that opposed him. Lley-nah, alias Curse-mother, swore that he had got into the wrong box, then turning to Praff-fog,—"Brother Praff," cried he, "thou hast now let down thy trowseis, and every rascal in Japan will whip thy a—o!" Praff was afraid of the beast's resentment, but Taycho bestrid him like a colossus, and crept through between his legs into a place of safety. This was the last time that the orator appeared in public. Immediately after this occurrence, it was found necessary to confine him to a dark chamber, and Yak-strot was left to his own inventions.

In this dilemma he had recourse to the old expedient of changing hands, and, as a prelude to this reform, made advances to Gotto-mio, whom he actually detached from the opposition, by providing his friends and dependants with lucrative offices, and promising to take no steps of consequence without his privity and approbation. A sop was at the same time thrown to Twitz-er, Zan-tific, lulled with specious promises, discarded Toks the incendiary bonza, Lob-kob signed a neutrality, and old Fika-kaka was deprived of the use of speech.—in a word, the ill-mented confederacy of Strot's exoteric foes fell asunder, and Legion had now no rage but the rage of hunger to be appeased. But the Ximian favourite was still thwarted in his operations behind the curtain, for he had so often chopped and changed the figures that composed his motion, that they were all of different materials, so wretchedly sorted and

so ill toned, that, when they came upon the scene, they produced nothing but discord and disorder

The Japanese colony of Fatsissio had been settled above a century, and, in the face of a thousand dangers and difficulties, raised themselves to such consideration, that they consumed infinite quantities of the manufactures of Japan, for which they paid their mother country in gold and silver, and precious drugs, the produce of their plantations. The advantages which Japan reaped from this traffic with her own colonists, almost equalled the amount of what she gained by her commerce with all the other parts of Asia. Twitz-er, when he managed the finances of Japan, had, in his great wisdom, planned, procured and promulgated a law, saddling the Fatsissians with a grievous tax to answer the occasions of the Japanese government, an imposition which struck at the very vitals of their constitution, by which they were exempt from all burdens but such as they fitted for their own shoulders. They raised a mighty clamour at this innovation, in which they were joined by Legion, at that time under the influence of Taycho, who, in the assembly of the people, bitterly inveighed against the authors and abettors of such an arbitrary and tyrannical measure. Their reproach and execration did not stop at Twitz-er, but proceeded, as usual, to Yak-strot, who was the general butt at which all the arrows of slander, scurrility and abuse, were levelled. The puppets with which he supplied the places of Twitz-er and his associates, in order to recommend themselves to Legion, and perhaps with a view to mortify the favourite who had patronised the Fatsissian tax, insisted upon withdrawing this imposition, which was accordingly abrogated, to the no small disgrace and contempt of the law-givers, but when these new ministers were turned out, to make way for Taycho and his friends, the interest of the Fatsissians was again abandoned. Even the orator himself declaimed against them with an unembarrassed countenance, after they had raised statues to him as their friend and patron, and measures were taken to make them feel all the severity of an abject dependence upon the legislature of Japan. Finally, Gotto-mio acceded to this system, which he had formerly approved in conjunction with Twitz-er; and preparations were made for using compulsory measures, should the colonists refuse to submit with a good grace

The Fatsissians, far from acquiescing in these proceedings, resolved to defend to the last extremity those liberties which they had hitherto preserved, and, as a proof of their independence, agreed among themselves to renounce all the superfluities with which they had so long been furnished, at a vast expense, from the manufactures of Japan, since that nation had begun to act towards them with all the cruelty of a stepmother. It was amazing to see and to hear how Legion raved, and slabbared, and snapped his inlaid jaws in the streets of Meaco, when it understood that the Fatsissians were determined to live on what their own country afforded. They were represented and reviled as ruffians, barbarians, and unnatural monsters, who clapped the dagger to the breast of their indulgent mother, in presuming to save themselves the expense of those superfluities, which, by the bye, her cruel impositions had left them no money to purchase. Nothing was heard in Japan but threats of punishing those ungrateful colonists with whips and scorpions. For this purpose troops were assembled and fleets equipped, and the blatant breast yawned with impatient expectation of being drenched with the blood of its fellow-subjects.

Yak-strot was seized with horror at the prospect of such extremities, for, to give the devil his due, his disposition was neither arbitrary nor cruel, but he had been hurried by evil counsellors into a train of false politics, the consequences of which he did not foresee. He now summoned council after council to deliberate upon conciliatory expedients, but found the motley crew so divided by self-interest, faction, and mutual rancour, that no consistent plan could be formed, all was nonsense, clamour and contradiction. The Ximian favourite now wished all his puppets at the devil, and secretly cursed the hour in which he first undertook the motion. He even fell sick of chagrin, and resolved in good earnest to withdraw himself entirely from the political helm, which he was now convinced he had no talent to guide. In the mean time, he tried to find some temporary alleviation to the evils occasioned by the monstrous incongruity of the members and materials that composed his administration. But before any effectual measures could be taken, his evil genius, ever active, brewed up another storm in another quarter, which had well nigh swept him and all his projects into the gulf of perdition.

POEMS.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground !
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door,
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty

The wretched owner sees a fiend
His all become the prey of war,
He thinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks,
Thy ravished virgins shrink in vain,
Thy infants perish on the plain

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze ?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is banded to the yoke
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fill

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain

O baneful cause ! O fatal morn !
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased
The naked and forlorn must feed
Devouring flames, and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,

The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread
Deft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes,—and dies

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat,
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

SONG

'Tis to fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Africa's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil

I know it, friend, she's light as air
False as the Fowler's artful snare,
Inconstant is the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind

She's such a miser, too, in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain,
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betrayed

Ah ! friend, 'tis but a short-lived trance,
Dispelled by one enchanting glance,
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there,
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forged the chain

BURLINGHAME ODE

Whence wast thou, wretched Ward, when thy last fate,

From these weak arms, an aged grandam tore?
These pious arms essay'd too late
To drive the dismal phantom from the door:
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack!
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days,
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alas!
Thy storks dragged thee through the worst of ways?

Off-dropping Twick'nham did not then retain
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids,

Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane,
Nor dusty Pimlico's embowering shades,
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beast with towers dank,
Nor white the Exchange pours forth its tawny sons,

Nor where, to mix with offal, soil, and blood,
Sleep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood,
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs
Ill doth it now bescem,
I hat thou shouldst doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame
Her lib'ral hand and sympathizing breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd
Where'er she trod, grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd,
Nor to the waddling duck or gambling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse,
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red,
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomcat or the wren,
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if the common mother were of all

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find?

O beat of grandams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad funeral lay,
Oh! woe is me! alas! and well-a-day!

ODE TO MIRTH

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth
Must bring a son of grief forlorn,
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd
And flower-orn'd, in new-born beauty glow,

The grove shall smooth the bosom of the shade,

And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unobscured ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain;
And weak the uplifted arm of Tyranny
The morning opens on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower

Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn,
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly the approach of morn

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread the all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis mirth I see her sit,
In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air,
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That quittance strikes the willing heart
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye sought in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age
Now Mirth had heard the suppliant poet's prayer,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air

ODE TO SLEEP

SORT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod!
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the danker, Care, away
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy,
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king,
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train,
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace,
Plump autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry, with toil embrown'd

